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OF

AMERICAN LITERATURE:

EMBRACING

PERSONAL AND CRITICAL NOTICES OF AUTHORS,

AND SELECTIONS FROM THEIR WRITINGS,

FROM THE EARLIEST PERIOD TO THE PRESENT DAY;

WITH

Portraits, Autographs, and other Illustrations,

BY

EVERT A. DUYCKINCK AND GEORGE L. DUYCKINCK.

EDITED TO DATE BY M. LAIRD SIMONS.

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. II.

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CYCLOPÆDIA

OF

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

JAMES KIRKE PAULDING,



Is descended from one of the early pioneers of the State of New York, who appears in the ancient records of Ulster County, of which he was sheriff in the time of Governor Dongan, sometimes as Hendrick Pauldinck, sometimes as Heinrich Paulden, and at others Henry Pawling, which was probably his English name, being so written in a grant of four thousand acres of land in Dutchess County to his widow Eltje Pawling, by King William the Third. This confusion of names is to be partly traced to the struggle for ascendancy between the Dutch and English languages, and partly to the carelessness of the writers, who were not much practised in orthography; so that from these causes it remains doubtful whether Henry Pawling was of English or Dutch extraction.

Subsequently to this grant of King William the family removed to Dutchess County, a township of which is still called after their name. The grandfather of the subject of this sketch, many years previous to the Revolution, settled in the county of Westchester, on a farm still in possession of his descendants. He always wrote his name Paulding, which has been ever since adopted by that branch of the family, though that of Pawling has been retained by the others. The residence of Paulding's father being "within the lines," that is in the district intervening between the British army at New York and the American forces in the Highlands, and he being a somewhat distinguished Whig of the good old revolutionary stamp, his family was exposed to the insults and depredations of the Jagars, the Tories, and the Cow Boys. He removed his family in consequence to Dutchess County, where he possessed

some property. Here Paulding was born, August 22, 1779, at a place called Pleasant Valley. His father who, previous to the commencement of the Revolution, had acquired a competency, took a decided and active part in the preliminary struggles; was a leader of the Whig party in the county of Westchester; a member of the first Committee of Safety, and subsequently Commissary General of the New York Continental quota of troops. When, in consequence of the total extinction of the public credit, and the almost hopeless state of the good cause, it was sometimes impossible to procure the necessary supplies for the American army then occupying the highlands of the Hudson, he made use of his own credit with his neighbors, the farmers, and became responsible for large sums of money. At the conclusion of the war, on presenting his accounts to the Auditor-General, this portion of them was rejected on the ground that he was not authorized to make these pledges in behalf of government. He retired a ruined man, was thrown into a prison, which accidentally taking fire, he walked home and remained unmolested by his creditors. He could never be persuaded to renew his application to government; would never accept any office; and though he lived to a great age made no exertions whatever to retrieve his fortunes. His wife, who was the main stay of the family, and a woman of great energy, industry, and economy, survived him several years and died still more aged.

After the peace the family returned to their former abode in Westchester, where Paulding was educated at the village school, a log-house nearly two miles distant from his residence, in which he received all the learning he ever acquired from the tuition of others, so that he may be fairly considered a self-made man. Here he remained at home until he arrived at manhood, when he came to the city of New York. His first sojourn in the city was with the late Mr. William Irving, who had married his sister, a man of wit and genius,

whose home was the familiar resort of a knot of young men of a similar stamp, who were members of the Calliopean Society, one of the first purely literary institutions established in the city.* He also became intimate at this time with Washington Irving, whose elder brother William married Paulding's sister, and in connexion with whom he made his first literary venture in the publication of the series of periodical essays entitled *Salmagundi; or the Whim-Whams and Opinions of Launcelot Langstaff and others*, which were issued by David Longworth, a respectable but whimsical bookseller of the times, who, in virtue of having a copy of Boydell's Shakespeare, the plates of which he exhibited in his second story, christened his shop the Shakespeare Gallery; sometimes, too, calling it on the title-pages of his publications the Sentimental Epicure's Ordinary. He was an extensive publisher of plays foreign and native, and became famous for his enterprise of the New York Directory.†

The first number of *Salmagundi* appeared Saturday, January 24, 1807, in an eighteenmo. of twenty pages. It closed with the issue of number twenty, January 25, 1808. It was the joint work of Paulding and Irving, with the exception of the poetical epistles and three or four of the prose articles, which were from the pen of William Irving. The work was a brilliant success from the start. The humors of the town were hit off with a freshness which is still unexhausted to the readers of an entirely different generation. It disclosed, too, the literary faculties of the writers, both very young men, with a rich promise for the future, in delicate shades of observation, the more pungent traits of satire, and a happy vein of description which grew out of an unaffected love of nature, and was enlivened by studies in the best school of English poetry. When the work was concluded its two chief authors pursued their literary career apart; but it is noticeable as an exhibition of their kindly character, that the early

partnership in *Salmagundi* has never been dissolved by a division of the joint stock between the owners of the separate articles. The whole is included in the incomplete stereotype edition of Paulding's works. In 1819 a second series of the work was published, which was entirely from his hand. Though not unsuccessful, it was not received by the public as its predecessor. The "town" interest had diminished. More than ten years had elapsed; the writer was then engaged in official duties at Washington; his mind had assumed a graver cast, and the second series of *Salmagundi* is deficient in that buoyant spirit of vivacity which is one of the distinguishing features of the first.

About the period of the commencement of the second war with England, his feelings being strongly excited by the position of affairs of the times, he published *The Diverting History of John Bull and Brother Jonathan*, in the style of *Arbuthnot*, in which the United States and England are represented as private individuals, father and son engaged in a domestic feud. In this work the policy and conduct of England towards the United States is keenly but good-humoredly satirized, so much so that the whole was republished in numbers in one of the British journals. It passed through several editions, one of which is embellished with several capital illustrations by Jarvis, and was among the most successful of the author's productions. In the volume of Harpers' edition of this tale it is followed by another in the same vein called the *History of Uncle Sam and his Boys*.

The *Diverting History* was followed by a poem entitled *The Lay of the Scottish Fiddle*,* a free parody of the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, which appeared anonymously, like most of Paulding's earlier writings. This production is principally devoted to satirizing the predatory warfare of the British on Chesapeake Bay, and, what is somewhat remarkable, was published in a very handsome style in London with a preface highly complimentary to the author. The hero is Admiral Cockburn, and the principal incident the burning and sacking the little town of Havre de Grace on the coast of Maryland. It had at that time what might be called the distinction of provoking a fierce review from the *London Quarterly*. It is clever as a parody, and contains many passages entirely original and of no inconsiderable beauty.

Paulding soon after published a pamphlet in prose, *The United States and England*, taking up the defence of the country against the attack of the *London Quarterly* in its famous review of *Ingersoll's Inebriquin Letters*. The sale of the work was interrupted by the failure of the publisher about the time of its publication. It however attracted the notice of President Madison, and paved the way for the subsequent political career of the author. The design of the work was to expose the unwarrantable course of the *Quarterly* in drawing general conclusions from solitary examples, and for this purpose the author cites instances from the newspapers of England and other

* One of the members of this society was Richard Bingham Davis, who was much admired for his poetical talents. In his appearance and manners he is said to have reminded his associates of Oliver Goldsmith. His person was clumsy, his manner awkward, his speech embarrassed, and his simplicity most remarkable in one who had been born and brought up in the midst of a crowd of his fellow creatures. He was born in New York, August 21, 1771, was educated at Columbia College, modestly pursued the business of his father, in carving or sculpture in wood, but was induced in 1796 to undertake the editorial department of the *Diary*, a daily gazette published in New York for which he wrote during a year. He was too sensitive, and his literary tastes, which lay in the direction of the belles lettres, were too delicate for this pursuit. He next engaged in mercantile affairs. In 1799 he fell a victim to the yellow fever then prevailing in New York, carrying the seeds of the disease with him to New Brunswick, New Jersey, where he died in his twenty-eighth year. His poems were expressions of personal feeling and sentiment, and have a tinge of melancholy. They were collected by his friends of the Calliopean Society after his death and published by Swords in 1807, with a well written preface by the pen of John T. Irving. An "Ode to Imagination" shows his earnestness, as a clever "Elegy on an Old Wig found in the street," does his humor. He was also a contributor to the *Drone* papers in the New York Magazine, where he drew a well written character of himself under the name of Martlet.

† David Longworth, an eccentric bookseller, who had filled a large apartment with the valuable engravings of Boydell's Shakespeare Gallery, magnificently framed, and had nearly obscured the front of his house with a huge sign,—a colossal painting, in *chiaro scuro*, of the crowning of Shakespeare. Longworth had an extraordinary propensity to publish elegant works, to the great gratification of persons of taste, and the no small diminution of his own slender fortune."—Preface to *Salmagundi*. Paris edition, 1834. ** The original plates of Boydell's Shakespeare are now in the possession of an American publisher, Mr. William Rutter, of Philadelphia.

* The Lay of the Scottish Fiddle; a Tale of Havre de Grace. Supposed to be written by Walter Scott, Esq. First American. From the fourth Edinburgh edition. New York: Inskeep and Bradford. 1813. 82mo. pp. 263.

sources to show that if these are to be assumed as the standard of national morality or manners the English are far in advance of the Americans in vulgarity, vice, and depravity.

This was followed up, in 1822, by *A Sketch of Old England by a New England Man*, purporting to be a narrative of a tour in that country. It commences with an account of various travelling incidents humorously narrated; but the writer soon passes to a discussion of the social, religious, and political points of difference between the two nations, which occupies the chief portion of the volumes. In 1824 he returned to this subject in a new satire on the English travellers, *John Bull in America; or the New Munchausen*, purporting to be a tour of a cockney English traveller in the United States. It exhibits a broad caricature of the ignorant blunders and homebred prejudices of this class of national libellers, equally provocative of laughter and contempt. The hero, through various chances, frequently encounters a shrewd little Frenchman wearing a white hat, draped in white dunnity, with gold ear-rings, who, from meeting so continually, he is at length convinced is seeking an opportunity to rob, if not to murder him.

In 1815, after a tour through Virginia, he wrote *Letters from the South, by a Northern Man*, principally occupied with sketching the beauties of the scenery and the manners of the people of the "Ancient Dominion." The author digresses to various subjects, on which he delivers his opinions with his usual straightforward frankness.

In 1818 appeared his principal poetical production, *The Backwoodsman*, an American poem in sentiment, scenery, and incidents. It is in six books of some five hundred lines each, written in the heroic measure. Basil, the hero, appears at the opening as a rural laborer on the banks of the Hudson, reduced to poverty by being confined a whole winter by sickness. On the approach of spring he is attracted by reports of the fertility of the West, the cheapness of the land, and the prospect of improving his condition, and resolves to seek his fortune in that far distant paradise. He abandons his home, and proceeds on his adventure accompanied by his wife and family. The wanderer's farewell, as he turns a last look on the course of the Hudson through the Highlands, is a pleasant passage of description; and the journey through Jersey and Pennsylvania to the Ohio, presents various little incidents, as well as sketches of scenery evidently drawn from the life by a true lover of nature. Arrived at Pittsburgh, he proceeds with a company of emigrants he finds collected there to his destination in one of those primitive vessels called Broad-horns, which have become almost obsolete since the introduction of steamers. Here the progress of an infant settlement is sketched, and the author, after seeing Basil comfortably housed, leaves him somewhat abruptly to plunge into the desert wild, and introduce his readers to the Indian prophet, who, in conjunction with some renegade whites, was at that time employed in stirring up the savages to take part in the approaching hostilities between the United States and England, and by whom the little settlement of Basil and his companions is subsequently ravaged and destroyed. War ensues; the backwoodsmen with Basil at

their head pursue the savages, and finally overtake them; a bloody fight follows; the prophet falls by the hand of Basil, and the savages are completely routed. Basil returns home; peace is restored, and he passes the remainder of his life in prosperity and honor. The poem closes with a glowing apostrophe to the native land of the author.

The descriptive parts of this poem are perhaps the best portions of the work. The versification is in general vigorous and glowing, though there are not a few occasional exceptions, together with some inaccuracies of expression, which the author would probably have corrected in a new edition. The Backwoodsman belongs to the old school of poetry, and met with but ordinary success at home, though translations of a portion were published and praised in a literary periodical of the time at Paris.

The scene of Paulding's first novel is laid among the early Swedish settlers on the Delaware. It was originally called *Konigsmark, or the Long Finne*, a name that occurs in our early records, but the title was changed in a subsequent edition to *Old Times in the New World*, for reasons set forth in the publisher's notice. It was divided into separate books, each preceded by an introductory chapter after the manner of Fielding's *Tom Jones*, and having little connexion with the story. They are for the most part satirical, and in the progress of the narrative the author parodies Norna of the Fitful Head in the person of Bombie of the Frizzled Head, an ancient colored virago.

In 1826 he wrote *Merry Tales of the Three Wise Men of Gotham*, prefaced by a grave dissertation on the existence and locality of that renowned city. This was a satire on Mr. Owen's system of Socialism, which then first began to attract attention in the United States, on Phrenology, and the legal maxim of *Caveat Emptor*, each exemplified in a separate story. The Three Wise Men are introduced at sea in the famous Bowl, relating in turn their experience with a view of dissipating the ennui of the voyage.

This was followed by *The Traveller's Guide*, which was mistaken for an actual itinerary, in consequence of which it was christened somewhat irreverently *The New Pilgrim's Progress*. It is a burlesque on the grandiloquence of the current Guide Books, and the works of English travellers in America. It exhibits many satirical sketches of fashionable life and manners, and will be a treasure to future antiquaries for its allusions to scenes and persons who flourished at the time when, as the writer avers, the dandy must never, under any temptation, extend his morning promenade westwardly, and step beyond the northwest corner of Chambers street, all beyond being vulgar *terra incognita* to the fashionable world. Union Square was then a diminutive Dismal Swamp, and Thirteenth street a lamentable resort of cockney sportsmen. This was in 1828, when to be mistress of a three-story brick house, with mahogany folding doors, and marble mantels, was the highest ambition of a fashionable belle. After exhausting New York, the tourist recommends one of those "sumptuous aquatic palaces," the safety barges, which it grieves him to see are almost deserted for the swifter steamers, most

especially by those whose time being worth nothing, they are anxious to save as much of it as possible. In one of these he proceeds leisurely up the river to Albany, loitering by the way, noticing the various towns and other objects of interest, indulging in a variety of philosophical abstractions and opinions, now altogether consigned to the dark ages. Finally he arrives at Balston and Saratoga by stage-coach, where he makes himself merry with foibles of the élite, the manoeuvres of discreet mothers, the innocent arts of their unsophisticated daughters, and the deplorable fate of all grey-whiskered bachelors, who seek their helpmates at fashionable watering-places. The remainder of the volume is occupied with rules for the behavior of young ladies, married people, and bachelors young and old, at the time-renowned springs. A number of short stories and sketches are interspersed through the volume, which is highly characteristic of the author's peculiar humors.

Tales of the Good Woman, by a Doubtful Gentleman, followed in sequence, and soon after appeared *The Book of St. Nicholas*, purporting to be a translation from some curious old Dutch legends of New Amsterdam, but emanating exclusively from the fertile imagination of the author. He commemorates most especially the few quaint old Dutch buildings, with the gable-ends to the streets, and steep roofs edged like the teeth of a saw, the last of which maintained its station in New street until within a few years past as a bakery famous for New Year Cakes, but at length fell a victim to the spirit of "progress."

The Dutchman's Fireside, a story founded on the manners of the old Dutch settlers, so charmingly sketched by Mrs. Grant* in the *Memoirs of an American Lady*, next made its appearance. It is written in the author's happiest vein, and was the most popular of all his productions. It went through six editions within the year; was republished in London, and translated into the French and Dutch languages. This work was succeeded by *Westward Ho!* the scene of which is principally laid in Kentucky, though the story is commenced in Virginia. The *Dutchman's Fireside* was published in Paris under the title of *Le Coin du Feu d'un Hollandais*. For each of these novels the author, as we are assured, received the then and still important sum of fifteen hundred dollars from the publishers on delivery of the manuscript.

A Life of Washington, principally prepared for

the use of the more youthful class of readers, succeeded these works of imagination. It was originally published in two small volumes, and afterwards incorporated with Harpers' Family Library. Five thousand copies were contracted for with the publishers for distribution in the public schools. It is an admirable production, and shows conclusively that the author is equally qualified for a different sphere of literature from that to which he has principally devoted himself. Though written with a steady glow of patriotism, and a full perception of the exalted character and services of the Father of his country, it is pure from all approaches to inflation, exaggeration, and bombast. The style is characterized by simplicity combined with vigor; the narrative is clear and sufficiently copious without redundancy, comprising all the important events of the life of the hero, interspersed with various characteristic anecdotes which give additional interest to the work, without degrading it to mere gossip, and is strongly imbued with the nationality of the author. Being addressed to the youthful reader, he frequently pauses in his narrative to inculcate the example of Washington's private and public virtues on his readers. The character of Washington, as summed up at the conclusion, is one of the most complete we have ever met with.

In 1836, about the period that what is known as the Missouri Question was greatly agitating the country, both North and South, he published a review of the institution, under the title of *Slavery in the United States*, in which he regards the subject with strong southern sympathies. He considers slavery as the offspring of war; as an expedient of humanity to prevent the massacre of prisoners by savage and barbarous tribes and nations, who having no system for the exchange of prisoners, and no means of securing them, have in all time past been accustomed to put to death those whose services they did not require as slaves. He treats the subject with reference both to divine and human laws, and passing from theory to the practical question as applicable to the United States, places before his readers the consequences, first of universal emancipation, next of political and social equality, and lastly of amalgamation.

The last of Paulding's avowed publications are *The Old Continental*, or *the Price of Liberty*, a Revolutionary story, *The Puritan and his Daughter*, the scene of which is partly in England, partly in the United States, and a volume of *American Plays*,* in conjunction with his youngest son William Irving Paulding, then a youth under age. The plots of these pieces are defective, and the incidents not sufficiently dramatic, but the dialogue exhibits no inconsiderable degree of the *vis comica*.

This closes our catalogue of the chief productions of the author, which appeared at different intervals during a period of nearly half a century.

* Mrs. Grant was born in Glasgow in 1755, the daughter of Duncan M'Vicker, who came in her childhood to America as an officer in the British army. He resided at different parts of New York; for a time at Albany and at Oswego, visiting the frontier settlements. This residence afforded Mrs. Grant the material for the admirable descriptions which she afterwards wrote of manners in this state as they existed before the Revolution. In 1768 she returned to Scotland. In 1779 she was married to the Rev. James Grant, the minister of Laggan in the Highlands, becoming his widow in 1801. After this, she turned her thoughts to literature, first publishing a volume of Poems in 1813; then her Letters from the Mountains, being a selection from her correspondence from 1778 to 1804, in 1806. Her *Memoirs of an American Lady* was published in 1808; her *Essays on the Superstitions of the Highlands* in 1811; and a Poem, *Eighteen Hundred and Thirteen*, in 1814. During her latter years she was quite a celebrity in Edinburgh, figuring pleasantly in the Diary of Walter Scott, who drew up the memorial which secured her a pension of one hundred pounds from George IV. She died Nov. 7, 1838, at the age of eighty-three.

* American Comedies by J. K. Paulding and William Irving Paulding. Contents.—The Bucktails, or Americans in England; The Noble Exile; Madmen All, or the Cure of Love; Antipathies, or the Enthusiasts by the Ears. The first of these was the only one by the father. It was written shortly after the conclusion of the War of 1812. The volume was published by Carey & Hart in Philadelphia, in 1847.

Most of them were republished in a uniform stereotyped edition by Harper and Brothers in 1835. They constitute, however, only a portion of his writings, while many of them appeared anonymously, and are dispersed through various periodicals and newspapers, among which are the *New York Mirror*, the *Analectic*, the *Knickerbocker*, and *Graham's Magazine*, *Godey's Lady's Book*, the *Democratic Review*, the *United States Review*, the *Literary World*, *Wheaton's National Advocate*, the *National Intelligencer*, the *Southern Press*, the *Washington Union*, &c., &c. He also contributed two articles to a volume by different hands edited by the late Robert C. Sands, whimsically entitled *Tales of the Glauber Spa*. These contributions were, *Childe Rooliff's Pilgrimage*, and *Selim the Friend of Mankind*. The former is a burlesque on fashionable tours, the latter exposes the indiscreet attempts of over-zealous philanthropists to benefit mankind. Most of these contributions were anonymous, and many of them gratuitous; to others he affixed his name, on the requisition of the publishers. The collection would form many volumes, comprising a great variety of subjects, and exhibiting almost every diversity of style "from grave to gay, from lively to severe."

A favorite mode of our author is that of embodying and exemplifying some sagacious moral in a brief story or allegory, either verse or prose, specimens of which may be seen in the *Literary World* under the caption of *Odds and Ends*, by an *Obsolete Author*, in the *New York Mirror*, *Graham's Magazine*, and other periodicals.

He has also occasionally amused himself with the composition of Fairy Tales, and is the author of an anonymous volume published in 1838 by Appleton, called *A Gift from Fairy Land*, beautifully illustrated by designs from Chapman. We are informed that only one thousand copies of this work were contracted for by its publisher, five hundred of which were taken by a London bookseller. It appeared subsequently to the stereotyped edition of Harper and Brothers, and is not included in the series, which has never been completed, owing, we are informed, to some difficulties between the author and his publishers, in consequence of which it is now extremely difficult to procure a complete set of his works.

In almost all the writings of Paulding there is occasionally infused a dash of his peculiar vein of humorous satire and keen sarcastic irony. To those not familiarized with his manner, such is the imposing gravity, that it is sometimes somewhat difficult to decide when he is jesting and when he is in earnest. This is on the whole a great disadvantage in an age when irony is seldom resorted to, and has occasionally subjected the author to censure for opinions which he does not sanction. His most prominent characteristic is, however, that of nationality. He found his inspiration at home at a time when American woods and fields, and American traits of society, were generally supposed to furnish little if any materials for originality. He not merely drew his nourishment from his native soil, but whenever "that mother of a mighty race" was assailed from abroad by accumulated injuries and insults, stood up manfully in defence of her rights and her honor. He has never on any occasion bowed to the su-

premacy of European example or European criticism; he is a stern republican in all his writings.

Fortunately he has lived to see a new era dawning on his country. He has seen his country become intellectually, as well as politically, independent, and strong in the result he labored and helped to achieve, he may now look back with calm equanimity on objects which once called for serious opposition, and laugh where the satirist once raged.

Though a literary man by profession, he has, ever since the commencement of the second war with England, turned his mind occasionally towards politics, though never as an active politician. His writings on this subject have been devoted to the support of those great principles which lie at the root of the republican system, and to the maintenance of the rights of his country whenever assailed from any quarter. His progress in life has been upwards. In 1814 or '15 he was appointed Secretary to the Board of Navy Commissioners, then first established. After holding this position for a few years, he resigned to take the office of Navy Agent for the port of New York, which he held twelve years under different administrations, and finally resigned on being placed at the head of the Navy Department by President Van Buren. We have heard him state with some little pride, that all these offices were bestowed without any solicitation on his part, or that of his friends, so far as he knew.

After presiding over the Navy Department nearly the entire term of Mr. Van Buren's administration, he, according to custom, resigned his office on the inauguration of President Harrison, and soon afterwards retired to a pleasant country residence on the east bank of the Hudson, in the county of Dutchess, where he spent the last years of his life.



Paulding's Residence.

Here, in the midst of his grand-children, enjoying as much health as generally falls to the lot of threescore and fifteen, and still preserving in all their freshness those rural tastes acquired in his youth, nature rewarded her early votary

in the calm pursuits of agriculture, lettered ease, and retirement. In a visit we paid him at Hyde Park in 1855, he stated he had visited the city but twice in the last ten years, and gave his daily routine in the following cheerful summary. "I smoke a little, read a little, write a little, ruminate a little, grumble a little, and sleep a great deal. I was once great at pulling up weeds, to which I have a mortal antipathy, especially bull-eyes, wild carrots, and toad-flax—alias butter and eggs. But my working days are almost over. I find that carrying seventy-five years on my shoulders is pretty nearly equal to the same number of pounds, and instead of laboring myself, sit in the shade watching the labors of others, which I find quite sufficient exercise."

A RURAL LOVER—FROM AN EPISODE IN THE LAY OF THE SCOT-TISH FIDDLE.

Close in a darksome corner sat
A scowling wight with old wool hat,
That dangled o'er his sun-burnt brow,
And many a gaping rent did show.
His beard in grim luxuriance grew;
His great-toe peep'd from either shoe;
His brawny elbow shone all bare;
All matted was his carrot hair;
And in his sad face you might see,
The withering look of poverty.
He seem'd all desolate of heart,
And in the revels took no part;
Yet those who watch'd his blood-shot eye,
As the light dancers flitted by,
Might jealousy and dark despair,
And love detect, all mingled there.

He never turn'd his eye away
From one fair damsel passing gay;
But ever in her airy round,
Watch'd her quick step and lightsome bound.
Wherever in the dance she turn'd,
He turn'd his eye, and that eye burn'd
With such fierce spleen, that, sooth to say,
It made the gazer turn away.
Who was the damsel passing fair,
That caus'd his eyeballs thus to glare?
It was the blooming Jersey maid,
That our poor wight's tough heart betray'd.

* * * * *

By Pompton's stream, that silent flows,
Where many a wild-flower heedless blows,
Unmark'd by any human eye,
Unpluck'd by any passer-by,
There stands a church, whose whiten'd side
Is by the traveller often spied,
Glittering among the branches fair
Of locust trees that flourish there.
Along the margin of the tide,
That to the eye just seems to glide,
And to the listening ear ne'er throws
A murmur to disturb repose,
The stately elm majestic towers,
The lord of Pompton's fairy bowers.
The willow, that its branches waves,
O'er neighborhood of rustic graves,
Oft when the summer south-wind blows,
Its thirsty tendrils, playful throws
Into the river rambling there,
The cooling influence to share
Of the pure stream, that bears imprint
Sweet nature's image in its breast.
Sometimes on sunny Sabbath day,
Our ragged wight would wend his way
To this fair church, and lounge about,

With many an idle sunburnt lout,
And stumble o'er the silent graves;
Or where the weeping-willow waves,
His listless length would lay him down.
And spell the legend on the stone.
'Twas here, as ancient matrons say,
His eye first caught the damsel gay,
Who, in the interval between
The services, oft tript the green,
And threw her witching eyes about,
To great dismay of pumpkin stout,
Who felt his heart rebellious beat,
Whene'er those eyes he chanced to meet.

As our poor wight all listless lay,
Dozing the vacant hours away,
Or watching with his half-shut eye
The buzzing flight of bee or fly,
The beauteous damsel pass'd along,
Humming a stave of sacred song.
She threw her soft blue eyes askance,
And gave the booby such a glance,
That quick his eyes wide open flew,
And his wide mouth flew open too.
He gaz'd with wonder and surprise,
At the mild lustre of her eyes,
Her cherry lips, her dimpled cheek,
Where Cupids play'd at hide and seek,
Whence many an arrow well, I wot,
Against the wight's tough heart was shot.

He follow'd her where'er she stray'd,
While every look his love betray'd;
And when her milking she would ply,
Sooth'd her pleas'd ear with Rhino-Die,
Or made the mountain echoes ring,
With the great feats of John Paulding;—
How he, stout moss-trooper bold,
Refus'd the proffer'd glittering gold,
And to the gallant youth did cry,
"One of us two must quickly die!"

On the rough meadow of his cheek,
The scythe he laid full twice a week,
Foster'd the honors of his head,
That wide as scruboak branches spread,
With grape-vine juice, and bear's-grease too,
And dangled it in eelskin queue.
In short, he tried each gentle art
To anchor fast her floating heart;
But still she scorn'd his tender tale,
And saw unmov'd his cheek grow pale,
Flouted his suit with scorn so cold,
And gave him oft the bag to hold.

AN EVENING WALK IN VIRGINIA—FROM THE LETTERS FROM THE SOUTH.

In truth, the little solitary nook into which I am just now thrown, bears an aspect so interesting, that it is calculated to call up the most touchingly pleasing exertions, in the minds of those who love to indulge in the contemplation of beautiful scenes. We are the sons of earth, and the indissoluble kindred between nature and man is demonstrated by our sense of her beauties. I shall not soon forget the last evening which Oliver and myself spent at this place. It was such as can never be described—I will therefore not attempt it; but it was still as the sleep of innocence—pure as ether, and bright as immortality. Having travelled only fourteen miles that day, I did not feel tired as usual; and after supper strolled out alone along the windings of a little stream about twenty yards wide, that skirts a narrow strip of green meadow, between the brook and the high mountain at a little distance.

You will confess my landscapes are well watered, for every one has a river. But such is the case in

this region, where all the passes of the mountains are made by little rivers, that in process of time have laboured through, and left a space for a road on their banks. If nature will do these things, I can't help it—not I. In the course of the ramble the moon rose over the mountain to the eastward, which being just by, seemed to bring the planet equally near; and the bright eyes of the stars began to glisten, as if weeping the dews of evening. I knew not the name of one single star. But what of that? It is not necessary to be an astronomer, to contemplate with sublime emotions the glories of the sky at night, and the countless wonders of the universe.

These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,
That give a name to every fixed star,
Have no more profit of their living nights,
Than those that walk and wot not what they are.

Men may be too wise to wonder at anything; as they may be too ignorant to see anything without wondering. There is reason also to believe, that astronomers may be sometimes so taken up with measuring the distances and magnitude of the stars, as to lose, in the intense minuteness of calculation, that noble expansion of feeling and intellect combined, which lifts from nature up to its great first cause. As respects myself, I know no more of the planets, than the man in the moon. I only contemplate them as unapproachable, unextinguishable fires, glittering afar off, in those azure fields whose beauty and splendour have pointed them out as the abode of the Divinity; as such, they form bright links in the chain of thought that leads directly to a contemplation of the Maker of heaven and earth. Nature is, indeed, the only temple worthy of the Deity. There is a mute eloquence in her smile; a majestic severity in her frown; a divine charm in her harmony; a speechless energy in her silence; a voice in her thunders, that no reflecting being can resist. It is in such scenes and seasons, that the heart is deepest smitten with the power and goodness of Providence, and that the soul demonstrates its capacity for maintaining an existence independent of matter, by abstracting itself from the body, and expatiating alone in the boundless regions of the past and the future.

As I continued strolling forward, there gradually came a perfect calm—and even the aspen-tree whispered no more. But it was not the deathlike calm of a winter's night, when the northwest wind grows quiet, and the frosts begin in silence to forge fetters for the running brooks, and the gentle current of life, that flows through the veins of the forest. The voice of man and beast was indeed unheard; but the river murmured, and the insects chirped in the mild summer evening. There is something sepulchral in the repose of a winter night; but in the genial seasons of the year, though the night is the emblem of repose, it is the repose of the couch—not of the tomb—nature still breathes in the buzz of insects, the whisperings of the forests, and the murmurs of the running brooks. We know she will awake in the morning, with her smiles, her bloom, her zephyrs, and warbling birds. "In such a night as this," if a man loves any human being in this wide world, he will find it out, for there will his thoughts first centre. If he has in store any sweet, or bitter, or bitter-sweet recollections, which are lost in the bustle of the world, they will come without being called. If, in his boyish days, he wrestled, and wrangled, and rambled with, yet loved, some chubby boy, he will remember the days of his childhood, its companions, cares, and pleasures. If, in his days of romance, he used to walk of evenings, with some blue-eyed, musing, melancholy maid,

whom the ever-rolling wave of life dashed away from him for ever—he will recall her voice, her eye, and her form. If any heavy and severe disaster has fallen on his riper manhood, and turned the future into a gloomy and unpromising wilderness; he will feel it bitterly at such a time. Or if it chance that he is grown an old man, and lived to see all that owned his blood, or shared his affections, struck down to the earth like dead leaves in autumn; in such a night, he will call their dear shades around, and wish himself a shadow.

A TRIO OF FRENCHMEN—FROM THE SAME.

My good opinion of French people has not been weakened by experience. The bloody scenes of St. Domingo and of France, have, within the last few years, brought crowds of Frenchmen to this land of the exile, and they are to be met with in every part of the United States. Wherever they are, I have found them accommodating themselves with a happy versatility, to the new and painful vicissitudes they had to encounter; remembering and loving the land of their birth, but at the same time doing justice to the land which gave them refuge. They are never heard uttering degrading comparisons between their country and ours; nor signaling their patriotism, either by sneering at the land they have honoured with their residence, or outdoing a native-born demagogue in clamorous declamation, at the poll of an election. Poor as many of them are, in consequence of the revolutions of property in their native country, they never become beggars. Those who have no money turn the accomplishments of gentlemen into the means of obtaining bread, and become the instruments of lasting benefit to our people. Others who have saved something from the wreck, either establish useful manufactures, or retire into the villages, where they embellish society, and pass quietly on to the grave.

In their amusements, or in their hours of relaxation, we never find them outraging the decencies of society by exhibitions of beastly drunkenness, or breaking its peace by ferocious and bloody brawls at taverns or in the streets. Their leisure hours are passed in a public garden or walk, where you will see them discussing matters with a vehemence which, in some people, would be the forerunner of blows, but which is only an ebullition of a national vivacity, which misfortune cannot repress, nor exile destroy. Or, if you find them not here, they are at some little evening assembly, to which they know how to communicate a gaiety and interest peculiar to French people. Whatever may be their poverty at home, they never exhibit it abroad in rags and dirtiness, but keep their wants to themselves, and give their spirits to others; thus making others happy, when they have ceased to be so themselves.

This subject recalls to my mind the poor *Chenaltier*, as we used to call him, who, of all the men I ever saw, bore adversity the best. It is now fifteen years since I missed him at his accustomed walks—where, followed by his little dog, and dressed in his long blue surtout, old-fashioned cocked hat, long queue, and gold-headed cane, with the ribbon of some order at his button-hole, he carried his basket of cakes about every day, except Sunday, rain or shine. He never asked anybody to buy his cakes, nor did he look as if he wished to ask. I never, though I used often to watch him, either saw him smile, or heard him speak to a living soul; but year after year did he walk or sit in the same place, with the same coat, hat, cane, queue, and ribbon, and little dog. One day he disappeared; but whether he died, or got permission to go home to France, nobody knew, and nobody inquired; for, except the

little dog, he seemed to have no friend in the wide world.

There was another I will recall to your mind, in this review of our old acquaintance. The queer little man we used to call the little duke, who first attracted our notice, I remember, by making his appearance in our great public walk, dressed in a full suit of white dimity, with a white hat, a little white dog, and a little switch in his hand. Here, of a sunny day, the little duke would ramble about with the lofty air of a man of clear estate, or lean against a tree, and scrutinize the ladies as they passed, with the recognizance of a thorough-bred connoisseur. Sometimes he would go to the circus—that is to say, you would see him lying most luxuriously over a fence just opposite, where, as the windows were open in the summer, he could hear the music, and see the shadow of the horses on the opposite wall, without its costing him a farthing.

In this way he lived, until the Corporation pulled down a small wooden building in the yard of what was then the government-house, when the duke and his dog scampered out of it like two rats. He had lived here upon a little bed of radishes; but now he and his dog were obliged to dissolve partnership, for his master could no longer support him. The dog I never saw again; but the poor duke gradually descended into the vale of poverty. His white dimity could not last for ever, and he gradually went to seed, and withered like a stately onion. In fine, he was obliged to work, and that ruined him—for nature had made him a gentleman.—And a gentleman is the *caput mortuum* of human nature, out of which you can make nothing, under heaven—but a gentleman. He first carried wild game about to sell; but this business not answering, he bought himself a buck and saw, and became a redoubtable sawyer. But he could not get over his old propensity—and whenever a lady passed where he was at work, the little man was always observed to stop his saw, lean his knee on the stick of wood, and gaze at her till she was quite out of sight. Thus, like Antony, he sacrificed the world for a woman—for he soon lost all employment—he was always so long about his work. The last time I saw him he was equipped in the genuine livery of poverty, leaning against a tree on the Battery, and admiring the ladies.

The last of the trio of Frenchmen, which erst attracted our boyish notice, was an old man, who had once been a naval officer, and had a claim of some kind or other, with which he went to Washington every session, and took the field against Amy Dardin's horse. Congress had granted him somewhere about five thousand, which he used to affirm was recognising the justice of the whole claim. The money produced him an interest of three hundred and fifty dollars a year, which he divided into three parts. One-third for his board, clothing, &c.; one for his pleasures, and one for the expenses of his journey to the seat of government. He travelled in the most economical style—eating bread and cheese by the way; and once was near running a fellow-passenger through the body, for asking him to eat dinner with him, and it should cost him nothing. He always dressed neatly—and sometimes of a remarkably fine day would equip himself in uniform, gird on his trusty and rusty sword, and wait upon his excellency the governor. There was an eccentric sort of chivalry about him, for he used to insult every member of Congress who voted against his claim; never put up with a slight of any kind from anybody, and never was known to do a mean action, or to run in debt. There was a deal of dignity, too, in his appearance and deport-

ment, though of the same eccentric cast, so that whenever he walked the streets he attracted a kind of notice not quite amounting to admiration, and not altogether free from merriment. Peace to his claim and his ashes; for he and Amy Dardin's horse alike have run their race, and their claims have survived them.

CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON.

In analysing the character of Washington, there is nothing that strikes me as more admirable than its beautiful symmetry. In this respect it is consummate. His different qualities were so nicely balanced, so rarely associated, of such harmonious affinities, that no one seemed to interfere with another, or predominate over the whole. The natural ardour of his disposition was steadily restrained by a power of self-command which it dared not disobey. His caution never degenerated into timidity, nor his courage into imprudence or temerity. His memory was accompanied by a sound, unerring judgment, which turned its acquisitions to the best advantage; his industry and economy of time neither rendered him dull or unsocial; his dignity never was vitiated by pride or harshness, and his unconquerable firmness was free from obstinacy, or self-willed arrogance. He was gigantic, but at the same time he was well-proportioned and beautiful. It was this symmetry of parts that diminished the apparent magnitude of the whole; as in those fine specimens of Grecian architecture, where the size of the temple seems lessened by its perfection. There are plenty of men who become distinguished by the predominance of one single faculty, or the exercise of a solitary virtue; but few, very few, present to our contemplation such a combination of virtues unalloyed by a single vice; such a succession of actions, both public and private, in which even his enemies can find nothing to blame.

Assuredly he stands almost alone in the world. He occupies a region where there are, unhappily for mankind, but few inhabitants. The Grecian biographer could easily find parallels for Alexander and Cæsar, but were he living now, he would meet with great difficulty in selecting one for Washington. There seems to be an elevation of moral excellence, which, though possible to attain to, few ever approach. As in ascending the lofty peaks of the Andes, we at length arrive at a line where vegetation ceases, and the principle of life seems extinct; so in the gradations of human character, there is an elevation which is never attained by mortal man. A few have approached it, and none nearer than Washington.

He is eminently conspicuous as one of the great benefactors of the human race, for he not only gave liberty to millions, but his name now stands, and will for ever stand, a noble example to high and low. He is a great work of the almighty Artist, which none can study without receiving purer ideas and more lofty conceptions of the grace and beauty of the human character. He is one that all may copy at different distances, and whom none can contemplate without receiving lasting and salutary impressions of the sterling value, the inexpressible beauty of piety integrity, courage, and patriotism, associated with a clear, vigorous, and well-poised intellect.

Pure, and widely disseminated as is the fame of this great and good man, it is yet in its infancy. It is every day taking deeper root in the hearts of his countrymen, and the estimation of strangers, and spreading its branches wider and wider, to the air and the skies. He is already become the saint of liberty, which has gathered new honours by being

associated with his name; and when men aspire to free nations, they must take him for their model. It is, then, not without ample reason that the suffrages of mankind have combined to place Washington at the head of his race. If we estimate him by the examples recorded in history, he stands without a parallel in the virtues he exhibited, and the vast, unprecedented consequences resulting from their exercise. The whole world was the theatre of his actions, and all mankind are destined to partake sooner or later in their results. He is a hero of a new species; he had no model; will he have any imitators? Time, which bears the thousands and thousands of common cut-throats to the ocean of oblivion, only adds new lustre to his fame, new force to his example, and new strength to the reverential affection of all good men. What a glorious fame is his, to be acquired without guilt, and enjoyed without envy; to be cherished by millions living, hundreds of millions yet unborn! Let the children of my country prove themselves worthy of his virtues, his labours, and his sacrifices, by reverencing his name and imitating his piety, integrity, industry, fortitude, patience, forbearance, and patriotism. So shall they become fitted to enjoy the blessings of freedom and the bounties of heaven.

THE MAN THAT WANTED BUT ONE THING; THE MAN THAT WANTED EVERYTHING; AND THE MAN THAT WANTED NOTHING.

Everybody, young and old, children and grey-beards, has heard of the renowned Haroun Al Raschid, the hero of Eastern history and Eastern romance, and the most illustrious of the caliphs of Bagdad, that famous city on which the light of learning and science shone, long ere it dawned on the benighted regions of Europe, which has since succeeded to the diadem that once glittered on the brow of Asia. Though as the successor of the Prophet he exercised a despotic sway over the lives and fortunes of his subjects, yet did he not, like the eastern despots of more modern times, shut himself up within the walls of his palace, hearing nothing but the adulation of his dependents; seeing nothing but the shadows which surrounded him; and knowing nothing but what he received through the medium of interested deception or malignant falsehood. That he might see with his own eyes and hear with his own ears, he was accustomed to go about through the streets of Bagdad by night, in disguise, accompanied by Giafer the Barmecide, his grand vizier, and Mesrour, his executioner; one to give him his counsel, the other to fulfil his commands promptly, on all occasions. If he saw any commotion among the people he mixed with them and learned its cause; and if in passing a house he heard the moanings of distress or the complaints of suffering, he entered, for the purpose of administering relief. Thus he made himself acquainted with the condition of his subjects, and often heard those salutary truths which never reached his ears through the walls of his palace, or from the lips of the slaves that surrounded him.

On one of these occasions, as Al Raschid was thus perambulating the streets at night, in disguise, accompanied by his vizier and his executioner, in passing a splendid mansion, he overheard through the lattice of a window, the complaints of some one who seemed in the deepest distress, and silently approaching, looked into an apartment exhibiting all the signs of wealth and luxury. On a sofa of satin embroidered with gold, and sparkling with brilliant gems, he beheld a man richly dressed, in whom he recognised his favorite boon companion

Bedreddin, on whom he had showered wealth and honors with more than eastern prodigality. He was stretched out on the sofa, slapping his forehead, tearing his beard, and moaning piteously, as if in the extremity of suffering. At length starting up on his feet, he exclaimed in tones of despair, "Oh, Allah! I beseech thee to relieve me from my misery, and take away my life."

The Commander of the Faithful, who loved Bedreddin, pitied his sorrows, and being desirous to know their cause, that he might relieve them, knocked at the door, which was opened by a black slave, who, on being informed that they were strangers in want of food and rest, at once admitted them, and informed his master, who called them into his presence, and bade them welcome. A plentiful feast was spread before them, at which the master of the house sat down with his guests, but of which he did not partake, but looked on, sighing bitterly all the while.

The Commander of the Faithful at length ventured to ask him what caused his distress, and why he refrained from partaking in the feast with his guests, in proof that they were welcome. "Has Allah afflicted thee with disease, that thou canst not enjoy the blessings he has bestowed? Thou art surrounded by all the splendor that wealth can procure; thy dwelling is a palace, and its apartments are adorned with all the luxuries which captivate the eye, or administer to the gratification of the senses. Why is it then, oh! my brother, that thou art miserable?"

"True, O stranger," replied Bedreddin. "I have all these. I have health of body; I am rich enough to purchase all that wealth can bestow, and if I required more wealth and honors, I am the favorite companion of the Commander of the Faithful, on whose head lie the blessing of Allah, and of whom I have only to ask, to obtain all I desire, save one thing only."

"And what is that?" asked the caliph.

"Alas! I adore the beautiful Zuleima, whose face is like the full moon, whose eyes are brighter and softer than those of the gazelle, and whose mouth is like the seal of Solomon. But she loves another, and all my wealth and honors are as nothing. The want of one thing renders the possession of every other of no value. I am the most wretched of men; my life is a burden, and my death would be a blessing."

"By the beard of the Prophet," cried the Caliph, "I swear thy case is a hard one. But Allah is great and powerful, and will, I trust, either deliver thee from thy burden or give thee strength to bear it." Then thanking Bedreddin for his hospitality, the Commander of the Faithful departed, with his companions.

Taking their way towards that part of the city inhabited by the poorer classes of people, the Caliph stumbled over something, in the obscurity of night, and was nigh falling to the ground; at the same moment a voice cried out, "Allah, preserve me! Am I not wretched enough already, that I must be trodden under foot by a wandering beggar like myself, in the darkness of night!"

Mesrour the executioner, indignant at this insult to the Commander of the Faithful, was preparing to cut off his head, when Al Raschid interposed, and inquired of the beggar his name, and why he was there sleeping in the streets, at that hour of the night.

"Mashallah," replied he, "I sleep in the street because I have nowhere else to sleep, and if I lie on a satin sofa my pains and infirmities would rob me of rest. Whether on divans of silk or in the dirt,

all one to me, for neither by day nor by night do I know any rest. If I close my eyes for a moment, my dreams are of nothing but feasting, and I awake only to feel more bitterly the pangs of hunger and disease."

"Hast thou no home to shelter thee, no friends or kindred to relieve thy necessities, or administer to thy infirmities?"

"No," replied the beggar; "my house was consumed by fire; my kindred are all dead, and my friends have deserted me. Alas! stranger, I am in want of everything: health, food, clothing, home, kindred, and friends. I am the most wretched of mankind, and death alone can relieve me."

"Of one thing, at least, I can relieve thee," said the Caliph, giving him his purse. "Go and provide thyself food and shelter, and may Allah restore thy health."

The beggar took the purse, but instead of calling down blessings on the head of his benefactor exclaimed, "Of what use is money; it cannot cure disease?" and the Caliph again went on his way with Giafer his vizier, and Mezrouz his executioner.

Passing from the abodes of want and misery, they at length reached a splendid palace, and seeing lights glimmering from the windows, the caliph approached, and looking through the silken curtains, beheld a man walking backwards and forwards, with languid step, as if oppressed with a load of cares. At length casting himself down on a sofa, he stretched out his limbs, and yawning desperately, exclaimed, "Oh! Allah, what shall I do; what will become of me! I am weary of life; it is nothing but a cheat, promising what it never purposes, and affording only hopes that end in disappointment, or, if realized, only in disgust."

The curiosity of the Caliph being awakened to know the cause of his despair, he ordered Mezrouz to knock at the door, which being opened, they pleaded the privilege of strangers to enter, for rest and refreshments. Again, in accordance with the precepts of the Koran, and the customs of the East, the strangers were admitted to the presence of the lord of the palace, who received them with welcome, and directed refreshments to be brought. But though he treated his guests with kindness, he neither sat down with them nor asked any questions, nor joined in their discourse, walking back and forth languidly, and seeming oppressed with a heavy burden of sorrows.

At length the Caliph approached him reverently, and said: "Thou seemest sorrowful, O my brother! If thy suffering is of the body I am a physician, and peradventure can afford thee relief; for I have travelled into distant lands, and collected very choice remedies for human infirmity."

"My sufferings are not of the body, but of the mind," answered the other.

"Hast thou lost the beloved of thy heart, the friend of thy bosom, or been disappointed in the attainment of that on which thou hast rested all thy hopes of happiness?"

"Alas! no. I have been disappointed not in the means, but in the attainment of happiness. I want nothing but a want. I am cursed with the gratification of all my wishes, and the fruition of all my hopes. I have wasted my life in the acquisition of riches, that only awakened new desires, and honors that no longer gratify my pride or repay me for the labor of sustaining them. I have been cheated in the pursuit of pleasures that weary me in the enjoyment, and am perishing for lack of the excitement of some new want. I have everything I wish, yet enjoy nothing."

"Thy case is beyond my skill," replied the Caliph;

and the man cursed with the fruition of all his desires turned his back on him in despair. The Caliph, after thanking him for his hospitality, departed with his companions, and when they had reached the street exclaimed—

"Allah preserve me! I will no longer fatigue myself in a vain pursuit, for it is impossible to confer happiness on such a perverse generation. I see it is all the same, whether a man wants one thing, everything, or nothing. Let us go home and sleep."
1853.

Mr. Paulding did not long survive his old friend and early companion in literature. A few months after Washington Irving was carried to the tomb, he too passed away from his beautiful rural residence on the Hudson. He died at his family seat at Hyde Park, in Dutchess County, in the eighty-second year of his age, on the 6th of April, 1860, and, a few days after, his remains were interred in the cemetery at Greenwood, near the city of New York.

Mr. Paulding retained his mental faculties to the last, and the occasional productions of his pen were distinguished by his old ease and elegance of style. We are not aware of his having undertaken or contemplated any writings of length after those recorded in our previous notice, nor have any new editions of his works appeared in the interim, with the exception of a reprint of "Salmagundi," in the composition of which he was associated with Washington and William Irving. This work was passing through the press at the time of his death. Its revival was received with favor. It carried the reader backward a period of more than fifty years, to the beginning of Mr. Paulding's literary career, when that first promise of humor, taste, susceptibility, a genuine love of nature and of man, was given to the world, which was amply sustained through so many subsequent volumes.

The works of Mr. Paulding were once collected in a uniform edition; but it has been long out of print. When the publication shall be revived a new generation of readers will be enabled to appreciate the intelligence, the sympathy, the good humor, spite of occasional censure, with which, through a long life of letters, this sincere and ingenious author looked upon the world.

**The *Literary Life of James K. Paulding*, by his son, William Irving Paulding, was published in 1867. This was soon followed by a re-issue of his select works in four volumes: *The Bulls and the Jonathans*; *Tales of the Good Woman*; *A Book of Vagaries*; *The Dutchman's Fireside*. From a characteristic article in the first work, entitled "The American People," and hitherto unpublished, the following extract is made:

THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

The people of the United States have been considered by foreign writers as a congregation of shreds and patches, without any peculiar or distinctive character. But this is a great mistake; since, taking into consideration their numbers and the extent of the territories they occupy, they clearly appear to be the most homogeneous nation in the world. With a few trifling exceptions, they all speak one language and one dialect; though of

a great variety of sects, all are Christians; and, though descended immediately from a variety of nations, share the common rights of one great family. Whatever disparities may prevail among them at first, they in a little while become cemented together by the strongest of all bonds, that of Liberty and Equality. Although in the United States, as everywhere else, unequal distributions of wealth necessarily occur, from unequal opportunities, exertions, capacity, or fortune, yet such distinctions are not, and cannot be, permanent. The exclusive right of the first-born is not recognized, and the possessions of the wealthy man dwindle into a competency for each of his children. Generally speaking, the grandsons are obliged to begin the world anew. Thus the moneyed Aristocracy of one generation becomes the laboring Democracy of the next; and thus those bitter hereditary feuds between the few and the many, which elsewhere become more inflexible and malignant by being handed down from father to son, can find no root. The aristocrat looks forward to his posterity's becoming democrats, and the poor democrat anticipates for his children, if he does not gain it himself, a place among the rich.

The history of the first race of white men which occupied the Atlantic States is not yet, and I hope never will be, forgotten. It should be one of the earliest lessons of our children, for it furnishes admirable examples of piety, courage, unconquerable patience, and never-dying hope. When Poetry shall once again devote herself to heroic themes, and glorious endeavor restore to the noblest of the arts its most noble attributes, the early history of this country, its heroes, and its martyrs, will assuredly take its appropriate place among those themes which more than any of the works of man partake of immortality.

The inhabitants of this region came of excellent stock originally, and have been greatly improved by being transplanted to a sphere of action which, from the first, called into requisition all the highest qualities of manhood, and gave full exercise to their courage, their fortitude, their patience, and their inventive powers. They occupied, for generations, the frontier post in the progress of Christianity and civilization. They were the forlorn hope of human Liberty, and bore the brunt, not only of every obstacle which Nature herself could place in the way of men, but of the never-sleeping, never-dying hostility of an enemy, as has been truly said, "the most subtle, the most bloody, and the most formidable of any on the face of the earth." In this obscure position, among wintry storms and in the midst of interminable forests, these few, laborious, nameless heroes, wrought out a work which, in future times, when the destiny of this New World is accomplished, will be the miracle of distant ages. Never let their posterity forget what a sublime responsibility rests upon them to carry out this great work and consummate this glorious beginning.

The descendants of these courageous, much-enduring men, have not altogether degenerated. They have, indeed, approximated once more to European habits and refinements, but much of their primitive individuality remains. They are still, as a people, distinguished for activity of body and mind, versatile capacity, and a spirit of enterprise, coupled with a certain mental hardness prompting them to deeds and undertakings which those who have been fettered to the great treadmill of the Old World have neither the genius

to conceive nor the courage to attempt. Accordingly they have achieved results which scarcely have a parallel in History.

The people of the Atlantic States, especially the Eastern and Middle, are probably, in proportion to their numbers, the most commercial in the world; and, certainly, the most expert and daring seamen in existence are there to be found. The men of New England have a singular aptitude for nautical life; are equally hardy, adventurous, and skilful; and being, for the most part, brought up in habits of sobriety, retain their vigor and activity to a much later period of life than almost any other class of sailors. Success, when it does not lead to a foolish confidence which neglects the means by which it was attained, is one of the elements of strength, and the seamen of the United States are not only animated by the recollection of repeated triumphs, but are likewise conscious of having obtained a reputation which is one of the best guarantees for their future conduct.

The inhabitants of what is aptly styled "The Great West" constitute a species of men of a most racy and peculiar character. The greater portion of them are natives of the older States or of Europe, and retain some of the habits and modes of thinking characteristic of the places of their birth, in a sufficient degree to distinguish them from each other. But being thrown together in one great and entirely new sphere of action, they have assimilated through the force of circumstances—by the absolute necessity of adopting the same modes of life, and of coping in the first instance with similar hardships, privations, and dangers. Thus they have in some measure acquired a new being. Both their minds and their bodies have undergone a change. The one partakes of that expansion which is presumed to result only from study and contemplation, but which is much more frequently due to the exercise of the faculties on a great scale and in situations perpetually stimulating self-dependence under the most trying circumstances; the other becomes more hardy, vigorous, and alert, by wrestling with more formidable difficulties and fatigues.

Those petty obstacles which deter others from great undertakings are to such men only stimulants to action. Thus they have acquired what is their characteristic—an independence of mind, a self-reliance, which to a great extent discards the authority of names, precedents, and established opinions.

This race inhabits the richest region of the earth, the valley of the Mississippi, a vast empire capable of supporting in abundance a hundred millions of people. They are increasing beyond example, and will continue to increase; for there is nothing there of such value as man, and men, like money, will go where they are most wanted and of most worth.

Should I personify this people, I would say—The Backwoodsman is a soldier from necessity. Mind and body have been disciplined in a practical warfare. He belongs to this continent, and to no other. He is an original. He thinks "big;" he talks "big;" and when it is necessary to toe the mark, he acts "big." He is the genius of the New World.

It is upon this continent that the superfluous millions of Europe, where "the land grows weary of her inhabitants," are seeking and finding an asylum; and here, that, in the sublime words of George Canning, "THE NEW WORLD WILL REDRESS THE WRONGS OF THE OLD." It affords the means

of happiness and prosperity to all those who pine in hopeless poverty and irremediable insignificance, for want of a proper opening for the development of those physical and intellectual qualities which are the common gift of a common benefactor. Hither comes man, to resume his ancient dignity, as lord of the creation; and to enjoy the free use of that reason which has made him master of the world. He comes to relieve himself and his posterity from the burden of ages, from that weight which in his native land presses him to the dust, so that, in the language of the old Puritan, "though the most precious of all animals, he is more vile and base than the earth he treads upon." He comes, not to a strange land, but to a home; not as an alien, to remain for life debarred from all voice and influence in the choice of his rulers, or the making of those laws to which both life and property are subjected, but to share with the descendants of common parents, after a brief probation, all the rights of a free citizen of a free Commonwealth. Surely Providence will prosper such a land, and keep it long sacred as a refuge to mankind. Not all the pigmy politicians of the earth can arrest the progress of what has been grandly called "A DELUGE OF MEN DRIVEN ONWARD BY THE HAND OF GOD." . . .

That such a people, so circumstanced, are destined to play a conspicuous part in the great drama of the future seems very probable, if not certain. They are the cradled Hercules of the present time. Like the fabled demigod, they too have their choice to make between a splendid and a happy destiny; between a government which shall become great and powerful by sacrificing the liberties and prosperity of the people, and one that shall devote all its wisdom and its energies to the sustaining of those interests.

I see that this is to become perhaps the greatest empire the world ever saw, and hope it may also be the happiest. But that this may be so, those manners, habits, and principles, on which the permanent prosperity of every nation reposes, must be preserved. The American people have incurred a weighty responsibility to the human race, for whose sake as well as their own they should cherish, as the apple of their eye, those virtues which enabled their forefathers to triumph over every impediment of Nature, and their more immediate progenitors to leave behind them a legacy richer than any diadem that ever descended from an imperial brow. Should they, as there is too much reason to fear, through that strong desire for personal independence and personal distinction which is one of our noblest characteristics, degenerate into sordid worshippers of gold; should they, from whatever motives, adopt the essential policy and principles of European governments, while preserving merely the outward forms and phrases of Democracy; should they fall asleep under the shadow of the tree of Liberty, while it is distilling poisons: then will it be reduced to a certainty that men cannot govern themselves, and that, like the wild beasts of the forest, they must be chained, to prevent them from devouring each other.

If the people of the United States cannot sustain a free government, or if they suffer themselves to be enslaved either by force or fraud, then may the human race read their doom; for never was there, and never can there be, a people placed under circumstances more favorable to its preservation. The moment they cease to be free they will merit the scorn and contempt of the world.

Let it be said again:—It is only by cherishing those principles and preserving those wholesome and manly habits and virtues by which their freedom was acquired, that they can hope to retain it; for never yet was there a nation that did not sink into abject slavery when it had lost those noble traits. When the love of self becomes the ruling passion, and the golden calf the only divinity; when money is made the standard by which men are estimated, and held as the sole agent in the attainment of that happiness which is the common pursuit of all mankind: then will this majestic fabric of Freedom, like every other that has yet reared its lonely front in the great desert of the world, crumble to pieces, and from its ruins will arise a hideous monster with Liberty in his mouth and Despotism in his heart.

Let it be said again, and yet again:—If Liberty cannot dwell here, she belongs not to the earth, and must be sought for in the skies. The experiment of this New World will be decisive of the problem whether man in his fallen state is fitted to be other than a slave.

JOSEPH T. BUCKINGHAM.

JOSEPH T. BUCKINGHAM, one of the most prominent journalists of New England, is a descendant of Thomas Tinker, who came to Plymouth in the May Flower. His father, Nehemiah Tinker, resided at Windham, and ruined himself during the Revolutionary War by expending his whole property in the purchase of supplies for the army, for which he received pay in Continental currency, which rapidly depreciated, so that at his death, on the 17th of March, 1783, the several thousand dollars of paper money which he possessed, "would hardly pay for his winding sheet and coffin." He left a widow and ten children, the youngest of whom, Joseph, was born on the twenty-first of December, 1779. The widow endeavored to support the eight children dependent upon her by continuing her husband's business of tavern-keeping, but was obliged to abandon the establishment within a year, on account of ill health. She grew poorer and poorer, and her son records her thankfulness at receiving, on one occasion, the crusts cut from the bread prepared for the Holy Communion of the coming Sunday. She was at last compelled to solicit the aid of the selectmen of the town, and was supported in that manner for a winter. In the following year she received and accepted the offer of a home in the family of her friends, Mr. and Mrs. Lathrop, at Worthington, Mass. Her son, the subject of this sketch, was indentured at the same time by the selectmen to a farmer of the name of Welsh, until he attained the age of sixteen. He was kindly cared for in the family, and picked up a tolerable knowledge of reading, writing, and arithmetic. He devoured the few books he came across, and records his obligations to a set of Ames's Almanacs. At the expiration of his time he obtained a situation in the printing-office of David Carlisle, the publisher of the Farmer's Museum, at Walpole, N.H. The joviality of the wits who filled the columns of that famous sheet seems to have been shared in by the compositors who set up their articles, for they exhausted the poor boy's slender stock of cash by a demand for a treat, and then nearly choked him by forcing his own brandy down his throat. He remained only a

few months with Carlisle, and then apprenticed himself in the office of the Greenfield (Mass.) Gazette. Here he exercised himself in grammar, by comparing the "copy" he had to set up with the rules he had learnt, and correcting it if wrong. In 1798 he lost his excellent mother. In 1803 he deserted the composing-stick for a few months, to fill the office of prompter to a company of comedians who played during the summer months at Salem and Providence. In 1806, having previously taken by act of legislature his mother's family name of Buckingham, he made his first essay as editor, by commencing a Monthly Magazine, *The Polyanthus*. The numbers contained seventy-two pages 18mo., with a portrait, each. It was suspended in September, 1807, and resumed in 1812, when two volumes of the original size and four in octavo appeared. In January, 1809, he commenced *The Oracle*, a weekly, of sixteen octavo pages, which lasted six months. In 1817, he commenced, with Samuel L. Knapp, *The New England Galaxy and Masonic Magazine*. It was started without capital by its projector, who now had a wife and six children dependent on him, and frankly proposed to return a dollar and a half out of the three tendered by his first subscriber, on the plea that he did not believe he should be able to keep up the paper more than six months. By the aid of the Masonic Lodges it, however, became tolerably successful. Like his previous publications, it sided in politics with the Federal party.

In 1828, Mr. Buckingham sold the *Galaxy*, in order to devote his entire attention to the *Boston Courier*, a daily journal, which he had commenced on the second of March, 1824. The prominent idea of its founders was the advocacy of the "protective system." Mr. Buckingham continued to edit the *Courier* until June, 1848, when he sold out his interest. In July, 1831, he commenced with his son Edwin *The New England Magazine*, a monthly of ninety-six pages, and one of the best periodicals of its class which ever appeared in the United States. The number of July, 1833, contains a mention of the death of Edwin at sea, on a voyage to Smyrna, undertaken for the benefit of health. He was but twenty-three years of age. In November, 1834, the publication was transferred to Dr. Samuel G. Howe and John O. Sargent.

During the years 1828, 1831-3, 1836, 1838-9, Mr. Buckingham was a member of the Legislature, and in 1847-8, 1850-1, of the Senate of Massachusetts. He introduced a report in favor of the suppression of lotteries, and performed other valuable services during these periods.

Since his retirement from the press, Mr. Buckingham has published, *Specimens of Newspaper Literature, with Personal Memoirs, Anecdotes, and Reminiscences*; and *Personal Memoirs and Recollections of Editorial Life*. They contain a pleasant resumé of his career.

This venerable journalist passed his last years in retirement, occasionally sending a contribution to the newspapers when he drew upon the reminiscences of his long literary career. He died at Boston, in his eighty-second year, April 11, 1861. The following finely-turned sketch of his character, published in the *Boston Transcript*, is

from the pen of the Rev. N. L. Frothingham: "He was made up of strong elements. All his points pronounced themselves keenly. His temper was fervid, and his resolution indomitable. He certainly was not of a meek or quiet spirit. He therefore suffered in the estimation of those who looked at him only from afar and on the outside, and so set him down as a hard, cynical, and choleric man. But he was called to trials that would have ruffled a serener nature; and had battles to fight for which the appropriate accompaniment was not a melody but a cry. * * But the main currents of his will were benevolent. * * He has lived out all his days. Within a few months, in his sick-chamber, he conceived the idea of a new paper, of which he was to be the editor. He even went so far as to write the prospectus, and was scarcely dissuaded from the hardy enterprise. He adhered closely to life. He would not lose,

'Though full of pain, this intellectual being.'

More than at any views that could be presented to him of the future existence, he shuddered at the idea of 'falling into naught.' This vexed world, now ended for him, was ended mercifully. He literally bowed his head, as if in acquiescence, and slept into death."

THEODRIC ROMEYN BECK.

Theodric Romeyn Beck was born at Schenectady, N. Y., August 11, 1791. His family represented the mingled English and Holland blood of the early founders of the State. His father, who died at the early age of twenty-seven, left five sons, all of whom lived to be persons of distinction at the bar, in politics, and in science. An elder brother of Theodric, Dr. Lewis O. Beck, was Professor of Chemistry and the Natural Sciences at Rutgers College, N. J., and subsequently Professor of Chemistry in the Albany Medical College. He published several works on botany and chemistry, was a member of the New York Geological Survey, and prepared the volume on Mineralogy in the State Report. He died in 1853. Another brother, John Brodhead Beck, also a physician, published several medical works. T. R. Beck was educated at Union College, Schenectady, where he graduated in 1807, at the early age of sixteen. He then pursued the study of medicine at Albany, and subsequently with Dr. Hosack, at New York, and in 1811 he received his degree of doctor of medicine. In 1815 he was appointed Professor of the Institutes of Medicine and Lecturer on Medical Jurisprudence in the College of Physicians and Surgeons established at Fairfield, in Western New York. Two years afterwards he withdrew from the practice of medicine, and accepted the position of principal of the Albany Academy, which he held till 1838. The duties of this office did not sever his connection with the medical professorship at Fairfield, where he continued to lecture till the abandonment of the college, in 1840. He subsequently filled the chair of *Materia Medica* in the Albany Medical College.

Dr. Beck wrote several works on botany and chemistry, but the most important of his publications, on which his fame rests, is his *Elements*

of *Medical Jurisprudence*, published in two volumes, in 1823, and which, enlarged and improved by the author, has since passed through repeated editions. It has been reprinted in England, and received the signal honor, for a work of this kind, of being translated into German. It is a standard authority on the subject of which it treats. Its English editor, Dr. Dunlap, commends its "scientific accuracy, philosophical plainness and precision of style, extent of research, genuine scholarship and erudition, pointedness of illustration, and copiousness of detail and reference to original documents."

Dr. Beck was an active member of most of the literary and scientific associations of the United States, and was an honorary member of many of the similar societies abroad. His devotion to the cause of public education in New York, and particularly his labors in the formation of the State Library, at Albany, entitled him to honorable mention in the history of the State. In his later years, he was engaged upon a memoir of his friend De Witt Clinton, with whom he had been much associated in early life, and for whose memory he had a great regard. He died at his residence, in Albany, November 19, 1855, in his sixty-fifth year. A eulogy on Dr. Beck, delivered before the Medical Society of the State of New York, by Frank Hastings Hamilton, M. D., has been published by order of the State Senate.

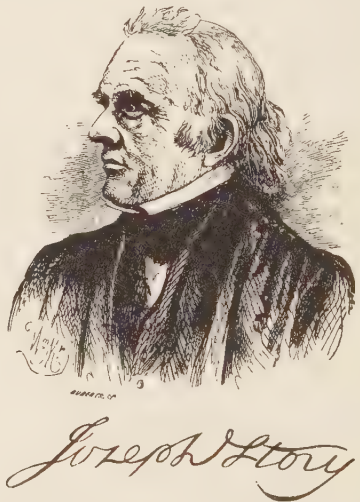
GOOLD BROWN.

Goold Brown was born at Providence, Rhode Island, March 7, 1791. He was of Quaker parentage, his family being one of the oldest in the State. He was educated in the public schools of the town and in two of the academies of the State, when, after having passed a short period in his father's counting-room, at the age of nineteen he began the work of instruction, to which he devoted his life. Beginning with the charge of a district school in Rhode Island, in 1810, he became the principal teacher in a Friends' boarding-school, in Dutchess County, New York, in 1811, and after two years' employment in this situation, joined Professor Griscom in the charge of a high school in the city of New York. He soon opened an academy of his own in the same place, and conducted it for more than twenty years. During this time he produced his early works, the *Institutes of English Grammar*, and *First Lines of English Grammar*, in 1823, which, reappearing in successive editions, were followed in 1851, when the author had retired to Lynn, Massachusetts, by his large work, entitled *A Grammar of English Grammars*, an octavo of about a thousand pages. The completion of this work, and its correction as it passed through the press, with the revision of his "Institutes of English Grammar," were the occupation of his last declining years. He had barely revised the second edition of his larger work when he was attacked by a disease of the lungs, which terminated his life, at Lynn, March 31, 1857.

JOSEPH STORY.

JOSEPH STORY was born at Marblehead, Mass., September 18, 1779. He was the eldest of eleven sons of Dr. Elisha Story, an active Whig of the

Revolution, who was of the "Boston Tea Party," and served in the army during a portion of the war as a surgeon. He was a boy of an active mind, and when only a few years old delighted in visiting the barber's shop of the town to listen to the gossip about public affairs. He was a great favorite with his handsome florid face and long auburn ringlets, and would frequently sit upon the table to recite pieces from memory and make prayers for the amusement of the company. During his childhood he was saved from being burnt to death by his mother, who snatched him from his blazing bed at the cost of severe personal injury to herself. He was prepared for college in his native village, and entered Harvard in 1795. Dr. Channing was one of his classmates. He was a hard student during his collegiate course, and on its termination entered the office of Samuel Sewall, in Marblehead. He completed his studies at Salem, where he commenced practice. In 1804 he published *The Power of Solitude*, a poem in two parts, with a few fugitive verses appended. The author was at a subsequent period a merciless critic on his own performance, burning all the copies he could lay his hands upon. It is written in the ornate style of the time,



with some incongruities which do not lead the reader to regret that the writer "took a lawyer's farewell of the muse." He published the same year a *Selection of Pleadings in Civil Actions*, and near its close married Miss Mary Lynde Oliver, who died on the 22d of June following. In 1808, he was married to Miss Sarah Waldo Wetmore.

Story's rise in his profession was rapid, and in 1810 he was appointed by Madison, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court. He accepted the office at a pecuniary sacrifice of his professional income exceeding the official salary of \$3500 a year, some two thousand dollars. In 1827, he prepared an edition in three volumes of the Laws of the United States. In 1829, the Hon. Nathan Dane offered the sum of \$10,000 to Harvard College, as the foundation of a law professorship, on the condition that his friend Story should con-

sent to become its first incumbent. Story having as a friend of the college and of legal science accepted the appointment, delivered an inaugural Address on the *Value and Importance of the Study of Law*, which is regarded as one of his finest productions.

His instructions were of course delivered during the vacations of the Supreme Court. His biographer gives a pleasant picture of the interest taken by teacher and pupil in the subject matter before them.

For the benefit of the students he sold to the college his library at one half its value.

During the preparation of the *Encyclopædia Americana* by his friend Dr. Lieber, Justice Story contributed a number of articles on legal subjects, forming some hundred and twenty pages of the work. He was also a large contributor to the *American Jurist*.

In 1832, he published his *Commentaries on the Constitution* in three volumes, and in the following spring the *Abridgment* of the work, which is in general use throughout the country as a college text-book. The *Commentaries* were received with universal favor at home and abroad, where they were translated into French and German.

In 1834, he published his *Commentaries on the Conflict of Laws*. In 1835, a selection from his *Miscellaneous Writings*. In 1836, the first volume of his *Commentaries upon Equity Jurisprudence*, and in 1846, a work on *Promissory Notes*.

To these we must add the comprehensive reference to his miscellaneous writings made by his son.

When we review his public life, the amount of labor accomplished by him seems enormous. Its mere recapitulation is sufficient to appal an ordinary mind. The judgments delivered by him on his Circuits, comprehend thirteen volumes. The Reports of the Supreme Court during his judicial life occupy thirty-five volumes, of which he wrote a full share. His various treatises on legal subjects cover thirteen volumes, besides a volume of Pleadings. He edited and annotated three different treatises, with copious notes, and published a volume of Poems. He delivered and published eight discourses on literary and scientific subjects, before different societies. He wrote biographical sketches of ten of his contemporaries; six elaborate reviews for the *North American*; three long and learned memorials to Congress. He delivered many elaborate speeches in the Legislature of Massachusetts and the Congress of the United States. He also drew up many other papers of importance, among which are the argument before Harvard College, on the subject of the Fellows of the University; the Reports on Codification, and on the salaries of the Judiciary; several very important Acts of Congress, such as the Crimes Act, the Judiciary Act, the Bankrupt Act, besides many other smaller matters.

In quantity, all other authors in the English Law, and Judges, must yield to him the palm. The labors of Coke, Eldon, and Mansfield, among Judges, are not to be compared to his in amount. And no jurist, in the Common Law, can be measured with him, in extent and variety of labor.

In 1845, he determined to resign his judicial office and devote his entire attention to his favorite law school, which had prospered greatly under his care. It was his wish, however, before doing so to dispose of all the cases argued before him, and it was in consequence of the severe

labor he imposed upon himself in the heat of summer to accomplish this object, that he became so utterly exhausted that his physical frame could offer slight resistance to the attacks of disease. In September, 1845, he was engaged in writing out the last of these opinions when he was taken with a cold followed by stricture, and the stoppage of the intestinal canal. He was relieved from this attack after great suffering for many hours, but his powers were too enfeebled to rally, and he sank into a torpor, "breathed the name of God, the last word that ever was heard from his lips," and a few hours after, on the evening of the tenth of September, died.

Every honor was paid his memory. Shops were closed and business suspended in Cambridge on the day of his funeral, which in accordance with his wishes was conducted in a simple manner, and a sum of money was soon after raised at the suggestion of the Trustees of Mount Auburn where he was buried, for the purpose of placing his statue in the chapel of that cemetery. The commission for the work was intrusted to the son of the deceased, Mr. William W. Story, who has since published in two large octavo volumes the "Life and Letters" of his distinguished father, and has thus contributed by the exercise of two of the most permanent in effect of human instruments, the pen and the chisel, to the perpetuation and extension of his fame.

Judge Story was an active student throughout life. It was his practice to keep interleaved copies of his works near at hand, and to add on the blank pages any decisions or information bearing upon their subject. The personal habits of one who accomplished so much were necessarily simple and temperate, but the detail may be read with interest as recorded by his son.

He arose at seven in summer, and at half past seven in winter,—never earlier. If breakfast was not ready, he went at once to his library and occupied the interval, whether it was five minutes or fifty, in writing. When the family assembled he was called, and breakfasted with them. After breakfast he sat in the drawing-room, and spent from a half to three quarters of an hour in reading the newspapers of the day. He then returned to his study and wrote until the bell sounded for his lecture at the Law School. After lecturing for two and sometimes three hours, he returned to his study and worked until two o'clock, when he was called to dinner. To his dinner (which, on his part, was always simple), he gave an hour, and then again betook himself to his study, where in the winter time he worked as long as the daylight lasted, unless called away by a visitor or obliged to attend a moot-court. Then he came down and joined the family, and work for the day was over. Tea came in about seven o'clock; and how lively and gay was he then, chatting over the most familiar topics of the day, or entering into deeper currents of conversation with equal ease. All of his law he left up stairs in the library; he was here the domestic man in his home. During the evening he received his friends, and he was rarely without company; but if alone, he read some new publication of the day,—the reviews, a novel, an English newspaper; sometimes corrected a proof-sheet, listened to music, or talked with the family, or, what was very common, played a game of backgammon with my mother. This was the only game of the kind that he liked. Cards and chess he never played.

In the summer afternoons he left his library

towards twilight, and might always be seen by the passer-by sitting with his family under the portico, talking or reading some light pamphlet or newspaper, often surrounded by friends, and making the air ring with his gay laugh. This, with the interval occupied by tea, would last until nine o'clock. Generally, also, the summer afternoon was varied three or four times a week, in fair weather, by a drive with my mother of about an hour through the surrounding country in an open chaise. At about ten or half past ten he retired for the night, never varying a half hour from this time.

Story retained his early fondness for poetry throughout life, and sometimes amused his leisure moments even when on the bench by versifying "any casual thought suggested to him by the arguments of counsel." A few specimens of these rhymed reflections are given by his son.

It was my father's habit, while sitting on the Bench, to versify any casual thought suggested to him by the arguments of counsel, and in his note books of points and citations, several pages are generally devoted to memoranda in prose and verse, of facts, and thoughts, which interested him. In his memorandum-book of arguments before the Supreme Court in 1831 and 1832, I select the following fragments written on the fly-leaf:—

You wish the Court to hear, and listen too?
Then speak with point, be brief, be close, be true.
Cite well your cases; let them be in point;
Not learned rubbish, dark, and out of joint;—
And be your reasoning clear, and closely made,
Free from false taste, and verbiage, and parade.

Stuff not your speech with every sort of law,
Give us the grain, and throw away the straw.

Books should be read; but if you can't digest,
The same's the surfeit, take the worst or best.

Clear heads, sound hearts, full minds, with point
may speak,
All else how poor in fact, in law how weak.

Who's a great lawyer? He, who aims to say
The least his cause requires, not all he may.

Greatness ne'er grew from soils of spongy mould,
All on the surface dry; beneath all cold;
The generous plant from rich and deep must rise,
And gather vigor, as it seeks the skies.

Whoe'er in law desires to win his cause,
Must speak with point, not measure out "wise saws,"
Must make his learning apt, his reasoning clear,
Pregnant in matter, but in style severe;
But never drawl, nor spin the thread so fine,
That all becomes an evanescent line.

The following sketch was drawn at this time on the Bench, and apparently from life:—

With just enough of learning to confuse,—
With just enough of temper to abuse,—
With just enough of genius, when confest,
To urge the worst of passions for the best,—
With just enough of all that wins in life,
To make us hate a nature formed for strife,—
With just enough of vanity and spite,
To turn to all that's wrong from all that's right,—
Who would not curse the hour when first he saw
Just such a man, called learned in the law.

The legal writings of Judge Story from his own pen extend to thirteen volumes; the Reports of his decisions on Circuits to thirteen; and those of the Supreme Court while he occupied a seat on the Bench and contributed his full share to their contents, to thirty-five.

The style of Story, both in his Commentaries and in his Miscellanies, is that of the scholar and man of general reading, as well as the thoroughly practised lawyer. It is full, inclined to the rhetorical, but displays everywhere the results of laborious investigation and calm reflection. His law books have fairly brought what in the old volumes was considered a crabbed science to the appreciation and sympathy of the unprofessional reader. Chancellor Kent, on the receipt of his *Miscellaneous Works* in 1836, complimented the author on "the variety, exuberance, comprehensiveness, and depth of his moral, legal, and political wisdom. Every page and ordinary topic is replete with a copious and accurate display of principles, clothed in a powerful and eloquent style, and illustrated and recommended by striking analogies, and profuse and brilliant illustrations. You handle the topic of the mechanical arts, and the science on which they are founded, enlarged, adorned, and applied, with a mastery, skill, and eloquence, that is unequalled. As for jurisprudence, you have again and again, and on all occasions, laid bare its foundations, traced its histories, eulogized its noblest masters, and pressed its inestimable importance with a gravity, zeal, pathos, and beauty, that is altogether irresistible."* This was generously said, and though the language of eulogy, it points out with great distinctness the peculiar merits which gave the writings of Story their high reputation at home and abroad.

WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

It is a pleasing moral coincidence which has been remarked that two of the foremost names in our national literature and art should be associated with that of the great leader, in war and peace, of their country.

Washington Allston, the descendant of a family of much distinction in South Carolina, was born at Charleston, November 5, 1779. He was prepared for college at the school of Mr. Robert Rogers, of Newport, R. I.; entered Harvard in 1796, and on the completion of his course delivered a poem.

He returned to South Carolina; sold his property; sailed for England, and on his arrival in London became a student of the Royal Academy, then under the presidency of Benjamin West. Here he remained for three years, and then, after a sojourn at Paris, went to Rome, where he resided for four years, and became the intimate associate of Coleridge.

In 1809 he returned to America for a period of two years, which he passed in Boston, and at this time married the sister of the Rev. Dr. Channing. He also delivered a poem before the Phi Beta Kappa Society. In 1811 he commenced a second residence in London, where, in 1813, he published a small volume, *The Sylphs of the Seasons, and other Poems*, which was reprinted in

* Story's Life, ii. 217.

Boston the same year. The date is also marked in his career by the death of his wife, an event which affected him deeply.

During this sojourn in Europe, which extended to 1818, several of his finest paintings were produced. On his return home he resumed his residence at Boston. In 1830 he married a sister of Richard H. Dana, and removed to Cambridgeport. His lectures on Art were commenced about the same period. It was his intention to prepare a course of six, to be delivered before a select audience in Boston, but four only were completed, and these did not appear until after his decease.



Washington Allston

In 1841 he published *Monaldi*, an Italian romance of moderate length, which had been written as early as 1821 when Dana published his *Idle Man*, and, but for the discontinuance of that work, would probably have appeared there. In the latter part of his life he was chiefly engaged on his great painting of *Belshazzar's Feast*. After a week's steady labor on this work, he retired late on Saturday night, July 8, 1843, from his studio to his family circle, and after a conversation of peculiar solemnity, sat down to his books and papers, which furnished the usual occupation of a great portion of his nights. It was while thus silently sitting alone near the dawning of Sunday, with scarce a struggle, he was called from the temporary repose of the holy day to the perpetual Sabbath of eternity. His remains were interred at the setting of the sun on the day of the funeral, in the tomb of the Dana family in the old Cambridge graveyard.

Had Mr. Allston been a less severe critic of his own productions he would have both painted more and written more. Nothing left his easel or his desk which was not the ripe product of his mind, which had cost not only labor but perplexity, from the frequent change to which his fastidiousness submitted all his productions. His *Belshazzar's Feast*, as it hangs in its incomplete state in the Boston Athenæum, shows a strange and grotesque combination of figures, of gigantic mingled with those of ordinary stature. It is owing to the artist's determination, when his

work was nearly completed, to reconstruct the whole, and by the radical change we have mentioned, as well as others of composition, render his months of former labor null and void. Had his life been extended the work no doubt would have been completed, and have created the same feelings of awe and admiration which some of its single figures, that of the Queen for example, now excite; but as it stands, it is perhaps a more characteristic as well as impressive monument of the man.

With the exception of this work, Mr. Allston's productions are all complete.

In the Spring of 1839, Allston exhibited, with remarkable success, a gallery of his paintings at Boston. They were forty-five; brought together from various private and other sources. A letter was published at the time in the *New York Evening Post*, noticing the collection, which was understood to be written from Dana to his friend Bryant. It speaks of "the variety and contrast, not only in the subjects and thoughts, and emotions made visible, but in the style also," and finds in the apparent diversity "the related variety of one mind." Several of the more prominent subjects, and the influence breathing from them, are thus alluded to:—"Here, under the pain and confused sense of returning life lay the man who, when the bones of the prophet touched him, lived again. Directly opposite sat, with the beautiful and patiently expecting Baruch at his feet, the majestic announcer of the coming woes of Jerusalem, seeing through earthly things, as seeing them not, and looking off into the world of spirits and the vision of God. What sees he there? Wait! For the vision is closing, and he is about to speak! And there is Beatrice, absorbed in meditation, touched gently with sadness, and stealing so upon your heart, that curiosity is lost in sympathy—you forget to ask yourself what her thought? and look in silence till you become the very soul of meditation too. And Rosalie, born of music, her face yet tremulous with the last vibrations of those sweet sounds to which her inmost nature had been responding. What shall I say of the spiritual depth of those eyes? You look into them till you find yourself communing with her inmost life, with emotions beautiful, exquisite, almost to pain. Indeed, when you recollect yourself, you experience this effect to be true of nearly all these pictures, whether of living beings or of nature. After a little while you do not so much look upon them as commune with them, until you recover yourself, and are made aware that you had been lost in them. Herein is the spirit of art, the creative power—poetry. And the landscapes—spots in nature, fit dwelling-places for beings such as these!"

His poems, though few in number, are exquisite in finish, and in the fancies and thoughts which they embody. They are delicate, subtle, and philosophical. Thought and feeling are united in them, and the meditative eye

which hath kept watch
o'er man's mortality

broods over all. In *The Sylphs of the Seasons* he has pictured the successive delights of each quarter of the year with the joint sensibility of the poet and the artist, bringing before us a series of

images of the imagination blended with the purest sentiment.

If the other poems may be described as occasional, it should be remarked they are the occasions not of a trifle or a man of the world, but of a philosopher and a Christian, whose powers were devoted to the sacred duties of life, to his art, to his friends, to the inner world of faith. In this view rather than as exercises of poetic rhetoric, they are to be studied. One of the briefer poems has a peculiar interest, that entitled *Rosalie*. It is the very reflection in verse of the ideal portrait which he painted, bearing that name.

His lectures on Art, published after his decease, in the volume edited by R. H. Dana, Jr., show the vigorous grasp, the intense love, the keen perception which we should naturally look for from such a master.

Monaldi is an Italian story of jealousy, murder, and madness. *Monaldi* is suspicious of his wife, kills her in revenge, and becomes a maniac. The work is entirely of a subjective character, dealing with thought, emotion, and passion, with a concentration and energy for which we are accustomed to look only to the greatest dramatists. The chief scene of the volume is the self-torturing jealousy of *Monaldi*, contrasted with the innocent calmness of his wife. We read it with shortened breath and a sense of wonder. Not less powerfully does the author carve out, as it were, in statuary, the preliminary events by which this noble heart falls from its steadfast truth-worshipping loyalty. We see the gradual process of disaffection, from the first rude physical health of the soul, when it is incapable of fear or suspicion, rejecting the poison of envy; then gradually admitting the idea as if some unconscious act of memory, a haunting reminiscence, then recurring wilfully to the thought, till poison becomes the food of the mind, and it lives on baleful jealousies, wrongs, and revenges: the high intellectual nature, so difficult to reach, but the height once scaled, how flauntingly they bear the banner of disloyalty; *Monaldi*, like *Othello*, then spurns all bounds; like *Othello*, wronged and innocent.

Those who had the privilege of a friendship or even an acquaintance with Allston, speak with enthusiasm of his conversational powers. He excelled not only in the matter but the manner of his speech. His fine eye, noble countenance, and graceful gesture were all unconsciously brought into play as he warmed with his subject, and he would hold his hearer by the hour as fixedly with a disquisition on morals as by a series of wild tales of Italian banditti. Allston gave his best to his friends as well as to the public, and some of his choicest literary composition is doubtless contained in the correspondence he maintained for many years with Coleridge, Wordsworth, Southey, Lamb, and others among the best men of his, and of all time.

In an enumeration of the published works of Mr. Allston, the volume of outline engravings from the sketches found in his studio after his decease should be especially commemorated, for it contains some of his most beautiful as well as most sublime conceptions; and as nearly all his paintings, with the exception of the *Belshazzar*, are the property of private individuals, forms almost the only opportunity accessible to the general public for the enjoyment of his artistic produc-

tions. His manner may there be learnt in its precision, strength, grandeur, and beauty.

Of the moral harmony of Allston's daily life, we have been kindly favored with a picture, filled with incident, warm, genial, and thoroughly appreciative, from the pen, we had almost said the pencil, of the artist's early friend in Italy, Washington Irving. It is taken from a happy period of his life, and our readers will thank the author for the reminiscence:—

"I first became acquainted," writes Washington Irving to us, "with Washington Allston, early in the spring of 1805. He had just arrived from France, I from Sicily and Naples. I was then not quite twenty-two years of age—he a little older. There was something, to me, inexpressibly engaging in the appearance and manners of Allston. I do not think I have ever been more completely captivated on a first acquaintance. He was of a light and graceful form, with large blue eyes and black silken hair, waving and curling round a pale expressive countenance. Everything about him bespoke the man of intellect and refinement. His conversation was copious, animated, and highly graphic; warmed by a genial sensibility and benevolence, and enlivened at times by a chaste and gentle humor. A young man's intimacy took place immediately between us, and we were much together during my brief sojourn at Rome. He was taking a general view of the place before settling himself down to his professional studies. We visited together some of the finest collections of paintings, and he taught me how to visit them to the most advantage, guiding me always to the masterpieces, and passing by the others without notice. 'Never attempt to enjoy every picture in a great collection,' he would say, 'unless you have a year to bestow upon it. You may as well attempt to enjoy every dish in a Lord Mayor's feast. Both mind and palate get confounded by a great variety and rapid succession, even of delicacies. The mind can only take in a certain number of images and impressions distinctly; by multiplying the number you weaken each, and render the whole confused and vague. Study the choice pieces in each collection; look upon none else, and you will afterwards find them hanging up in your memory.'

"He was exquisitely sensible to the graceful and the beautiful, and took great delight in paintings which excelled in color; yet he was strongly moved and roused by objects of grandeur. I well recollect the admiration with which he contemplated the sublime statue of Moses by Michael Angelo, and his mute awe and reverence on entering the stupendous pile of St. Peter's. Indeed the sentiment of veneration so characteristic of the elevated and poetic mind was continually manifested by him. His eyes would dilate; his pale countenance would flush; he would breathe quick, and almost gasp in expressing his feelings when excited by any object of grandeur and sublimity.

"We had delightful rambles together about Rome and its environs, one of which came near changing my whole course of life. We had been visiting a stately villa, with its gallery of paintings, its marble halls, its terraced gardens set out with statues and fountains, and were returning to Rome about sunset. The blandness of the air, the

serenity of the sky, the transparent purity of the atmosphere, and that nameless charm which hangs about an Italian landscape, had derived additional effect from being enjoyed in company with Allston, and pointed out by him with the enthusiasm of an artist. As I listened to him, and gazed upon the landscape, I drew in my mind a contrast between our different pursuits and prospects. He was to reside among these delightful scenes, surrounded by masterpieces of art, by classic and historic monuments, by men of congenial minds and tastes, engaged like him in the constant study of the sublime and beautiful. I was to return home to the dry study of the law, for which I had no relish, and, as I feared, but little talent.

"Suddenly the thought presented itself, 'Why might I not remain here, and turn painter?' I had taken lessons in drawing before leaving America, and had been thought to have some aptness, as I certainly had a strong inclination for it. I mentioned the idea to Allston, and he caught at it with eagerness. Nothing could be more feasible. We would take an apartment together. He would give me all the instruction and assistance in his power, and was sure I would succeed.

"For two or three days the idea took full possession of my mind; but I believe it owed its main force to the lovely evening ramble in which I first conceived it, and to the romantic friendship I had formed with Allston. Whenever it recurred to mind, it was always connected with beautiful Italian scenery, palaces, and statues, and fountains, and terraced gardens, and Allston as the companion of my studio. I promised myself a world of enjoyment in his society, and in the society of several artists with whom he had made me acquainted, and pictured forth a scheme of life, all tinted with the rainbow hues of youthful promise.

"My lot in life, however, was differently cast. Doubts and fears gradually clouded over my prospect; the rainbow tints faded away; I began to apprehend a sterile reality, so I gave up the transient but delightful prospect of remaining in Rome with Allston, and turning painter.

"My next meeting with Allston was in America, after he had finished his studies in Italy; but as we resided in different cities we saw each other only occasionally. Our intimacy was closer some years afterwards, when we were both in England. I then saw a great deal of him during my visits to London, where he and Leslie resided together. Allston was dejected in spirits from the loss of his wife, but I thought a dash of melancholy had increased the amiable and winning graces of his character. I used to pass long evenings with him and Leslie; indeed Allston, if any one would keep him company, would sit up until cock-crowing, and it was hard to break away from the charms of his conversation. He was an admirable story teller, for a ghost story none could surpass him. He acted the story as well as told it.

"I have seen some anecdotes of him in the public papers, which represent him in a state of indigence and almost despair, until rescued by the sale of one of his paintings.* This is an exaggeration. I subjoin an extract or two from his

letters to me, relating to his most important pictures. The first, dated May 9, 1817, was addressed to me at Liverpool, where he supposed I was about to embark for the United States :—

"Your sudden resolution of embarking for America has quite thrown me, to use a sea phrase, all aback. I have so many things to tell you of, to consult you about, &c., and am such a sad correspondent, that before I can bring my pen to do its office, 'tis a hundred to one but the vexations for which your advice would be wished, will have passed and gone. One of these subjects (and the most important) is the large picture I talked of soon beginning: the Prophet Daniel interpreting the *hand-writing on the wall* before Belshazzar. I have made a highly finished sketch of it, and I wished much to have your remarks on it. But as your sudden departure will deprive me of this advantage, I must beg, should any hints on the subject occur to you during your voyage, that you will favor me with them, at the same time you let me know that you are again safe in our good country.

"I think the composition the best I ever made. It contains a multitude of figures and (if I may be allowed to say it) they are without confusion. Don't you think it a fine subject? I know not any that so happily unites the magnificent and the awful. A mighty sovereign surrounded by his whole court, intoxicated with his own state, in the midst of his revellings, palsied in a moment under the spell of a preternatural hand suddenly tracing his doom on the wall before him; his powerless limbs, like a wounded spider's, shrunk up to his body, while his heart, *compressed to a point*, is only kept from vanishing by the terrific suspense that animates it during the interpretation of his mysterious sentence. His less guilty but scarcely less agitated queen, the panic-struck courtiers and concubines, the splendid and deserted banquet table, the half arrogant, half astounded magicians, the holy vessels of the temple (shining as it were in triumph through the gloom), and the calm solemn contrast of the prophet, standing like an animated pillar in the midst, breathing forth the oracular destruction of the empire! The picture will be twelve feet high by seventeen feet long. Should I succeed in it to my wishes, I know not what may be its fate; but I leave the future to Providence. Perhaps I may send it to America.

"The next letter from Allston which remains in my possession, is dated London, 18th March, 1818. In the interim he had visited Paris, in company with Leslie and Newton; the following extract gives the result of the excitement caused by a study of the masterpieces in the Louvre.

"Since my return from Paris I have painted two pictures, in order to have something in the present exhibition at the British gallery; the subjects, the Angel Uriel in the Sun, and Elijah in the Wilderness. Uriel was immediately purchased (at the price I asked, 150 guineas) by the Marquis of Stafford, and the Directors of the British Institution moreover presented me a *donation* of a hundred and fifty pounds 'as a mark of their approbation of the talent evinced,' &c. The manner in which this was done was highly complimentary; and I can only say that it was full as gratifying as it was unexpected. As both these pictures together cost me but ten weeks, I do not regret having deducted that time from the Belshazzar, to whom I have since returned with redoubled vigour. I am sorry I did not exhibit Jacob's Dream. If I had dreamt of this success I certainly would have sent it there.

"Leslie, in a letter to me, speaks of the picture

* Anecdotes of Artists.

of Uriel seated in the Sun. 'The figure is colossal, the attitude and air very noble, and the form heroic, without being overcharged. In the color he has been equally successful, and with a very rich and glowing tone he has avoided *positive* colours, which would have made him too material. There is neither red, blue, nor yellow on the picture, and yet it possesses a harmony equal to the best pictures of Paul Veronese.'

"The picture made what is called 'a decided hit,' and produced a great sensation, being pronounced worthy of the old masters. Attention was immediately called to the artist. The Earl of Egremont, a great connoisseur and patron of the arts, sought him in his studio, eager for any production from his pencil. He found an admirable picture there, of which he became the glad possessor. The following is an extract from Allston's letter to me on the subject:—

"Leslie tells me he has informed you of the sale of Jacob's Dream. I do not remember if you have seen it. The manner in which Lord Egremont bought it was particularly gratifying—to say nothing of the price, which is no trifle to me at present. But Leslie having told you all about it I will not repeat it. Indeed, by the account he gives me of his letter to you, he seems to have puffed me off in grand style. Well—you know I don't *bribe* him to do it, and 'if they will buckle praise upon my back,' why, I can't help it! Leslie has just finished a very beautiful little picture of Anne Page inviting Master Slender into the house. Anne is exquisite, soft and feminine, yet arch and playful. She is all she should be. Slender also is very happy; he is a good parody on Milton's 'linked sweetness long drawn out.' Falstaff and Shallow are seen through a window in the background. The whole scene is very picturesque, and beautifully painted. 'Tis his best picture. You must not think this praise the 'return in kind.' I give it, because I really admire the picture, and I have not the smallest doubt that he will do great things when he is once freed from the necessity of painting portraits.*

"Lord Egremont was equally well pleased with the artist as with his works, and invited him to his noble seat at Petworth, where it was his delight to dispense his hospitalities to men of genius.

"The road to fame and fortune was now open to Allston; he had but to remain in England, and follow up the signal impression he had made.

"Unfortunately, previous to this recent success he had been disheartened by domestic affliction, and by the uncertainty of his pecuniary prospects, and had made arrangements to return to America. I arrived in London a few days before his departure, full of literary schemes, and delighted with the idea of our pursuing our several arts in fellowship. It was a sad blow to me to have this day-dream again dispelled. I urged him to remain and complete his grand painting of Belshazzar's Feast, the study of which gave promise of the highest kind of excellence. Some of the best patrons of the art were equally urgent. He was not to be persuaded, and I saw him depart with still deeper and more painful regret than I had parted with him in our youthful days at Rome. I think our separation was a loss to both

of us—to me a grievous one. The companionship of such a man was invaluable. For his own part, had he remained in England for a few years longer, surrounded by everything to encourage and stimulate him, I have no doubt he would have been at the head of his art. He appeared to me to possess more than any contemporary the spirit of the old masters; and his merits were becoming widely appreciated. After his departure he was unanimously elected a member of the Royal Academy.

"The next time I saw him was twelve years afterwards, on my return to America, when I visited him at his studio at Cambridge, in Massachusetts, and found him, in the grey evening of life, apparently much retired from the world; and his grand picture of Belshazzar's Feast yet unfinished.

"To the last he appeared to retain all those elevated, refined, and gentle qualities which first endeared him to me.

"Such are a few particulars of my intimacy with Allston; a man whose memory I hold in reverence and affection, as one of the purest, noblest, and most intellectual beings that ever honored me with his friendship."

AMERICA TO GREAT BRITAIN.

All hail! thou noble land,
Our Fathers' native soil!
O, stretch thy mighty hand,
Gigantic grown by toil,
O'er the vast Atlantic wave to our shore!
For thou with magic might
Canst reach to where the light
Of Phœbus travels bright
The world o'er!

The Genius of our clime,
From his pine-embattled steep,
Shall hail the guest sublime;
While the Tritons of the deep
With their conchs the kindred league shall proclaim.
Then let the world combine,—
O'er the main our naval line
Like the milky-way shall shine
Bright in fame!

Though ages long have past
Since our Fathers left their home,
Their pilot in the blast,
O'er untravell'd seas to roam,
Yet lives the blood of England in our veins!
And shall we not proclaim
That blood of honest fame
Which no tyranny can tame
By its chains!

While the language free and bold
Which the Bard of Avon sung,
In which our Milton told
How the vault of heaven rung
When Satan, blasted, fell with his host;—
While this, with reverence meet,
Ten thousand echoes greet,
From rock to rock repeat
Round our coast;—

While the manners, while the arts,
That mould a nation's soul,
Still cling around our hearts,—
Between let Ocean roll,
Our joint communion breaking with the Sun:
Yet still from either beach

*This picture was exhibited in the "Washington Gallery" in New York, in 1854.

The voice of blood shall reach,
More audible than speech,
"We are One."

WINTER—FROM THE SYLPHS OF THE SEASONS.

And last the Sylph of Winter spake,
The while her piercing voice did shake
The castle vaults below :—

"O youth, if thou, with soul refined,
Hast felt the triumph pure of mind,
And learnt a secret joy to find
In deepest scenes of woe ;

"If e'er with fearful ear at eve
Hast heard the wailing tempests grieve
Through chink of shattered wall,
The while it conjured o'er thy brain
Of wandering ghosts a mournful train,
That low in fitful sobs complain
Of death's untimely call ;

"Or feeling, as the storm increased,
The love of terror nerve thy breast,
Didst venture to the coast,
To see the mighty war-ship leap
From wave to wave upon the deep,
Like chamois goat from steep to steep,
Till low in valley lost ;

"When, glancing to the angry sky,
Behold the clouds with fury fly
The lurid moon athwart—
Like armies huge in battle, throng,
And pour in volleying ranks along,
While piping winds in martial song
To rushing war exhort :

"O, then to me thy heart be given,
To me, ordained by Him in heaven
Thy nobler powers to wake.
And, O ! if thou with poet's soul,
High brooding o'er the frozen pole,
Hast felt beneath my stern control
The desert region quake ;

"Or from old Hecla's cloudy height,
When o'er the dismal, half-year's night
He pours his sulphurous breath,
Hast known my petrifying wind
Wild ocean's curling billows bind,
Like bending sheaves by harvest hind,
Erect in icy death ;

"Or heard adown the mountain's steep
The northern blast with furious sweep
Some cliff dissevered dash,
And seen it spring with dreadful bound,
From rock to rock, to gulf profound,
While echoes fierce from caves resound
The never-ending crash :

"If thus with terror's mighty spell
Thy soul inspired was wont to swell,
Thy heaving frame expand,
O, then to me thy heart incline ;
For know, the wondrous charm was mine,
That fear and joy did thus combine
In magic union bland.

"Nor think confined my native sphere
To horrors gaunt, or ghastly fear,
Or desolation wild ;
For I of pleasures fair could sing,
That steal from life its sharpest sting,
And man have made around it cling,
Like mother to her child.

"When thou, beneath the clear blue sky,
So calm no cloud was seen to fly,
Hast gazed on snowy plain,
Where Nature slept so pure and sweet,
She seemed a corse in winding-sheet,
Whose happy soul had gone to meet
The blest Angelic train ;

"Or marked the sun's declining ray
In thousand varying colors play
O'er ice-incrusted heath,
In gleams of orange now, and green,
And now in red and azure sheen,
Like hues on dying dolphin seen,
Most lovely when in death ;

"Or seen at dawn of eastern light
The frosty toil of Fays by night
On pane of casement clear,
Where bright the mimic glaciers shine,
And Alps, with many a mountain pine,
And armed knights from Palestine
In winding march appear :

"T was I on each enchanting scene
The charm bestowed, that banished spleen
Thy bosom pure and light.
But still a nobler power I claim,—
That power allied to poet's fame,
Which language vain has dared to name,—
The soul's creative might.

"Though Autumn grave, and Summer fair,
And joyous Spring, demand a share
Of Fancy's hallowed power,
Yet these I hold of humbler kind,
To grosser means of earth confined,
Through mortal sense to reach the mind,
By mountain, stream, or flower.

"But mine, of purer nature still,
Is that which to thy secret will
Did minister unseen,
Unfelt, unheard, when every sense
Did sleep in drowsy indolence.
And silence deep and night intense
Enshrouded every scene :

"That o'er thy teeming brain did raise
The spirits of departed days
Through all the varying year,
And images of things remote,
And sounds that long had ceased to float,
With every hue, and every note,
As living now they were ;

"And taught thee from the motley mass
Each harmonizing part to class
(Like Nature's self employed) ;
And then, as worked thy wayward will,
From these, with rare combining skill,
With new-created worlds to fill
Of space the mighty void.

"O, then to me thy heart incline ;
To me, whose plastic powers combine
The harvest of the mind ;
To me whose magic coffers bear
The spoils of all the toiling year,
That still in mental vision wear
A lustre more refined."

ROSALIE.

"O pour upon my soul again
That sad, unearthly strain,
That seems from other worlds to plain ;
Thus falling, falling from afar,
As if some melancholy star
Had mingled with her light her sighs,
And dropped them from the skies !

"No,—never came from aught below
 This melody of woe,
 That makes my heart to overflow,
 As from a thousand gushing springs,
 Unknown before; that with it brings
 This nameless light,—if light it be,—
 That veils the world I see.

"For all I see around me wears
 The hue of other spheres;
 And something blent of smiles and tears
 Comes from the very air I breathe.
 O, nothing, sure, the stars beneath
 Can mould a sadness like to this,—
 So like angelic bliss."

So, at that dreamy hour of day
 When the last lingering ray
 Stops on the highest cloud to play,—
 So thought the gentle Rosalie,
 As on her maiden reverie
 First fell the strain of him who stole
 In music to her soul.

INVENTION IN ART IN OSTADE AND RAPHAEL—FROM THE LECTURES ON ART.

The interior of a Dutch cottage forms the scene of Ostade's work, presenting something between a kitchen and a stable. Its principal object is the carcass of a hog, newly washed and hung up to dry; subordinate to which is a woman nursing an infant; the accessories, various garments, pots, kettles, and other culinary utensils.

The bare enumeration of these coarse materials would naturally predispose the mind of one, unacquainted with the Dutch school, to expect any thing but pleasure; indifference, not to say disgust, would seem to be the only possible impression from a picture composed of such ingredients. And such, indeed, would be their effect under the hand of any but a real Artist. Let us look into the picture and follow Ostade's *mind*, as it leaves its impress on the several objects. Observe how he spreads his principal light, from the suspended carcass to the surrounding objects, moulding it, so to speak, into agreeable shapes, here by extending it to a bit of drapery, there to an earthen pot; then connecting it, by the flash from a brass kettle, with his second light, the woman and child; and again turning the eye into the dark recesses through a labyrinth of broken chairs, old baskets, roosting fowls, and bits of straw, till a glimpse of sunshine, from a half-open window, gleams on the eye, as it were, like an echo, and sending it back to the principal object, which now seems to act on the mind as the luminous source of all these diverging lights. But the magical whole is not yet completed; the mystery of color has been called in to the aid of light, and so subtly blends that we can hardly separate them; at least, until their united effect has first been felt, and after we have begun the process of cold analysis. Yet even then we cannot long proceed before we find the charm returning; as we pass from the blaze of light on the carcass, where all the tints of the prism seem to be faintly subdued, we are met on its borders by the dark harset, glowing like rubies; then we repose awhile on the white cap and kerchief of the nursing mother; then we are roused again by the flickering strife of the antagonist colors on a blue jacket and red petticoat; then the strife is softened by the low yellow of a straw-bottomed chair; and thus with alternating excitement and repose do we travel through the picture, till the scientific explorer loses the analyst in the unresisting passiveness of a poetic dream. Now all this will no doubt appear to many

if not absurd, at least exaggerated: but not so to those who have ever felt the sorcery of color. They, we are sure, will be the last to question the character of the feeling because of the ingredients which worked the spell, and, if true to themselves, they must call it poetry. Nor will they consider it any disparagement to the all-accomplished Raffaele to say of Ostade that he also was an Artist.

We turn now to a work of the great Italian,—the Death of Ananias. The scene is laid in a plain apartment, which is wholly devoid of ornament, as became the hall of audience of the primitive Christians. The Apostles (then eleven in number) have assembled to transact the temporal business of the Church, and are standing together on a slightly elevated platform, about which, in various attitudes, some standing, others kneeling, is gathered a promiscuous assemblage of their new converts, male and female. This quiet assembly (for we still feel its quietness in the midst of the awful judgment) is suddenly roused by the sudden fall of one of their brethren; some of them turn and see him struggling in the agonies of death. A moment before he was in the vigor of life,—as his muscular limbs still bear evidence; but he had uttered a falsehood, and an instant after his frame is convulsed from head to foot. Nor do we doubt for a moment as to the awful cause: it is almost expressed in voice by those nearest to him, and, though varied by their different temperaments, by terror, astonishment, and submissive faith, this voice has yet but one meaning.—"Ananias has lied to the Holy Ghost." The terrible words, as if audible to the mind, now direct us to him who pronounced his doom, and the singly-raised finger of the Apostle marks him the judge; yet not of himself,—for neither his attitude, air, nor expression has any thing in unison with the impetuous Peter,—he is now the simple, passive, yet awful instrument of the Almighty: while another on the right, with equal calmness, though with more severity, by his elevated arm, as beckoning to judgment, anticipates the fate of the entering Sapphira. Yet all is not done; lest a question remain, the Apostle on the left confirms the judgment. No one can mistake what passes within him; like one transfixed in adoration, his uplifted eyes seem to ray out his soul, as if in recognition of the divine tribunal. But the overpowering thought of Omnipotence is now tempered by the human sympathy of his companion, whose open hands, connecting the past with the present, seem almost to articulate, "Alas, my brother!" By this exquisite turn, we are next brought to John, the gentle almoner of the Church, who is dealing out their portions to the needy brethren. And here, as most remote from the judged Ananias, whose suffering seems not yet to have reached it, we find a spot of repose,—not to pass by, but to linger upon, till we feel its quiet influence diffusing itself over the whole mind; nay, till, connecting it with the beloved Disciple, we find it leading us back through the exciting scene, modifying even our deepest emotions with a kindred tranquillity.

This is Invention; we have not moved a step through the picture but at the will of the Artist. He invented the chain which we have followed, link by link, through every emotion, assimilating many into one; and this is the secret by which he prepared us, without exciting horror, to contemplate the struggle of mortal agony.

This too is Art; and the highest art, when thus the awful power, without losing its character, is tempered, as it were, to our mysterious desires. In the work of Ostade, we see the same inventive power, no less effective, though acting through the medium of the humblest materials.

DANIEL DEWEY BARNARD.

Of English Puritan descent, was born in 1797, in Berkshire County, Massachusetts, where his parents were temporarily residing. His father, a native of Hartford, Connecticut, served through the Revolutionary War in the commissary department. In 1809 he removed to Ontario County, where his son Daniel passed a portion of his boyhood at work on the farm, but, being of a delicate constitution, was more inclined to reading and literary composition. He was placed in the clerk's office of the county at Canandaigua, and at the early age of fourteen was employed as deputy clerk. He was next sent to a school at Lenox, Massachusetts, "under the charge of an eccentric genius of the name of Gleason," where he was prepared to enter Williams College as a sophomore. He graduated at the latter institution in 1818 with credit, delivering a poem at the commencement. He now pursued the study of the law at Rochester, New York, and was admitted to the bar in 1821. In 1827, after filling the office of county attorney, he was elected to Congress, and became a leading political leader of the Republican party of that day. After the expiration of his term, 1830-1, he made a tour in Europe, visiting France, Italy, Switzerland, Belgium, and England, and recorded his travelling impressions in a series of letters, published in one of the Rochester journals. On his return he removed to Albany, in 1832, and henceforth bore a prominent part in politics as a member of the Whig party. After serving in the New York Assembly, he was again elected to Congress in 1838, and for the two succeeding terms, being for four years chairman of the Judiciary Committee. In 1839 he read before the Albany Institute *An Historical Sketch of the Colony of Rensselaerwick*, which was published. On the establishment of the *Whig Review*, in 1845, he became a prominent and constant contributor of political articles to that magazine, which contained many papers of signal ability. Its political character, in fact, was for a considerable time maintained by the writings of Mr. Barnard, who discussed without reserve, month after month, the prominent topics of the day. In 1849, Mr. Barnard was sent as United States Minister to Berlin, where, in the words of Mr. Everett, "he was welcomed in the best society, political and literary, and especially enjoyed a large share of the friendly regard of its great ornament and head, the late Baron von Humboldt." The latter part of his life, after his return to America in 1853, was passed at his home in Albany, where he died on the 24th of April, 1861, in his sixty-fourth year.

BAYNARD RUST HALL.

The Rev. Dr. Baynard Rust Hall, says an obituary notice in the New York *Times* of January 27, 1863, recording his recent decease in Brooklyn, New York, was born in Philadelphia, in 1798. "He was the son of Dr. John Hall, who once held a position upon the staff of General Washington. He studied for some time at Princeton College, but graduated at Union with high honors; and although his friends intended that he should follow the legal profession, he

chose the ministry, and completed his theological course at the seminary in Princeton. At the age of twenty-two he was married to Miss Young, in Danville, Kentucky, and then went West to settle. He was pastor of a church and president of a college in Bloomington, Indiana, for some years. Subsequently he removed to Bedford, Pennsylvania, where he was pastor of a flourishing congregation and principal of a large academy. At various periods he was connected with educational institutions in Bordentown and Trenton, New Jersey, and at Poughkeepsie and Newburgh, New York. As an author, as well as teacher, he gained a wide reputation. Among his works were a Latin Grammar, which he published when but thirty years of age; a highly popular and humorous volume entitled *The New Purchase; or, Seven Years in the West*; and a work with the name of *Teaching a Science; the Teacher an Artist*—a standard authority on education.

WALTER COLTON

Was born in Rutland, Vt., in 1797. He was graduated from Yale College in 1822, and after a three years' course at Andover, was ordained a Congregational clergyman. He became a teacher in an academy at Middletown, Conn.; and while thus occupied, wrote a prize essay on Duelling, and a number of articles in prose and verse, with the signature of "Bertram," for various journals.

W. Colton

In 1828, he became editor of the *American Spectator*, a weekly political paper at Washington, and an intimate friend of General Jackson, who in 1830, on a sea voyage being recommended for the benefit of Mr. Colton's health, offered him a consulship or a chaplaincy in the navy. He accepted the clerical post, and joined the West India squadron.

On his return, he was appointed to the Constellation frigate, and made a three years' cruise in the Mediterranean, during which he derived the materials for his *Ship and Shore*, and *Visit to Constantinople and Athens*, volumes published in 1835 and 1836. He was next appointed Historiographer to the Exploring Expedition; but in consequence of the reduction of the force originally designed to be sent did not accompany it, but was stationed at Philadelphia as chaplain of the Navy Yard, and afterwards of the Naval Asylum. He also edited in 1841 and 1842, the Philadelphia North American, and wrote articles for other journals.

In 1844, he delivered a poem entitled *The Sailor* at the Commencement of the University of Vermont, which is still in manuscript. In 1846 he was married, and soon after ordered to the squadron for the Pacific. A short time after his arrival at Monterey he was appointed Alcalde of the city, an office which he discharged during the Mexican war with efficiency. He also established the *Californian*, the first newspaper printed in California, which was afterwards transferred to San Francisco, and entitled the *Alta California*. He was also the builder of the first school-house in the present state; and in a letter published in

the Philadelphia North American, the first to make known the discovery of California gold to the residents of the Atlantic states. During his residence on the Pacific he wrote *Deck and Port* and *Three Years in California*.

He returned to Philadelphia in the summer of 1850, and was busily engaged in the preparation of additional volumes of his travels, when in consequence of exposure on a visit to Washington he took a violent cold, which led to a dropsy, of which he died on the 22d of January, 1851.

Two additional volumes from his pen, *Land and Lee* and *The Sea and the Sailor*, *Notes on France and Italy*, and *other Literary Remains*, appeared shortly after his decease; the last, accompanied by a Memoir of the author, from his friend the Rev. Henry T. Cheever.

The style of Mr. Colton's volumes is lively and entertaining.

HUGH SWINTON LEGARÉ.

HUGH SWINTON LEGARÉ, one of the ablest and most accomplished scholars the country has produced, was born in Charleston, South Carolina, January 2, 1797. As his name, in connexion with the place of his nativity, imports, he was of Huguenot ancestry. On his mother's side, from whom he derived the name of Swinton, he was of Scotch descent. His father dying left him entirely dependent, at an early age, upon his mother, a lady every way qualified for the discharge of her duties. In his fourth year it was deemed necessary to inoculate the child with the small-pox. The virus acted with unusual power upon the system, and finally concentrated its force in large sores on the elbows and knees. He was thus compelled to lie on his back for some three months, and was reduced from a hearty state of health to a mere skeleton, being carried about on a pillow in his mother's arms. The tumors were finally healed, but produced a lasting effect on his growth, so that for eight or nine years he made scarcely any perceptible advance in stature. After that period he suddenly shot up, but the growth was almost entirely in the upper part of the body, leaving him with limbs dwarfed proportions. The defects of his body, however, contributed in some measure to the development of his mind, by forcing him to seek employment and pleasure in intellectual rather than athletic exercises.

His education commenced at an early age, for he learnt to read while carried about, as we have related, in his mother's arms. He was sent to school before his sixth year, and passing through the hands of successive teachers—many of whom, themselves persons of distinguishing abilities, expressed prognostications of his future eminence—entered the then recently established University of South Carolina at Columbia in his fourteenth year. His favorite studies during his collegiate career were the classics and philosophy. The other departments of the course were, however, not neglected, as he was graduated at the head of his class. He then commenced the study of the law under the charge of one of his former teachers, Mr. Mitchell King,* who had in the meantime become

a leading practitioner of Charleston. After three years of diligent preparation he was, on arriving at the age of twenty-one, fully qualified for admission to the bar, but instead of presenting himself for examination he determined to pursue his legal studies at the European Universities.

In May, 1818, he sailed from Charleston to Bordeaux, and at once proceeded to Paris, where he remained several months. His previous study of many of the modern languages had qualified him to appear with advantage in continental society, but the chief portion of his time was devoted to the study of the law and of the languages, with which he had not as yet become thoroughly conversant.

From Paris he removed to Edinburgh instead of, as he originally proposed, Gottingen. On his arrival he entered the classes of civil law, natural philosophy, and mathematics, of the University, which were in the charge of Irving, Playfair, and Murray. He also attended the private class of the Professor of Chemistry, Dr. Murray. His chief attention was given to the law, but the testimony of his associate, Mr. Preston, proves him to have been a hard student in the other departments as well. "He gave three hours a day to Playfair, Leslie, and Murray, in the lecture-room. From eight to ten were devoted to Heineccius, Cujacius, and Terrasson; side by side with whom lay upon his table, Dante and Tasso, Guicciardini, Davila, and Machiavelli. To this mass of labor he addressed himself with a quiet diligence, sometimes animated into a sort of intellectual joy. On one occasion he found himself at breakfast, Sunday morning, on the same seat where he had breakfasted the day before—not having quitted it meantime."

At the conclusion of his course in Edinburgh he passed a year in travelling in Scotland, England, France, Belgium, the Rhine, and Switzerland, returning to Charleston by way of New York and Washington. His first attention on his return home was given to the affairs of his mother's plantation on John's Island near Charleston, which had suffered for want of efficiency in its management. He was elected from this district in the autumn after his arrival, a member of the Lower House of the General Assembly of the State for a term of two years, from 1820 to 1822. At the close of this period he became, in consequence of the requirements of his profession, a resident of Charleston, where the mother and son, being unwilling to be separated, the remainder of the family soon followed him.

His extensive erudition seems, as is sometimes the case, to have acted unfavorably to his success. Clients supposed him more at home in the study than the court-room. "Sir," said he, in answer to a query addressed to him at that time, "do you ask how I get along? Do you inquire what my trade brings me in? I will tell you. I have a variety of cases, and, by the bounty of Providence, sometimes get a fee; but in general, sir, I practise upon the old Roman plan; and, like Ci-

* Mr. King was a man of great benevolence as well as ability. At a subsequent period he accepted, at great loss and inconvenience, the office of Recorder and City Judge of Charleston,

and performed its duties gratuitously, in order that the previously incumbent, Judge Axson, incapacitated by paralysis, might still continue in the receipt of his official emoluments. He continued these gratuitous services during the life of Judge Axson, and for a few months after his decease for the benefit of his surviving family.



H. S. Legaré

cero's, my clients pay me what they like—that is, often, nothing at all.”

In 1824 he was again elected a member of the state legislature, where he remained until chosen by it Attorney-General of the state. During the stormy discussions of this period he was an advocate of the doctrine of states rights, but opposed to nullification.

On the organization of the Southern Review in 1827, he gave efficient aid in the plan and prosecution of the work, contributing on more than one occasion more than half the matter of a number. The increase of his professional practice, and his appointment finally as State Attorney, compelled him, after a few years, to cease his contributions, and the Review, deprived of his powerful aid, was soon after discontinued.

While State Attorney he was called to argue a case before the Supreme Court at Washington. The ability he displayed attracted universal admiration, and led to his intimate acquaintance with Mr. Livingston, then Secretary of State, whose eminence in the department of civil law rendered him competent to appreciate the talents and learning displayed by the pleader in the same field. The Secretary soon after tendered Legaré the appointment of *Chargé d’Affaires* at the Court of Brussels for the express purpose of enabling him to carry his study of the civil law still further with a view to qualify himself for the discussion of the question, as to what extent the incorporation of the system into that of the United States might be desirable. The appointment was accepted, and Legaré at once entered on its duties. These were slight, leaving him ample time for study, which he improved by a course of civil law under Savigny, and the acquisition of the Dutch, German, and Romain languages. He remained in his mission for four years, returning in the summer of 1836 to New York, where he was met by

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the offer, earnestly pressed upon his acceptance, of a nomination for Congress. He was elected, and entered the House of Representatives at the commencement of the Van Buren administration. At the extra session in September he delivered a masterly speech in opposition to the policy of the sub-treasury. His opinions were those of the minority in his state, and at the next election he was defeated.

He returned with renewed ardor to his professional career, and distinguished himself greatly in the conduct of several important cases. He also entered warmly into the presidential contest of 1840, and delivered eloquent speeches at Richmond and New York. His article on Demosthenes, for the New York Review, was written about the same time.

In 1841 Legaré was appointed, by Mr. Tyler, Attorney-General of the United States. It was an office for which he was eminently qualified, and in which he eminently distinguished himself. After the withdrawal of Mr. Webster on the ratification of the Ashburton treaty, in the composition of which, especially in the portion regarding the right of search, Mr. Legaré had rendered important service, he discharged for some time the duties of the Department of State.

In January, 1843, he sustained a severe domestic affliction in the death of his mother, to whom he was devotedly attached. They were soon, however, to be united in death as they had been in life. In the following June the President and cabinet visited Boston to take part in the ceremonies attending the completion of the Bunker Hill Monument. Mr. Legaré was seized, on his arrival in Boston, with a disease of the bowels which had, during the previous autumn, produced such extreme suffering as to cause the declaration to his sister, that if it pleased God he would rather die than live in such torment. He was unable to take part in the celebration of the following day, Saturday, and on Sunday yielded to the solicitations of his friend, Professor George Ticknor, and was removed to his residence in Park street, where he died on the morning of the twentieth of the same month.

His writings were collected by his sister and published at Charleston in 1846, with a memoir.* They form two large octavo volumes, and contain his journals during his diplomatic residence abroad, filled with lively details of court gossip, his studies and observations, public and private correspondence, speeches and articles for the New York and Southern Reviews. These articles are for the most part on classical or legal subjects, the remainder being devoted, with few exceptions, to authors of the day. They display thorough erudition, and are admirable as models of hearty scholarship and finished composition.

CHARACTERISTICS OF LORD BYRON.†

Lord Byron's life was not a literary, or cloistered and scholastic life. He had lived generally in the

* Writings of Hugh Swinton Legaré, late Attorney-General, Acting Secretary of State of the United States; consisting of a Diary of Brussels, and Journal of the Rhine; extracts from his Private and Diplomatic Correspondence; Orations and Speeches, and Contributions to the New York and Southern Reviews; Prefaced by a Memoir of his Life. Edited by his Sister, Charleston, S. C.: Burges & James. 1846.

† From an article on Moore's Life of Byron in the Southern Review.

world, and always and entirely *for* the world. The *amat nemus et fugit urbes*, which has been predicated of the whole tuneful tribe, was only in a qualified sense a characteristic of his. If he sought seclusion, it was not for the retired leisure or the sweet and innocent tranquillity of a country life. His retreats were rather like that of Tiberius at Capree—the gloomy solitude of misanthropy and remorse, hiding its despair in darkness, or seeking to stupefy and drown it in vice and debauchery. But, even when he fled from the sight of men, it was only that he might be sought after the more, and, in the depth of his hiding places, as was long ago remarked of Timon of Athens, he could not live without vomiting forth the gall of his bitterness, and sending abroad most elaborate curses in good verse to be admired of the very wretches whom he affected to despise. He lived in the world, and for the world—nor is it often that a career so brief affords to biography so much impressive incident, or that the folly of an undisciplined and reckless spirit has assumed such a motley wear, and played off, before God and man, so many extravagant and fantastical antics.

On the other hand, there was, amidst all its irregularities, something strangely interesting, something, occasionally, even grand and imposing in Lord Byron's character and mode of life. His whole being was, indeed, to a remarkable degree, extraordinary, fanciful, and fascinating. All that drew upon him the eyes of men, whether for good or evil—his passions and his genius, his enthusiasm and his woe, his triumphs and his downfall—sprang from the same source, a feverish temperament, a burning, distempered, insatiable imagination; and these, in their turn, acted most powerfully upon the imagination and the sensibility of others. We well remember a time—it is not more than two lustres ago—when we could never think of him ourselves but as an ideal being—a creature, to use his own words, “of loneliness and mystery”—moving about the earth like a troubled spirit, and even when in the midst of men, not *of* them. The enchanter's robe which he wore seemed to disguise his person, and like another famous sorcerer and sensualist—

he hurled
His dazzling spells into the spongy air,
Of power to cheat the eye with blar illusion
And give it false presentments.

It has often occurred to us, as we have seen Sir Walter Scott diligently hobbling up to his daily task in the Parliament House at Edinburgh, and still more when we have gazed upon him for hours seated down at his clerk's desk, with a countenance of most demure and business-like formality, to contrast him, in that situation, with the only man, who had not been, at the time, totally overshadowed and eclipsed by his genius. It was, indeed, a wonderful contrast! Never did two such men—competitors in the highest walks of creative imagination and deep pathos—present such a strange antithesis of moral character, and domestic habits and pursuits, as Walter Scott at home, and Lord Byron abroad. It was the difference between prose and poetry—between the duller realities of existence and an incoherent, though powerful and agitating romance—between a falcon trained to the uses of a domestic bird, and, instead of “towering in her pride of place,” brought to stoop at the smallest quarry, and to wait upon a rude sportsman's bidding like a menial servant—and some savage, untamed eagle, who, after struggling with the bars of his cage, until his breast was bare and bleeding with the agony, had flung himself forth, once more, upon the gale, and was again chasing before him the “whole herd of timorous and flocking birds,” and making his native Alps, through all

their solitudes, ring to his boding and wild scream. Lord Byron's pilgrimages to distant and famous lands—especially his first—heightened this effect of his genius and of his very peculiar mode of existence. Madame de Staël ascribes it to his good fortune or the deep policy of Napoleon, that he had succeeded in associating his name with some of those objects which have, through all time, most strongly impressed the imaginations of men, with the Pyramids, the Alps, the Holy Land, &c. Byron had the same advantage. His muse, like Horace's image of Care, mounted with him the steed and the gondola, the post-chaise, and the packet-ship. His poems are, in a manner, the journals and common-place books of the wandering Childe. Thus, it is stated or hinted that a horrible incident, like that upon which the *Giaour* turns, had nearly taken place within Byron's own observation while in the East. His sketches of the sublime and beautiful in nature seem to be mere images, or, so to express it, shadows thrown down upon his pages from the objects which he visited, only colored and illumined with such feelings, reflections, and associations, as they naturally awaken in contemplative and susceptible minds. His early visit to Greece, and the heartfelt enthusiasm with which he dwelt upon her loveliness even “in her age of woe”—upon the glory which once adorned, and that which might still await her—have identified him with her name, in a manner which subsequent events have made quite remarkable. His poetry, when we read it over again, seems to breathe of “the sanctified phrensy of prophecy and inspiration.” He now appears to have been the herald of her resuscitation. The voice of lamentation, which he sent forth over Christendom, was as if it had issued from all her caves, fraught with the woe and the wrongs of ages, and the deep vengeance which at length awoke—and not in vain! In expressing ourselves as we have done upon this subject, it is to us a melancholy reflection that our language is far more suitable to what we *have* felt, than to what we now feel, in reference to the life and character of Lord Byron. The last years of that life—the wanton, gross, and often dull and feeble ribaldry of some of his latest productions, broke the spell which he had laid upon our souls; and we are by no means sure that we have not since yielded too much to the disgust and aversion which follow disenchantment like its shadow.

DAVID J. M'CORD

Was born near M'Cord's Ferry, South Carolina, January, 1797, and was educated at the College at Columbia, in that state; where, among his classmates and intimates, were the late Hugh S. Legaré and Professor H. J. Nott.

In 1818 Mr. M'Cord was admitted to the bar, and soon acquired a large practice. Among his associates in the profession were the late Chancellor Harper, the Hon. W. C. Preston, Professor Nott, the Hon. W. F. De Saussure, Colonel Blanding, Colonel Gregg, and the Hon. A. P. Butler, since of the United States Senate. In connexion with Mr. Nott, he published two volumes of Law Reports of South Carolina, known as Nott and M'Cord's Reports, and afterwards, unassisted, four volumes of Law Reports and two of Chancery Reports. In connexion with Colonel Blanding, he published also one volume of the “South Carolina Law Journal.”

In May, 1839, Mr. M'Cord was appointed by the Governor to publish the “Statutes at Large of South Carolina;” a work which had been com-

menced under the authority of the state, by his friend the late Dr. Thomas Cooper. Dr. Cooper's death occurring before the completion of the fourth volume of the work, it was transferred to Mr. M'Cord, by whom it was completed. The work is in ten volumes octavo, including a general index.

Mr. M'Cord, in addition to these literary labors of the law, was a frequent writer of various periodicals, chiefly on subjects of the science of government and political economy. He was a writer for both series of the Southern Review, under the editorship of Mr. Stephen Elliott and Mr. Simms.* In these articles he was an eloquent supporter of Southern institutions, and an earnest and able advocate of free trade.

Mr. M'Cord was for several years a representative of the district of Richland in the Legislature of South Carolina, and was Chairman of the Committee of Federal Relations, an important position at the time. To his exertions are principally due the abolition of the late Court of Appeals (composed of three judges), and the establishment of a system which, improved by subsequent suggestions of Mr. Pettigru, is now in force. Mr. M'Cord retired from the practice of the law in 1836, and after 1840 occupied himself almost entirely as a cotton planter.

He died after a brief illness, at his residence at Columbia, May 12, 1855.

The warm personal tribute to his memory in a notice of his merits at the bar and in society, appeared the following week in a newspaper at Columbia, from the pen of his friend and former law associate, the Hon. W. C. Preston. It is also a genial account of the higher social and literary society of Columbia—and, we may add, a happy reflection of the generous nature and accomplishments of the writer. We present it entire from the South Carolinian of May 17.

MESSRS. EDITORS: In the announcement of the death of Mr. M'Cord, in your paper of the 9th instant, you intimate an expectation that some one will furnish a notice of the life and character of that gentleman. Pending the performance of this pious office by some friend capable of executing it fitly, let me cast a glove into his grave, and place a sprig of cypress upon it. Such a work of tenderness I had fondly hoped to have received at his hand, instead of being called upon out of the ordinary course of nature to offer it at his tomb.

Many will bring tributes of sorrow, of kindness and affection, and relieve a heaving bosom by uttering words of praise and commendation; for in truth, during many years he has been the charm and delight of the society of Columbia, and of that society, too, when, in the estimation of all who knew it, it was the rarest aggregation of elegant, intellectual, and accomplished people that have ever been found assembled in our village. Thirty years since, amidst the cordial and unostentatious cordiality

which characterized it, at a dinner party, for example, at Judge De Saussure's, eight or ten of his favorite associates wanted to do honor to some distinguished stranger—for such were never permitted to pass through the town without a tender of the hospitality of that venerable and elegant gentleman—whose prolonged life exhibited to another generation a pattern of old gentility, combined with a conscientious and effective performance of not only the smaller and more graceful duties of life, which he sweetened and adorned, but also of those graver and higher tasks which the confidence of his state imposed upon his talents and learning. To his elegant board naturally came the best and worthiest of the land. There was found, of equal age with the judge, that very remarkable man, Dr. Thomas Cooper, replete with all sorts of knowledge, a living encyclopædia—"Multum ille et terris jactatus et alto"—good-tempered, joyous, and of a kindly disposition. There was Judge Nott, who brought into the social circle the keen, shrewd, and flashing intellect which distinguished him on the bench. There was Abram Blanding, a man of affairs, very eminent in his profession of the law, and of most interesting conversation. There was Professor Robert Henry, with his elegant, accurate, and classical scholarship. There were Judges Johnston and Harper, whom we all remember, and lament, and admire.

These gentlemen and others were called, in the course of a morning walk of the Chancellor, to meet at dinner, it might be, Mr. Calhoun, or Captain Basil Hall, or Washington Irving, and amongst these was sure to be found David J. M'Cord, with his genial vivacity, his multifarious knowledge, and his inexhaustible store of amusing and apposite anecdotes. He was the life and pervading spirit of the circle—in short, a universal favorite. He was then in large practice at the bar, and publishing his Reports as State Reporter. His frank and fine manners were rendered the more attractive by an uncommonly beautiful physiognomy, which gave him the appearance of great youth.

M'Cord entered upon his profession in co-partnership with Henry Junius Nott; and when a year or two subsequently this gentleman, following the bent of his inclination for literature, quitted the profession, Mr. M'Cord formed a connexion with W. C. Preston—thus introducing this gentleman, who had then but just come to Columbia, into practice. The business of the office was extensive, and the connexion continued until their diverging paths of life led them away from the profession. The association was cordial and uninterrupted throughout, whether professional or social; and the latter did not cease until the grave closed upon M'Cord. While in the law, however, although assiduously addicted to the study of it, his heart acknowledged a divided allegiance with literature; which he seemed to compromise at length by addicting himself to cognate studies—of political economy, the *jural* sciences, and political ethics.

When he left the bar, and retired from the more strenuous pursuits of life, he found occupation and delight in these favorite studies—stimulated and enhanced by the vigorous co-operation and warm sympathy of his highly accomplished wife, who not only participated in the taste for, but shared in the labors of, these studies—and amidst these congenial and participated pursuits the latter years of his life were passed.

Through life he had a passion for books. He loved them as friends—almost as children. He was always in the midst of them, and had one in his hand or in his pocket. The publication and editing of the Law Reports was a genial occupation for him.

When the compilation of our statutes was con-

* Among his contributions to the Review were—Political Economy, Manufactures, April, 1846; Memphis Convention, October, 1846; Lieber's Political Ethics, October, 1847; The Federal Constitution, November, 1848; Industrial Exchanges, July, 1849; Navigation Laws, January and April, 1850; California Gold, April, 1852; Life of a Negro Slave, Jan., 1853; Civil Liberty and Self Government, April, 1854; Africans at Home, July, 1854; Elements of Government, October, 1854.

For De Bow's Review at New Orleans, he wrote, How the South is affected by her Institutions, January, 1852; What is fair and equal Reciprocity, November, 1853; American Institutions, the Monroe Doctrine, &c., December, 1853.

fided by the state to Dr. Cooper, this gentleman, then feeling some touch of age, found a hearty co-laborer in M'Cord—who worked *con amore*; and, indeed, what with his love for the work and his friendship for Dr. Cooper, a large portion of the achievement was performed by him; and the last volume—the *Index*, I think—was exclusively *his*; thus furnishing at once a monument of his willingness to labor in a praiseworthy work, and the kindliness of his temper to do a favor to a friend.

He was conspicuous for spirit, candor, and friendship. He was faithful and true, fearless and warm-hearted; loved learning and philosophy—the learning which is consonant with the business and bosoms of men—the philosophy which is not “harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,” but genial and diffusive, running over into and permeating the affairs of life. As his early life was amidst struggle and bustle—the *funum strepitumque* of the public arena—so his latter years were amidst the repose of an elegant and lettered retirement, in his well cultivated fields, and amongst his books. His last moments were solaced by the tender assiduities of his congenial help-mate, of his children, and of his old and long-familiar friends.

It was a somewhat curious coincidence, that the disease which terminated his existence, struck him in the Library of the College, whither his tastes and habits led him habitually.

To this we may here appropriately add an acknowledgment of the friendly services of the late Colonel M'Cord to the present work on American literature. We are indebted to his pen for much information of value relative to his literary associates at Columbia, the affairs of the college of which he was a trustee, and particularly for a sketch of his conversations with the late eminent Judge Cooper, with whom he was intimate—an interesting paper, which will be found in the present volume.

LOUISA S. M'CORD, the widow of Colonel M'Cord, a lady of strong natural powers, who



Louisa S. M'Cord.

has cultivated with success both poetry and philosophy, is a resident of Columbia, South Caro-

lina. She is the daughter of the eminent politician, the Hon. Langdon Cheves,* and was born in South Carolina, in December, 1810. In 1840 she was married to Colonel David J. M'Cord. Her winter residence is the plantation of Fort Mott, the scene of a heroic adventure in the revolutionary annals of the state, in which Mrs. Mott made herself famous by the voluntary sacrifice of her property.

The literary productions of Mrs. M'Cord are a volume of poems, *My Dreams*, published in Philadelphia in 1848; *Sophisms of the Protective Policy*, a translation from the French of Bastiat, issued by Putnam, New York, the same year; *Caius Gracchus*, printed at New York in 1851, and numerous contributions to the Southern Quarterly Review, De Bow's Review, and the Southern Literary Messenger, from 1849 to the present time.† These review papers, written with spirit and energy, are of a conservative character, with resources derived from the study of political economy, mainly treating the question of southern slavery in reference to the diversity of races, its comparison with the white laboring class, with a rather sharp handling of the novel of Mrs. Stowe.‡ Mrs. M'Cord has also discussed the woman's rights movements of the day with pungency and good sense. In one of these articles in reply to a proposition of the Westminster Review, that “a reason must be given why anything should be permitted to one person and interdicted to another,” she exclaimed, “A reason!—a reason why man cannot drink fire and breathe

* The Hon. Langdon Cheves, the venerable contemporary of the Revolution, was born in Abbeville, S. C., September, 17, 1776. A lawyer by profession, he was elected to Congress in the winter of 1810-11, and became a member of the celebrated “war mess,” as the coadjutors, Messrs. Cheves, Clay, Lounesse, Calhoun, and Bibb, were termed, who carried the declaration of war in 1-12. His speech on the “Merchants' Bonds” in December, 1811, was justly characterized by Mr. Clay, then Speaker of the House, as “a splendid exhibition of eloquence.” His speeches on the Loan and Navy Bills in the beginning of 1812, gained him much distinction. Mr. Cheves was always opposed to the restrictive system. He succeeded Mr. Clay as Speaker of the House, and during his tenure of that office (which was till he left Congress, declining a re-election in March, 1815), not a single decision of his was ever reversed by that body. On leaving Congress, Mr. Cheves was chosen one of the Superior Judges of the Courts of Law of South Carolina, and in 1819 became President of the Bank of the United States at Philadelphia, the affairs of which he managed with great ability at an important crisis of its history. He held this arduous office for three years, and continued to reside for some time further in Pennsylvania, when he returned to South Carolina. He died at Columbia, June 25, 1857.

As a literary man, Mr. Cheves is known by his speeches in Congress, as well as by divers occasional papers; among others, his essays on the subject of the Bank, published with the signature of “Say,” which attracted much attention. At a later period, his “occasional reviews,” opposing nullification and advocating a Southern Confederacy, as a check upon the advancing movement of the non-slave-holding states; his letter on the same subject to the people of Columbia in 1830; his letter to the people of Pendleton; his letter to the “Charleston Mercury” on Southern Wrongs in 1844; his speech at the Nashville Convention, and other letters, show his accustomed qualities of power, vigor, and eloquence.

† The papers in the *Southern Quarterly Review*, are “Justice and Fraternity,” July, 1849; “The Right to Labor,” October, 1849; “Diversity of the Races, its bearing upon Negro Slavery,” April, 1851; “Negro and White Slavery, wherein do they differ,” July, 1851; “Enfranchisement of Women,” April, 1852; “Uncle Tom's Cabin,” January, 1853; “Carey on the Slave Trade,” January, 1854. In *De Bow's Review*, “Negro Mania,” May, 1852; “Woman and her Needs,” September, 1852; “British Philanthropy and American Slavery,” March, 1853. *Southern Literary Messenger*, the paper, “Charity which does not begin at home,” April, 1853.

‡ The “Uncle Tom” movement also called forth from Mrs. M'Cord, “A Letter to the Duchess of Sutherland from a Lady of South Carolina,” July 30, 1853, published in the “Charleston Mercury,” and reprinted in several northern papers.

water! A scientific answer about hydrogen and oxygen will not answer the purpose. These are facts, not reasons. Why? Why? Why is anything on God's earth what it is? Can Miss Martineau tell? We cannot. God has made it so, and reason, instinct, and experience, teach us its uses. Woman, Nature teaches you yours." Again she writes in reference to the demand for opportunities: "Even at her own fireside, may woman find duties enough, cares enough, troubles enough, thought enough, wisdom enough, to fit a martyr for the stake, a philosopher for life, or a saint for heaven."

Mrs. M'Cord herself illustrated her views of female life by her own daily example. She conducted the hospital on her own large plantation, attended to the personal wants of the negroes, and on one occasion perfectly set a fracture of a broken arm. Thoroughly accomplished in the modern languages of Europe, she employed her leisure in the education of her children.

The poetry of Mrs. M'Cord is simply and clearly uttered, and is the expression of a healthy nature. Her tragedy of Caius Gracchus, a dramatic poem for the closet, is balanced in its philosophy and argument, Cornelia wisely tempering the democratic fervor of her son. Many sound, pithy aphorisms of conduct may be extracted from this piece; all expressed with purity and precision. The character of Cornelia is well sustained.

THE VOICE OF YEARS.

It floated by, on the passing breeze,

The voice of years:

It breathed o'er ocean, it wandered through earth,
It spoke of the time when words had birth,
When the spirit of God moved over the sea,
When earth was only a thing—to be.

And it sighed, as it passed on that passing breeze,

The voice of years.

From ocean it came on a murmuring wave,

The voice of years:

And it spoke of the time ere the birth of light;
When earth was hushed, 'neath the ocean's might,
And the waters rolled, and the dashing roar,
Of the angered surge owned not yet the power,
Which whispers in that murmuring wave

The voice of years.

From earth it came, from her inmost deep,

The voice of years:

It murmured forth with the bubbling stream,
It came like the sound of a long-past dream—
And it spoke of the hour ere Time had birth,
When living thing moved not yet on earth,
And, solemnly sad, it rose from the deep,

The voice of years.

From heaven it came, on a beam of light,

The voice of years:

And it spoke of a God who reigned alone,
Who waked the stars, who lit the Sun,
As it glanced o'er mountain, and river, and wood,
It spoke of the good and the wonderful God;
And it whispered to praise that God of Light,

The voice of years.

It howled in the storm as it threatening passed,

The voice of years:

And it spoke of ruin, and fiercest might;
Of angry fiends, and of things of night;
But raging, as o'er the Earth it strode,

I knelt and I prayed to the merciful God,
And methought it less angrily howled as it passed,
The voice of years.

And it came from yon moss-grown ruin gray,

The voice of years:

And it spoke of myself, and the years which were
gone,

Of hopes which were blighted, and joys which were
flown;

Of the wreck of so much that was bright and was
fair;

And it made me sad, and I wept to hear,
As it came from yon moss-grown ruin gray,

The voice of years.

And it rose from the grave, with the song of death,

The voice of years:

And I shuddered to hear the tale it told,
Of blighted youth, and hearts grown cold;
And anguish and sorrow which crept to the grave,
To hide from the spoiler the wound which he gave.
And sadly it rose from that home of death,

The voice of years.

But again it passed on the passing breeze,

The voice of years:

And it spoke of a God, who watched us here,
Who heard the sigh, and who saw the tear;
And it spoke of mercy, and not of woe;
There was love and hope in its whispering low;
And I listened to catch, on that passing breeze,

The voice of years.

And it spoke of a pain which might not last,

That voice of years:

And it taught me to think, that the God who gave
The breath of life, could wake from the grave;
And it taught me to see that this beautiful earth,
Was not only made to give sorrow birth;
And it whispered, that mercy must reign at last,

That voice of years.

And strangely methought, as it floated by,

That voice of years

Seemed fraught with a tone from some higher sphere,
It whispered around me, that God was near;
He spoke from the sunbeam; He spoke from the
wave;

He spoke from the ruin; He spoke from the grave;

'Twas the voice of God, as it floated by,

That voice of years.

CORNELIA AND GRACCHUS.

[Act iii. Scene 1.]

Gracchus.

Wolves breed not lambs, nor can the lioness
Rear fawns among her litter. You but chide
The spirit, mother, which is born from you.

Cornelia.

Curb it, my son; and watch against ambition!
Half demon and half god, she oft misleads
With the bold face of virtue. I know well
The breath of discontent is loud in Rome;
And a hoarse murmuring vengeance smoulders there
Against the tyrannous rule which, iron shod,
Doth trample out man's life. The crisis comes,
But oh! beware my son, how you shall force it!

Gracchus.

Nay, let it come, that dreaded day of doom,
When by the audit of his cruel wrongs
Heaped by the rich oppressor on the crowd
Of struggling victims, he must stand condemned
To vomit forth the ill-got gains which gorge
His luxury to repletion. Let it come!
The world can sleep no longer. Reason wakes
To know man's rights, and forward progress points.

Cornelia.

By reason led, and peaceful wisdom nursed,
 All progress is for good. But the deep curse
 Of bleeding nations follows in the track
 Of mad ambition, which doth cheat itself
 To find a glory in its lust of rule ;
 Which piling private ill on public wrong,
 Beneath the garb of patriotism hides
 Its large-mawed cravings ; and would thoughtless
 plunge
 To every change, however riot waits,
 With feud intestine, by mad uproar driven,
 And red-eyed murder, to reproach the deed.
 Death in its direst forms doth wait on such.

Gracchus.

Man lives to die, and there's no better way
 To let the shackled spirit find its freedom
 Than in a glorious combat 'gainst oppression.
 I would not grudge the breath lost in the struggle.

Cornelia.

Nor I, when duty calls. I am content,
 May but my son prove worthy of the crisis ;
 Not shrinking from the trial, nor yet leaping
 Beyond the marked outline of licensed right ;
 Curbing his passions to his duty's rule ;
 Giving his country all,—life, fortune, fame,
 And only clutching back, with miser's care,
 His all untainted honor. But take heed !
 The world doth set itself on stilts, to wear
 The countenance of some higher, better thing.
 'Tis well to seek this wisely ; but with haste
 Grasping too high, like child beyond its reach
 It trips in the aspiring, and thus falls
 To lowlier condition. Rashness drags
 Remorse and darkest evil in her train.
 Pause, ere the cry of suffering pleads to Heaven
 Against this fearful mockery of right ;
 This license wild, which smothers liberty
 While feigning to embrace it.

Gracchus.

Thought fantastic
 Doth drapery evil thus with unsketched ills.
 No heart-sick maid nor dream-struck boy am I
 To scare myself with these. There's that in man
 Doth long to rise by nature. Ever he
 Couching in lethargy, doth wrong himself.

Cornelia.

Most true and more. I reverence human mind ;
 And with a mingled love and pride I kneel
 To nature's inborn majesty in man.
 But as I reverence, therefore would I lend
 My feeble aid, this mighty power to lead
 To its true aim and end. Most often 'tis
 When crowds do wander wide of right, and fall
 To foul misuse of highest purposes,
 The madness of their leaders drags them on.
 I would not check aspiring, justly poised ;
 But rather bid you "on"—where light is clear
 And your track plainly marked. I scorn the slang
 Of "greedy populace," and "dirty crowd,"
 Nor slander thus the nature which I bear.
 Men in the aggregate not therefore cease
 Still to be men ; and where untaught they fall,
 It is a noble duty, to awake
 The heart of truth, that slumbers in them still.
 It is a glorious sight to rouse the soul,
 The reasoning heart that in a nation sleeps !
 And Wisdom is a laggard at her task
 When but in closet speculations toiling
 She doth forget to share her thought abroad
 And make mankind her heir.

HENRY JUNIUS NOTT

Was the son of the Hon. Abram Nott (a distinguished judge of the South Carolina Bench), and was born on the borders of Pacolet river, Union District, South Carolina, November 4th, 1797. At a very early age he showed great fondness for poetry and old songs, reciting endless collections of verses, hymns, and corn-shucking catches. In 1806 his father removed to Columbia, where, at the "South Carolina College," young Nott was educated. While at college he was by no means distinguished for attention to the regular course of studies, yet few boys of his class had a higher reputation for talents or acquirements. He read much and never forgot anything. In 1818 he came to the Bar in Columbia, where he soon acquired a high standing and a good practice. This was in competition with a Bar distinguished for many years for its ability and learning. While engaged in the practice of the law Mr. Nott, in conjunction with his intimate friend D. J. McCord, published two volumes of Law Reports.

In 1821 preferring the pursuits of literature to the law, Mr. Nott abandoned his profession and took up his abode in France and Holland, the better to pursue his studies. Before his return, the professorship of Belles Lettres was established in the College of South Carolina, and he was elected, while still absent in Europe, to fill this position. On his return, about January, 1824, he commenced the fulfilment of its duties. His extensive reading, wonderful memory, and facility of quotation, united with a sprightly mind, ready wit, and amiable temper, rendered him an exceedingly popular lecturer.

A few years before his death Mr. Nott published in 1834 two volumes of tales called *Novellettes of a Traveller*; or, *Odds and Ends from the Knapsack of Thomas Singularity, Journeyman Printer*. These are taken from life (many of the incidents being at the time well known about Columbia), and exhibit in a style of much humor, the happy faculty possessed by Mr. Nott of catching every odd trait of character that presented itself. This peculiarity, with his various acquirements and accomplishments, rendered him a most agreeable companion.

Prof. Nott was a good Greek and Latin scholar, as well as master of several modern languages. While in Holland he met Prof. Gaisford of Oxford, for whom he contracted a high esteem, which was we presume mutual.

Mr. Nott wrote several articles for the "Southern Quarterly," of which we are enabled to mention the following:—Life of Wytenbach, May, 1828 ; Life of Erasmus, February, 1829 ; Paul Louis Courier, February, 1830 ; Woolrych's Life of Judge Jeffrey, August, 1831 ; D'Aguesseau, February, 1832. These with a MS. novel (a pirate story founded upon historical events in the history of South Carolina) left at his death, and which has never been published, are all that we have of his literary productions.

Mr. Nott and his wife were lost in the wreck of the unfortunate steamer "The Home" off the coast of North Carolina 13th Oct. 1837, leaving an only daughter, now Mrs. W. McKenzie Parker of St. Andrews, S. C. We have been told by eyewitnesses of the fearful tragedy of the wreck in which he perished, that Mr. Nott might easily

have saved himself, but, with generous devotion refusing to separate from his wife, he perished with her. No one in the community in which he dwelt was ever more beloved, and none could have been more deeply regretted.

As a specimen of his writing we extract the character of Mr. Hunt, from the story of Thomas Singularity.*

Though in all cases a prudent, gain-saving kind of a man, Mr. Hunt's bowels for once yearned with pity, and he pleaded with his spouse that, inasmuch as their marriage-bed was barren, they should at least give the little unfortunate a domicile till they could make due perquisition about it. This request was proposed in a singularly bland tone, but with that peculiar propriety and force of emphasis he was wont to use when he might not be gainsaid.

From day to day the foundling increased in the affection of his protector, to whom, strange as it may seem, he exhibited a prodigious likeness. This was enough, in the present generation, to excite the surmises and gibes of wicked fancies and slanderous tongues, although it was well known that Zephaniah came from the land of steady habits, and was then a burning and a shining light of orthodox faith. True it was, that "in life's merry morn" he had cut his gambols as wildly as an ass's colt, but he had long ago eschewed his youthful follies, and especially since entering the holy bands of wedlock, had been of staid, I had almost said of saintly, demeanor. He was regular every Sunday, or, as he always termed it, Sabbath, in attending morning and evening service, at the latter of which, of a verity, he generally took a comfortable snooze;—belonged to the Tract Society, Missionary Society, Peace Society, Temperance Society, Abolition Society, and the Society for the Promotion of Psalmody, whereof he led the bass. But as the bard of Avon has said or sung, "Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny"—various young men that probed about when honest people should be at home abed and asleep, intimated, in what might be called Irish hints, that they had espied the worthy Mr. Hunt at irregular places and at irregular hours. The censorious, too, had expressed their suspicions that as his helpmate was a good ten years older than himself, and had brought a substantial dowry, his match had proceeded more from a love of filthy lucre than from that ethereal flame which warmed the bosom of chivalry or inspired the lay of the troubadour. The perfect "counterfeit presentment" that the foundling exhibited to the honest man, was a constant theme with those who wished to bring him to shame, and was eventually whispered by some kind friend into the ears of his spouse. Now although she had a "pretty considerable" belief in Zephaniah's marital faith and seraphic piety, still it must be confessed that she was but a woman, and the monster, whom poets portray as green-eyed, communicated a beryl tinge to the cat-like visual ray of Mrs. Hunt, that rapidly assumed the deepest hue of the emerald. She boldly upbraided her husband for contaminating the sanctuary of married life with the unholy fruits of his wayward propensities, and required that the bantling should forthwith be sent a-packing, as one roof could no longer cover both of them. Mr. Hunt, after expressing some astonishment at this outrageous and unmerited attack, replied with marvellous mildness and composure that, as for turning out of doors a helpless infant, cast, as it were, by Providence under his protection, he could not and would not do it; but that

as for her staying under the same roof he, as a Christian, did not think himself authorized to employ any compulsion over one he had ever considered his equal, and that therefore she was at liberty to go, when and where to her seemed meet. Upon this she burst into a flood of tears, calling him a cruel, perjured man, with many other such endearing epithets, accompanied by loud screams and violent kicks. As I have before noticed, he was a man of wondrously composed temperament, and not liking scenes of this kind, he slipped off easily into the shop, where he drank a pint of Philadelphia beer, qualified with a gill of New England rum, then putting a quid of pigtail tobacco in his mouth, he bid his clerk to keep a tight eye on the shop, and walked off to attend a meeting of the Magdalen Society. Meanwhile the afflicted fair one, stealthily opening an eye, perceived that she was alone; and foreseeing that nothing was to be gained by a further contest, got up, wiped off her tears with the corner of her apron, and made up her mind to remain rather by her own cosy fireside, than to run the risk of going further and faring worse. Yet for a long tract of time she continued in the dumps, and poured forth her sorrows to the neighboring gossips, by all of whom her lord and master was vilipended as a barbarous husband and most salacious old heathen. He perhaps thinking, according to the proverb, that the least said is soonest mended, held "the noiseless tenor of his way," with as much composure as a veteran porker amid the impotent attacks of a nest of hornets, until, persuaded by his sober carriage, one half of his enemies began to doubt, and the other, turning fairly round, declared his wife a jealous, weak-minded body, and him an injured saint.

STEPHEN OLIN,

THE President of the Wesleyan University, was born in Leicester, Vermont, March 2, 1797, of a family which first settled in Rhode Island in 1678. His father, Henry Olin, who attained the dignity of judge of the Supreme Court in Vermont, was a man of force of character and of genuine humor. He directed his son's education, and inspired it with his own vigorous example. At seventeen Stephen taught a village school, then entered a lawyer's office at Middlebury, from which he transferred himself to the College at that place, where he completed his course in 1820. In his twenty-fourth year, while engaged as a teacher in a newly founded seminary in South Carolina, he became a Methodist preacher. In 1826 he be-

Stephen Olin

came Professor of Belles Lettres in Franklin College at Athens in Georgia, and in 1832 President of a Methodist institution, the Randolph Macon College in Virginia, in which he undertook the departments of Mental and Moral Science, Belles Lettres, and Political Philosophy. In 1837, driven thither by ill health, he visited Europe and the East, on a protracted journey of several years; and, on his return, published in 1843 his *Travels in Egypt, Arabia Petrea, and the Holy Land*. His last post of duty, varied by another visit to Europe, during which he was delegate to the Evangelical Alliance in London in 1846, was the Presidency of the Wesleyan University in Middle-

* Novellettes of a Traveller, I. 7.

town, Connecticut. He died August 16, 1851, at the age of fifty-four.

Besides the book of travels alluded to, he published a series of Sermons and Lectures and Addresses, which were collected in a posthumous publication of his works by the Harpers in 1852. A large collection of his correspondence was also published in his *Life and Letters* in 1853, two volumes of Memoirs composed of the joint contributions of Dr. McClintock, the able editor of the Methodist Quarterly Review, Dr. Holdich, and other faithful friends.

The academic discourses of Dr. Olin disclose a well trained mind, seeking constantly for the principle to test the fact, and insisting upon the development of mental discipline before the mere accumulation of knowledge. He was a sound conservative in the cause of education, distrusting many of the pretentious expedients of the day. He appreciated the study of the classics in a course of instruction. His religious discourses were of a practical character, and maintain a high rank in Christian precept. His character and teachings gave him great influence with his students.

In person Dr. Olin was over six feet in height, of a large frame and broad shoulders, and a fine head. His voice was of great power and compass, while his gestures were stiff and constrained.

KATHARINE AUGUSTA WARE.

THIS lady, the daughter of Dr. Rhodes of Quincy, Mass., and wife of Charles A. Ware, of the Navy, is the author of a volume entitled *Power of the Passions, and other Poems*, published by Pickering in London in 1842. She was born in 1797, was married in 1819, wrote occasional poems for the papers, edited *The Bower of Taste* in Boston, and visiting Europe in 1839 died at Paris in 1843. She was a relative of Robert Treat Paine, and at the age of fifteen wrote some verses on his death.

VOICE OF THE SEASONS.

There is a voice in the western breeze,
As it floats o'er Spring's young roses,
Or sighs among the blossoming trees,
Where the spirit of love reposes.
It tells of the joys of the pure and young,
Ere they wander life's 'wondering paths among.

There is a voice in the Summer gale,
Which breathes among regions of bloom,
Or murmurs soft through the dewy vale,
In moonlight's tender gloom.
It tells of hopes unblighted yet,
And of hours the soul can ne'er forget.

There is a voice in the Autumn blast,
That wafts the falling leaf,
When the glowing scene is fading fast,
For the hour of bloom is brief;
It tells of life—of its sure decay,
And of earthly splendors that pass away

There is a voice in the wintry storm,
For the blasting spirit is there,
Sweeping o'er every vernal charm,
O'er all that was bright and fair;
It tells of death, as it moans around,
And the desolate hall returns the sound.

And there's a voice—a small, still voice,
That comes when the storm is past;

It bids the sufferer's heart rejoice,
In the haven of peace at last!
It tells of joys beyond the grave,
And of Him who died a world to save.

NATHANIEL GREENE.

NATHANIEL GREENE was born at Boscaawen, N.H., May 20, 1797. By the death of his father, a lawyer of the town, he was thrown at the age of ten on his own exertions, and at first found occupation in a country store. The perusal of the autobiography of Franklin inspired him with the desire to become an editor, which led him to become an apprentice in the printing-office of the *War Journal*, at Concord. He remained two years in this mechanical pursuit, when, at the early age of fifteen, he was placed in charge, as editor, of the *Concord Gazette*, of which he was the sole conductor till 1814, when he became engaged on the *New Hampshire Gazette*, at Portsmouth. In 1815 he removed to Haverhill, Mass., and edited the *Gazette* at that place. With this juvenile experience he started a new Democratic journal, *The Essex Patriot*, on his own account, in 1817, which he continued till he commenced *The Boston Statesman* in 1821, a paper which, as it grew from a semi-weekly to a tri-weekly and daily, vigorously supported the Democratic policy and the election of General Jackson. In 1829 he became postmaster of Boston, and disposed of his newspaper interest to his brother, the present able and witty editor of the *Boston Post*, Mr. Charles G. Greene.

Besides his writings as editor, Mr. Greene has prepared several works, chiefly versions from the German of popular tales. His tales and sketches translated from the Italian, German, and French, appeared in Boston in 1843. ** In recent years, he has made four excellent translations from the German: *Lake House*; *The Daughter of an Empress*; *Two Life Paths*; and *The Story of a Millionnaire*; besides furnishing some two hundred poetical contributions to different Boston journals under the signature of "Boscaawen."

ROBERT S. COFFIN,

The self-styled "Boston Bard," was a native of the state of Maine. He served his apprenticeship as a printer in Newburyport; worked on newspapers in Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, and illuminated their poet's corner with his verses. A number of these were collected in a volume entitled the *Oriental Harp, Poems of the Boston Bard*, with a stiff portrait of the author, in a Byronically disposed shirt collar. The contents are as varied as the productions of newspaper laureates are apt to be. Anything will inspire their ever-ready muse. The bard lying awake at night, hears "Yankee Doodle" in the street—

To arms, to arms! I waking, cried;
To arms! the foe is nigh.
A crutch! a hatchet! shovel! spade!
On; death or victory.

"Presenting a lady with a cake of soap," in itself a somewhat questionable liberty, seems to be made doubly so by the lecture which accompanies it, the moral as well as material alkali. The occasion is "improved" after the manner of Erskine's "Smoking spiritualized."

The sparkling gem of Indian mines
Does not its VALUE lose,
Though on the robes of sluts it shines,
Or decks the beggar's clothes.

* * * * *

And lady, when this cake you press,
Your snowy hands between,
And mark the bubble's varied dress
Of azure, gold, and green;
Then, lady, think that bubble, brief,
Of life an emblem true;
Man's but a bubble on the leaf,
That breaks e'en at the view.

His muse is ready to greet all comers, from
the "Mouse which took lodgings with the author
in a public house, near the Park, New York,"

Fly not, poor trembler, from my bed,
Beside me safely rest;
For here no murderous snare is spread,
No foe may here molest,

up to General La Fayette. Christmas and the
Fourth of July are of course celebrated, nor is
the "First of May in New York" neglected, as
a stanza or two of a comic song, "sung with ap-
plause at Chatham Garden," rattles off like the
heterogeneous laden carts in active motion on
that day.

First of May—clear the way!
Baskets, barrows, trundles;
Take good care—mind the ware!
Betty, where's the bundles?
Pots and kettles, broken victuals,
Feather beds, plaster heads,
Looking-glasses, torn mattresses,
Spoons and ladies, babies' cradles,
Cups and saucers, salts and castors,
Hurry scurry—grave and gay,
All must trudge the first of May.

"A Large Nose and an Old Coat" show that
the writer did not disdain familiar themes, while
an "Ode to Genius, suggested by the present
unhappy condition of the Boston Bard, an emi-
nent poet of this country," stands in evidence
that the bard held the poetaster's usual estimate
of his powers.

Coffin was at one period of his life a sailor, or,
to use his own expression, "a Marine Bachelor."
He died at Rowley, Mass., in May, 1827, at the
early age of thirty.

The following song would do honor to a poet
of far higher pretensions.

SONG.

Love, the leaves are falling round thee;
All the forest trees are bare;
Winter's snow will soon surround thee,
Soon will frost thy raven hair:
Then say with me,
Love, wilt thou flee,
Nor wait to hear sad autumn's prayer;
For winter rude
Will soon intrude,
Nor aught of summer's blushing beauties spare.
Love, the rose lies withering by thee,
And the lily blooms no more;
Nature's charms will quickly fly thee,
Chilling rains around thee pour:
Oh, then with me,
Love, wilt thou flee,
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Ere whirling tempests round thee roar,
And winter dread
Shall frost thy head,
And all thy raven ringlets silver o'er!
Love, the moon is shining for thee;
All the lamps of heaven are bright;
Holy spirits glide before thee,
Urging on thy tardy flight.
Then say, with me,
Love, wilt thou flee,
Nor wait the sun's returning light?
Time's finger, rude,
Will soon intrude
Relentless, all thy blushing beauties blight.
Love, the flowers no longer greet thee,
All their lovely hues are fled;
No more the violet springs to meet thee,
Lifting slow its modest head:
Then say, with me,
Love, wilt thou flee,
And leave this darkling desert dread,
And seek a clime,
Of joy sublime,
Where fadeless flowers a lasting fragrance shed!

N. L. FROTHINGHAM.

NATHANIEL LANGDON FROTHINGHAM was born
at Boston July 23, 1793. After a preparation
for college at the public schools of that city,
he entered Harvard, where he completed his
course in 1811. He next became an assistant
teacher in the Boston Latin school, and after-
wards a private tutor in the family of Mr. Lyman
of Waltham. In 1812, when only nineteen, he
was appointed instructor of Rhetoric and Oratory
at Harvard, being the first incumbent of the
office. He pursued theological studies at the
same time, and on the 15th of March, 1815, was
ordained pastor of the First Church in Boston;
a charge which he retained until 1850, when he
resigned in consequence of ill health.

Dr. Frothingham is the author of from forty to
fifty sermons and addresses, published in separate
forms,* and of a volume, *Sermons in the order of
a Twelvemonth*, none of which had previously
appeared. He has also contributed numerous
prose articles to various religious periodicals.
His poetical career was commenced by the de-
livery of a poem in the junior year of his col-

* The following list includes most of these productions:—
On the Death of Dr. Joseph McKean: 1818. Artillery Elec-
tion Sermon: 1825. On the Death of President John Adams:
1826. Plea against Religious Controversy: 1829. Terms of
Acceptance with God: 1829. Centennial Sermon on Two
Hundred Years Ago: 1830. Signs in the Sun: On the great
Eclipse of February 12: 1831. Barabbas preferred: 1832.
Centennial Sermon of the Thursday Lecture: 1833. On the
Death of Lafayette: 1834. Twentieth Anniversary of my Or-
dination: 1835. On the Death of J. G. Stevenson, M.D.:
1835. At the Installation of Rev. Wm. P. Lunt, at Quincy:
1835. At the Ordination of Mr. Edgar Buckingham: 1836.
The Ruffian Released: 1836. The Chamber of Imagery:
1836. Duties of Hard Times: 1837. On the Death of Joseph
P. Bradley: 1838. All Saints' Day: 1840. The New Idolatry:
1840. The Solemn Week: 1841. Death of Dr. T. M. Harris,
and of Hon. Daniel Sargent: 1842. The Believer's Rest:
1843. On the Death of Rev. Dr. Greenwood: 1843. The
Duty of the Citizen to the Law: 1844. Address to the Alumni
of the Theological School: 1844. Deism or Christianity? Four
Discourses: 1845. Ordination of O. Frothingham: 1847. Fu-
neral of Rev. Dr. Thomas Gray: 1847. A Fast Sermon—Na-
tional Sins: 1847. Paradoxes in the Lord's Supper: 1848.
A Fast Sermon; God among the Nations: 1848. Water into
the City of Boston: 1848. Salvation through the Jews: 1850.
Death of Hon. P. C. Brooks: 1849. Gold: 1849. Sermon on
resigning my Ministry: 1850. Great Men; Washington's
Birth-Day: 1852. Days of Mourning must end: 1853.

lege course, at the inauguration of President Kirkland, which has never been published, but is still remembered with favor by its auditors. He has since contributed several occasional poems of great beauty to the magazines, written numerous hymns, which hold a place in the collections, and translated various specimens of the modern German poets. A collection of these, with the title *Metrical Pieces, Translated and Original*, appeared in 1855, and Part Second in 1870. He died in Boston, April 3, 1870.

HYMN.

O God, whose presence glows in all
Within, around us, and above!
Thy word we bless, thy name we call,
Whose word is Truth, whose name is Love.

That truth be with the heart believed
Of all who seek this sacred place;
With power proclaimed, in peace received,—
Our spirit's light, thy Spirit's grace.

That love its holy influence pour,
To keep us meek and make us free,
And throw its binding blessing more
Round each with all, and all with thee.

Send down its angel to our side,—
Send in its calm upon the breast;
For we would know no other guide,
And we can need no other rest.

THE MCLEAN ASYLUM, SOMERVILLE, MASS.

O House of Sorrows! How thy domes
Swell on the sight, but crowd the heart;
While pensive fancy walks thy rooms,
And shrinking Memory minds me what thou art!

A rich gay mansion once wert thou;
And he who built it chose its site
On that hill's proud but gentle brow,
For an abode of splendor and delight.

Years, pains, and cost have reared it high,
The stately pile we now survey;
Grander than ever to the eye;—
But all its fireside pleasures—where are they?

A stranger might suppose the spot
Some seat of learning, shrine of thought;—
Ah! here alone Mind ripens not,
And nothing reasons, nothing can be taught.

Or he might deem thee a retreat
For the poor body's need and ail;
When sudden injuries stab and beat,
Or in slow waste its inward forces fail.

Ah, heavier hurts and wastes are here!
The ruling brain distempered lies.
When Mind flies reeling from its sphere,
Life, health, aye, mirth itself, are mockeries

O House of Sorrows! Sorer shocks
Than can our frame or lot befall
Are hid behind thy jealous locks;
Man's Thought an infant, and his Will a thrall.

The mental, moral, bodily parts,
So nicely separate, strangely blent,
Fly on each other in mad starts,
Or sink together, wildered all and spent.

The sick—but with fantastic dreams!
The sick—but from their uncontrol!
Poor, poor humanity! What themes
Of grief and wonder for the musing soul!

Friends have I seen from free, bright life
Into thy drear confinement cast;
And some, through many a weeping strife,
Brought to that last resort,—the last, the last.

O House of Mercy! Refuge kind
For Nature's most unnatural state!
Place for the absent, wandering mind,
Its healing helper and its sheltering gate!
What woes did man's own cruel fear
Once add to his crazed brother's doom!
Neglect, aversion, tones severe,
The chain, the lash, the fetid, living tomb!
And now, behold what different hands
He lays on that crazed brother's head!
See how this builded bounty stands,
With scenes of beauty all around it spread.

Yes, Love has planned thee, Love endowed;—
And blessings on each pitying heart,
That from the first its gifts bestowed,
Or bears in thee each day its healthful part!
Was e'er the Christ diviner seen,
Than when the wretch no force could bind—
The roving, raving Gadarene—
Sat at his blessed feet, and in his perfect mind!

** RICHARD FROTHINGHAM, JR.

MR. RICHARD FROTHINGHAM, JR., the author of the thorough and valuable *History of the Siege of Boston*, is a relative of Dr. Frothingham. He was born at Charlestown, January 31, 1812. Many years of his life were devoted to the public service, and to the editorship of the *Boston Post*, of which he is one of the proprietors. He served five terms in the legislature of Massachusetts, and was mayor of his native city for two years. In 1853 he was a delegate to the convention to revise the State constitution, and of late years treasurer to the Massachusetts Historical Society. His chief labors and reputation, however, are connected with his admirable contributions to historic literature. These are warmly commended by such scholars as the late Edward Everett and George Bancroft, as accurate, impartial, and judicious monographs. His works embrace: *History of Charlestown* (1848); *History of the Siege of Boston, and of the Battles of Lexington, Concord, and Bunker Hill: Also an Account of the Bunker Hill Monument, with Illustrative Documents* (1849); *Life and Times of Gen. Joseph Warren* (1865); *Tribute to Thomas Starr King* (1865); and *The Rise of the Republic of the United States* (1872).

The writing of such elaborate works *con amore* fitly introduced the author to the last—the crowning work of his life. In his preface words to the *Rise of the Republic*, Mr. Frothingham states he was led “to historical research having in view the one clear and distinct object of tracing the development of the national life; a theme separate from the ordinary course of civil and military transactions, and requiring events to be selected from their principles, and to be traced to their causes. The theme, as I went on, seemed to grow beyond my reach. I well knew that it was only by patient labor that I could hope to justify the attempt to deal with it. I tried to form in my mind a picture of the many streams that met and united in the current which terminated in the broad expanse of a nation. I also endeavored to form an idea of the spirit of the men of the past, from their own words uttered in the midst of their labors, and wet as it were with the sweat of their

brows,—of the conservatives who tried to stay the current, as well as of the men of progress who recognized it and were borne onward by it. Yet the attainment of the ideal is but the commencement of the work. The difficulty is to make the page alive with the moving waters."

*THE IDEA OF NATIONAL UNION—FROM THE RISE OF THE REPUBLIC.

An early American writer and pioneer states, that the people saw, by daily experience in the beginnings of their work, that they could not succeed in their undertaking without an agreement with one another for mutual assistance; and that they thought the colonies would one day be "joined together in one common bond of unity and peace."* The appreciation of a great and vital want will account for the origin of the idea of a common union. A study of its embodiment reveals the feature of growth. It is so original and peculiar, that it may be termed American.

As the main object of these pages is to trace this development, it would anticipate the narrative to enlarge, in this place, on details.

The first conception of an American Union entertained by the founders of New England was to join in political bonds only those colonies in which the people were of a similar way of thinking in theology, when, in the spirit of a theocracy, they aimed to form a Christian State in the bosom of the Church. This was embodied in the New England Confederacy (1643 to 1684). Its basis was not broad enough to embrace the whole of this territory, or sufficiently just to include all its population.

The next tendencies to a union are seen after New-Netherland was added to the dominions of the British Crown, and was called New York. In the inter-colonial correspondence that took place, growing out of the Revolution of 1689 in the colonies, and in the call of a congress, in 1690, for the safety of the whole land, there appears the conception of a union as comprehensive as the colonies.

Union was continuously suggested during the succeeding seventy years (1690 to 1760). The class who urged it from an American point of view, and for objects in harmony with the free institutions that had taken root, aimed mainly at removing the obstructions that rival communities threw in the way of progress, and at providing for the common defence. It was urged, that the people who were occupying this portion of North America were naturally linked together by material interests; sympathized instinctively with free institutions; and had before them a common destiny, and hence ought to be united in a common polity. But circumstances prevented the formation of a public opinion in favor of the adoption of any of the schemes that were presented. The Plan of Union, recommended by a Convention held at Albany in 1754, was rejected by all the colonies.

The idea of union received a great impetus when the policy was adopted by the cabinet of George III. to govern and tax America. This policy involved aggression on the old right of self-government. Union was then enjoined upon the colonies by the popular leaders, as the sum of American politics; the demand of the hour, to promote

social, political, and national well-being; the path of duty and of honor; the way pointed out by Providence to successfully resist aggression, and to obtain a redress of grievances. The sentiment deepened into conviction, and this ripened into faith in its practicability. It was the religion of politics. Union became a fact, and had the moral force of unwritten law. Under its rule and inspiration, a rare and rich public life rose into great political action, through an efficient party organization. At length thirteen United Colonies stood (1774) in the attitude of armed resistance to the measures of the ministry; and, in the spirit in which the Great Charter was wrung from King John, they demanded their liberties under the British Constitution. In this situation, American society, imbued with the germinal spirit and influence of the doctrine of freedom and equality, claimed the right to hold on to what it had gained and the right of progress for the future.

Union had been urged up to this time, by the colonies, not merely in the spirit of allegiance to the crown, but with feelings of pride in being parts of a great empire; but their attitude was pronounced from the throne to be rebellion, and the force of the nation was summoned to suppress it. This was an assertion, based upon the Past of Absolutism and Privilege, of a right to give the local law to America. This forced the popular party to accept the situation of revolution, and to aim at the object of separation. There was then grafted on and blended with the conception of union, the sentiment of nationality. This found proud embodiment in the Declaration of Independence.

When the people passed from the status of subjects, exercising powers of government under the crown as dependent colonies, to that of sovereigns in a nation composed of independent States, they had a deeply rooted conviction, that one general government, or one American constitution, was a necessity. They kept in view, in their utterances, distinctly and steadily, the aim of framing a system that should protect individuals, municipalities, and States, in their several spheres of action, while it should provide for an efficient discharge of national offices. The first result reached in "The Articles of Confederation" recognized the historic local self-government, but failed to adequately embody the idea of national union, and this form proved incompetent to secure the blessings that had been attained by the Revolution; but both ideas, as they had been applied in institutions, were reorganized in the next great result of "The More Perfect Union" of the Constitution of the United States, which was ordained as the supreme law of the land.

The Republic thus established rose, as the fulfilment of a logical sequence, from a state of society in which rank and privilege did not exist. The principles on which it was founded were brought over by the emigrants; so that the last finish in the Constitution, after the achievement of independence, was but the fulfilment of the first thought. The form of government was designed for the welfare of a free people and a great nation, by providing for them just and equal laws. The ancient republics, based on the inequality of men, were, in reality, oppressive aristocracies: the republics of the Middle Ages had free institutions within their walls; but outside of them the divine right of kings or nobles remained unshaken: the Republic of the United States was founded on the

* Hubbard's History of New England, 466. He wrote before 1682.

American theory announced in the Declaration of Independence, and this was embodied in the rules of law for the conduct of its citizens in the Constitution. This republic presents the rare and difficult system of one general government, the action of which extends over the whole nation, but which possesses certain enumerated powers, and of numerous State governments, which retain and exercise all powers not delegated to the union. Under this protection and organization, the two elements of the national life, embodied into institutions adapted to their respective spheres, unfolded their blessings in harmony, and, through the great modern instrumentality of representation, are extending over the continent. A narrative of the rise of this system will show how instinctively the people appreciated and valued the grandest traditionary influence in all history, Local Self-Government, and that providential product, American Union.

***DEATH OF JOSEPH WARREN—FROM LIFE AND TIMES OF JOSEPH WARREN.

It was a very hot summer's day, with a burning sun. Warren was suffering from a nervous headache, and threw himself on a bed; but, after the alarm was given, he rose, and, saying that his headache was gone, started for the scene of action. It is said that one of his students, Dr. Townsend, accompanied him a part of the way on foot, but that, a short distance from the College, Warren was on horseback. He overtook two friends who were walking to the battle-field, and, exchanging with them the usual salutations, he passed along towards Charlestown. He came within range of the British batteries at the low, flat ground which marks the entrance to that portion of the town nearest to Boston, which is a peninsula; and the firing, at the time he passed, between two and three o'clock, must have been severe. He went up Bunker Hill, where another of his students, William Eustis, served on this day as a surgeon. Here Warren had a view of the whole situation. On his left was Mystic River, where there were no floating-batteries. The line of fire from the British began on a point a little inclined to the left, where the ships of war "Lively" and the "Falcon" lay; and it continued round by Charles River, from Copp's Hill,—the "Sumerset," the "Cerberus," the "Glasgow," the "Symmetry" transport, and two floating-batteries, quite to his right. He could see, on the side of Bunker Hill towards Boston, the protection which Captain Knowlton began to construct of the rail-fences, when Colonel Prescott ordered him from the redoubt to oppose the enemy's right wing, and which the New Hampshire forces, under Colonels Stark and Reed, were extending. Directly in front of the rail-fence, on a small hill at Moulton's Point, he could see the same British regiments which he had beheld so long in Boston,—among them, doubtless, the officers before whom he delivered his Fifth-of-March oration,—now awaiting the order for an assault. A furious cannonade, about this time, was directed upon Roxbury, to occupy the attention of the Provincials in that quarter, while the fire of three ships, three batteries, several field-pieces, and a battery on Copp's Hill, from six different directions, centred on the intrenchments.

Warren went to the rail-fence: here he was on foot. He met General Putnam, who, it is said, offered to receive orders from Warren, who replied, "I am here only as a volunteer. I know

nothing of your dispositions; nor will I interfere with them. Tell me where I can be most useful." Putnam directed him to the redoubt, with the remark, "There you will be covered;" when Warren said, "Don't think I came to seek a place of safety, but tell me where the onset will be most furious?" General Putnam again named the redoubt. Warren then went forward to Breed's Hill, and into the redoubt. There was a feeling at this time, in the ranks at this post, so manifest was the peril, that, through the oversight, presumption, or treachery of the officers, the men would be all slain. They needed encouragement. Warren was enthusiastically received; "all the men huzzaed." He said that he came to encourage a good cause, and that a reinforcement of two thousand men was on its way to their support. Colonel Prescott asked the general if he had any orders to give. Warren replied that he had none, and exercised no command, saying, "The command is yours." This is the relation by General Heath. Judge Prescott, who heard the fact from his father the colonel, is more circumstantial in relating the incident. "General Warren," Judge Prescott says, "came to the redoubt, a short time before the action commenced, with a musket in his hand. Colonel Prescott went to him, and proposed that he should take the command; observing that he (Prescott) understood he (Warren) had been appointed a major-general, a day or two before, by the Provincial Congress. General Warren replied, 'I shall take no command here. I have not yet received my commission. I came as a volunteer, with my musket, to serve under you, and shall be happy to learn from a soldier of your experience.'" Warren undoubtedly served as a volunteer in the battle that began soon after he arrived. It continued, including the two intermissions, about an hour and a half. The town of Charlestown was set on fire in several places by order of the British general, and it was "one great blaze;" the roofs of Boston, and the hills round the country, were covered with spectators; and these features, with the work of the battle, "made the whole a picture and a complication of horror and importance."

On such a field, Warren fought a good fight. He was applied to for orders, and gave them. "Regardless of himself, his whole soul seemed to be filled with the greatness of the cause he was engaged in; and, while his friends were dropping away all around him, he gave his orders with a surprising coolness. His character and conduct and presence greatly animated and encouraged his countrymen. His heroic soul elicited a kindred fire from the troops. His lofty spirit gave them confidence. He performed many feats of bravery, and exhibited a coolness and conduct which did honor to the judgment of his country in appointing him a major-general."

The British general was baffled in his flanking design of forcing the rail-fence, and of surrounding the redoubt. His troops met gallantly the line of fire poured upon them; but they were twice compelled to fall back. On the third advance, they stormed the redoubt, and the breast-work connected with it, when the ammunition of their defenders had failed. As the regulars, showing "a forest of bayonets," came over one side of the redoubt, the militia fell back to the other side, and there was a brief but fierce hand-to-hand struggle, when the butts of the muskets were used; and Warren was now seen for the last time by Colonel Prescott, who was not among those who ran out of the redoubt, "but stepped

long, with his sword up," as he parried the thrusts that were made at his person. So great was the dust arising now from the dry, loose soil, that the outlet was hardly visible. Warren was among the last to go out. Just outside of it, there was much mingling of the British and Provincials, and great confusion, when the firing for a few moments was checked. At this time, Warren endeavored to rally the militia, a contemporary account says, "sword in hand." He was recognized by a British officer, who wrested a musket out of a soldier's hand, and shot him. He fell about sixty yards from the redoubt, being struck by a bullet in the back part of his head, on the right side. Having mechanically clapped his hand to the wound, he dropped down dead. The retreating and the pursuing throng passed on by his body. The rail-fence had not been forced, and its brave defenders protected their brethren of the redoubt as they retreated from the peninsula. The victors did not continue their pursuit beyond Bunker Hill.

JACOB BIGELOW.

Dr. Jacob Bigelow, an eminent physician and medical writer, was born in Sudbury, Mass., in 1787. He was educated at Harvard, a graduate of the class of 1806, when he applied himself to the profession of medicine, and entered upon that career of successful practice at Boston which he has pursued to the present day. He early attached himself to the study of botany, and in 1814 published his *Florula Bostoniensis; a Collection of Plants of Boston and its vicinity, with their Generic and Specific Characters, Principal Synonyms, Descriptions, Places of Growth and Time of Flowering, and Occasional Remarks*, a work which has passed through two subsequent editions, with numerous additions, in 1824 and 1840. In 1815 he was appointed Professor of Materia Medica and Medical Chemistry at Harvard, and retained the chair for forty years. In 1816 he was also appointed first Rumford Professor, an endowment founded in Harvard by the will of Count Rumford, to teach the uses of science to the arts and to the welfare of men, and held the office till 1827. His lectures delivered in the institution, in this capacity, on the relations of science to the arts, were published, under the title of *The Elements of Technology*, in Boston, in 1829, a work subsequently enlarged by the author in his publication in 1840, entitled *The Useful Arts Considered in Connection with the Applications of Science*. Between the years 1819 and 1820 he published in three volumes his work on *American Medical Botany; being a Collection of the Native Medicinal Plants of the United States, containing their History and Chemical Analysis and Properties and Uses in Medicine, Diet, and the Arts*. This production is highly spoken of for its accuracy and perspicuity. Dr. Bigelow's latest and best-known professional publication is a volume published in 1854, entitled *Nature in Disease, illustrated in various Discourses and Essays, to which are added Miscellaneous Writings, chiefly on Medical Subjects*. It contains his Discourse "On Self-Limited Diseases," read before the Massachusetts Medical Society, of which he was president; his lecture on "The Treatment of Disease," before the

students of the Massachusetts Medical College; an introductory lecture "On the Medical Profession and Quackery," in the same institution; an elaborate paper on "The Pharmacopœia of the United States of America," contributed to the *American Journal of Medical Sciences* in 1831; and an address before the American Academy of Arts and Sciences in 1852, of which society he has long held the presidency.

In 1858, Dr. Bigelow published a little work entitled *Brief Exposition of Rational Medicine, to which is prefixed the Paradise of Doctors, a Fable*. It was introduced to the public by a very happy notice in the *Atlantic Monthly*, which has been attributed to Dr. Holmes.* A volume of humorous poems, imitating various authors, entitled *Eolopoesis, American Rejected Addresses, now first published from the original manuscripts*, which appeared in New York in 1855, is attributed to him.

** In 1870 appeared his *Modern Inquiries, Classical, Professional, and Miscellaneous*; also a pamphlet, *Remarks on Classical Studies*.

ROBERT WALN.

ROBERT WALN was born in Philadelphia in 1797. He received a liberal education, but never engaged in professional pursuits. He published in 1819 *The Hermit in America on a visit to Philadelphia*, one of several imitations of an English work then popular, the *Hermit in London*. It contains a series of sketches on the fashionable pursuits and topics of city life, pleasantly written, but without any features of mark. In the following year he made a similar essay in verse by the publication of *American Bards, a Satire*. In this poem of nearly one thousand lines he reviews the leading aspirants of the day, praising Clifton and Dwight and condemning Barlow and Humphreys. Lucius M. Sargent and Knight receive severe treatment, and the Backwoodsman is dealt with in like manner. In the course of the piece a number of minor writers of the ever renewed race of poetasters are mentioned, most of whom have long since been forgotten. A description of a newspaper with the approaches of a youthful bard is one of its best passages.

How oft, when seated in our elbow-chairs,
Resting at eve, from dull, diurnal cares,
We hold the daily chronicles of men,
And read their pages o'er and o'er again;
A varied charm creeps o'er the motley page,
Pleasing alike to infancy and age;
The Politician roams through every clime:
The Schoolboy dwells on Accidents,—and Rhyme:
The Merchant harps on Bank stock and Exchange,
As speculative notions widely range,
And humming all the advertisements o'er,
His searching thoughts, each inference explore;
A secret trust, from rich storehouses, grows;
A list of trifles, doubtful credit shows;
Still as he reads, the air-built castles rise,
While wealth and honours glisten in his eyes:
Old Ladies seek for Murders,—Fires—Escapes;
Old Maids for Births, and Recipes and Rapes.
Young Belles o'er Marriages and Fashions glance,
Or point, in raptures, to some new Romance;
Old age (with horror) reads of sudden death;
The fop, of perfumes for the hair or breath,

* The *Atlantic Monthly*, November, 1858.

And as he lisps the Thespian Bill of Fare,
Twirls his gold-chain, and twists his whiskered hair:
All own the charms that deck the Daily News,
But none more warmly than the youthful Muse.

Nine times the midnight lamp has shed its rays
O'er that young laborer for poetic bays,
Who to the heights of Pindus fain would climb,
By seeking words that jingle into rhyme;
See how the varying passions flush his face!—
The hasty stamp!—the petulant grimace!—
His youthful brains are puzzled to afford
A rhyme to sound with some unlucky word,
Till, by the Rhyming Dictionary's aid,
It finds a fellow, and the verse is made;
"For so the rhyme be at the verse's end,
No matter whither all the rest does tend."

Now, with a trembling step, he seeks the door,
So often visited in vain before,
Whose horizontal aperture invites
Communications from all scribbling wights,
He stops; and casts his timid eyes around;
Approaches;—footsteps on the pavement sound
With careless air, he wanders from the scene,
Till no intruding passengers are seen;
Again returns;—fluttering with fears and hopes
He slides the precious scroll—and down it drops!
With hurried steps that would outstrip the wind,
And casting many a fearful glance behind,
He hastens home to seek the arms of sleep,
And dreams of quartos, bound in calf or sheep.

Gods! how his anxious bosom throbs and beats
To see the newsman creeping through the streets!
Thinks, as he loiters at each patron's door,
Whole ages passing in one short half-hour:
Now, from his tardy hand he grasps the news,
And, trembling for the honor of his muse,
Unfolds the paper; with what eager glance
His sparkling eyes embrace the vast expanse!
Now, more intent, he gazes on the print,
But not one single line of rhyme is in't!
The paper falls; he cries, with many a tear,
My God! my Ode to Cupid—is not here!
One hope remains; he claims it with a sigh,
And "Z to-morrow" meets his dazzled eye!

Walt published a second volume of verse in the same year entitled *Sisyphi Opus, or Touches at the Times, with other poems*, and in 1821 *The Hermit in Philadelphia*, a continuation of his previous work, but mostly occupied with a caveat against the introduction of foreign vices into the United States. He makes up a formidable list of wives sold at Smithfield, betting noblemen, and bruised prizefighters, as an offset to the stories by English travellers of society in our frontier settlements.

We next hear of our author as the supercargo of a vessel, in which capacity he made a voyage to China, turning his observations to account on his return by writing a history of that country, which was published in quarto numbers. He also undertook the editorship of the *Lives of the Signers*, after the publication of the third volume, and wrote several of the biographies which appeared in the subsequent portion of the series. In 1824 he published a *Life of Lafayette*. In addition to these works he was the author of numerous contributions to the periodicals of the day. He died in 1824.

HUNTING SONG.

'Tis the break of day, and cloudless weather,
The eager dogs are all roaming together,

The moor-cock is flitting across the heather.
Up, rouse from your slumbers,
Away!
No vapor encumbers the day;
Wind the echoing horn,
For the waking morn
Peeps forth in its mantle of grey.

The wild boar is shaking his dewy bristle,
The partridge is sounding his morning whistle,
The red-deer is bounding o'er the thistle
Up, rouse from your slumbers,
Away!
No vapor encumbers the day;
Wind the echoing horn,
For the waking morn
Peeps forth in its mantle of grey.

WILLIAM A. MUHLENBERG.

THE Rev. Dr. Muhlenberg, a descendant from a family of revolutionary fame, was for many years the head of St. Paul's College, Flushing, Long Island, an institution which under his control attained a high measure of usefulness and reputation. He is now Rector of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Holy Communion in the city of New York.

Dr. Muhlenberg published in 1823, *Church Poetry: Being portions of the Psalms in verse, and Hymns suited to the Festivals and Fasts and various occasions of the Church, selected and altered from various Authors*.* He has since, in connexion with the Rev. Dr. Wainwright, published a work on Church Music, and has done much in the practical advancement of public taste in the same direction by the choral arrangements of his own church, while he has served church poetry as well as music by the production of several highly esteemed hymns. We give the best known of these in its original form, with a brief note from the Evangelical Catholic, a weekly paper conducted for about a year by Dr. Muhlenberg, descriptive of its introduction in the Episcopal collection (where it appears in an abridged form).

THE 187TH HYMN.

We have been so repeatedly urged by several of our readers to give them the whole of the original of "I would not live away," that we at length comply, though somewhat reluctantly, as it has appeared at various times in print before—first in the *Philadelphia Episcopal Recorder*, somewhere about the year 1824. It was written without the remotest idea that any portion of it would ever be employed in the devotions of the Church. Whatever service it has done in that way is owing to the late Bishop of Pennsylvania, then the Rector of St. Ann's Church, Brooklyn, who made the selection of verses out of the whole, which constitutes the present hymn, and offered it to the Committee on Hymns, appointed by the General Convention of —. The hymn was, at first, rejected by the committee, of which the unknown author was a member, who, upon a satirical criticism being made upon it, earnestly voted against its adoption. It was admitted on the inopportune application of Dr. Onderdonk to the bishops on the committee. The following is a revised copy of the original:—

* Phila., 12mo. pp. 268.

I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY.—Job vii. 16.

I would not live alway—live alway below !
Oh no, I'll not linger, when bidden to go.
The days of our pilgrimage granted us here,
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.
Would I shrink from the path which the prophets of
God,

Apostles and martyrs so joyfully trod ?
While brethren and friends are all hastening home,
Like a spirit unblest, o'er the earth would I roam ?

I would not live alway—I ask not to stay,
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way :
Where, seeking for peace, we but hover around,
Like the patriarch's bird, and no resting is found ;
Where hope, when she paints her gay bow in the
air,

Leaves its brilliancy to fade in the night of despair,
And joy's fleeting angel ne'er sheds a glad ray,
Save the gloom of the plumage that bears him away.

I would not live alway—thus fettered by sin,
Temptation without, and corruption within ;
In a moment of strength if I sever the chain,
Scarce the victory's mine ere I'm captive again.
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And my cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.
The festival trump calls for jubilant songs,
But my spirit her own *miserere* prolongs.

I would not live alway—no, welcome the tomb ;
Since Jesus hath lain there I dread not its gloom :
Where He deigned to sleep, I'll too bow my head ;
Oh ! peaceful the slumbers on that hallowed bed.
And then the glad dawn soon to follow that night,
When the sunrise of glory shall beam on my sight,
When the full matin song, as the sleepers arise
To shout in the morning, shall peal through the
skies.

Who, who would live alway—away from his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright
plains,

And the noontide of glory eternally reigns :
Where saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet ;
While the songs of salvation exultingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul ?

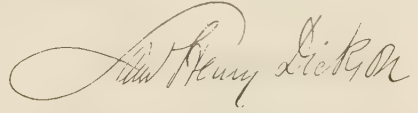
That heavenly music ! what is it I hear ?
The notes of the harpers ring sweet in the air ;
And see, soft unfolding, those portals of gold !
The King, all arrayed in his beauty, behold !
Oh, give me, Oh, give me the wings of a dove !
Let me hasten my flight to those mansions above ;
Aye, 'tis now that my soul on swift pinions would
soar,
And in ecstasy bid earth adieu, evermore.

Dr. Muhlenberg is also the author of several pamphlets on topics connected with his church, and with many charitable enterprises. His later works are: *Family Prayers*, 1861; *Evangelical Sisterhood*; *St. Johnland: Ideal and Actual*, 1869; *Woman and Her Accusers: a Sermon*; *Christ and the Bible*, 1869.

SAMUEL H. DICKSON

Was born in Charleston, South Carolina, in 1798. His parents, from the north of Ireland, were both of unmixed Scottish blood. His father came to America before the Revolutionary war, and fought in the south under General Lincoln and others. He was in Charleston during the siege, but escaped in a canoe up Cooper river previous to the capitulation. He was long a resident in Charle-

ton, where he taught the school of the South Carolina Society. He died in 1819. The maternal uncle of Dr. Dickson was Samuel Neilson, the editor of the Northern Star, the first paper published in Ireland advocating Catholic Emancipation, and was one of the first of the Protestants who became United Irishmen. He suffered a long imprisonment after the execution of Emmet, and, being at last released on condition of expatriating himself, came to this country and died at Poughkeepsie.



The early education of Dr. Dickson was chiefly in Charleston College, a respectable high-school merely at that time, under Drs. Buist and Hedley and Judge King. He was sent to Yale College in 1811, joined the Sophomore class, and was graduated in due course. He commenced at once, in his seventeenth year, the study of medicine, entering the office of Dr. P. G. Prioleau, who had reached the highest point of professional eminence at the South, and whose practice was extended and lucrative in an almost unparalleled degree. In 1817, '18, and '19, he attended lectures in the University of Pennsylvania in its palmy days, when Chapman, Physick, and Wistar were among its faculty, and received the diploma in 1819. He returned to Charleston and became engaged in a large practice. In 1823 he delivered a course of lectures on Physiology and Pathology before the medical students of the city, the class consisting of about thirty. With Dr. Ramsay, who then read to the same class a course of lectures on Surgery, and Dr. Frost, he undertook the agitation of the subject of domestic medical instruction, and urged the institution of a Medical College in Charleston. He moved the Medical Society to petition to the Legislature for a charter, which was granted, and the school went into operation in 1824. He was elected without opposition to the professorship of the Institutes and Practice of Medicine, which chair he held until 1832, when he resigned it in consequence of a contest between the Medical Society and the College. The next year he was appointed to the same chair in the Medical College of the state of South Carolina, newly erected, with a liberal charter from the legislature. In 1847 he received the unanimous vote of the New York University to fill the chair rendered vacant by the death of Professor Revere, and removed to that city, where he lectured to large classes. In 1850, at the earnest request of his former colleagues, he resumed his connexion with the Medical School at Charleston.

His writings are varied and numerous. He has been a contributor to many of the periodicals of the day, and has delivered many occasional addresses, which have been published. His address before the Phi Beta Kappa of Yale in 1842, on the *Pursuit of Happiness*, is one of the most important of the latter. He has written many articles in the American Medical Journal of Philadelphia, the Medical Journal of New York, the Charleston Medical Journal and Review, and in some of the Western journals. He has published two large volumes on the Practice of Medicine.

and, in 1852, a volume of *Essays on Life, Sleep, Pain, &c.*, embracing many important questions of philosophy and hygiene handled in an ingenious and popular manner; amply illustrated from copious stores of reading and extensive personal experience. This book is written in an ingenious and candid spirit; his *Manual of Pathology and Therapeutics* has gone through six or seven editions. A small volume of verses from his pen, printed but not published, has been noticed in the *Southern Literary Messenger*, to which magazine he has sent several papers. In most of the Southern literary journals, the *Rose-Bud*, *Magnolia*, *Literary Gazette*, &c., will be found articles by him. To the *Southern Quarterly Review* he has been from its origin a frequent contributor.

** In 1858 Dr. Dickson became professor of the Theory and Practice of Medicine in Jefferson College, Philadelphia. Nine years later he published *Studies in Pathology and Therapeutics*. He died March 31, 1872, in the words of his associates: "Ripe in years, and rich in all the honors that could be gathered from the broad fields of science and literature."

LINES.

I seek the quiet of the tomb,
There would I sleep;
I love its silence and its gloom
So dark and deep.
I would forget the anxious cares
That rend my breast;
Life's joys and sorrows, hopes and fears,
Here let me rest.
Weep not for me, nor breathe one sigh
Above my bier—
Depart and leave me tranquilly,
Repose is here.
Mock me not with the lofty mound
Of sculptured stone;
Lay me unmarked beneath the ground
All—all alone.

OLD AGE AND DEATH—FROM THE ESSAYS ON LIFE, SLEEP, PAIN, &c.

Death may be considered physiologically, pathologically, and psychologically. We are obliged to regard it and speak of it as the uniform correlative, and indeed the necessary consequence, or final result of life; the act of dying as the rounding off, or termination of the act of living. But it ought to be remarked that this conclusion is derived, not from any understanding or comprehension of the relevancy of the asserted connexion, nor from any *à priori* reasoning applicable to the inquiry, but merely *à posteriori* as the result of universal experience. All that has lived has died; and, therefore, all that lives must die.

The solid rock upon which we tread, and with which we rear our palaces and temples, what is it often, when microscopically examined, but a congeries of the fossil remains of innumerable animal tribes! The soil from which, by tillage, we derive our vegetable food, is scarcely anything more than a mere mixture of the decayed and decaying fragments of former organic being: the shells and exuvie, the skeletons, and fibres, and exsiccated juices of extinct life.

* * * * *

I have stated that there is no reason known to us why Death should always "round the sum of life." Up to a certain point of their duration, varying in each separate set of instances, and in the comparison

of extremes varying prodigiously, the vegetable and animal organisms not only sustain themselves, but expand and develop themselves, grow and increase, enjoying a better and better life, advancing and progressive. Wherefore is it that at this period all progress is completely arrested; that thenceforward they waste, deteriorate, and fail? Why should they thus decline and decay with unerring uniformity upon their attaining their highest perfection, their most intense activity? This ultimate law is equally mysterious and inexorable. It is true the Sacred Writings tell us of Enoch, "whom God took, and he was not;" and of Elijah, who was transported through the upper air in a chariot of fire; and of Melchisedek, the most extraordinary personage whose name is recorded, "without father, without mother, without descent: having neither beginning of days, nor end of life." We read the history without conceiving the faintest hope from these exceptions to the universal rule. Yet our fancy has always exulted in visionary evasions of it, by forging for ourselves creations of immortal maturity, youth, and beauty, residing in Elysian fields of unfading spring, amidst the fruition of perpetual vigor. We would drink, in imagination, of the sparkling fountain of rejuvenescence; nay, boldly dare the terror of Medea's caldron. We echo, in every despairing heart, the ejaculation of the expiring Wolcott, "Bring back my youth!"

Reflection, however, cannot fail to reconcile us to our ruthless destiny. There is another law of our being, not less unrelenting, whose yoke is even harsher and more intolerable, from whose pressure Death alone can relieve us, and in comparison with which the absolute certainty of dying becomes a glorious blessing. Of whatever else we may remain ignorant, each of us, for himself, comes to feel, realize, and know unequivocally that all his capacities, both of action and enjoyment, are transient, and tend to pass away; and when our thirst is satiated, we turn disgusted from the bitter lees of the once fragrant and sparkling cup. I am aware of Parnell's offered analogy—

The tree of deepest root is found
Unwilling still to leave the ground;

and of Rush's notion, who imputes to the aged such an augmenting love of life that he is at a loss to account for it, and suggests, quaintly enough, that it may depend upon custom, the great moulder of our desires and propensities; and that the infirm and decrepit "love to live on, because they have acquired a habit of living." His assumption is wrong in point of fact. He loses sight of the important principle that Old Age is a relative term, and that one man may be more superannuated, farther advanced in natural decay at sixty, than another at one hundred years. Parr might well rejoice at being alive, and exult in the prospect of continuing to live, at one hundred and thirty, being capable, as is affirmed, even of the enjoyment of sexual life at that age; but he who has had his "three sufficient warnings," who is deaf, lame, and blind; who, like the monk of the Escorial, has lost all his cotermporaries, and is condemned to hopeless solitude, and oppressed with the consciousness of dependence and imbecility, must look on Death not as a curse, but a refuge.

* * * * *

Strolling with my venerable and esteemed colleague, Prof. Stephen Elliott, one afternoon, through a field on the banks of the River Ashley, we came upon a negro basking in the sun, the most ancient looking personage I have ever seen. Our attempts, with his aid, to calculate his age, were of course conjectural; but we were satisfied that he was far

above one hundred. Bald, toothless, nearly blind, bent almost horizontally, and scarcely capable of locomotion, he was absolutely alone in the world, living by permission upon a place, from which the generation to which his master and fellow-servants belonged had long since disappeared. He expressed many an earnest wish for death, and declared, emphatically, that he "was afraid God Almighty had forgotten him."

* * * * *

Birds and fishes are said to be the longest lived of animals. For the longevity of the latter, ascertained in fish-ponds, Bacon gives the whimsical reason that, in the moist element which surrounds them, they are protected from exsiccation of the vital juices, and thus preserved. This idea corresponds very well with the stories told of the uncalculated ages of some of the inhabitants of the bayous of Louisiana, and of the happy ignorance of that region, where a traveller once found a withered and antique corpse—so goes the tale—sitting propped in an arm-chair among his posterity, who could not comprehend why he *slept* so long and so soundly.

But the Hollanders and Burmese do not live especially long; and the Arab, always lean and wiry, leads a protracted life amidst his arid sands. Nor can we thus account for the lengthened age of the crow, the raven, and the eagle, which are affirmed to hold out for two or three centuries.

There is the same difference among shrubs and trees, of which some are annual, some of still more brief existence, and some almost eternal. The venerable oak bids defiance to the storms of a thousand winters; and the Indian baobab is set down as a cotemporary at least of the Tower of Babel, having probably braved, like the more transient though long-enduring olive, the very waters of the great deluge.

It will be delightful to know—will Science ever discover for us?—what constitutes the difference thus impressed upon the long and short-lived races of the organized creation. Why must the fragrant shrub or gorgeous flower-plant die immediately after performing its functions of continuing the species, and the pretty ephemeron languish into non-existence just as it flutters through its genial hour of love and grace and enjoyment: while the banyan and the chestnut, the tortoise, the vulture, and the carp, formed of the same primary material elements, and subsisting upon the very same sources of nutrition and supply, outlast them so indefinitely?

Death from old age, from natural decay—usually spoken of as death without disease—is most improperly termed by writers an euthanasia. Alas! how far otherwise is the truth! Old age itself is, with the rarest exceptions, exceptions which I have never had the good fortune to meet with anywhere—old age itself is a protracted and terrible disease.

M'DONALD CLARKE,

THE MAD POET, as he was called in New York, where he figured as the author of numerous volumes, and as a well known eccentric in Broadway some twenty years since, was born in one of the New England states, we believe Connecticut. An inscription to the portrait of one of his books supplies the date of his birth, June 18, 1798. An allusion in the preface to another speaks of a scene with his mother at New London, when he was in his ninth year; and the same introduction records his first appearance, August 13, 1819, in Broadway, New York, thenceforward the main haunt and region of his erratic song.

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M'Donald Clarke.

He was a poet of the order of Nat Lee, one of those wits in whose heads, according to Dryden, genius is divided from madness by a thin partition. He was amiable in his weaknesses, having no vices, always preserving a gentility of deportment, while he entertained his imagination with a constant glow of poetic reverie, investing the occasional topics of the town and the day with a gorgeous Byronic enthusiasm. He was constantly to be seen in Broadway, and was a regular attendant at the, then, as now, fashionable Grace church. His blue cloak, cloth cap, and erect military air, enhanced by his marked profile, rendered him one of the lions of the pavement. With much purity and delicacy in his verses, it was his hobby to fall in love with, and celebrate in his rhymes, the belles of the city. This was sometimes annoying, however well meant on the part of the poet. Then, from the irregularity of his genius, his muse was constantly stooping from the highest heaven of invention to the lowest regions of the pathetic. The simple, honest nature of the man, however, prevailed; and though wittings occasionally made a butt of him, and entertained themselves with his brilliant flights and his frequent sharp wit, he was upon the whole regarded, by those who had any feeling for the matter, with a certain tenderness and respect.* His poems helped to support him. Judging from the number of editions and their present scarcity he probably succeeded, in some way or other, by subscription or the charity of publishers, in getting from them a revenue adequate to his humble wants.

We are not certain that the following are the titles of all his volumes. In 1820 appeared a slight brochure, a *Review of the Eve of Eternity and other Poems*; and in 1822, *The Elizir of Moonshine*; being a collection of Prose and Po-

* On one occasion Col. Stone of the Commercial, and John Lang of the Gazette, were engaged in a newspaper altercation, in the course of which Lang remarked that Stone's brains were like the poet's, a little zig-zag. McDonald stepped into the office of the Commercial, and seeing the Gazette, wrote this impromptu.

I'll tell Johnny Lang in the way of a laugh.

Since he has dragged my name in his petulant brawl, That most people think it is better by half

To have brains that are zig-zag than no brains at all.

etry by the Mad Poet, a neat volume of one hundred and forty-eight small pages, published at the "Sentimental Epicure's Ordinary," and bearing the not very savory motto—

'Tis vain for present fame to wish,
Our persons first must be forgotten,
For poets are like stinking fish,
That never shine until they're rotten.

In 1825 Clarke published *The Gossip; or, a Laugh with the Ladies, a Grin with the Gentlemen, and Burlesque on Byron, a Sentimental Satire, with other Poems*; which gave Clason the opportunity of showing his cleverness by burlesquing burlesque. The next year he sent forth a mischievous volume of poetic *Sketches*, with some complaints of the "Dutch dignity" of the wealthy young belles who were insensible to his gallantries. Then there were two series of *Afara or the Belles of Broadway*, and a grand collection of the *Poems* in 1836. The last effusion of which we have met with the title is *A Cross and Coronet*, published in 1841. Disdaining to extract amusement from the wildest of these verses, we may cite a few of the others which do credit to the writer's feelings.

These are at the commencement of some stanzas on the death of the poet Brainard, who appears to have been his playfellow in their boyhood at New London.

So early to the grave, alas!—alas!
Life is indeed a rushing dream:
His did on wings of lightning pass,
Brightening a Nation with its beam.

Its happy dawn was spent with mine,
And we were wont, in those young days,
Many a joyous hour to join
In kindred tasks, and kindred plays.

Where now his shrouded form is laid,
Our boyish footsteps used to go:
How oft, unthinkingly, we strayed
In that sad place, long years ago!

Life was flushed with phantoms then,
That tinged each object with their bloom;
We knew not years were coming, when
They'd fade in the future's gloom:

We had not seen the frown of Hope—
Knew not her eye had ever frowned—
That soon our hearts would have to grope
For feelings—manhood never found.

Saddened as stormy moonlight, looks
The memory of those half bright days,
When we have stolen away from books,
And wasted hours in idle plays.

On Handy's Point—on Groton Height,
We struck the ball, or threw the quoit,
Or calmly, in the cool twilight,
From Hurlbut's wharf have flung the bait.

The following is in one of Clarke's frequent moods.

ON SEEING A YOUNG GIRL LOOK VERY WISHFULLY INTO THE STREET, FROM A WINDOW OF MISS —'S BOARDING SCHOOL, IN BROADWAY.

Sequestered girl—and dost thou deem
Thy lot is hard, because thou'rt hidden
From public life's bewildered stream,
And public pleasure's fruit forbidden?
Thou little knowest how many cares
Are scattered o'er the surge of fashion,

How soon its guilty scene impairs
Each virtuous hope—each modest passion.

The world assumes a winning shape,
That soils whate'er may dare to eye it,
And those young hearts alone escape,
That have the fortitude to fly it.

It takes the mask of coaxing eyes,
Of languid words, and bashful wooing,
Of tutored prayers, and treacherous sighs,
To tempt the innocent to ruin.

Its look is warm—its heart is cold,
Its accent sweet—its nature savage;
Its arms embrace with feeling's fold,
Till they shall have the power to—ravage.

Those who have mingled in its clash,
And outwardly would seem to prize it,
Its sweetest cup would gladly dash,
And while they feel its smile—despise it.

The broken form—the ruffled cheek—
The icy voice—the cheerless manner—
Disgusted hope and feeling speak,
Worn out beneath a bandit's banner.

Maiden! in some yet shapeless years,
Thou'lt find too true what I have spoken,
And read these lines perhaps with tears,
That steal out from a heart that's broken.

There is the spirit of his New England home in these lines:—

SUNDAY IN SUMMER.

When the tumult and toil of the week have ceased,
How still is the morning that smiles in the east,
The sweet Sabbath morning that comes to refresh
Every soul that is faint in its prison of flesh.

The rich clouds are fringed with yellow and blue—
The lips of the flowers are silvered with dew—
The winds are reposed upon pillows of balm—
Enjoyment is throned on the clear azure calm.

The orchard trees bend their full arms to the earth,
In blessing the breast, where their beauty has birth,
And while bending in crimson luxuriance there,
Seem to have joined in the Sabbath's first prayer.

The little birds sing their gay hymns in the boughs—
The delicate winds from their cradles arouse—
The Sun gently lifts his broad forehead on high,
As Serenity presses her cheek to the sky.

And shall man, who *might* be an Angel in tears,
Would he weep out the stains of his sensual years,
While Nature is brim'd with affection and praise,
Be a stranger to God, on this dearest of days?

O no—the deep voice of the steeple is loud,
And City and Village in worship are bowed,
While the blue eyes of Summer look tenderly down,
And nothing but Sin has a fear or a frown.

M'Donald's mixture of crudities and sublimities attracted the public, we fear, more than his correcter pieces. He was the mad poet of the town, something like the fool in old plays, venting homilies in most melancholy jest, perhaps with a broken note of music, or a half caught felicity of genius grasped at in one of his quick random flights. Of his humorous efforts a single specimen may suffice, which he appears to have written on the completion of the

ASTOR HOUSE.

The winds of 1784,
Beat on a young Dutchman's head,
Who on his brawny shoulders bore
Beaver skins, he said

He'd sell, extremely cheap—
He sold a heap.

To the shaggy burden bent

Firmly, for many a year,

From the copper seeds of a cent,

Has reaped a golden harvest, here,
Till his name is smothered in bank stock,
And notched on the eternal rock.

His funeral monument is done—

Crowned with its granite wreath—

Poverty, load the loudest gun,

When he shall bequeath

His example—as Industry stares—

How to gild grey hairs.

A jovial tomb-stone,—whew!

Such as but few on earth afford—

Many a Fellow will get blue,

Many a mock-dirge be roared

From those gay corners, when New York
Hears other Centuries laugh, and talk.

Its front, to the flashing East,

Let the broadside of the heaviest storm,

With wild, white lightnings creased,

Thunder for Ages on its form,

'Twill stand through thick and thin,

Showers of—whiskey punch, within.

Benevolence, bid him build,

A twin-tomb to that Alpine pile,

Have it with homeless orphans filled,

Whose fond and grateful smile,

Shall memory's sweetest moonlight shed,

For ever, o'er his mouldering head.

Scorn and sentiment were the best winged arrows in Clarke's quiver. His indignation at fortune for her treatment of genius and beauty, and at the fopperies and impertinences of fashion, was unbounded; he would rant in these fits of indignation beyond the powers of the language; but he would always be brought back to human sensibility by the sight of a pretty face or an innocent look.

His verses are incongruous enough, grotesque and absurd to the full measure of those qualities, but a kind eye may be attracted by their very irregularity, and find some soul of goodness in them; and a lover of oddity—who would have subscribed for a copy when the poet was living—may innocently enough laugh at the crudities. At any rate we have thought some notice of the man worth presenting, if only as a curious reminiscence of city life in New York, and a gratification to the inquiring visitor at Greenwood Cemetery, who asks the meaning of the simple monument at "the Poet's Mound, Sylvan Water," upon which the death of McDonald Clarke is recorded March 5, 1842.

ISAAC STARR CLASON,

A WRITER of fine talent but of a dissipated life, was born in New York in 1798. His father was a wealthy merchant of the city. The son had a good education and inherited a fortune. He wasted the latter in a course of prodigal living, and was driven to exhibit his literary accomplishments as a writer of poems, generally more remarkable for spirit than sobriety, as a teacher of elocution, and as an actor. He appeared on the boards of the Bowery and Park theatres in leading Shakespearian parts, but without much suc-

cess. In 1825 he published *Don Juan, Cantos xvii., xviii.*, supplementary to the poem of Lord Byron, and in a kindred vein, not merely of the grossness but of the wit. It made a reputation for the author, and still remains probably the best of the numerous imitations of its brilliant original which have appeared. The scandal of the author's life faithfully reflected in it, added not a little to its piquancy.

This was followed, in 1826, by a collection of poems entitled *Horace in New York*. In this the author celebrates Malibran, then in the ascendant in opera, Dr. Mitchell, Halleck, and the Croakers, and other gossip of the town. In addition to these playful effusions, his capacity for serious verse is shown in some feeling lines to the memory of the orator and patriot Emmet.

In 1833 he wrote a poem founded on the "Beauchampe tragedy" of Kentucky; but the manuscript was never seen by any of his family, though he was heard to repeat passages from it. The poem is probably irrecoverably lost.

In 1834 Clason closed his life by a miserable tragedy in London, whither he had gone as a theatrical adventurer. Reduced to poverty, this man of naturally brilliant powers threw away the opportunities of life by suicide. In company with his mistress he carefully sealed the room in which they lodged in London against the admission of air, and lighted a fire of charcoal, from the fumes of which both were found suffocated.

NAPOLEON—FROM THE DON JUAN.

I love no land so well as that of France—

Land of Napoleon and Charlemaigne;

Renowned for valor, women, wit, and dance,

For racy Burgundy, and bright Champagne—

Whose only word in battle was "advance,"

While that "Grand Genius" who seemed born to reign—

Greater than Ammon's son, who boasted birth

From heaven, and spurned all sons of earth.

Greater than he, who wore his buskins high,

A Venus armed, impressed upon his Seal—

Who smiled at poor Calphurnia's prophecy,

Nor feared the stroke he soon was doomed to feel;

Who on the Ides of March breathed his last sigh,

As Brutus plucked away his "cursed steel,"

Exclaiming as he expired, "Et tu Brute!"

But Brutus thought he only did his duty.

Greater than he who at nine years of age,

On Carthage's altar swore eternal hate,

Who with a rancor, time could ne'er assuage—

With Feelings, no reverse could moderate—

With Talents, such as few would dare engage—

With Hopes, that no misfortune could abate—

Died, like his rival, both with broken hearts:

Such was their fate, and such was Bonaparte's.

Napoleon Bonaparte! thy name shall live,

Till Time's last echo shall have ceased to sound,

And if Eternity's confines can give

To Space reverberation—round and round

The Spheres of Heaven, the long, deep cry of "Vive

Napoleon!" in Thunders shall rebound—

The Lightning's flash shall blaze thy name on high,

Monarch of Earth, now Meteor of the Sky!

What! though on St. Helena's rocky shore,

Thy head be pillowed, and thy form entombed,—

Perhaps that Son, the child thou didst adore,

Fired with a father's fame, may yet be doomed

To crush the bigot Bourbon, and restore
 Thy mould'ring ashes, ere they be consumed;—
 Perhaps, may run the course thyself didst run—
 And light the World, as Comets light the sun;

'Tis better thou art gone; 'twere sad to see
 Beneath an "imbecile's" impotent reign,
 Thy own unvanquished legions, doomed to be
 Cursed instruments of vengeance on poor Spain,—
 That land so glorious once in chivalry,
 Now sunk in Slav'ry and in Shame again;
 To see th' Imperial Guard, thy dauntless band,
 Made tools for such a wretch as *Ferdinand*.

Farewell Napoleon! thine hour is past;
 No more earth trembles at thy dreaded name,
 But France, unhappy France, shall long contrast
 Thy deeds with those of worthless *D'Angoulême*.
 Ye Gods! how long shall slavery's thralldom last?
 Will France alone remain for ever tame?
 Say! will no Wallace, will no Washington,
 Scourge from thy soil the infamous Bourbon?

Is Freedom dead? Is Nero's reign restored!
 Frenchmen! remember Jenna, Austerlitz!
 The first, which made thy Emperor the Lord
 Of Prussia, and which almost threw in fits
Great Fred'rick William—he who at the board
 Took all the Prussian uniform to bits;
Fred'rick, the king of regimental tailors,
 As *Hudson Love* the very prince of jailers.

Farewell Napoleon! hadst thou have died
 The coward scorpion's death—afraid, ashamed,
 To meet Adversity's advancing tide,
 The weak had praised thee, but the wise had
 blamed:
 But no! though torn from country, child, and bride,
 With Spirit unsubdued, with Soul untamed,
 Great in Misfortune, as in Glory high,
 Thou dardest to live through life's worst agony.

Pity, for thee, shall weep her fountains dry!
 Mercy, for thee, shall bankrupt all her store!
 Valor shall pluck a garland from on high!
 And Honor twine the wreath thy temples o'er!
 Beauty shall beckon to thee from the Sky!
 And smiling Seraphs open wide Heaven's door!
 Around thy head the brightest Stars shall meet,
 And rolling Suns play sportive at thy feet!

Farewell Napoleon! a long farewell!
 A stranger's tongue, alas! must hymn thy worth;
 No craven Gaul dare wake his Harp to tell
 Or sound in song the spot that gave thee birth.
 No more thy Name, that with its magic spell
 Aroused the slumbering nations of the earth,
 Echoes around thy land! 'tis past; at length,
 France sinks beneath the sway of Charles the Tenth.

THOMAS ADDIS EMMET.

Son of a land, where Nature spreads her green,
 But Tyranny secures the blossomed boughs;
 Son of a race, long fed with Freedom's flame,
 Yet trampled on when blazing in her cause:—
 With reverence I greet thee, gifted man—
 Youth's saucy blood subsides at thy grey hairs.

Oh, what was the true working of thy soul—
 What griefs—what thoughts played in thy pliant
 mind,

When, in the pride of manhood's steady glow,
 Thy back was turned upon the fav'rite trees,
 Which, to thy childhood, had bestowed a shade?
 When every step, which bore thee to the shore,
 Went from old paths, and hospitable roofs?—
 Did not the heart's-tear tremble in thine eye,
 A prayer for Erin quiver on thy lip,

As the ship proudly held her prow aloft,
 And left the green isle in her creaming wake?

And if a grief pressed on thy manly heart,
 A prayer arose upon the ocean breeze,
 At leaving each beloved face and scene:—
 Did not the tear appear, and praise arise,
 When stranger forms held out the friendly hand,
 When shores, as strange, with smiles adopted thee?
 Yes! yes! there was a tear:—a tear of joy;—
 There was a prayer:—a prayer of gratitude.

And well thou hast returned each kindness done,
 A birth-right purchased by thy valued deeds;
 And those who tendered thee a brother's grasp,
 Bow, with respect, at thy intelligence,
 And glory in the warmth their friendship showed.

I love to see thee in the crowded court,
 Filling the warm air with sonorous voice,
 Which use hath polished, time left unimpaired—
 Bold, from the knowledge of thy powers of mind;
 Flowing in speech, from Nature's liberal gifts—
 While thy strong figure and commanding arm,
 Want but the toga's full and graceful fold,
 To form a model worthy of old Rome.
 I smile to see thy still unbending form
 Dare winter's cold and summer's parching heat,
 And buffet the wild crowd with gallant strength—
 The slight bamboo poised graceful in thy hand,
 And wielded with the air of Washington—
 While thy light foot comes bravely from the earth,
 As if the mind were working in the trunk.

And yet, though I enjoy thy frosty strength,
 There's something tells me in thy furrowed face,
 A virtuous age cannot o'erstep the tomb!
 A solemn something whispers to my soul,
 The court will feel the silence at thy death,
 More than it did thy bursts of eloquence.
 While thy chair standing in thy now warm home,
 Will have an awful void when thou art gone.
 What is't to thee if thy long life should wane!
 The immortal soul will unsubdued arise,
 And glow upon the steps of God's own throne:
 Like incense kindled on an altar's top.

Cold as thy monument thy frame must be—
 Warm as thy heart will be thy epitaph.
 For thus the aching mind of valued friend,
 Shall pay the last meed to the man he loved:
 "Green as the grass around this quiet spot;
 Pure as the Heavens above this cenotaph;
 Warm as the sun that sinks o'er yonder hills;
 And active as the rich, careering clouds;
 Was he who lies in earth a thing of nought?
 A thing of nought!—For what is man, great God?
 A very worm; an insect of a day—
 His body but the chrysalis to his mind!
 For, even here—here where the good man's laid,
 And proud Columbia's genius grieves—
 We can but murmur: Here an Emmet lies."

JOHN HUGHES.

THIS distinguished divine and controversialist was born in the north of Ireland, 1798. He came to America in his nineteenth year, and studied theology at the college of Mount St. Mary, Emmetsburg, Maryland. Soon after his ordination in 1825, he became the rector of a Roman Catholic church in Philadelphia, where he entered, in 1830, upon a newspaper discussion with the Rev. Dr. John Breckenridge, a leading divine of the Presbyterian church. The articles thus published were collected in a volume. An oral discussion between the same parties took place in

1834. In 1838, Dr. Hughes, having been appointed Bishop Administrator of New York, removed to that city. In 1840, he commenced an agitation of the School question, claiming either that no tax should be levied for educational purposes, or, if levied, its proceeds be distributed among the various religious denominations of the community, it being impossible, as he urged, to provide a system of education which could be tolerated by all. The reading of the ordinary Protestant version of the Bible he especially objected to. The long discussion of the subject which followed was maintained with great energy, perseverance, and ability by the prelate, who succeeded in obtaining a modification of the previously existing system. His claim that the church property of his denomination should be exclusively vested in the hands of the clergy, likewise urged at an early period of his episcopate, has also caused much discussion, and has been revived in the year 1855 in a controversy between Dr. Hughes and the Hon. Erastus Brooks, of the New York Senate, growing out of a statement by the latter that the Bishop was, in this manner, in possession of property to the value of five millions of dollars. The articles which have passed between the parties have been collected in two separate and rival publications. In 1850, Bishop Hughes and his diocese were promoted by Pius IX. to archiepiscopal rank. His energetic discharge of the duties of his elevated position has not interfered with his literary activity. He has constantly, as occasion has arisen, availed himself of the newspapers of the day to repel charges made against his denomination in relation to its action on contemporary questions, and has also frequently appeared as a lecturer. Several of his productions in the last named capacity have been published, and exhibit him, in common with his less elaborate efforts, as a vigorous, animated, and polished writer, decided in the expression of opinion, and quick in availing himself of every advantage of debate. The following are the titles of these addresses: *Christianity the only Source of Moral, Social, and Political Regeneration*, delivered in the hall of the House of Representatives of the United States in 1847, by request of the members of both houses of Congress; *The Church and the World*; *The Decline of Protestantism*; *Lecture on the Antecedent Cause of the Irish Famine in 1847*; *Lecture on Mixture of Civil and Ecclesiastical Power in the Middle Ages*; *Lectures on the Importance of a Christian Basis for the Science of Political Economy*; *Two Lectures on the Moral Causes that have produced the Evil Spirit of the Times*; *Debate before the Common Council of New York, on the Catholic Petition respecting the Common School Fund*; and *The Catholic Chapter in the History of the United States*.

Bishop Hughes is an impressive and agreeable speaker. In person he is tall and well proportioned, with a countenance expressive of benevolence and dignity.

Archbishop Hughes died at his residence in New York, in the sixty-sixth year of his age and the twentieth of his episcopate, January 3, 1864. For the last few years of his life, his

health had been much broken. His interest in public affairs, as well as in the conduct of his diocese, continued, however, unabated. At the outbreak of the rebellion, in 1861, he gave his voice for the Union, and was subsequently engaged, during a visit to Europe, in a semi-official way, in strengthening by his social influence the cause of the United States abroad. On his return, on occasion of the draft riots in New York in July, 1863, he addressed a meeting of his fellow-citizens, from the balcony of his house, in a characteristic speech, enjoining on the members of his flock quiet and obedience to the laws. His funeral sermon was preached at St. Patrick's Cathedral, by Bishop McClosky of Albany, who spoke with gratitude of the many important services the deceased archbishop had rendered to the Roman Catholic Church in America.

** In 1866 was published a *Life of John Hughes, D. D.*, by John R. G. Hassard.

LEONARD WITHINGTON.

The Rev. Leonard Withington, a venerable clergyman of New England, and author of numerous miscellaneous writings, was born in Dorchester, Mass., August 9, 1789. He was educated at Yale College, where he graduated in 1814. He studied divinity, and in 1816 became settled over the First Church in Newbury, where he continued pastor for forty-two years, when he asked and received a colleague, in his seventieth year. His published pamphlets, sermons, lectures, and contributions to periodicals and newspapers are numerous. In the year 1836 he published in two volumes (Boston, Perkins & Marvin) a collection of papers entitled *The Puritan, a Series of Essays, Political, Moral, and Miscellaneous, by John Oldbug, Esq.* This book, written in a pleasing style, is a picturesque reproduction of the lights and shades of old New England life, traced by a practised moralist and cultivated reader, whose birth in the last century enabled him to speak with experience of the manners and opinions of a fast changing era. There is a healthy home flavor, which gives the work a permanent value as a contribution to the social history of the times described. It answers to the design of the author expressed in his preface: "I have attempted to remember in every page that I am an American; and to write to the wants and manners of just such a people as those among whom I was born. I have always blamed our authors for forgetting the woods, the vales, the hills and streams, the manners and minds, among which their earliest impressions were received and their first and most innocent hours were passed. A sprig of white-weed, raised in our own soil, should be more sweet than the marjoram of Italian bowers; and the screeching of the night-hawk's wings, as he stoops in our evening sky, should make better melody in our ears than the softest warblings of a foreign nightingale. If I have sometimes verged to too much homeliness and simplicity, my only apology is, in the language of Scripture—I dwell among mine own people."

In 1861 the author published in Boston (J. E.

Tilton & Co.), a volume entitled *Solomon's Song Translated and Explained, in three parts*. This book, the elaborate production of forty years' labor, is designed not to be a mere commentary on the Song, but to embody the laws of Hebrew literature, in its peculiar forms, which prevail throughout the Old Testament. Though the author of various compositions, this is the only one which Mr. Withington has published with his name.

JAMES SAVAGE.

James Savage was born in Boston, Mass., July 13, 1789, his ancestors having resided in that city since the arrival of the American founder of the family, Major Thomas Savage, from England, in 1635. He was educated at Harvard, a graduate of the year 1803; was admitted to the Suffolk bar in 1807; in 1812 was elected a Representative to the State Legislature, and in 1820 a delegate to the convention for amending the State Constitution, in the debates of which he took a prominent part. He died at Boston, March 8, 1873.

Mr. Savage early displayed a fondness for literature and the study of the early history of his native State. He was, for five years, associated in the editorship of the *Monthly Anthology*, a literary periodical, commenced in Boston in 1803, and continued till 1811. It was conducted with eminent ability, and prepared the way for the subsequent establishment of the *North American Review*, to which Mr. Savage was also a contributor. In 1811, he delivered a Fourth-of-July oration in Boston, at the request of the city authorities, and in 1812 the Phi Beta Kappa Oration at Cambridge. In 1825, he edited Governor Winthrop's *History of New England*, from the original manuscripts, enriching the work with numerous notes, learned and antiquarian, illustrating "the civil and ecclesiastical concerns, the geography, settlement, and institutions of the country, and the lives and manners of the principal planters." A second edition of this work was published in 1853. In 1832 he published, in the *New England Magazine*, a history of the adoption of the Constitution of Massachusetts. His main literary undertaking is a work of learned antiquarian diligence, the labor of twenty years; it is entitled, *A Genealogical Dictionary of the First Settlers of New England, showing Three Generations of those who came before May, 1692, on the basis of Farmer's Register*. It is in four large, closely-condensed octavo volumes, the first two of which were issued in 1860, and the last in 1862. This work, the *North American Review* pronounces, "considering the obscurity of most of those whose names are mentioned in it, their number, and the difficulty of obtaining information respecting them, the most stupendous work on genealogy ever compiled."*

FRANCIS L. HAWKS,

An eminent pulpit orator of the Protestant Episcopal Church, was born in North Carolina,

at Newbern, June 10, 1798. His grandfather came with the colonial governor Tryon from England, and was employed as an architect in some of the prominent public works of the state, and was distinguished by his liberal opinions in the Revolution.

He was graduated at the University of North Carolina, and prosecuting the study of the law in the office of the Hon. William Gaston, was admitted to the bar at the age of twenty-one. He continued the practice of the law for several years in his native state, with distinguished success. A memorial of his career at this period is left to the public in his four volumes of *Reports of Decisions in the Supreme Court of North Carolina, 1820-26*, and his *Digest of all the Cases decided and reported in North Carolina*. In his twenty-third year he was elected to the Legislature of his state.

His youth had been marked by its high tone of character, and his personal qualities and inclinations led him to the church as his appropriate sphere. He was ordained by Bishop Ravenscroft in 1827. His earliest ministerial duties were in charge of a congregation in New Haven. In 1829 he became the assistant minister of St. James's Church, Philadelphia, in which Bishop White was rector. The next year he was called to St. Stephen's Church in New York, in which city his reputation for eloquence became at once permanently established. From St. Stephen's he passed to St. Thomas's Church in 1832, and continued his connexion with the parish till his removal to Mississippi in 1844. During the latter period of his brilliant career at St. Thomas's, he was relieved from a portion of his city parochial labors by an assistant, and devoted himself to a liberal plan of education, which he had matured with great ability, and the details of which were faithfully carried out. He established at Flush-



St. Thomas's Hall.

ing, Long Island, a boarding school, to which he gave the name of St. Thomas's Hall. The grounds were prepared and the buildings erected by him; a liberal provision was made for the instruction and personal comforts of the students. He introduced order and method in all departments. Substantial comfort and prosperity pervaded the establishment on all sides. Unfortunately the experiment fell upon a period of great commer-

* *N. A. Review*, July, 1863. Mr. Loring's *Hundred Boston Orators*, 353, 360. *New England Historical and Genealogical Register*, vol. i, p. 81-84.

cial pressure, and the fruits of the hearty zeal, labor, and self-denial of its projector, were lost in its financial embarrassments. The failure of this institution was a serious loss to the cause of education. Its success would have greatly assisted to elevate the standard of the frequently mismanaged and even injurious country boarding schools. As a characteristic of Dr. Hawks's habitual consideration for the needy members of his profession, and of his own personal disinterestedness, it may be mentioned that it was his intention, when he had fairly established the institution, to leave it in the hands of appropriate trustees, with the simple provision that the sons of poor clergymen should receive from it, without charge, an education worthy the position due their parents.

Previous to his departure for the south-west, Dr. Hawks had, in 1836, passed a summer season in England, procuring, in accordance with a provision of the General Convention, copies of important papers relating to the early history of the Episcopal Church in America. In this he had the assistance of the eminent dignitaries of the English Church, and secured a large and valuable collection of MSS., which have been since frequently consulted on important topics of the ecclesiastical and civil history of the country. While at Flushing, after his return, he printed considerable portions of them in the *Church Record*, a weekly paper devoted to the cause of Christianity and education, which, commenced in November, 1840, was continued till October, 1842.* The *Record* was conducted by Dr. Hawks, and besides its support of Protestant theology in the agitations of the day induced by the publication of the "Oxford Tracts," in which Dr. Hawks maintained the old American churchmanship and respect for the rights of the laity, which he had learnt in the schools of White and Ravenscroft, the journal made also a liberal provision for the display of the sound old English literature, in a series of articles in which its wants were set forth from Sir Thomas More to De Foe. In 1837 Dr. Hawks established the *New York Review*, for a time continuing its active editor, and commencing its valuable series of articles on the leading statesmen of the country, with his papers on Jefferson and Burr.†

While in the south-west Dr. Hawks was elected Bishop of Mississippi, his confirmation in which office was met by opposition in the General Convention, where charges were proposed against him growing out of the financial difficulties of the St. Thomas's Hall education scheme. His vindication of his course in this matter occupied several hours at the Convention at Philadelphia, and is described by those who listened to it as a mas-

terly and eloquent oration: clear and ample in statement, powerful and convincing in the noble appeal of the motives which had led him to the disastrous enterprise. A vote of acquittal was passed, and the matter referred to the Diocese of Mississippi, which expressed its entire confidence. That bishopric was, however, not accepted, nor the bishopric of Rhode Island, tendered in 1854. In 1842 Dr. Hawks edited a volume of the Hamilton papers from MSS. confided to him by the venerable widow; but the undertaking was laid aside with a single volume, the work having been afterwards entered upon by Hamilton's son, with the assistance of Congress.* In 1844 he accepted the rectorship of Christ's Church in New Orleans, a position which he held for five years; during which time he also lent his assistance to the furtherance of the organization of the State University, of which he was made President. He returned to New York in 1849 at the request of his friends, with the understanding that provision was to be made for his St. Thomas's Hall obligations; the unabated admiration of his eloquence and personal qualities readily secured a sufficient fund for this object, and he thereafter filled the pulpit at Calvary Church till 1861.



Francis L. Hawks.

The literary publications of Dr. Hawks are two volumes of *Contributions to the Ecclesiastical History of the United States*, embracing the states of Virginia and Maryland; a volume of *The Constitutions and Canons of the Episcopal Church* with notes; a caustic essay on *Auricular Confession in the Protestant Episcopal Church*, published in 1850; an octavo, *Egypt and its Monuments*, in particular relation to biblical evidence; a translation of Rivero and Tschudi's *Antiquities of Peru*, in 1853; and several juvenile volumes of natural history and American annals published in the "Boy's and Girl's Library" by the Harpers, with the title "Uncle Philip's Conversations." Dr. Hawks is also the author of a few poems, mostly descriptive of incidents in his parochial relations, which have been recently

* Three volumes of this work were published by C. E. Lindon, an ingenious practical printer, and since the clever editor of the *Flushing Gazette*; two in quarto of the weekly, and a third in a monthly octavo.

† From the hands of Dr. Hawks the *Review* passed under the management of his associate in the enterprise, the Rev. Dr. C. S. Henry, the translator of Cousin, author of a *History of Philosophy in Harpers' Family Library*, and for many years Professor of Moral and Intellectual Philosophy in the New York University. When Dr. Henry retired from the *Review*, he was succeeded by that most accomplished man of letters, the organizer and first librarian of the Astor Library, Dr. J. G. Cogswell, by whom the work was conducted till its close in its tenth volume in 1841.

* The Official and other Papers of the late Major-General Alexander Hamilton, compiled chiefly from the originals in the possession of Mrs. Hamilton. 8vo. New York: Wiley and Putnam. 1842.

printed in the North Carolina collection of poetry entitled "Wood Notes." It is understood that he has in preparation a work on the *Antiquities of America*, a subject which has long employed his attention. In addition to these literary pursuits, which have been but episodes in his active professional career, Dr. Hawks has delivered several lectures and addresses, of which we may mention particularly a biographical sketch of Sir Walter Raleigh, and a vindication of the early position of North Carolina in the affairs of the Revolution. He has been also an active participant in the proceedings of the New York Ethnological, Historical, and Geographical Societies. Of the most important part of Dr. Hawks's intellectual labors, his addresses from the pulpit, it is enough to say that their merits in argument and rhetoric have deservedly maintained his high position as an orator, through a period and to an extent rare in the history of popular eloquence. A manly and unprejudiced conviction of Christian truth, a brilliant fancy, illuminating ample stores of reading, and a practical knowledge of the world; seldom seen physical powers; a deep-toned voice, expressive of sincere feeling and pathos, and easy and melodious in all its utterances; a warm Southern sensibility, and courageous conduct in action, are among the qualities of the man, which justify the strong personal influence which he has long exercised at will among his contemporaries.

APPEAL FOR UNION OF THE REVOLUTIONARY FATHERS AND STATESMEN.—FROM A THANKSGIVING SERMON AT CALVARY CHURCH, ON "THE DUTY OF CULTIVATING UNITY AND THE SPIRIT OF NATIONALITY."

We owe the cultivation of this spirit, the importance of which I have been endeavoring to establish, to the memory of our heroic old fathers. Theirs was the first great onward march in the work of making us a nation. Every step of that march was marked by their blood and sufferings. They did not know all that they were doing; but they did see, dimly rising up in the distance before them, freedom for themselves and their children, and freedom was the root of their planting, from which union and nationality sprung. What think you, could they come back from their graves and stand here among us to-day, to see the nation of which they planted the seed nearly eighty years ago; what think you they would say to us upon this subject? They would tell us of that dark, sad period, when without arms and without ammunition; with nothing but courage to supply the want of discipline, and with no leader but God Almighty, they looked in upon their brave hearts, and questioning them, received for response, "Be free, or die!" And then they solemnly swore, the Lord being their helper, that they would be free. They would tell us how they tore themselves away from weeping wives and children; and how the noble mothers from whom we sprung, chid the children for their tears, even while they wept themselves, and how, dashing the tears from their eyelids, they threw their arms around them for a parting embrace, and without a falter in the voice, rung out in clear, womanly tones, the words—often remembered afterwards in the battle strife—"Go, my brave husband! go, my darling boy! I give you to your bleeding country; I give you to the righteous cause of freedom; and if He so will it, I give you back to God." They would tell us how, through seven long years, they endured cold and hunger and nakedness; how they fought, how they bled, how some among them died; how

God went with them and brought them through triumphant at last. They would tell us how they were more than compensated for all they had suffered, as they looked around, (as on this day,) and in this mighty nation of many millions, saw what God was working out in their seven long years of suffering. And who among us, as the story ceased, would dare to say to these venerable witnesses to the past, "Shall we throw away that which cost you so much; shall we break up our unity; shall we cease to be a nation?" Dare to say it? Why, a man's own conscience would rise up and call him accursed traitor, if he but dared to think it.

Is the spirit of our fathers dead within us? Has the blood of our noble old mothers ceased to flow in our veins? Who then are these white-haired old men that are sitting here around me? A remnant, a mere remnant! Remnant of what? Of those who, when our nation had attained just about half its present age, showed that the spirit of our Revolutionary fathers was not then dead. These are what remains of the veterans of the war of 1812. It is thirty years ago since they were in the vigor of life, and then they did just as their fathers had done before them. Their country wanted them, and they waited no second summons; they went forth and kept the field until their country gave them an honorable discharge. But in one thing they differed from their fathers. God permitted them to see, when they so promptly answered their country's call, and has permitted them, by prolonging their lives until now, more fully to see, what their fathers could only hope for: the immense advantages and blessings of a great, consolidated, united people. And how have they come up in a body to-day, requesting it as a privilege to do so, that they might unitedly thank God, among other national blessings, for the establishment and preservation of that nationality which the fathers of the Republic began, and to preserve the infant growth of which, they perilled their lives. "Honor to whom honor is due."

But there is yet another class to whom we owe it to cherish the spirit of a broad nationality. These, too, served their country, but not in the tented field. These were our patriot statesmen—the men who framed, expounded, and upheld the great principles of our political fabric. We may not, on an occasion like this, pass them by unmentioned. I cannot, of course, allude to all, but, since last we met, on an occasion like this, two have gone, whose lives were devoted to their country, with as pure a patriotism as ever animated an American heart; and each of whom gave, not merely commanding talents to the Republic, but by a sad coincidence gave also a son, and they wept alike, as they laid their dead soldier boys in honored graves. Need I name them? Not when I speak to Americans; for grief is yet too green in the nation's heart to call for names. These men knew the worth of unity and nationality. The one living among the new settlements of our magnificent lovely West, the other on the shores of old Massachusetts, near the very spot where one of the earliest colonies was planted; but what mattered it to them whether a State were on this side or the other of the mountains, whether it were planted by "pilgrim fathers" or "the hunters of Kentucky," so long as all was one. The one knew "no North, no South, no East, no West;" the other prayed that when he died, his eye might rest upon the gorgeous ensign of the Republic, and see every star in its place, while the rallying cry of his country should still be "Liberty and Union, now and for ever!" These men had studied the value of these *United States*; they could see but little value in them *disunited*. They saw the grand conception of a *continental*

Union in all its mighty consequences. They are dead; we shall hear their voices of wisdom no more. The one, in argument, smote like lightning, and shivered the rock into fragments; the other came with the ponderous force of the Alpine avalanche, and sweeping away rock, tree, hamlet, everything in its path, buried them out of sight for ever. I thank God for both, and pray that he may raise up others to fill their places. I thank Him for the wisdom He gave them, and pray that my country may treasure it up among her hallowed possessions. And when I think how universal and heartfelt was the individual grief of my countrymen at their loss, I cannot believe that their great principle of national unity will not survive them. They have gone down to the grave with the Christian's hope: peace be to their remains—honor to their memories.

TO AN AGED AND VERY CHEERFUL CHRISTIAN LADY.

Lady! I may not think that thou
Hast travelled o'er life's weary road,
And never felt thy spirit bow
Beneath affliction's heavy load.
I may not think those aged eyes
Have ne'er been wet with sorrow's tears;
Doubtless thy heart has told in sighs,
The tale of human hopes and fears.
And yet thy cheerful spirit breathes
The freshness of its golden prime,
Age decks thy brow with silver wreaths,
But thy young heart still laughs at Time.
Life's sympathies with thee are bright,
The current of thy love still flows,
And silvery clouds of living light,
Hang round thy sunset's golden close.
So have I seen in other lands,
Some ancient fame catch sweeter grace,
Of mellowed richness from the hands
Of Time, which yet could not deface.
Ah, thou hast sought 'mid sorrow's tears,
Thy solace from the lips of truth;
And thus it is that fourscore years
Crush not the cheerful heart of Youth.
So be it still!—for bright and fair,
His love I read on thy life's page;
And Time! thy hand lay gently there,
Spoil not this beautiful old age.

**Dr. Hawks' "most important historical work," stated Mr. Duyckinck, in a memorial discourse,* "was devoted to his native State—a *History of North Carolina*—the first volume of which, embracing the period between the first voyage to the colony, in 1584, and the last, in 1591, was issued at Fayetteville, N. C., in 1857. The second, embracing the period of the Proprietary Government, from 1663 to 1729, was published at the same place the following year. The plan of the work, a species of chronicles, or annals, was somewhat peculiar. It combined the reprint of the original narratives of voyages of discovery and colonial settlements, and other early and temporary documents, with historical deductions and a running editorial commentary; while, as the work advanced, it presented a vast variety of interesting details too often over-

looked by the historian—combining, in a systematic classification, the particular incidents of the periods under well arranged heads, as 'The Law and its Administration,' 'Agriculture and Manufactures,' 'Navigation and Trade,' 'Religion and Learning,' 'Civil and Military History,' 'Manners and Customs.' In this way not only the interesting series of voyages made under the charter of Raleigh, are presented in order from the pages of Hakluyt, but we have, as an introduction to this portion of the work, a sketch of Raleigh's career—an enlargement of the popular lecture which the author had previously delivered on this theme. The exhibition of details, in other parts of the work, fully justify the writer's view, that the real history of the State is to be read in the gradual progress of its *people* in intelligence, refinement, industry, wealth, taste, and civilization; that public events are but the exponents of the condition of the inhabitants in these and other particulars; and that 'the people' constituted a nation, not the legislature merely, nor the courts, nor the army, nor the navy.

"In 1861 Dr. Hawks returned to his old theme of church history, editing, in conjunction with his friend, the Rev. William Stevens Perry, the *Journals of the General Conventions of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, from A. D. 1785 to A. D. 1853 inclusive, with illustrative historical notes and appendices*. This work was published by order of the General Convention. It was followed, in 1863, by another under the same joint editorship, entitled *Documentary History of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, containing the hitherto unpublished documents concerning the Church in Connecticut*. The enumeration of the titles of these works shows their essential character. They are chiefly, as they are represented to be, contributions to history; but under this modest title they exhibit the genuine elements of the true historian; for Dr. Hawks, though a consummate rhetorician in the pulpit, was a close, accurate, laborious student in the closet, and thought no labor too great to be expended upon original inquiry and the critical examination of the facts requisite for all historical composition worthy of the name. It is worthy to note, in our estimate of the man, the self-denial with which he immured himself in recondite studies, seldom pursued with the same avidity by men of his ardent temperament and capacity for active life."

Dr. Hawks was assiduous in contributing to the prosperity of the learned societies of his day. He was the first vice-president of the American Ethnological Society, from 1855 to 1859, and had aided in its organization in 1842. Assisted by his friend, Mr. George H. Moore, in the preparation of the course, he delivered in 1857 three lectures on "The Antiquities of the American Continent," and another on "The Ethnology of America," at the Hope Chapel, New York city. He was also one of the earliest members of The American Geographical and Statistical Society, founded in 1852. He was elected to its presidency in 1855, and continued to hold that office till May, 1861.

* A Memorial of Francis L. Hawks, D.D., LL. D., by Evert A. Duyckinck, Esq. Read before the New York Historical Society, May 7, 1867. Published, with portrait, by George Henry Moore, LL. D., Librarian, 1871. The above article is wholly founded on this volume.

"Dr. Hawks left Calvary Church in 1861, induced by a point of honor in connection with his opinions, not his acts, on Southern affairs during the war for the preservation of the Union. Every good citizen must condemn his sympathy with the Southern cause. It may well have been wished, for his own sake and for his personal influence, that he had taken another view of the rebellion and its inevitable result. But in pronouncing our judgment, we should remember that Heaven has not made all men alike, or placed them under the same conditions. The solution of these disturbing questions was easier to many of us than to a man of Dr. Hawks's birth and temperament. . . . And thus Dr. Hawks, by his voluntary act, parted with a congregation the great majority of whom would willingly have retained him. Shortly after leaving Calvary Church, Dr. Hawks accepted a call to the rectorship of Christ Church, Baltimore, which he held for nearly two years, when he returned to New York, and for a short time preached in the Church of the Annunciation, in conjunction with the rector, the Rev. Dr. Seabury. He was as successful as ever. In a special discourse on the subject 'Biblical Instruction,' he presented at length the views held by the best Church authorities, in opposition to the relaxing opinions of the 'Essayists' and other writers of the day. It was not long before his friends having again rallied around him, an independent congregation gathered at his side, met to worship in the chapel of the University, and in due time measures were taken to erect a new church, to which the name, the 'Chapel of the Holy Saviour' was given."

The last literary labor of Dr. Hawks was the composition and arrangement of a series of books of elementary instruction for the youngest learners. But a wasting malady was already upon him at the laying of the corner-stone of his new church—the last public act of his life; and he met death with resignation, September 27, 1866. By the kindness of Mr. William Niblo, his large library, specially rich in works on American history, was purchased and presented to the New York Historical Society. The printed catalogue of the "Hawks-Niblo Collection" occupies 118 octavo pages of *The Hawks' Memorial*.

ALBERT BARNES,

THE author of the Series of Popular Biblical Commentaries, was born at Rome, New York, December 1, 1798. He was educated at Hamilton College, and entered the Theological Seminary at Princeton in 1820; was ordained and became pastor of a congregation at Morristown, N. J., and subsequently, in 1830, of the First Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia, where he remained many years. The series of *Notes* on the Scriptures, by which Mr. Barnes has obtained a widespread reputation as an author and commentator, was commenced during his residence at Morristown. His original design was to prepare a brief commentary on the Gospels for the use of Sunday Schools. After he had commenced, hearing that the Rev. James W. Alex-

ander was engaged on a similar work for the American Sunday School Union, he wrote to him, proposing to abandon his project in favor of that of his friend. On Dr. Alexander's reply—that in consequence of his feeble health he was desirous to transfer his task to the able hand already occupied on the same project, Mr. Barnes determined to continue. The work appeared, and met with so favorable a reception that the author enlarged his design, and annotated Job, Isaiah, Daniel, the Psalms, and the entire New Testament, with the same distinguished success. Besides these Commentaries, Mr. Barnes is the author of several volumes of *Sermons On Revivals and Practical Sermons for Vacant Congregations and Families*; some other devotional works, and an elaborate Introductory Essay to Bishop Butler's Analogy.

In his pastoral relations and personal character Mr. Barnes was highly esteemed, as well as for his eloquence in the pulpit.

By the adoption of the plan of writing at an early hour, he has been able to prepare the long series of volumes to which his commentaries extend, without any interference with the ordinary routine of his daily duties, all of the volumes to which we have referred, together with a work on Slavery, having been composed before nine o'clock in the morning.

** After an active ministry of thirty-seven years to one congregation, failing eyesight compelled this illustrious divine to resign these duties in 1867, and to become Emeritus Pastor. Three years later he met a peaceful and unexpected death, while sitting in a chair, during a social call on a friend in West Philadelphia, December 24, 1870. His life and works strikingly exhibit the fruits of a pure and keen conscience. Slavery with its enormities always met in him an unfearing accuser, while with rare exceptions his clerical brethren were dumb; and for conscience' sake he repeatedly declined the well-earned title of Doctor of Divinity.

His writings are clear, incisive, and plain, richer in matter and method than style.

Before his death his *Notes on the New Testament*, in eleven books, had reached a circulation of a million volumes, and their thorough revision for a new edition was one of the last labors of his busy life. His other works are *The Way of Salvation—a Sermon, with Defence*, 1836; *A Pastor's Appeal to the Young*, 1840; *Miscellaneous Essays and Reviews*; *Way of Salvation, illustrated in a series of Discourses*, 1855; *Church and Slavery: Inquiry into the Scriptural Views of Slavery*, 1857; *The Atonement in its Relations to Law and Moral Government*; *Inquiries and Suggestions in regard to the Foundation of Faith in the Word of God*, 1859; *Lectures on the Evidences of Christianity in the Nineteenth Century*, 1868; *Life at Three Score and Ten*, 1870; and *Scenes and Incidents in the Life of the Apostle Paul*, 1869.

Rev. Dr. March,* in a Memoir attached to the

* Rev. Daniel March, D.D., an esteemed and eloquent minister of the Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia, is the author of some attractive Christian works, sold by subscription, which have had a wide circulation. These are: *Walks and Homes of Jesus*, 1866; *Night Scenes in the Bible*, 1869; and

last-named work, pays a merited tribute to the character and life-work of Rev. Mr. Barnes, reviewing at length his self-made eminence by the dint of hard toil, so that he came to be the religious guide each Sabbath day to a million minds; his entire honesty, fairness, and candor; his justice and faithfulness in all relations; his modest but sanctified conscientiousness; his kindness of heart; his profound faith, in the midst of a deep insight into the limitations and imperfections which beset one attempting to search into mysteries yet dimly revealed; and his peculiar qualifications to be an expositor of Holy Writ.

"Mr. Barnes was independent and outspoken on all subjects of public interest and private duty. I think he showed himself to be about the bravest and most admirable man that ever met the disturbed and misdirected currents of public opinion in this land. Without the fiery zeal of the fanatic, without the selfish aims of the partisan, his calmness was equal to his courage; his strength was the greater because he wasted no power in angry retort or idle declamation. He only asked that the voice of Truth might be heard, and that men would consent to abide by her instructions. He did not put himself forward as an agitator, or as the leader of a party. He only said what any just man should be willing both to hear and to say in defence of the poor and oppressed, in denunciation of vice and wrong, in commendation of liberty and order. It was inevitable that a man so upright, so honorable, so generous, so pure in heart, should many times feel himself called upon to oppose the opinions and reprove the practices of his fellow-men. And yet he did it with such deep earnestness, such calm and dispassionate reasoning, such wise and delicate consideration for the feelings of others, that he won the confidence and affection of the very men whom he rebuked. He had many conflicts to wage, but he was never a contentious man. He had no love for strife or debate. When he rebuked iniquity in his fellow-men, he was like the father who himself feels the blow with which he chastises his own child. Nothing but his own supreme love of right, of truth, of liberty, nothing but his own deep sense of obligation, could have constrained him to take up the weapons of controversy or stand forth as a reprover of the nation's sins. And if all reformers and controversialists were as wise and kind, as fair and honorable, as considerate of each other's feelings, and as willing to make concessions as he, there would be much less bitterness of strife in the world, and the cause of truth would suffer much less from its friends. . . . But this man that we all knew so well, that moved among us with so much meekness and gentleness, that worked for the good of others so faithfully for forty years, was no common man. There has been no other like him in all of our American history. I look the world over in vain to find his equal in the rare combination of meekness and courage, quietness and strength, modesty and worth, self-command and self-control, friendship for man and devotion to God, simplicity of private life and power over millions to teach them the word of truth. He has passed away in the glory of his great manhood, in the eternal prime of virtue, faith, and Christian honor."

** LIFE AT THREESCORE AND TEN.

A man rarely forms any new plans of life at seventy years of age. He enters no new profession or calling, he embarks in no new business, he undertakes to write no new book, he forms no new friendships, alliances, or partnerships; he cannot now feel, as he once could, that on the failure of one plan he may now embark in another with better promise of success.

Hitherto all along the course of his life he has felt that, if he became conscious that he had mistaken his calling, or if he was unsuccessful in that calling, he might embrace another; if he was disappointed or failed in one line of business, he might resume that line, or embark in another, with vigor and hope; for he had youth on his side, and he had, or thought he had, many years before him. If one friend proved unfaithful, he might form other friendships; if he failed in his chosen profession, the world was still before him where to choose, and there were still many paths that might lead to affluence or to honor; if he lost one battle, the case was not hopeless, for he might yet be honored on some other field with victory, and be crowned with glory.

But usually, when a man reaches the period of "threescore and ten years," all these things lie in the past. His purposes have all been formed and ended. If he sees new plans and purposes that seem to him to be desirable or important to be executed; if there are new fields of honor, wealth, science, ambition, or benevolence, they are not for him, they are for a younger and a more vigorous generation. It is true that this feeling *may* come over a man at any period of life. In the midst of his way, in the successful prosecution of the most brilliant purposes, in the glow and ardor attending the most attractive schemes, the hand of disease or of death may be laid on him, and he may be made to feel that all his plans are ended—a thought all the more difficult to bear because he has not been prepared for it by the gradual whitening of his hairs and the infirmities of age. . . .

Most men in active life look forward, with fond anticipation, to a time when the cares of life will be over, and when they will be released from its responsibilities and burdens; if not with an absolute desire that such a time should come, yet with a feeling that it will be a relief when it does come. Many an hour of anxiety in the counting-room; many an hour of toil in the workshop or on the farm; many an hour of weariness on the bench; many a burdened hour in the great offices of state, and many an hour of exhaustion and solicitude in professional life, is thus relieved by the prospect of rest—of absolute rest—of entire freedom from responsibility. What merchant and professional man, what statesman, does not look forward to such a time of repose, and anticipate a season—perhaps a long one—of calm tranquillity before life shall end; and when the time approaches, though the hope often proves fallacious, yet its approach is not unwelcome. Diocletian and Charles V. descended from their thrones to seek repose, the one in private life, and the other in a cloister; and the aged judge, merchant, or pastor, welcomes the time when he feels that the burden which he has so long borne may be committed to younger men.

Yet when the time of absolute rest comes, it is different from what had been anticipated. There is, to the surprise, perhaps, of all such men, this new, this strange idea; an idea which they never

Our Father's House; or, The Unwritten Word, 1870. Of the latter two Ziegler, McCurdy & Co., Philadelphia, are the publishers. *Home Life in the Bible* appeared in 1873.

had before, and which did not enter their anticipations: *that they have now nothing to live for*; that they have no motive for effort; that they have no plan or purpose of life. They seem now to themselves, perhaps to others, to have no place in the world; no right in it. Society has no place for them, for it has nothing to confer on them, and they can no longer make a place for themselves. General Washington, when the war of Independence was over, and he had returned to Mount Vernon, is said to have felt "lost," because he had not an army to provide for daily; and Charles V., so far from finding rest in his cloister, amused himself, as has been commonly supposed, in trying to make clocks and watches run together, and so far from actually withdrawing from the affairs of state—miserable in his chosen place of retreat—still busied himself with the affairs of Europe, and sought in the convent at Yuste to govern his hereditary dominions which he had professedly resigned to his son, and as far as possible still to control the empire where he had so long reigned. The retired merchant, unused to reading, and unaccustomed to agriculture, or the mechanical arts, having little taste, it may be, for the fine arts or for social life, finds life a burden, and sighs for his old employments and associations, for in his anticipation of this period he never allowed the idea to enter his mind that he should then have really closed all his plans of life; that as he had professedly done with the world, so the world has actually done with him.

How great, therefore, is the contrast of a man of twenty and one of seventy years! To those in the former condition, the words of Milton in relation to our first parents, when they went out from Eden into the wide world, may not be improperly applied—

"The world was all before them where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide;"

those in the other case have nothing which they can choose. There is nothing before them but the one path—that which leads to the grave—to another world. To them the path of wealth, of fame, of learning, of ambition, is closed forever. The world has nothing more for them; they have nothing more for the world.

I do not mean to say that there *can* be nothing for an aged man to do, or that there *may* not be, in some cases, a field of usefulness—perhaps a new and a large one—for him to occupy. I mean only that this cannot constitute a part of his *plan* of life; it cannot be the result of a purpose formed in his earlier years. His own plans and purposes of life are ended, and whatever there may be in reserve for him, it is usually a new field—something which awaits him beyond the ordinary course of events; and the *transition* from his own finished plans to this cannot but be deeply affecting to his own mind. I do not affirm that a man may not be useful and happy as long as God shall lengthen out his days on the earth, and I do not deny that there may be much in the character and services of an ancient man that should command the respect and secure the gratitude of mankind. The earlier character and the earlier plans of every man should be such that he *will* be useful if his days extend beyond the ordinary period allotted to our earthly life. A calm, serene, cheerful old age is always useful. Consistent and mature piety, gentleness of spirit, kindness and benevolence are always useful.

** THE APOSTLE PAUL AT ATHENS.*

There is in history scarcely any more interesting object of contemplation than Paul at Athens—the man, the place; the religion which he came to announce; the persons by whom he was surrounded; the address which he delivered. It may be regarded as, in a manner, the contact of the Asiatic with the European mind; it was the contact of a Christian mind with the most cultivated heathen mind of the world, and was, if not the first, yet among the most striking instances in which Christianity has been brought into collision with highly cultivated intellect. Paul had oftener come in contact with *Jewish* mind and with the forms of Jewish belief; he had travelled much in Arabia, Syria, in Asia Minor, and had not unfrequently encountered *heathen* mind under various forms of idolatry; he had recently passed into Europe, to convey the knowledge of Christianity,—the first to preach it in that quarter of the globe; and he was now in Greece,—at Athens—on Mars' Hill.

On no other spot on the earth could such an audience have assembled around the apostle, as at the Areopagus. In that place there could have been assembled, on such an occasion (and for anything that appears to the contrary, there *were* actually assembled there at that time), the most highly-cultivated minds of the world. The Greek mind was eminently acute and subtle; it had been profoundly engaged in examining the great questions pertaining to philosophy, morality, and religion; it had pushed these inquiries farther than any other class of minds had ever done, and possibly as far as it would be possible for the human mind ever to do, without the assistance of revelation. They whom Paul here addressed belonged also to a people who were in possession of a language better fitted to the purposes of philosophy, oratory, history, dialectics, poetry, than any then spoken, a language better fitted than any other to convey abstract ideas, and to express subtle discriminations of thought.

** EVIDENCE OF CHRISTIANITY FROM ITS PROPAGATION— FROM THE EVIDENCES OF CHRISTIANITY.

There are two forms of religion in the world which owe their present existence and influence to the fact that they were at first *propagated* by direct effort. They are Christianity and Mohammedism. In this respect they stand by themselves. The religion of the Jews had its origin with their own nation, and grew up with themselves, and identified itself with all their legislative, municipal, and military regulations—a growth among themselves, and not an accretion from surrounding nations. They indeed sought to make proselytes, but they never sought or expected to make their religion a universal religion. Moses labored to make the Jewish people a *religious people*, not to convert the surrounding nations, and at no period of their history did the Hebrews ever conceive the idea of converting the whole world to their faith. It was the religion of the Jewish nation, not the religion of the world.

The Egyptian religion was limited to the Egyptians, the Chaldean to the Chaldeans, the Assyrian to the Assyrians. It was a fundamental idea in the ancient Pagan religions that every nation had its own gods, and that those gods were to be respected by other nations. The Greeks did not go forth to convert the world to *their* Jupiter, Juno,

*From Scenes and Incidents in the Life of the Apostle Paul.—Ziegler, McCurdy & Co.

or Mars, but were content that all others should do honor as they chose to their own national gods. In the Pantheon at Rome the idea was embodied in the very name and conception of the temple, that all the gods of the nations were to be recognized, and that all might have a place there provided they did not disturb or displace those who were recognized as the Roman divinities.

Christianity and Mohammedism, however, each alike started out on a different idea. They were to be propagated. They were to overstep the narrow limits of the people among whom they had their origin. They were, wherever they went, to displace other religions. They were to convert heathen temples to churches or mosques; if this could not be done, they were to disrobe their priests, and to empty them of worshippers, and to leave them tenantless. They were to throw down all altars; stop the effusion of blood in sacrifice every where; change all laws that recognized the existence of more gods than one; set up the worship of one God, and bring the nations of the earth under the influence of a "book-revelation"—the Bible or the Koran. They were both to be diffused by direct effort; and the idea of *propagation* was a fundamental idea in both—the one by the sword, the other by the influence of truth and love.

They began much alike. Both had their origin in an individual in whom alone was the germ of the religion—was *all* the religion; and both those founders of the respective systems were obscure—both poor, both uneducated, both without powerful alliances or armies. Neither of the religions was a development from any previous form of religion, or an outgrowth of existing views among men, or of any prevailing form of civilization, and neither of them would have started up as such an outgrowth or development in Persia in the time of Cyrus, or in Greece in the age of Pericles, or in Rome in the time of the Antonines, or of any nation now, if we can suppose that the existing nations had their present forms of civilization or art without any religion. Both had very small beginnings, and wearisome weeks and months, and even years, passed away before they became so rooted or accumulated such force as to affect the established institutions, or to excite apprehension among the friends of existing systems of religion. The founders of both experienced similar opposition from their own families and friends, and made their first converts among strangers; and both were greatly persecuted. The one, to save his life in infancy, was borne to a distant land, and was often obliged to resort to measures derived from his higher nature to save his life, and at last was put to death on a cross; the other was compelled to flee from the place of his birth and from his home, and to make a distant city the seat and centre of his efforts to spread his religion. Neither lived to see much more than the beginning of the diffusion of their religion, and the religion of both was spread with rapidity over extended regions only when they were no longer upon the earth to direct its diffusion in person. Millions of human beings have been brought under the power of each; each has lived, since its origin, through the revolutions of many centuries, and amid all the advances which the world has made in science and in art; each has given laws to nations; has founded governments; has changed long-existing dynasties; has controlled kings on their thrones; has organized vast armies; has changed, if not made permanent, the customs of the world. The banners of each in

war have waved over numberless battle-fields, often when contending alone with other nations; often when arrayed against each other; seldom in union against a common foe. Both, though often attacked with the utmost violence, yet survive, and now together more deeply influence the destiny of the world than all other forms of religion combined.

Both these religions cannot be true; both cannot have been propagated because they were true. An argument for the divine origin of either from the fact of its propagation that would be equally applicable to both would prove nothing, and a very material question occurs whether there is any such peculiarity in the manner and fact of the propagation of the one as would demonstrate its divine origin, which would not be applicable to the other; or whether the mere propagation of a system of philosophy or religion, under any circumstances, proves that it is from God.

Without comparing the evidence in regard to the two, and reserving the remarks which distinguish and separate the two, so far as the argument is concerned, to the closing part of the lecture, I shall endeavor, as its main purpose, to set before you the argument for the divine origin of Christianity as derived from its propagation.

WILLIAM TUDOR.

WILLIAM TUDOR, the son of a lawyer of the Revolution, from the office of John Adams, was born at Boston, January 28, 1799. He was educated at Phillips Academy, at Andover, and at Harvard, and afterwards became a clerk in the counting-room of John Codman. In the employ of the latter he visited Paris, where his literary inclinations were confirmed. He next sailed for Leghorn on a commercial venture; that failed, but he secured a European tour through Italy and the Continent. On his return to Boston he was an active member in founding the Anthology Club, publishing his European letters, with various entertaining miscellanies, in their monthly magazine.

This journal, which bore the name of *The Monthly Anthology*, was originally commenced in November, 1803, by Mr. Phineas Adams, a graduate of Harvard, and at the time teacher of a school in Boston. At the end of six months it fell into the hands of the Rev. William Emerson, who, joining a few friends with him, laid the foundation of the club. The magazine was then announced as edited "by a society of gentlemen." By the theory of the club every member was to write for the "Anthology," but the rule was modified, as usual, by the social necessities of the company, and the journal was greatly indebted to outsiders for its articles. The members, however, had the privilege of paying its expenses, which in those days could hardly have been expected to be met by the public. In giving an account of this work subsequently Mr. Tudor remarks, "whatever may have been the merit of the Anthology, its authors would have been sadly disappointed if they had looked for any other advantages to be derived from it than an occasional smile from the public, the amusement of their task, and the pleasure of their social meetings. The publication never gave enough to pay the moderate expense of their suppers, and through their whole career they wrote and paid for the pleasure of writing. Occasionally a promise was held out that the proceeds of the work would soon enable them to proceed without assessments, but

the observance never came. The printers were changed several times, and whenever they paid anything it was an omen of ill luck to them."* Ten volumes of the *Anthology* were thus published from 1803 to 1811, supported by the best pens of Boston at the time: by Tudor, Buckminster, John Quincy Adams, George Ticknor, Dr. John Sylvester John Gardiner, and others.

In 1805 Mr. Tudor went to the West Indies to



Wm Tudor

establish for his brother agencies for a new branch of commerce, the exportation of ice. He was also engaged afterwards in some other commercial transactions in Europe requiring ability and address. In 1809 he had delivered the Fourth of July oration in Boston, and in 1810 prepared the Phi Beta Kappa address for Harvard. In December, 1814, he wrote the prospectus for the *North American Review*, the first number of which appeared in May, 1815, under his editorship. It originally was a combination of the magazine and review, admitting light articles, essays, and poems, while the staple was elaborate criticism, and appeared in this style every two months till December, 1818, when it was changed to a quarterly publication. Mr. Tudor wrote three fourths of the first four volumes.

In the year 1819 he published his volume of *Letters on the Eastern States*, a book which with some diffuseness handles topics of originality for the time with acuteness. In 1821 he published a volume of *Miscellanies*, collected from his contributions to the *Monthly Anthology* and the early volumes of the *North American Review*, which show the author's playful, learned humor, in a very agreeable light.† His spirited *Life of James Otis* appeared in 1823. It is a view of the times as well as of the man. The leading personages of the period are presented in its animated, picturesque pages.

* Notice of the *Monthly Anthology* in "Miscellanies," by W. Tudor.

† Among these papers are comic memoirs, after the fashion of learned societies, on Cranberry Sauce, Toast, the Purring of Cats; a Dissertation upon Things in General; the Miseries of Human Life, &c.

It is to Tudor that Boston is indebted for the monument on Bunker Hill; he heard that the ground was to be sold, interested men of wealth in the purchase, and the work was commenced at his suggestion. At the close of the same year (1823) he received the appointment of consul for the United States at Lima, the duties of which he discharged till his transfer to the Atlantic coast in 1828 as *chargé d'affaires* at Rio Janeiro. He was successful in the negotiation of an indemnity for spoiliations on American commerce. While at Rio he wrote a work, which was published anonymously at Boston in 1829, entitled *Gebel Teir*. It is in an ingenious vein of description and speculation touching the manners and politics of the most important nations of the world, whose affairs are discussed by a synod of birds who meet on a mountain in Africa, the book taking its name from a legendary conceit that Gebel Teir, in Egypt, was so called from an annual council of the birds of the universe on its summit. In this "politic congregation" the United States are represented for the Eastern portion by the wren; the pigeon for the West; the robin for the Middle; and the vulture and the mocking-bird for the South. The pheasant, the humming-bird, and the bat, are the members for Spain; the marten and thrush for England; the sparrow and cock for France; and the ibis for the Elysian Fields. In the speeches delivered at this parliament the reader may gather a very fair notion of the prevalent political ideas at home and abroad at the time of the publication of the book.

Mr. Tudor died suddenly at Rio, March 9, 1830. It is understood that he left many manuscripts relating to the countries which he visited nearly ready for the press, which with his official correspondence will probably be published.

As a member of the *Anthology Club* he was one of the founders of the munificent library and



Athenæum Library.

fine art association, the Boston Athenæum, a circumstance which brings him within the range of

Mr. Quincy's recent memorial of that institution.* The society was incorporated in 1807. It received numerous important gifts, especially from the Perkins family. The collection of books exceeds 90,000 volumes. Its American department is valuable, and its series of foreign reports of societies, etc., extensive. Among other specialties it has a large number of books and pamphlets which belonged to General Washington, that were purchased for the institution by a liberal subscription of gentlemen at Cambridge and Boston. After several changes of position the Library is now located in a sumptuous building in Beacon street, where the gallery of fine arts connected with it is also established. The price of a share is three hundred dollars; that of life membership, one hundred. The use of the library, without the privilege of taking out books, is extended to others on an annual payment of ten dollars.

Mr. Charles Folsom, an accomplished librarian, was succeeded by William F. Poole (1856-69), author of the valuable *Index to Periodical Literature*, and connected with the Cincinnati Public Library in 1872.

THE ELYSIAN FIELDS—FROM GEREL TEIR.

The setting sun had now left the assembly in the shadow of the ancient rocks under which they met, and the approach of twilight was accompanied with the freshness of evening. The numerous assembly, true to nature, were preparing for repose, when the attention of the whole was irresistibly drawn to the form of a bird, which seemed an *Ibis*, that now occupied the perch, whose appearance was sudden, and whose coming was noiseless and unseen. The older members exhibited awe more than surprise, but those who were present for the first time felt a chilling dread. The mysterious delegate seemed unearthly and unsubstantial, a spectral hollowness marked his aspect, and the first sepulchral tones of his voice penetrated the whole audience, which sat in solemn, mute expectation.

"I come, Mr. President, to make my annual return from the shades below. Many of this assembly, whom I have seen before, know that after my death, three thousand years ago, my earthly remains were carefully embalmed by the priests of Memphis, and still repose in the catacombs of that ancient city. Nought created by God ever perishes, matter is transmuted into new combinations, but the essence of birds as well as of men, each in their kinds, is sublimated at once for an incorporeal, imperishable existence in the world of spirits. Many of the secrets of that world we are not allowed to disclose, and to gross corporeal minds they would be unintelligible. Such things as may be told I shall now relate to this assembly. Birds have instinct, and men have reason, to guide them in this world; the former seldom errs, the latter often; could either race behold the terrific consequences of these errors, they would be less frequent; but sufficient warnings of them have been given, which it is not incumbent on me to repeat.

"My life having been adjudged blameless, my spirit winged its way to the fields of Elysium, while some of those who worshipped and embalmed my body were doomed to the banks of Phlegethon. Sad and harrowing would be the description of those dreary regions. I have dwelt upon and enforced it from time to time for twenty centuries, since I was first deputed to attend this assembly: I shall not now repeat it. But to instruct and incite the younger

members here present, I will mention a few of the sights that gladden the eye in the Elysian Fields, where birds who have shown themselves faithful in their duties, vigilant sentinels when stationed on that service, valiant defenders of their nests, and careful providers for their young, enjoy the unceasing delights of Elysium, on a wing that never tires. They are there secure from attack and from suffering, in a blissful region, where peace for ever dwells, and violence or want can never enter.

"In these abodes of ever-enduring felicity a deep harmony and universal participation increase the charm of every delight. Among the varieties of ethereal enjoyment it is one to see the tenants of Elysium attended by the semblances of all those creations of their genius which ennobled their existence in this world. It is one of the rewards allotted to them that these embodied shadows shall there follow them; and the pleasure is mutual, as each purified from envy and all earthly passion enjoys the creations of others as well as his own. There the Grecian poets and artists are accompanied by the classic designs they invented. Homer is followed by Achilles, Nestor, Ulysses, Ajax, and a crowd of others. Sophocles and Euripides are attended by Clytemnestra, Iphigenia, Orestes, Jason, &c. The clouds and birds hover over Aristophanes. The sculptors have for companions their Apollo, Venus, and the Graces; and the painters their representations, even to the grapes that deceived the birds, and the curtain that deceived the artist. Virgil sees Æneas, Creusa, and Ascanius, Dido, Nisus, and Euryalus, and all his heroic and pastoral characters. Raphael is surrounded with the beautiful mothers and children he painted for Catholic worship, and Michael Angelo here compares that awful scene which he spread on the walls of the Sistine Chapel with the reality that exists around him.

"Petrarch sees his laurel covered with sonnets to Laura, who sits beneath its shade. Dante with Beatrice here realizes the scenes he tried to discover in this world; Ariosto has his wild, gay imaginations of ladies, magicians, and knights to recreate his fancy. Cervantes is accompanied by Don Quixote, Sancho, and all the characters of his brilliant genius. Rabelais has Panurge and his grotesque companions, and Fenelon is escorted by Mentor, Telemachus, Calypso, and Eulalia. Spenser has his allegoric visions. But of all who are thus gratified and contribute to the general delight, none is so distinguished as Shakespeare, around whom every creation of fancy, the gay, sad, heroic, terrific, fantastic, appears in a hundred forms. Falstaff and his buffoons, Autolycus and his clowns, Hamlet and Ophelia, Romeo and Juliet, Othello and Desdemona, Lear, Macbeth, Ariel, Miranda, Caliban, the Fairies of a Midsummer's Night, and the Witches of a Highland Heath, all attend his beck. Of late new groups have made their appearance as yet without their master. Some of these in all the various measures of poetry, others in the more serious steps of prose; and these were multiplied so fast, and exhibited so much invention, that it was at last thought they would realize the prodigies of any other imagination.

"The heroes and statesmen who are rewarded with a residence in these blissful fields, have yet one mark to designate their errors. They are at times partially or wholly enveloped in an appearance of mist, which impedes them from seeing or being seen by others. When this is examined, it is found to consist of an infinite number of minute, vapory pieces of paper, to represent their delusive statements, and their intrigues of ambition and rivalry; when this is dissipated, there appear over their heads in aerial letters of light, the great and useful measures they

* The History of the Boston Athenæum, with Biographical Notices of its deceased Founders. By Josiah Quincy. Cambridge: 1851.

prosecuted. The mist that encircles heroes is composed of an innumerable quantity of weapons of destruction, in miniature; as every man who fell in battle in a useless war, is here typified by a sword, ball, or spear, or if he perished of disease, by a small livid spot. Some are thus surrounded more than others. An illustrious chief, recently arrived, who extended his march to this spot where we assemble, is sometimes wholly enveloped: when the mist breaks away we see in the air inscriptions of 'religious toleration,' 'road over the Alps,' 'protection of the arts,' &c. But among all those who as a statesman or a warrior walks these blessed groves, there is but one combining both attributes, whose majestic form is for ever unshrouded; around whom there never flits the representation of a delusive statement, nor an effort of personal intrigue, nor a single minute resemblance of a destructive weapon to signify that a soldier perished in a battle fought with ambitious views; over his head appears in mild radiance an inscription: 'First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen.'

The form of the Ibis had now vanished as suddenly and silently as it first appeared; the influence of the hour replaced the feeling of awful attention by which it had been suspended. The nocturnal birds, the owls, whip-poor-wills, and bats began their career of nightly occupation and watching, while the rest of the immense assembly soon had their heads under their wings, and presented a more numerous collection than could be formed by the afternoon patients united of a thousand somniferous preachers.

ROBERT C. SANDS,

ONE of the most original of American humorists, a fine scholar, and a poet of ardent imagination, was born in the city of New York, May 11, 1799. His father, Comfort Sands, was a merchant of the city, who had borne a patriotic part in the early struggles of the Revolution. Sands early acquired a taste for the ancient classics, which his education at Columbia College confirmed, to which he afterwards added a knowledge of the modern tongues derived from the Latin. One of his college companions, two years his senior, was his friend and partner in his poetical scheme, James Wallis Eastburn. They projected while in college two literary periodicals, *The Moralist* and *Academic Recreations*. The first had but a single number; the other reached a volume;—Sands contributing prose and verse. Graduating with the class of 1815, he entered the law office of David B. Ogden, and contrary to the habit of young poets, studied with zeal and fidelity. His talent for writing, at this time, was a passion. He wrote with facility, and on a great variety of subjects; one of his compositions, a sermon, penned for a friend, finding its way into print, with the name of the clergyman who delivered it. In 1817 he published, in the measure which the works of Scott had made fashionable, *The Bridal of Vaumond*, founded, his biographer tells us, "on the same legend of the transformation of a decrepit and miserable wretch into a youthful hero, by compact with the infernal powers, which forms the groundwork of Byron's "Deformed Transformed."* This, though spoken of with respect, is not included in the author's writings. His literary history is at this time interwoven with that of his friend, Eastburn, with whom he

was translating the Psalms of David into verse, and writing a poem, "Yamoyden," on the history of Philip, the Indian chieftain. This was planned by Eastburn, while he was pursuing his studies for the ministry, during a residence at Bristol, Rhode Island, in the vicinity of the Indian locality of the poem. It was based on a slight reading of Hubbard's Narrative of the Indian Wars. The two authors chose their parts, and communicated them when finished to each other; the whole poem being written in the winter of 1817 and following spring. While it was being revised, Eastburn, who in the meantime had taken orders in the Protestant Episcopal Church, died in his twenty-second year, December 2, 1819, on a voyage to Santa Cruz, undertaken to recover his health.

The poem was published the year following, in 1820, with an advertisement by Sands, who, on a further study of the subject, had made some additions to the matter. The poem, which celebrates the friendship of the two authors, and the poetical charm of their Indian subject, is justly considered one of the finest of Sands's literary achievements. The basis of the poem belongs to Eastburn.

The literary productions of the latter have never been collected. That they would form a worthy companion volume to the writings of his friend Sands, while exhibiting some characteristic differences of temperament, there is abundant proof in all that is known to the public to have proceeded from his pen. In the absence of further original material, we may here present the tribute paid to his genius by his brother, the Right Reverend Manton Eastburn, of the diocese of Massachusetts, in an oration pronounced in 1837, at the first semi-centennial anniversary of the incorporation of Columbia College by the legislature of New York.

"The remains," said Dr. Eastburn, "which Eastburn has left behind him are amazingly voluminous. I will venture to say that there are few, who, on arriving at the age of twenty-two, which was the limit of his mortal career, will be found to have accomplished so much literary composition. His prose writings, many of which appeared anonymously in a series of periodical essays, conducted by himself and some of his friends, take in an extensive range of moral and classical disquisition; and are models of the purest Addisonian English. The great charm, however, of all his writings, is the tone that breathes through them. Whatever be the subject, the reader is never allowed to forget, that the pages before him are indited with a pen dipped in the dew of heaven. An illustration of this peculiar feature of his productions will form the most appropriate ending of this brief offering to his memory. On one glorious night of June, 1819, during his residence as a parochial clergyman upon the eastern shore of Virginia, and a few months before his death, he sat up until the solemn hour of twelve to enjoy the scene. The moon was riding in her majesty; her light fell upon the waters of the Chesapeake; and all was hushed into stillness. Under the immediate inspiration of such a spectacle, he penned the following lines, which he has entitled 'The Summer Midnight.' After having given

* Memoir, by G. C. Verplanck, p. 7.

them to you, my fellow-collegians, I will leave you to decide whether the character I have just drawn be a true portrait, or has been dictated only by the natural enthusiasm of a brother's love.

"The breeze of night has sunk to rest,
Upon the river's tranquil breast;
And every bird has sought her nest,
Where silent is her minstrelsy;
The queen of heaven is sailing high,
A pale bark on the azure sky,
Where not a breath is heard to sigh—
So deep the soft tranquillity.

"Forgotten now the heat of day
That on the burning waters lay,
The noon of night her mantle grey
Spreads, for the sun's high blazonry;
But glittering in that gentle night
There gleams a line of silvery light,
As tremulous on the shores of white
It hovers sweet and playfully.

"At peace the distant shallop rides;
Not as when dashing o'er her sides
The roaring bay's unruly tides
Were beating round her gloriously;
But every sail is furled and still:
Silent the seaman's whistle shrill,
While dreamy slumbers seem to thrill
With parted hours of ecstasy.

"Stars of the many-spangled heaven!
Faintly this night your beams are given,
Tho' proudly where your hosts are driven
Ye rear your dazzling galaxy;
Since far and wide a softer hue
Is spread across the plains of blue,
Where in bright chorus, ever true,
For ever swells your harmony.

"O for some sadly-dying note
Upon this silent hour to float,
Where from the bustling world remote
The lyre might wake its melody;
One feeble strain is all can swell
From mine almost deserted shell,
In mournful accents yet to tell
That slumbers not its minstrelsy.

"THERE IS AN HOUR of deep repose
That yet upon my heart shall close,
When all that nature dreads and knows
Shall burst upon me wondrously;
O may I then awake for ever
My harp to rapture's high endeavor,
And as from earth's vain scene I sever,
Be lost in Immortality!"

In 1822 and 1823, Sands was writing for the *Literary Review*, a monthly New York periodical, in conjunction with some friends, associated in a junto known as the *Literary Confederacy*. They were four in number, and had already contributed the series of papers, "The Neologist" to the *Daily Advertiser*, and "The Amphilogist" to the *Commercial Advertiser*; and in 1822 and 1823 he furnished, in conjunction with his friends, numerous articles to the *Literary Review*, a New York monthly periodical, and in the winter of 1823-4, the confederacy published the seven numbers of the *St. Tammany Magazine*.

In May, 1824, Sands commenced the *Atlantic Magazine*, which he edited, and for which he wrote many of the articles during its first volume;



Robert C. Sands

when it became the *New York Review* he again entered upon the editorship, which he continued, supplying many ingenious and eloquent papers till 1827. After this he became associated in the conduct of the *Commercial Advertiser*, a post which he occupied at his death.

In 1828, he wrote an *Historical Notice of Hernan Cortes*, to accompany a publication of the *Cortes Letters* for the South American market. For this purpose it was translated into Spanish by Manuel Dominguez, and was not published in the author's own language till the collection of his writings was made after his death. In this year *The Talisman* was projected. It turned out in the hands of its publisher, Elam Bliss, to be an annual, according to the fashion of the day, but it was originally undertaken by the poet Bryant, Verplanck, and Sands, as a joint collection of *Miscellanies*, after the manner of Pope, Swift, and their friends. The *Talisman*, under the editorship of the imaginary Francis Herbert, Esq., and written by the three authors, was continued to a third volume in 1830. It was afterwards re-issued according to the original plan, with the title of *Miscellanies*.

The "Dream of the Princess Papantzin," first published in the *Talisman*, founded on a legend recorded by the Abbé Clavigero, a poem of more than four hundred lines of blank verse, is considered by Mr. Verplanck "one of the most perfect specimens left by Mr. Sands of his poetic powers, whether we regard the varied music of the versification, the freedom and splendor of the diction, the nobleness and affluence of the imagery, or the beautiful and original use he has made of the Mexican mythology."

In 1831 Sands published the *Life and Correspondence of Paul Jones*. The next year he was again associated with Bryant in the brace of volumes entitled *Tales of the Glauber Spa*, to which Paulding, Leggett, and Miss Sedgwick were also contributors, and for which Sands wrote the hu-

morous introduction, the tale of Mr. Green, and an imaginative version of the old Spanish fountain of youth story, entitled Boyuca. His last finished composition was a poem in the Commercial Advertiser, *The Dead* of 1832.

At the very instant of his death he was engaged upon an article of invention for the first number of the Knickerbocker Magazine upon *Esquimaux Literature*, for which he had filled his mind with the best reading on the country. It was while engaged on this article on the 17th December, 1832, that he was suddenly attacked by apoplexy. He had written with his pencil the line for one of the poems by which he was illustrating his topic,

Oh think not my spirit among you abides,

— some uncertain marks followed from his stricken arm; he rose and fell on the threshold of his room, and lived but a few hours longer.

The residence of Sands for the latter part of his life was at Hoboken, then a rural village within sight of New York. In that quiet retreat, and in the neighborhood of the woods of Weehawken,



The Wood at Hoboken.

celebrated by his own pen as well as by the muse of Halleck, he drew his kindly inspirations of nature, which he hardly needed to temper his always charitable judgments of men. His character has been delicately touched by Bryant in the memoir in the Knickerbocker,* and drawn out with genial sympathy by Verplanck in the biography prefixed to his published writings.† Sands was a man of warm and tender feeling, a loving humorist whose laughter was the gay smile of profound sensibility; of a kindling and rapid imagination, which did not disdain the labor and acquisitions of mature scholarship. He died unmarried, having always lived at home in his father's house. It is related of him, in connexion with his love of nature, that he was so near-sighted that he had never seen the stars from his childhood to his sixteenth year, when he obtained appropriate glasses.

That American literature experienced a great loss in the early death of Sands, will be felt by the reader who makes acquaintance with his well cultivated, prompt, exuberant genius, which pro-

mised, had life been spared, a distinguished career of genial mental activity and productiveness.

HOBOKEN.‡

For what is nature? ring her changes round,
Her three flat notes are water, woods, and ground;
Prolong the peal—yet, spite of all her clatter,
The tedious chime is still—grounds, wood, and water.

Is it so, Master Satirist?—does the all-casing air, with the myriad hues which it lends to and borrows again from the planet it invests, make no change in the appearance of the *spectacula rerum*, the visible exhibitions of nature? Have association and contrast nothing to do with them? Nature can afford to be satirized. She defies burlesque. Look at her in her barrenness, or her terrific majesty—in her poverty, or in her glory—she is still the mighty mother, whom man may superficially trick out, but cannot substantially alter. Art can only succeed by following her; and its most magnificent triumphs are achieved by a religious observance of her rules. It is a proud and primitive prerogative of man, that the physical world has been left under his control, to a certain extent, not merely for the purpose of raising from it his sustenance, but of modifying its appearance to gratify the eye of taste, and, by beautifying the material creation, of improving the spiritual elements of his own being.

When the Duke of Bridgewater's engineer was examined by the House of Commons as to his views on the system of internal communication by water, he gave it as his opinion that rivers were made by the Lord to feed canals; and it is true that Providence has given us the raw material to make what we can out of it.

This may be thought too sublime a flourish for an introduction to the luxuriant and delightful landscape by Weir, an engraving from which embellishes the present number of the Mirror. But, though it may be crudely expressed, it is german to the subject. Good taste and enterprise have done for Hoboken precisely what they ought to have done, without violating the propriety of nature. Those who loved its wild haunts before the metamorphosis, were, it is true, not a little shocked at what they could not but consider a desecration; and thought they heard the nymphs screaming—"We are off," when carts, bullocks, paddies, and rollers came to clear the forest sanctuary. They were ready to exclaim with the poet, Cardinal Bernis—

Quelle étonnante barbarie
D'asservir la variété
Au corbeau de la symétrie;
De polir la rusticité
D'un bois fait pour la reverie,
Et d'orner la simplicité
De cette riante parerie!

But "*cette riante prairie*" is now one of the prettiest places you may see of a summer's day. It is appropriately called the Elysian Fields, and does, indeed, remind the spectator of

Yellow meads of asphodel,
And amarantine bowers.

It is now clothed in vivid, transparent, emerald green; its grove is worthy of being painted by

* First published in the New York Mirror, to accompany a landscape by Weir, of which the wood engraving in this article is a copy.

† Oh, what a shocking thing to sacrifice
Variety to symmetry
In such a wise!
To polish the rusticity
Of that old wood, designed for reverie,
And ornament the simple grace
Of that fair meadow's smiling face.—**PRINTER'S DEVIL.**

* January, 1838.

† The Writings of Robert C. Sands, in Prose and Verse, with a Memoir of the Author. 2 vols. Harpers. 1834.

Claude Lorraine; and from it you may look, and cannot help looking, on one of the noblest rivers, and one of the finest cities in the universe.

Hoboken has been illustrated so often, in poetry and prose, and by the pencil of the limner, in late years, that it would be vain and superfluous to attempt a new description. A "sacred bard," one who will be held such in the appreciation of posterity, has spoken of the walk from this village to Weehawken as "one of the most beautiful in the world,"* and has given, in prose, a picture of its appearance. Another writer, whose modest genius (I beg your pardon, Messrs. Editors—he is one of your own gang) leavens the literary aliment of our town, and the best part of whom shall assuredly "escape libitina," has elegantly and graphically described the spot in illustrating another series of pictorial views.† Halleck's lines are as familiar as household words. Francis Herbert has made the vicinity the scene of one of his tough stories. At least half a dozen different views have been taken of it within the last two years. They embraced, generally, an extensive view of the river, bay, and city. Weir has selected a beautiful spot, in one of the new walks near the mansion of Colonel Stevens, with a glimpse of the splendid sheet of water through the embowering foliage. That gentleman, and lady with a parasol, in front of the prim, and who look a little prim themselves, seem to enjoy the loveliness of the scene, as well as the society of one another. Our country has reason to reckon with pride the name of Weir among those of her artists.

The sunny Italy may boast
The beauteous hues that flush her skies;

he has seen, admired, studied, and painted them; but he can find subjects for his pencil as fair, in his own land, and no one can do them more justice.

It is a fact not generally known, that there is, or was, an old town in Holland called Hoboken, from which, no doubt, this place was named. There was also a family of that name in Holland. A copy of an old work on medicine, by a Dutch physician of the name of Hoboken, is in the library of one of the eminent medical men of this city. The oldest remaining house upon it, for it is insulated, forms the rear of Mr. Thomas Swift's hotel upon the green, and was built sixty years ago, as may be seen by the iron memorandums practicated in the walls. There is at present a superb promenade along the margin of the river, under the high banks and magnesia rocks which overlook it, of more than a mile in length, on which it is intended to lay rails, for the edification of our domestic cockneys and others, who might not else have a chance of seeing a locomotive in operation, and who may be whisked to the Elysian fields before they will find time to comb their whiskers, or count the seconds.

In this genial season of the year, a more appropriate illustration could not be furnished for the Mirror than a view of this pleasant spot. We say, with Horace, let others cry up Thesulian Tempe, &c., our own citizens have a retreat from the dust and heat of the metropolis more agreeable—

Quam domus Albunee resonantis,
Et præceps Anio, et Tiburni lucus, et uda
Mobilibus pomaria rivis.

But, as some of your readers may not understand Latin, let us imitate, travesty, and doggerelize the ode

of Flaccus bodily. There is an abrupt transition in the middle of it, which critics have differed about; but I suppose it is preserved as he wrote it; the whole of the old rascal's great argument being, that with good wine you may be comfortable in any place, even in Communipaw.

Laudabunt alti clarum Rhodon, &c.

Let Willis tell, in glittering prose,
Of Paris and its tempting shows;
Let Irving while his fancy glows,
Praise Spain, renowned—romantic!
Let Cooper write, until it palls,
Of Venice, and her marble walls,
Her dungeons, bridges, and canals,
Enough to make one frantic!

Let *royaume* Macadamize,
With books, the Alps that climb the skies,
And ne'er forget, in anywise,
Geneva's lake and city;
And poor old Rome—the proud, the great,
Fallen—fallen from her high estate,
No cockney sees, but he must prate
About her—what a pity!

Of travellers there is no lack,
God knows—each one of them a back,
Who ride to write, and then go back
And publish a long story,
Chiefly about themselves; but each
Or in dispraise or praise, with breach
Of truth on either side, will preach
About some place's glory.

For me—who never saw the sun
His course o'er other regions run,
Than those whose franchise well was won
By blood of patriot martyre—
Fair fertile France may smile in vain;
Nor will I seek thy ruins, Spain:
Albion, thy freedom I disdain,
With all thy monarch's charters.

Better I love the river's side,
Where Hudson's sounding waters glide,
And with their full majestic tide
To the great sea keep flowing:
Weehawk, I loved thy frowning height,
Since first I saw, with fond delight,
The wave beneath the rushes bright,
And the new Rome still growing.

[Here occurs the seeming hiatus above referred to.
He proceeds as follows:—]

Though lately we might truly say,
"The rain it raineth every day,"
The wind can sweep the clouds away,
And open daylight's shutters:
So, Colonel Morris, my fine man,
Drink good champagne whenever you can,
Regardless of the temperance plan,
Or what the parson utters.

Whether in regimentals fine,
Upon a spanking horse you shine,
Or supervise the works divine
Of scribblers like the present:
Trust me, the good old stuff, the blood
Of generous grapes, well understood
On sea, on land, in town, in wood,
Will make all places pleasant.

For hear what Ajax Teucer said,*
Whose brother foolishly went dead
For spleen:—to Salamis he sped,
Sane Telamon's dead body;
His father kicked him off the stoop—
Said he, "For this I will not droop;
The world has realms wherein to snoop,
And I am not a noddie."

"Come, my brave boys, and let us go,
As fortune calls, or winds may blow—
Teucer your guide, the way will show—
Fear no mishap nor sorrow:
Another Salamis as fine,
Is promised by the Delphic shrine:
So stuff your skins to-night with wine,
We'll go to sea to-morrow."

* American Landscape. Edited by W. C. Bryant, No. 1. This work was projected by the New York artists; but the project has been abandoned.

† Views of New York and its Environs. Published by Peabody & Co., and edited by T. S. Fay.

* The papa of the two Ajaces charged them, when they started for Troy, to bring one another home; or else he threatened not to receive the survivor. Ajax Telamon being miffed, because the armour of Achilles was awarded to Ulysses, went crazy, killed sheep, and made a holocaust of himself. When Teucer went home without him, the old gentleman shut the door in his face.—Free translation of *Mad. Dacier*.

PROEM TO TAMOYDEN.

Go forth, sad fragments of a broken strain,
The last that either bard shall e'er essay!
The hand can ne'er attempt the chords again,
That first awoke them, in a happier day:
Where sweeps the ocean breeze its desert way,
His requiem murmurs o'er the moaning wave;
And he who feebly now prolongs the lay,
Shall ne'er the minstrel's hallowed honours crave;
His harp lies buried deep, in that untimely grave!

Friend of my youth, with thee began the love
Of sacred song; the wont, in golden dreams,
'Mid classic realms of splendours past to rove,
O'er haunted steep, and by immortal streams;
Where the blue wave, with sparkling bosom gleams
Round shores, the mind's eternal heritage,
For ever lit by memory's twilight beams;
Where the proud dead that live in storied page,
Beckon, with awful port, to glory's earlier age.

There would we linger oft, entranced, to hear,
O'er battle fields, the epic thunders roll;
Or list, where tragic wail upon the ear,
Through Argive palaces shrill echoing, stole;
There would we mark, uncured by all control,
In central heaven, the Theban eagle's flight;
Or hold communion with the musing soul
Of sage or bard, who sought, 'mid pagan night,
In loved Athenian groves, for truth's eternal light.

Homeward we turned, to that fair land, but late
Redeemed from the strong spell that bound it fast,
Where mystery, brooding o'er the waters, sate
And kept the key, till three millenniums past;
When, as creation's noblest work was last,
Latest, to man it was vouchsafed, to see
Nature's great wonder, long by clouds o'ercast,
And veiled in sacred awe, that it might be
An empire and a home, most worthy for the free.

And here, forerunners strange and meet were found,
Of that blessed freedom, only dreamed before;—
Dark were the morning mists, that lingered round
Their birth and story, as the hue they bore.
"Earth was their mother;"—or they knew no more,
Or would not that their secret should be told;
For they were grave and silent; and such lore,
To stranger ears, they loved not to unfold,
The long-transmitted tales their sires were taught
Of old.

Kind nature's commoners, from her they drew
Their needful wants, and learned not how to hoard,
And him whom strength and wisdom crowned,
they knew,
But with no servile reverence, as their lord.
And on their mountain summits they adored
One great, good Spirit, in his high abode,
And thence their incense and orisons poured
To his pervading presence, that abroad
They felt through all his works,—their Father,
King, and God.

And in the mountain mist, the torrent's spray,
The quivering forest, or the glassy flood,
Soft falling showers, or hues of orient day,
They imaged spirits beautiful and good;
But when the tempest roared, with voices rude,
Or fierce, red lightning fired the forest pine,
Or withering heats untimely seared the wood,
The angry forms they saw of powers malign;
These they besought to spare, those blest for aid di-
vine.

As the fresh sense of life, through every vein,
With the pure air they drank, inspiring came,

Comely they grew, patient of toil and pain,
And as the fleet deer's agile was their frame;
Of meaner vices scarce they knew the name;
These simple truths went down from sire to son,—
To reverence age,—the sluggish hunter's shame,
And craven warrior's infamy to shun,—
And still avenge each wrong, to friends or kindred
done.

From forest shades they peered, with awful dread,
When, uttering flame and thunder from its side,
The ocean-monster, with broad wings outspread,
Came ploughing gallantly the virgin tide.
Few years have passed, and all their forests' pride
From shores and hills has vanished, with the race,
Their tenants erst, from memory who have died,
Like airy shapes, which eld was wont to trace,
In each green thicket's depth, and lone, sequestered
place.

And many a gloomy tale, tradition yet
Saves from oblivion, of their struggles vain,
Their prowess and their wrongs, for rhymers meet,
To people scenes, where still their names remain;
And so began our young, delighted strain,
That would evoke the plumed chieftains brave,
And bid their martial hosts arise again,
Where Narraganset's tides roll by their grave,
And Haup's romantic steepers are piled above the
wave.

Friend of my youth! with thee began my song,
And o'er thy bier its latest accents die;
Miled in phantom-peopled realms too long,—
Though not to me the muse averse deny,
Sometimes, perhaps, her visions to descry,
Such thriftless pastime should with youth be o'er;
And he who loved with thee his notes to try,
But for thy sake, such idlesse would deplore,
And swears to meditate the thankless muse no more.

But, no! the freshness of the past shall still
Sacred to memory's holiest musings be;
When through the ideal fields of song, at will,
He roved and gathered chaplets wild with thee;
When, reckless of the world, alone and free,
Like two proud barks, we kept our careless way,
That sail by moonlight o'er the tranquil sea;
Their white apparel and their streamers gay,
Bright gleaming o'er the main, beneath the ghostly
ray;—

And downward, far, reflected in the clear
Blue depths, the eye their fairy tackling sees;
So buoyant, they do seem to float in air,
And silently obey the noiseless breeze;
Till, all too soon, as the rude winds may please,
They part for distant ports: the gales benign
Swift wafting, bore, by Heaven's all-wise decrees,
To its own harbour sure, where each divine
And joyous vision, seen before in dreams, is thine.

Muses of Helicon! melodious race
Of Jove and golden-haired Mnemosyné;
Whose art from memory blots each sadder trace,
And drives each scowling form of grief away!
Who, round the violet fount, your measures gay
Once trod, and round the altar of great Jove;
Whence, wrapt in silvery clouds, your nightly
way

Ye held, and ravishing strains of music wove,
That soothed the Thunderer's soul, and filled his
courts above.

Bright choir! with lips untented, and with zone
Sparkling, and unapproached by touch profane;
Ye, to whose gladsome bosoms ne'er was known
The blight of sorrow, or the throb of pain;
Rightly invoked,—if right the elected swain,

On your own mountain's side ye taught of yore,
Whose honoured hand took not your gift in vain,
Worthy the budding laurel-bough it bore,—
Farewell! a long farewell! I worship thee no more.

A MONODY MADE ON THE LATE MR. SAMUEL PATCH, BY AN
ADMIRER OF THE BATHOS.

By waters shall he die, and take his end.—SHAKESPEARE.

Toll for Sam Patch! Sam Patch, who jumps no
more,

This or the world to come. Sam Patch is dead!
The vulgar pathway to the unknown shore
Of dark futurity he would not tread.

No friends stood sorrowing round his dying bed;
Nor with decorous woe, sedately stepped
Behind his corpse, and tears by retail shed;—
The mighty river, as it onward swept,
In one great wholesale sob, his body drowned and
kept.

Toll for Sam Patch! he scorned the common way
That leads to fame, up heights of rough ascent,
And having heard Pope and Longinus say,
That some great men had risen to falls, he went
And jumped, where wild Passaic's waves had rent
The antique rocks;—the air free passage gave,—
And graciously the liquid element

Uppore him, like some sea-god on its wave;
And all the people said that Sam was very brave.

Fame, the clear spirit that doth to heaven upraise,
Led Sam to dive into what Byron calls

The hell of waters. For the sake of praise,
He wooed the bathos down great water-falls;
The dizzy precipice, which the eye appals
Of travellers for pleasure, Samuel found

Pleasant, as are to women lighted halls,
Crammed full of fools and fiddles; to the sound
Of the eternal roar, he timed his desperate bound.

Sam was a fool. But the large world of such,
Has thousands—better taught, alike absurd,
And less sublime. Of fame he soon got much,
Where distant cataracts spout, of him men heard.
Alas for Sam! Had he aright preferred

The kindly element, to which he gave
Himself so fearlessly, we had not heard
That it was now his winding-sheet and grave,
Nor sung, 'twixt tears and smiles, our requiem for
the brave.

He soon got drunk, with rum and with renown,
As many others in high places do;—
Whose fall is like Sam's last—for down and down,
By one mad impulse driven, they flounder through
The gulf that keeps the future from our view,
And then are found not. May they rest in peace!
We heave the sigh to human frailty due—
And shall not Sam have his? The muse shall cease
To keep the heroic roll, which she began in Greece—

With demigods, who went to the Black Sea
For wool (and if the best accounts be straight,
Came back, in negro phraseology,
With the same wool each upon his pate),
In which she chronicled the deathless fate
Of him who jumped into the perilous ditch
Left by Rome's street commissioners, in a state
Which made it dangerous, and by jumping which
He made himself renowned, and the contractors
rich—

I say, the muse shall quite forget to sound
The chord whose music is undying, if
She do not strike it when Sam Patch is drowned.
Leander dived for love. Leucadia's cliff

The Lesbian Sappho leapt from in a miff,
To punish Phaon; Icarus went dead,
Because the wax did not continue stiff;
And, had he minded what his father said,
He had not given a name unto his watery bed.

And Helle's case was all an accident,
As everybody knows. Why sing of these?
Nor would I rank with Sam that man who went
Down into Ætna's womb—Empedocles,
I think he called himself. Themselves to please,
Or else unwillingly, they made their springs;
For glory in the abstract, Sam made his,
To prove to all men, commons, lords, and kings,
That "some things may be done, as well as other
things."

I will not be fatigued, by citing more
Who jumped of old, by hazard or design,
Nor plague the weary ghosts of boyish lore,
Vulcan, Apollo, Phaeton—in fine
All Tooke's Pantheon. Yet they grew divine
By their long tumbles; and if we can match
Their hierarchy, shall we not entwine
One wretch? Who ever came "up to the scratch,"
And for so little, jumped so bravely as Sam Patch!
To long conclusions many men have jumped
In logic, and the safer course they took;
By any other, they would have been stumped,
Unable to argue, or to quote a book,
And quite dumb-founded, which they cannot
brook;

They break no bones, and suffer no contusion,
Hiding their woful fall, by hook and crook,
In slang and gibberish, sputtering and confusion;
But that was not the way Sam came to his conclu-
sion.

He jumped in person. Death or Victory
Was his device, "and there was no mistake,"
Except his last; and then he did but die,
A blunder which the wisest men will make.
Aloft, where mighty floods the mountains break,
To stand, the target of ten thousand eyes,
And down into the coil and water-quake,
To leap, like Maia's offspring, from the skies—
For this all vulgar flights he ventured to despise.

And while Niagara prolongs its thunder,
Though still the rock primeval disappears,
And nations change their bounds—the theme of
wonder

Shall Sam go down the cataract of long years;
And if there be sublimity in tears,
Those shall be precious which the adventurer shed
When his frail star gave way, and waked his fears
Lest, by the ungenerous crowd it might be said,
That he was all a hoax, or that his pluck had fled.

Who would compare the maudlin Alexander,
Blubbling, because he had no job in hand,
Acting the hypocrite, or else the gander,
With Sam, whose grief we all can understand!
His crying was not womanish, nor planned
For exhibition; but his heart o'erswelled
With its own agony, when he the grand
Natural arrangements for a jump beheld,
And measuring the cascade, found not his courage
quelled.

His last great failure set the final seal
Unto the record Time shall never tear,
While bravery has its honour,—while men feel
The holy natural sympathies which are
First, last, and mightiest in the bosom. Where
The tortured tides of Genesee descend,
He came—his only intimate a bear,—
(We know not that he had another friend),
The martyr of renown, his wayward course to end.

The fiend that from the infernal rivers stole
 Hell-draughts for man, too much tormented him,
 With nerves unstrung, but steadfast in his soul,
 He stood upon the salient current's brim;
 His head was giddy, and his sight was dim;
 And then he knew this leap would be his last,—
 Saw air, and earth, and water wildly swim,
 With eyes of many multitudes, dense and vast,
 That stared in mockery; none a look of kindness
 cast.

Beat down, in the huge amphitheatre
 "I see before me the gladiator lie,"
 And tier on tier, the myriads waiting there
 The bow of grace, without one pitying eye—
 He was a slave—a captive hired to die;—
Sam was born free as *Cæsar*; and he might
 The hopeless issue have refused to try;
 No! with true leap, but soon with faltering flight,—
 "Deep in the roaring gulf, he plunged to endless
 night."

But, ere he leapt, he begged of those who made
 Money by his dread venture, that if he
 Should perish, such collection should be paid
 As might be picked up from the "company"
To his Mother. This, his last request, shall be,—
 Tho' she who bore him ne'er his fate should know,—
 An iris, glittering o'er his memory—
 When all the streams have worn their barriers low,
 And, by the sea drunk up, for ever cease to flow.

On him who chooses to jump down cataracts,
 Why should the sternest moralist be severe?
 Judge not the dead by prejudice—but facts,
 Such as in strictest evidence appear.
 Else were the laurels of all ages sere.
 Give to the brave, who have passed the final goal,—
 The gates that ope not back,—the generous tear;
 And let the muse's clerk upon her scroll,
 In coarse, but honest verse, make up the judgment
 roll.

Therefore it is considered, that *Sam Patch*
 Shall never be forgot in prose or rhyme;
 His name shall be a portion in the batch
 Of the heroic dough, which baking Time
 Kneads for consuming ages—and the chime
 Of Fame's old bells, long as they truly ring,
 Shall tell of him; he dived for the sublime,
 And found it. Thou, who with the eagle's wing
 Being a goose, would'st fly,—dream not of such a
 thing!

THE DEAD OF 1832.

Oh Time and Death! with certain pace,
 Though still unequal, hurrying on,
 O'erturning in your awful race,
 The cot, the palace, and the throne!
 Not always in the storm of war,
 Nor by the pestilence that sweeps
 From the plague-smitten realms afar,
 Beyond the old and solemn deeps:
 In crowds the good and mighty go,
 And to those vast dim chambers hie:—
 Where mingled with the high and low,
 Dead *Cæsars* and dead *Shakespeares* lie!
 Dread Ministers of God! sometimes
 Ye smite at once, to do His will,
 In all earth's ocean-severed climes,
 Those—whose renown ye cannot kill!
 When all the brightest stars that burn
 At once are banished from their spheres,
 Men sadly ask, when shall return
 Such lustre to the coming years?

For where is he*—who lived so long—
 Who raised the modern Titan's ghost,
 And showed his fate, in powerful song,
 Whose soul for learning's sake was lost?

Where he—who backwards to the birth
 Of Time itself, adventurous trod,
 And in the mingled mass of earth
 Found out the handiwork of God?†

Where he—who in the mortal head,‡
 Ordained to gaze on heaven, could trace
 The soul's vast features, that shall tread
 The stars, when earth is nothingness?

Where he—who struck old *Albyn's* lyre,§
 Till round the world its echoes roll,
 And swept, with all a prophet's fire,
 The diapason of the soul?

Where he—who read the mystic lore,||
 Buried, where buried *Pharaohs* sleep;
 And dared presumptuous to explore
 Secrets four thousand years could keep?

Where he—who with a poet's eye¶
 Of truth, on lowly nature gazed,
 And made even sordid Poverty
 Classic, when in his numbers glazed?

Where—that old sage so hale and staid,**
 The "greatest good" who sought to find;
 Who in his garden mused, and made
 All forms of rule, for all mankind?

And thou—whom millions far removed††
 Revered—the hierarch meek and wise,
 Thy ashes sleep, adored, beloved,
 Near where thy *Wesley's* coffin lies.

He too—the heir of glory—where
 Hath great *Napoleon's* scion fled?
 Ah! glory goes not to an heir!
 Take him, ye noble, vulgar dead!

But hark! a nation sighs! for he,‡‡
 Last of the brave who perilled all
 To make an infant empire free,
 Obeys the inevitable call!

They go, and with them is a crowd,
 For human rights who *THOUGHT* and *DIED*,
 We rear to them no temples proud,
 Each hath his mental pyramid.

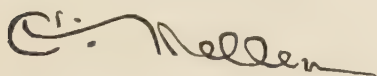
All earth is now their sepulchre,
 The MIND, their monument sublime—
 Young in eternal fame they are—
 Such are your triumphs, Death and Time.

GRENVILLE MELLEEN.

GRENVILLE MELLEEN was born at Biddeford, Maine, June 19, 1799. He was the eldest son of the eminent Chief-justice Mellen, of the Supreme Court in that state. He was graduated at Harvard in 1818; studied law with his father, and settled at Portland, Maine. In 1823 he removed to North Yarmouth, in the same state, where he remained for five years. His poems at this period and subsequently to his death, appeared frequently in the periodicals, the magazines and annuals, of the time. In 1826 he pronounced before the Peace Society of Maine, at Portland, a poem, *The Rest of Empires*, and in 1828 an Anniversary Poem, before the Athenian

* Goethe and his Faust. † Cuvier. ‡ Spurzheim.
 § Scott. || Champollion. ¶ Crabbe.
 ** Jeremy Bentham. †† Adam Clarke. ‡‡ Charles Carroll.

Society of Bowdoin College, *The Light of Letters*. He wrote for the United States Literary Gazette, a well sustained journal published at Boston. In 1827 he published *Our Chronicle of Twenty-Six*, a satire, and in 1829 *Glad Tales and Sad Tales*, a volume in prose, from his contributions to the periodicals. The chief collection of his poems appeared in Boston in 1833, *The Martyrs' Triumph, Buried Valley, and other Poems*.



From Boston he came to reside in New York. His health, which was always delicate, was now much enfeebled; he was lingering with consumption when he made a voyage to Cuba, from which he returned without benefit, and died in New York September 5, 1841, at the residence of his friend, Mr. Samuel Colman, for whose family he felt the warmest affection, and whose house he had called his home for the latter years of his life. Before his death he was engaged upon a collection of his unpublished poems, which still remain in manuscript.

A glance at his poems shows a delicate susceptibility to poetical impression, tinged with an air of melancholy. He wrote with ease, often carelessly and pretentiously—often with eloquence. With a stronger constitution his verse would probably have assumed a more condensed, energetic expression. With a consciousness of poetic power he struggled with a feeble frame, and at times yielded to despondency. The memory of his tenderness and purity of character is much cherished by his friends.

THE BRIDAL.

Young Beauty at the altar! Oh! kneel down
All ye that come to gaze into her face,
And breathe low prayers for her. See at her side
Stand her pale parents in their latter days,
Pondering that bitter word—the last farewell!
The father, with a mild but tearless eye—
The mother, with both eye and heart in tears!
He, with his iron nature just put off,
Comes from the mart of noisy men awhile,
To witness holier vows than bind the world,
And taste, once more, the fount of sympathy!
She from the secret chamber of her sighs,
The home of woman! She has softly come
To stand beside her child—her only child—
And hear her pale-lipped promises. She comes
With hands laid meekly on her bosom—yet
With eye upraised, as tho' to catch one glance
Like that of childhood, from that pallid face
That hung for hours imploringly on hers,
In the long, watchful years of trial. Now,
She would endure those cruel years again,
To take her as an infant back to arms
That shielded and encircled her—ere she
Had blossomed into life. But lo! she stands
A plighted lovely creature at her side—
The child all lost in woman! The whole world
Contains for her no glory, now, like that
That centres in her full and thrilling heart.
Her eye roves not—is fixed not—but a deep
And lovely haze, as tho' she were in vision,

Has gathered on its dark transparency.
Her sight is on the future! Clouds and dreams!
Her head is bent—and on her varying cheek
The beautiful shame flits by—as hurrying thoughts
Press out the blood from th' o'erteeming citadel.
Roses and buds are struggling thro' her hair,
That hangs like night upon her brow—and see!
Dew still is on their bloom! Oh! emblem fair,
Of pure luxuriant youth—ere yet the sun
Of toiling, heated life hath withered it,
And scattered all its fragrance to the winds.

And doth she tremble—this long cherished flower!
As friends come closer round her, and the voice
Of adulation calls her from her dream!
Oh! wonder not that glowing youth like this,
To whom existence has been sunshine all,
A long, sweet dream of love—when on her ear
The tale of faith, of trial, and of death,
Sounds with a fearful music—should be dumb
And quake before the altar! Wonder not
That her heart shakes alarmingly for now
She listens to the vow, that, like a voice
From out of heaven at night, when it comes down
Upon our fevered slumbers, steals on her
And calls to the recallest sacrifice!
Young maidens cluster round her; but she vows
Amid her bridal tears, and heeds them not.
Her thoughts are tossed and troubled—like lone barks
Upon a tempest sea, when stars have set
Under the heaving waters:—She hears not
The very prayers that float up round her; but
Veiling her eyes, she gives her heart away,
Deaf to all sounds but that low-voiced one
That love breathes through the temple of her soul!

Young Beauty at the altar! Ye may go
And rife earth of all its loveliness,
And of all things created hither bring
The rosiest and richest—but, alas!
The world is all too poor to rival this!
Ye summon nothing from the place of dreams,
The orient realm of fancy, that can cope,
In all its passionate devotedness,
With this chaste, silent picture of the heart!
Youth, bud-encircled youth, and purity,
Yielding their bloom and fragrance up—in tears.

The promises have past. And welling now
Up from the lowly throng a faint far hymn
Breaks on the whispery silence—plaintively
Sweet voices mingling on the mellow notes,
Lift up the gathering melody, till all
Join in the lay to Jesus—all, save they
Whose hearts are echoing still to other sounds,
The music of their vows!

THE BUGLE.

But still the dingle's hollow throat,
Prolonged the swelling Bugle's note;
The owlets started from their dream,
The eagles answered with their scream.
Round and around the sounds were cast,
Till echo turned an answering blast.

Lady of the Lake.

O, wild enchanting horn!
Whose music up the deep and dewy air,
Swells to the clouds, and calls on echo there,
Till a new melody is born.

Wake, wake again; the night
Is bending from her throne of Beauty down,
With still stars beaming on her azure crown,
Intense and eloquently bright!

Night, at its pulseless noon!
When the far voice of waters mourns in song,
And some tired watch-dog, lazily and long,
Barks at the melancholy moon!

Hark! how it sweeps away,
Soaring and dying on the silent sky,
As if some sprite of sound went wandering by,
With lone halloo and roundelay.

Swell, swell in glory out!
Thy tones come pouring on my leaping heart,
And my stirred spirit hears thee with a start,
As boyhood's old remembered shout.

Oh, have ye heard that peal,
From sleeping city's moon-bathed battlements,
Or from the guarded field and warrior tents,
Like some near breath around ye steal!

Or have ye, in the roar
Of sea, or storm, or battle, heard it rise,
Shriller than eagle's clamor to the skies,
Where wings and tempests never soar.

Go, go; no other sound,
No music, that of air or earth is born,
Can match the mighty music of that horn,
On midnight's fathomless profound!

PROSPER M. WETMORE.

PROSPER MONTGOMERY WETMORE was born at Stratford on the Housatonic, Connecticut, in 1799. At an early age he removed with his parents to New York. His father dying soon after, he was placed, when scarcely nine years of age, in a counting-room, where he continued as a clerk till he reached his majority. He has since that period been engaged in mercantile business in the city of New York.

With scant early opportunities for literary culture, Mr. Wetmore was not long in improving a natural tendency to the pursuits of authorship. He made his first appearance in print in 1816, at the age of seventeen, and soon became an important aid to the struggling literature, and, it may be added, writers of the times. He wrote for the magazines, the annuals, and the old *Mirror*; and as literature at that period was kept up rather as a social affair than from any reward promised by the trade, it became naturally associated with a taste for the green-room, and the patronage of the theatrical stars of the day. Mr. Wetmore was the companion of Price, Simpson, Brooks, Morris, and other members of a society which supported the wit and gaiety of the town.



In 1830 Mr. Wetmore published in an elegant octavo volume, *Lexington, with other Fugitive Poems*. This is the only collection of his writings which has been made. *Lexington*, a picture, in an ode, of the early revolutionary battle, is a spirited poem. It has fire and ease of versification. The Banner of Murat, The Russian Retreat, Greece, Painting, and several theatrical addresses possessing similar qualities, are among the contents of this volume.

In 1832 Mr. Wetmore delivered a poem in Spenserian stanza on *Ambition*, before one of the literary societies of Hamilton College, New York, which has not been printed.

In 1838 he edited a volume of the poems of

James Nack, prefaced with a brief notice of the life of that remarkable person.

Mr. Wetmore, however, has been more generally known as a man of literary influence in society than as an author. He has been prominently connected with most of the liberal interests of the city, both utilitarian and refined—as Regent of the University, to which body he was appointed in 1833, promoting the public school system; as chairman of the committee on colleges and academies in the State Legislature, to which he was elected in 1834 and 1835; as member of the City Chamber of Commerce; as an efficient director of the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb; as President of the American Art-Union, which rapidly extended under his management to a national institution; and as a most active member and supporter of the New York Historical Society. These varied pursuits, the public indexes to more numerous private acts of liberality, have been sustained by a graceful personal manner, a sanguine temperament which preserves the freshness of youth, and a wide versatility of talent.

The military title of General Wetmore, by which he is widely known, is derived from his long and honorable service in the militia organization of the state, of which he was for many years Paymaster-General.

PAINTING.

Peopling, with art's creative power,
The lonely home, the silent hour.

'Tis to the pencil's magic skill
Life owes the power, almost divine,
To call back vanished forms at will,
And bid the grave its prey resign:
Affection's eye again may trace
The lineaments beloved so well;
The speaking look, the form of grace,
All on the living canvas dwell:
'Tis there the childless mother pays
Her sorrowing soul's idolatry;
There love can find, in after days,
A talisman to memory!
'Tis thine, o'er History's storied page,
To shed the halo light of truth;
And bid the scenes of by-gone age
Still flourish in immortal youth—
The long forgotten battle-field,
With mailed men to people forth;
In bannered pride, with spear and shield,
To show the mighty ones of earth—
To shadow, from the holy book,
The images of sacred lore;
On Calvary, the dying look
That told life's agony was o'er—
The joyous hearts, and glistening eyes,
When little ones were suffered near—
The lips that bade the dead arise,
To dry the widowed mother's tear:
These are the triumphs of the art,
Conceptions of the master-mind;
Time-shrouded forms to being start,
And wondering rapture fills mankind!

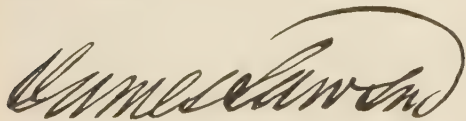
Led by the light of Genius on,
What visions open to the gaze!
'Tis nature all, and art is gone,
We breathe with them of other days;
Italia's victor leads the war,
And triumphs o'er the ensanguined plain:
Behold! the Peasant Conqueror
Piling Marengo with his slain:

That sun of glory beams once more,
But clouds have dimmed its radiant hue.
The splendor of its race is o'er,
It sets in blood on Waterloo!

What scene of thrilling awe is here!
No look of joy, no eye for mirth;
With steeled hearts and brows austere,
Their deeds proclaim a nation's birth.
Fame here inscribes for future age,
A proud memorial of the free;
And stamps upon her deathless page,
The noblest theme of history!

JAMES LAWSON,

A CITIZEN of New York, and for many years connected with its literary interests, was born November 9, 1799, in Glasgow, Scotland. He was educated at the University of that city, and came early in life, at the close of the year 1815, to America, where he was received at New York in the counting-house of a maternal uncle. Mr. Lawson seems early to have taken an interest in American letters; for in 1821 we find him in correspondence with Mr. John Mennons, editor of the *Greenock Advertiser*, who was then engaged in publishing a miscellaneous collection of prose and verse, entitled the *Literary Coronal*. Mr. Mennons desired to introduce specimens of American authors, then a novelty to the British public, into his book, and Mr. Lawson supplied him with the materials. It was through this avenue and one or two kindred publications, that the merits of several of the best American authors first became known abroad. Halleck's "Fanny" was republished by Mr. Mennons in September, 1821, a fac-simile of the New York edition. In a second volume of the *Literary Coronal* of 1823, it was again re-published with poems by Bryant, Percival, James G. Brooks, and Miss Manley. An English edition of *Salmagundi* was published in the same year in the style of the *Coronal*, by Mr. Mennons, who was, perhaps, the first in the old world to seek after American poetry, and introduce abroad those felicitous short pieces of verse which have since become household words in England, through collections like his own. In this, he had a willing co-operator in Mr. Lawson, whose literary and personal friendship with the authors of the country has been a marked trait of his life.



A third Edinburgh publication followed, "The American Lyre," composed entirely of American poetry. It opened with *Ontwa, the Son of the Forest*, a poem first published in New York in 1822, the curious and interesting notes to which on Indian character and antiquities, were written by the Hon. Lewis Cass, then Governor of Michigan. *Ontwa* is a spirited poem, an eloquent commemoration of the manners and extinction of the nation of the Eries.

Another volume of the *Coronal*, liberally supplied with American verse, appeared in 1826.

About this time the failure of the mercantile house in which Mr. Lawson was a partner, led him to turn his attention to literature. He had been

already connected with the poet and editor, Mr. J. G. Brooks, in writing for the literary periodical of the latter, the *New York Literary Gazette*, and *American Athenaeum*.*

In this, Mr. Lawson wrote the first criticism on Mr. Edwin Forrest, who had then just made his appearance in New York at the Bowery Theatre, under the management of Gilfert. This opening performance, in November, 1826, was *Othello*; and Mr. Lawson's criticism of several columns appeared in the next number of his friend's paper. It was shrewd, acute, freely pointing out defects, and confidently anticipating his subsequent triumphs.

The *Literary Gazette*, on its discontinuance, was immediately succeeded by an important newspaper enterprise, founded by Mr. J. G. Brooks, Mr. John B. Skilman, and Mr. James Lawson, as associates. This was the *Morning Courier* grown into the *New York Courier and Enquirer*. The first number of this journal was issued in 1827; and its first article was written by Mr. Lawson. The joint editorship of the paper continued till 1829, when new financial arrangements were made, and Noah's *Enquirer* was added to the *Courier*. Mr. Brooks and Mr. Lawson retired, when the latter immediately joined Mr. Amos Butler in the *Mercantile Advertiser*, with which he remained associated till 1833.

In 1830, a volume, *Tales and Sketches by a Cosmopolite*, from the pen of Mr. Lawson, was published by Elam Bliss, in New York. In these the writer finds his themes in the domestic life and romance of his native land, and in one instance ventures a dramatic sketch, a love scene, the precursor of the author's next publication, *Giordano*, a tragedy; an Italian state story of love and conspiracy, which was first performed at the Park Theatre, New York, in Nov. 1828. The prologue was written by the late William Leggett, and the epilogue, spoken by Mrs. Hilson, by Mr. Prosper M. Wetmore.

This is Mr. Lawson's only dramatic production, which has issued from the press. He has, however, in several instances, appeared before the public in connexion with the stage. He was associated with Mr. Bryant, Mr. Halleck, Mr. Wetmore, Mr. Brooks, and Mr. Leggett, on the committee which secured for Mr. Forrest the prize play of *Metamora* by the late J. A. Stone,† for which

* This weekly periodical was commenced by Mr. Brooks in the octavo form Sept. 10, 1825, as the *New York Literary Gazette* and *Phi Beta Kappa Repository*; the latter portion of the title being taken from some dependence upon the support of members of that Society, which turned out to be nugatory. At the end of the volume, with the twenty-sixth number, the *Phi Beta* title was dropped, and an association effected with a similar publication. The *American Athenaeum*, also weekly in quarto, conducted by George Bond, which had been commenced April 21, 1825, of which forty-four numbers had been issued. The joint publication bore the title "The *New York Literary Gazette* and *American Athenaeum*," and as such was published in two quarto volumes, ending March 8, 1827.

† John Augustus Stone, the author of *Metamora*, was born in 1811, at Concord, Mass. He was an actor as well as dramatic writer, and made his first appearance in Boston as "Old Norval" in the play of Douglas. He acted in New York in 1826, and in Philadelphia afterwards at intervals. He received five hundred dollars from Mr. Forrest for *Metamora*. He wrote two other plays in which Mr. Forrest performed, *The Ancient Briton*, in which he took the part of Brigantius, and for which he paid the author a thousand dollars; and *Fauntleroy, The Bunker of Rouen*, a version of the story of the English personage of that name. In the latter, the hero was executed on the stage by a machine bearing a close resemblance to an actual guillotine. The loaded knife descended; the private signal was imperfectly given, and the young American tragedian saved his head by a quick motion at the expense of his locks, which were closely

on its representation Mr. Wetmore wrote the prologue and Mr. Lawson the epilogue. Mr. L. was also one of the similar committee which selected Mr. J. K. Paulding's prize play of *Nimrod Wild-fire*, or the Kentuckian in New York, for Mr. Hackett. He has also frequently contributed criticism, essays, tales, and verse, to the chief periodicals.

These have, however, been but occasional employments, Mr. L., since his retirement from the active conduct of the press in 1833, having pursued the business of Marine Insurance.

** In recent years, Mr. Lawson has issued three privately printed works: *Poems, Gleanings from Spare Hours of a Business Life*, 1857; *Liddesdale, or The Border Chief*, 1861, a picture of Scottish life in the times of James IV.-V.; and a revised edition of *Giordano*. A domestic drama, in five acts, written in blank verse, is his latest composition.

THE APPROACH OF AGE.

Well, let the honest truth be told!
I feel that I am growing old,
And I have guessed for many a day,
My sable locks are turning grey—
At least, by furtive glances, I
Some very silvery hairs espy,
That thread-like on my temple shine,
And fain I would deny are mine:
While wrinkles creeping here and there,
Some score my years, a few my care.
The sports that yielded once delight,
Have lost all relish in my sight;
But, in their stead, more serious thought
A graver train of joys has brought,
And while gay fancy is refined,
Correct the taste, improve the mind.

I meet the friends of former years,
Whose smile approving, often cheers:
(How few are spared!) the poisonous draught
The reckless in wild frenzy quaffed,
In dissipation's giddy maze
O'erwhelmed them in their brightest days.
And one, my playmate when a boy,
I see in manhood's pride and joy;
He too has felt, through sun and shower,
Old Time, thy unrelenting power.
We talk of things which well we know
Had chanced some forty years ago;
Alas! like yesterday they seem,
The past is but a gorgeous dream!
But speak of forty coming years,
Ah, long indeed that time appears!
In nature's course, in forty more,
My earthly pilgrimage is o'er;
And the green turf on which I tread,
Will gaily spring above my head.

Beside me, on her rocking-chair,
My wife her needle plies with care,
And in her ever-cheerful smiles
A charm abides, that quite beguiles
The years that have so swiftly sped,
With their unflinching, noiseless tread,
For we in mingled happiness,

Will not the approach of age confess.
But when our daughters we espy,
Bounding with laughing cheek and eye,
Our bosoms beat with conscious pride,
To see them blooming by our side,
God spare ye, girls, for many a day,
And all our anxious love repay!
In your fair growth we must confess
That time our footsteps closely press,
And every added year, indeed,
Seems to increase its rapid speed.

When o'er our vanished days we glance,
Far backward to our young romance,
And muse upon unnumbered things,
That crowding come on Memory's wings;
Then varied thoughts our bosoms gladden
And some intrude that deeply sadden:
—Fond hopes in their fruition crushed,
Beloved tones for ever hushed.—
We do not grieve that being's day
Is fleeting shadow-like away;
But thank thee, Heaven, our lengthened life
Has passed in love, unmarred by strife;
That sickness, sorrow, wo, and care,
Have fallen so lightly to our share.
We bless Thee for our daily bread,
In plenty on our table spread;
And Thy abundance helps to feed
The worthy poor who pine in need.
And thanks, that in our worldly way,
We have so rarely stepped astray.
But well we should in meekness speak,
And pardon for transgressions seek,
For oft, how strong so'er the will
To follow good, we've chosen ill.

The youthful heart unwisely fears
The sure approach of coming years:
Though cumbered oft with weighty cares,
Yet age its burden lightly bears.
Though July's scorching heats are done,
Yet blandly smiles the slanting sun,
And sometimes, in our lovely clime,
Till dark December's frosty time.
Though day's delightful noon is past,
Yet mellow twilight comes, to cast
A sober joy, a sweet content,
Where virtue with repose is blent,
Till, calmly on the fading sight,
Mingles its latest ray with night.

SONNET—ANDREW JACKSON.

Come, stand the nearest to thy country's sire,
Thou fearless man, of uncorrupted heart;
Well worthy undivided praise thou art,
And 'twill be thine, when slumbers party ire,
Raised, by the voice of freedom, to a height
Sublimar far, than kings by birth may claim!
Thy stern, unselfish spirit dared the right,
And battled 'gainst the wrong. Thy holiest aim
Was freedom, in the largest sense, despite
Misconstrued motives, and unmeasured blame.
Above deceit, in purpose firm, and pure;
Just to opposers, and to friends sincere,
Thy worth shall with thy country's name endure,
And greener grow thy fame, through every coming year.

1887.

SONG.

When spring arrayed in flowers, Mary,
Danced with the leafy trees;
When larks sang to the sun, Mary,
And hummed the wandering bees;

shaved. Stone also wrote *La Roque the Regicide*, *The Demagogue*, *Tancréd*, and other pieces.

The circumstances of his death were melancholy. In a fit of derangement he threw himself into the Schuylkill and was drowned. The date of this event is recorded on a monument over his remains, which bears this inscription: "To the memory of John Augustus Stone, who departed this life June 1, 1884, aged thirty-three years," and on the reverse, "Erected to the Memory of the *Author of Metamora*, by his friend Edwin Forrest."

Then first we met and loved, Mary,
By Grieto's loupin' linn;
And blither was thy voice, Mary,
Than lintie's i' the whin.

Now autumn winds blaw cauld, Mary,
Amang the withered boughs;
And a' the bonny flowers, Mary,
Are faded frae the knowes;
But still thy love's unchanged, Mary,
Nae chillie autumn there,
And sweet thy smile as spring's, Mary,
Thy sunny face as fair.

Nae mair the early lark, Mary,
Trills on his soaring way;
Hushed is the lintie's sang, Mary,
Through a' the shortening day;
But still thy voice I hear, Mary,
Like melody divine;
Nae autumn in my heart, Mary,
And summer still in thine.

WILLIAM BOURNE OLIVER PEABODY—OLIVER
WILLIAM BOURNE PEABODY.

THE twin-brothers named together at the head of this article, the sons of Judge Oliver Peabody of Exeter, New Hampshire, were born at that place July 9, 1799. They were educated together at the celebrated academy under the charge of Dr. Abbot, entered Harvard College together at the early age of thirteen, and were graduated together in 1816.

This close union of birth and education was accompanied by a similarity of outward form and inward temperament. Both were men of eminent natural endowment, of ripe scholarship, of gentle and affectionate tempers, and both eventually dedicated their lives to the same path of professional duty, thus laboring in spirit though not in actual bodily presence, side by side, and separated in death by but a brief interval from one another.

At the outset of life, however, their courses were for a time separate, Oliver studying law, and William theology.

Oliver, after passing some time in his father's office, completed his legal education at Cambridge, and returned to practise in his native town, where he resided for eleven years, serving for a portion of the time in the state legislature, and being also occupied at different periods as editor of the Rockingham Gazette and Exeter News-Letter. In 1823, he delivered a poem before the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Harvard, and shortly after read a similar production at the celebration of the second centennial anniversary of the settlement of Portsmouth, New Hampshire.

In 1830, Mr. Peabody removed to Boston, where he became the assistant of his brother-in-law, the Hon. Alexander H. Everett, in the editorship of the North American Review. He was also for some years an assistant editor of the Boston Daily Advertiser. His connexion with the four periodicals we have named, was that of a contributor as well as a supervisor. The three journals contain many finished essays and choice poems from his pen, marked by a closeness of thought and elaborate execution, as well as a lively and humorous inspiration; while scarcely a number of the North American, during several years, was issued without one or more articles from his pen.

In 1836, Mr. Peabody was appointed Register of Probate in Suffolk county, a laborious office,

which he resigned in 1842 in consequence of impaired health, and his acceptance of the professorship of English Literature in Jefferson College, an institution supported by the state of Louisiana. Finding a southern climate unsuited to his constitution, he returned in the following year to the North.

His views and tastes had been for some time turned in the direction of theology, and he now determined to enter the ministry. In 1845, he was licensed by the Boston Unitarian Association as a preacher, and in August of the same year became the minister of the Unitarian church of Burlington, Vermont, where the remainder of his life was passed in the discharge (so far as his delicate health would permit) of his parochial duties. He died on the sixth of July, 1848.

WILLIAM B. O. PEABODY, immediately after receiving his degree, entered upon a preparation for the ministry in the Divinity school of Cambridge; and was, soon after his ordination, called to the charge of the Unitarian church at Springfield. He entered upon his duties in this place in 1820, when not quite twenty-one years of age; and it was here that the whole of his ministerial life was passed.

William B. O. Peabody

In addition to a conscientious discharge of the literary duties of his profession, Dr. Peabody of Springfield is said to have contributed a greater number of articles to the North American Review and Christian Examiner than any other person. He was also the author of several choice occasional poems published in the last named and other periodicals; and of the *Report of the Ornithology of Massachusetts*, prepared in fulfilment of his duties as one of the commission appointed for the scientific survey of the state.

Dr. Peabody's health, another of the many points of assimilation between himself and his brother, was feeble. He suffered a severe deprivation in 1843 by the loss of his wife, and in the following year by that of a daughter, who in some measure supplied the place of the head of his household. Neither bodily nor mental sufferings were, however, permitted to interpose more than a temporary pause in his constant course of useful labor. He died, after a confinement to his bed of but a few days, May 28, 1847.

A selection from Dr. Peabody's sermons was prepared for the press by his brother Oliver, who had nearly completed a memoir to accompany the volume, when his own life reached its termination. The work was completed by Everett Peabody, who, soon after its publication, prepared a selection from the contributions to the North American Review and poems of its author.

MONADNOCK.

Upon the far-off mountain's brow

The angry storm has ceased to beat,

And broken clouds are gathering now

In lowly reverence round his feet.

I saw their dark and crowded bands

On his firm head in wrath descending;

But there, once more redeemed, he stands,
 And heaven's clear arch is o'er him bending.
 I've seen him when the rising sun
 Shone like a watch-fire on the height;
 I've seen him when the day was done,
 Bathed in the evening's crimson light;
 I've seen him in the midnight hour,
 When all the world beneath were sleeping,
 Like some lone sentry in his tower
 His patient watch in silence keeping.
 And there, as ever steep and clear,
 That pyramid of Nature springs!
 He owns no rival turret near,
 No sovereign but the King of kings:
 While many a nation hath passed by,
 And many an age unknown in story,
 His walls and battlements on high
 He rears in melancholy glory.
 And let a world of human pride
 With all its grandeur melt away,
 And spread around his rocky side
 The broken fragments of decay;
 Serene his hoary head will tower,
 Untroubled by one thought of sorrow:
 He numbers not the weary hour;
 He welcomes not nor fears to-morrow.
 Farewell! I go my distant way:
 Perhaps, not far in future years,
 The eyes that glow with smiles to-day
 May gaze upon thee dim with tears.
 Then let me learn from thee to rise,
 All time and chance and change defying,
 Still pointing upward to the skies,
 And on the inward strength relying.
 If life before my weary eye
 Grows fearful as the angry sea,
 Thy memory shall suppress the sigh
 For that which never more can be;
 Inspiring all within the heart
 With firm resolve and strong endeavor
 To act a brave and faithful part,
 Till life's short warfare ends for ever.

MAN GIVETH UP THE GHOST, AND WHERE IS HE?

Where is he? Hark! his lonely home
 Is answering to the mournful call!
 The setting sun with dazzling blaze
 May fire the windows of his hall:
 But evening shadows quench the light,
 And all is cheerless, cold, and dim,
 Save where one taper wakes at night,
 Like weeping love remembering him.
 Where is he? Hark! the friend replies:
 "I watched beside his dying bed,
 And heard the low and struggling sighs
 That gave the living to the dead;
 I saw his weary eyelids close,
 And then—the ruin coldly cast,
 Where all the loving and beloved,
 Though sadly parted, meet at last."
 Where is he? Hark! the marble says,
 That "here the mourners laid his head;
 And here sometimes, in after-days,
 They came, and sorrowed for the dead:
 But one by one they passed away,
 And soon they left me here alone
 To sink in unobserved decay,—
 A nameless and neglected stone."
 Where is he? Hark! 'tis Heaven replies:
 "The star-beam of the purple sky,
 That looks beneath the evening's brow,
 Mild as some beaming angel's eye,

As calm and clear it gazes down,
 Is shining from the place of rest,
 The pearl of his immortal crown,
 The heavenly radiance of the blest!"

LUCIUS M. SARGENT.

LUCIUS MANLIUS SARGENT was born at Boston June 25, 1786. He was the son of a leading merchant of that city, and in 1804 entered Harvard College. He was not graduated in course, but received an honorary degree of A.M. from the University in 1842. After leaving college he studied law in the office of Mr. Dexter. In 1813 he published *Hubert and Ellen, with other Poems*,* all of a pathetic and reflective character.

Mr. Sargent married a sister of Horace Binney of Philadelphia, one of the most accomplished scholars in the country, by whom he had three children, the eldest of whom, Horace Binney, was graduated with distinction at Harvard in 1843. Some time after the death of this lady he again married.

Mr. Sargent was an early advocate of the Temperance cause, and rendered important service to the movement by his public addresses and the composition of his *Temperance Tales*, a series of short popular stories, which have been extensively circulated in this country and reprinted in England, Scotland, Germany, and, it is to be hoped with good moral effect, in Botany Bay.

During the editorship of the Boston Transcript by his relative Mr. Epes Sargent, he contributed a series of satirical and antiquarian sketches to its columns under the title of *Dealings with the Dead by a Sexton of the Old School*. His other writings for the press have been numerous, but almost entirely anonymous.

Mr. Sargent made a liberal use of a liberal fortune, possessed a fine library, and was a thorough scholar. He died at West Roxbury, Massachusetts, June 2, 1867.

WINTHROP SARGENT, a kinsman of Lucius M. Sargent and son of George W. Sargent, was born in Philadelphia, September 23, 1825. He is the author of an "Introductory Memoir" prefixed to the Journals of officers engaged in Braddock's Expedition, printed by the Pennsylvania Historical Society in 1855 from the original manuscripts in the British Museum. Under the modest title we have cited Mr. Sargent has not only given the most thorough history of Braddock and his expedition that has ever appeared, but furnished one of the best written and most valuable historical volumes of the country. In the prosecution of his task he has used extensive research, and has grouped his large mass of varied and in many cases original material with admirable literary skill.

Mr. Sargent published, in 1857, *The Loyalist Poetry of the Revolution* (small 4to, 218 pp.), to which he added a supplementary volume in 1860, *The Loyal Verses of Joseph Stansbury and Doctor Jonathan Odell, Relating to the American Revolution* (Munsell, Albany, small 4to, pp. 199). These books were carefully edited, and

* Hubert and Ellen, with other poems, The Trial of the Harp, Billowy Water, The Plunderer's Grave, The Tear Drop, The Billow. By Lucius M. Sargent.

the limited editions in which they appeared speedily exhausted. Mr. Sargent has also published, from the original manuscript, a *Journal of the General Meeting of the Cincinnati*, in 1784, by Major Winthrop Sargent, a Delegate from Massachusetts (Philadelphia, 8vo, 1858; contained also in *Memoirs of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania*, vol. vi.). In 1861, he issued his most elaborate work, *The Life and Career of Major John André* (Boston, 12mo, pp. 471). This is a highly interesting volume, attractive in style, abounding with personal anecdote and illustration from contemporary events, and of sterling value as a contribution to American history. The author, in his preface, acknowledges his obligations to Mr. Sparks, Mr. Bancroft, and Mr. John Carter Brown, for the use of original materials in their important collections. Mr. Sargent was a resident of New York for some years, engaged in the practice of his profession, the law. He died in Paris, May 18, 1870.

****EXECUTION OF MAJOR ANDRÉ—FROM LIFE OF MAJOR ANDRÉ.**

The morning of Tuesday, October the 2d, 1780, found him with his mortal duties all performed, and not afraid to die.

The prisoner's board was supplied from Washington's own table: on this day his breakfast was sent him, as usual, from the general's quarters. He ate with entire composure, and then proceeded to shave and to dress with particular care. He was fully arrayed in the habits of his rank and profession, with the exception of sash and spurs, sword and gorget. The toilet completed, he laid his hat on the table, and cheerfully said to the guard-officers deputed to lead him forth, "I am ready at any moment, gentlemen, to wait on you." Though his face was of deadly paleness, its features were tranquil and calm; his beauty shone with an unnatural distinctness that awed the hearts of the vulgar, and his manners and air were as easy as though he was going to a ball-room rather than the grave.

The spot fixed for the closing scene was in an open field belonging to the owner of the house wherein he was detained, and on an eminence that commands an extended view. It was within a mile, and in open sight of Washington's quarters. Here the lofty gibbet was erected, and the shallow grave of three or four feet depth was dugged. The office of hangman, always an odious employment, was perhaps on this occasion more than usually so. None of our soldiers undertook it. One Strickland, a tory of Ramapo Valley, was in our hands at the time. His threatened fate may have been hard: his years were not many; and by the price of freedom he was procured to take on himself the necessary but revolting character. Under an elaborate disguise, he probably hoped to go through the scene, if not unnoticed, at least unknown.

Besides the officers that were always in the chamber, six sentinels kept watch by night and by day over every aperture of the building; and if hope of escape ever rose in André's breast, it could not have developed into even the vaguest expectation. To the idea of suicide as a means of avoiding his doom he never descended. The noon of this day was the hour appointed for the execution; and at half an hour before, the cortège set forth. André walked arm-in-arm between

two subalterns; each, it is said, with a drawn sword in the opposite hand. A captain's command of thirty or forty men marched immediately about these, while an outer guard of five hundred infantry environed the whole, and formed a hollow square around the gibbet, within which no one, save the officers on duty and the provost-marshal's men, were suffered to enter. An immense multitude was, however, assembled on all sides to witness the spectacle, and every house along the way was thronged with eager gazers; that only of Washington excepted. Here the shutters were drawn, and no man was visible but the two sentries that paced to and fro before the door. Neither the Chief himself nor his staff were present with the troops; a circumstance which was declared by our people, and assented to by André, as evincing a laudable decorum. But almost every field officer in our army, with Greene at their head, led the procession on horseback; and a number followed the prisoner on foot, while the outer guard, stretching in single file on either side, and in front and rear, prevented the concourse from crowding in. In addition to all those who came in from the countryside, it is unlikely that many of the army who could contrive to be present missed the sight. Every eye was fixed on the prisoner; and every face wore such an aspect of melancholy and gloom, that the impression produced on some of our officers was not only affecting but awful.

Keeping pace with the melancholy notes of the dead-march, the procession passed along; no member of it apparently less troubled than he whose conduct was its cause, and whose death was its object. In the beautiful Orientalism of Sir William Jones, he dying only smiled while around him grieved. His heart told him that a life honorably spent in the pursuit of glory would not leave his name to be enrolled among those of the ignoble or guilty many: and his face bespoke the serenity of an approving and undismayed conscience. From time to time, as he caught the eye of an acquaintance,—and especially to the officers of the Court of Enquiry,—he tendered the customary civilities of recognition, and received their acknowledgments with composure and grace. It seems that up to this moment he was persuaded that he was not to be hanged, but to be shot to death: and the inner guard in attendance he took to be the firing party detailed for the occasion. Not until the troops turned suddenly, at a right angle with the course they had hitherto followed, and the gallows rose high before him, was he undeceived. In the very moment of wheeling with his escort, his eye rested on the ill-omened tree; and he recoiled and paused. "Why this emotion, sir?" asked Smith, who held one of his arms. "I am reconciled to my fate," said André, clenching his fist and convulsively moving his arm, "but not to the mode of it!" "It is unavoidable, sir," was the reply. He beckoned Tallmadge, and inquired anxiously if he was not to be shot:—"must I then die in this manner?" Being told that it was so ordered—"How hard is my fate!" he cried; "but it will soon be over."

Ascending the hill-side, the prisoner was brought to the gibbet, while the outer guard secured the ceremony from interruption. During the brief preparations, his manner was nervous and restless—uneasily rolling a pebble to and fro beneath the ball of his foot, and the gland of his throat sinking and swelling as though he choked with

emotion. His servant, who had followed him to this point, now burst forth with loud weeping and lamentation, and André for a little turned aside and privately conversed with him. He shook hands with Tallmadge, who withdrew. A baggage wagon was driven beneath the cross-tree, into which he leaped lightly, but with visible loathing; and throwing his hat aside, removed his stock, opened his shirt-collar, and snatching the rope from the clumsy hangman, himself adjusted it about his neck. He could not conceal his disgust at these features of his fate: but it was expressed in manner rather than in language. Then he bound his handkerchief over his eyes.

The order of execution was loudly and impressively read by our Adjutant-General Scammel, who at its conclusion informed André he might now speak, if he had anything to say. Lifting the bandage for a moment from his eyes, he bowed courteously to Greene and the attending officers, and said with firmness and dignity:—"All I request of you, gentlemen, is that you will bear witness to the world that I die like a brave man." His last words, murmured in an undertone, were,—
"It will be but a momentary pang!"

Everything seemed now ready, when the commanding officer on duty suddenly cried out,—
"His arms must be tied!"

The hangman with a piece of cord laid hold of him to perform this order: but recoiling from his touch, André vehemently struck away the man's hand, and drew another handkerchief from his pocket, with which the elbows were loosely pinned behind his back. The signal was given; the wagon rolled swiftly away; and almost in the same instant he ceased to exist. The height of the gibbet, the length of the cord, and the sudden shock as he was jerked from the coffin-lid on which he stood, produced immediate death.

WILLIAM B. WALTER.

WILLIAM B. WALTER was born at Boston, April 19, 1796, and was graduated at Bowdoin College in 1818. He studied divinity at Cambridge, but did not follow the profession. He published, in 1821, a small volume of *Poems* at Boston, with a dedication to the Rev. John Pierpont, in which he says—"I cannot make the common, unprofitable, and to me exceedingly frivolous, apology—that these poems are the pleasant labors of idle or leisure hours. On the contrary, this volume, and I am proud to confess it, contains specimens of the precious and melancholy toil of years." The longest of these poems is entitled *Romance*. It opens with a picture of Palestine at the time of Our Saviour, from thence passes to the Crusades, and closes with reflections on nature, and on the vanity of human affairs. The remaining pieces, *The Death Chamber*, *Mourner of the Last Hope*, and others, are written in a strain of deep despondency.

Walter published in the same year a rambling narrative and descriptive poem, with the title of *Sukey*, the idea of which was evidently derived from the then recently published "Fanny." The story is little more than a thread connecting various passages of description and reflection. Sukey is introduced to us at the dame's school; grows up under the peaceful influences of country life; and has a lover who goes to sea while Sukey departs in a stage sleigh for a winter's visit to the city.

In due course of time Sukey becomes a belle, and figures at an evening party, which is minutely described, with its supper-table, jostling, and chit-chat about novels and poems, when suddenly "an Afric's form is seen," not one of the waiters, but a highly intelligent specimen of his race, who gives an animated and poetical description of a fight at sea with an Algerine pirate, whose vessel has just been brought into port by the victor, Sukey's lover.

The poem extends to one hundred and seventy-one six-line stanzas, and contains several melodious passages, many of which, however, are close imitations of Byron and Montgomery. The poem appeared in the same year with Fanny, and seems to have had a large circulation; the copy before us being printed at Baltimore, "from the second Boston edition," in a form similar to, and with the copyright notice of the original.

Walter died at Charleston, South Carolina, April 23, 1822.

MOURNER OF THE LAST HOPE.

Where grass o'ergrows each mouldering bone,
And stones themselves to ruins grown,
Like me, are death-like old.

I saw an Old Man kneel down by a grave,
All alone in the midnight stillness;
And his forehead bare,
Deep wrinkled with care,
Looked pale with a wintry chillness.

His hands were clasped o'er a grave newly dug,
And they shook with his soul-wrung sadness;
His blood slowly crept,
And he groaning wept,
As he thought of his visions of gladness.

The stars were along the wide depths of blue,
Shining down with a tremulous gleaming—
And the glorious moon,
At her highest noon,
Sat arrayed with the Spirits of Dreaming.

I asked the Old Man why he wept and prayed?
And his look was a look of sorrow!
Then he cried sad and wild—
Alas! for my child,
No waking hast thou for the morrow!

Years had wrought changes for him—as for all,
Now the last of his hopes slept beside him!
She was young and fair—
But now silent there!
No voice could I find to chide him.

Yea! a common tale, and a common lot,
From the breast to the charnel-house slumber!
Dark curses of fear
Wrap our being here—
Which time and thought cannot number.

She moved the fairest—the fairest among,
Like a young fairy shape of lightness;
And awakened the song
In the dance along,
Like a seraph of heaven in brightness.

None could gaze on her eye of lustrous blue,
And not feel his spirit heaving,
When it flashed in love,
Like a light from above,
The azure cloud brightly leaving.

And her cheek of snow was a cheek of health,
To those who knew not her weakness,
Till the hectic flush,
Like the day's faint blush,
Came o'er to disturb its meekness.

When she shrunk away from her pride of form,
Like a cloud in its loveliest shading,
Like the death-toned lute,
When winds are mute,
Or the rose in the summer's fading.

And the crowd did pass from the couch of woe;
All had finished each mournful duty;
And the garlands wove,
By the hands of love,
Hung around in a withering beauty.

Never sounded the death-bell in my ear,
With a knell so awful and weary,
As they buried her deep—
For a long, long sleep
In the lone place—so dark and dreary.

Oh, CHRIST! 'tis a strange and a fearful thought
That beauty like her's should have perished;
That the red lean worm
Should prey on a form,
Which a bosom of love might have cherished.

I loved her—Stranger! with soul of truth—
But God in his darkness hath smitten;
Who shall madly believe
That man may grieve
O'er the page of eternity written!

The Old Man rose, and he went his way,—
Oh, deep was his utterless mourning.
But the woes of the night—
No morrow's dear light
Will dispel with the ray of its dawning.

F. W. P. GREENWOOD.

FRANCIS WILLIAM PITT GREENWOOD was born in Boston, in 1797. After completing his college course at Harvard in 1814, he studied theology at the same university, and commenced his career as a preacher with great popularity, as the pastor of the New South Church, Boston, but was obliged at the expiration of a year to visit Europe for the benefit of his health. After passing a winter in Devonshire, England, he returned to this country, and settled in Baltimore, where he became the editor of the Unitarian Miscellany. In 1824 he returned to Boston, and became associate minister of King's Chapel. In 1827, he revised the liturgy used by the congregation, consisting of the Book of Common Prayer, with the passages relating to the Trinity and other articles of the faith of its authors, and the founders of King's Chapel, excised therefrom. In 1830, he also prepared a collection of hymns, which is in extensive use in the congregations of his denomination, and bears honorable testimony to the taste of its compiler. In 1838, Mr. Greenwood published a small volume of a popular character, *The Lives of the Apostles*; in 1833 a series of discourses on the *History of King's Chapel*, and about the same time a series of sermons delivered to the children of his congregation. During the years 1837 and 1838, he was an associate editor of the *Christian Examiner*, a journal to which he was throughout his life a frequent contributor of articles on literary topics, and on the tenets of the denomination of which he was a zealous advocate. In 1842 he published his *Sermons of Consolation*, a work of great beauty of thought and expression. Soon after this the author's health, which had never been completely restored, failed to such a degree, that he was unable to execute his purpose of prepar-

ing one or more additional series of his sermons for publication. He gradually sank under disease until his death, on the second of August, 1843.

A collection of *Miscellaneous Writings*, edited by his son, appeared in 1846. The volume contains his *Journal kept in England in 1820-21*, and a number of essays of a descriptive and reflective character, exhibiting the powers of the writer to the best advantage. We cite a passage from one of these on the

OPPORTUNITIES OF WINTER FOR INSTRUCTION.

In the warm portion of our year, when the sun reigns, and the fields are carpeted with herbs and flowers, and the forests are loaded with riches and magnificence, nature seems to insist on instructing us herself, and in her own easy, insensible way. In the mild and whispering air there is an invitation to go abroad which few can resist; and when abroad we are in a school where all may learn, without trouble or tasking, and where we may be sure to learn if we will simply open our hearts. But stern winter comes, and drives us back into our towns and houses, and there we must sit down, and learn and teach with serious application of the mind, and by the prompting of duty. As we are bidden to this exertion, so are we better able to make it than in the preceding season. The body, which was before unnerved, is now braced up to the extent of its capacity; and the mind which was before dissipated by the fair variety of external attractions, collects and concentrates its powers, as those attractions fade and disappear. The natural limits of day and night, also, conspire to the same end, and are in unison with the other intimations of the season. In summer, the days, glad to linger on the beautiful earth, almost exclude the quiet and contemplative nights, which are only long enough for sleep. But in the winter the latter gain the ascendancy. Slowly and royally they sweep back with their broad shadows, and hushing the earth with the double spell of darkness and coldness, issue their silent mandates, and—while the still snow falls, and the waters are congealed—call to reflection, to study, to mental labor and acquisition.

The long winter nights! Dark, cold, and stern as they seem, they are the friends of wisdom, the patrons of literature, the nurses of vigorous, patient, inquisitive, and untiring intellect. To some, indeed, they come particularly associated, when not with gloom, with various gay scenes of amusement, with lighted halls, lively music, and a few (hundred) friends. To others, the dearest scene which they present is the cheerful fireside, instructive books, studious and industrious children, and those friends, whether many or few, whom the heart and experience acknowledge to be such. Society has claims; social intercourse is profitable as well as pleasant; amusements are naturally sought for by the young, and such as are innocent they may well partake of; but it may be asked, whether, when amusements run into excess, they do not leave their innocence behind them in the career; whether light social intercourse, when it takes up a great deal of time, has anything valuable to pay in return for that time; and whether the claims of society can in any way be better satisfied than by the intelligence, the sobriety, and the peaceableness of its members? Such qualities and habits must be acquired at home; and not by idleness even there, but by study. The winter evenings seem to be given to us, not exclusively, but chiefly, for instruction. They invite us to instruct ourselves, to instruct others, and to

do our part in furnishing all proper means of instruction.

We must instruct ourselves. Whatever our age, condition, or occupation may be, this is a duty which we cannot safely neglect, and for the performance of which the season affords abundant opportunity. To know what other minds have done, is not the work of a moment; and it is only to be known from the records which they have left of themselves, or from what has been recorded of them. To instruct ourselves is necessarily our own work; but we cannot well instruct ourselves without learning from others. The stores of our own minds it is for ourselves to use for the best effects and to the greatest advantage; but if we do not acquire with diligence, from external sources, there would be very few of us who would have any stores to use. Let no one undervalue intellectual means, who wishes to effect intellectual ends. The best workman will generally want the best tools, and the best assortment of them.

We must instruct others. This duty belongs most especially to parents. All who have children, have pupils. The winter evening is the chosen time to instruct them, when they have past the tenderest years of their childhood. Those who have school-tasks to learn, should not be left to toil in solitude; but should be encouraged by the presence, and aided by the superior knowledge, of their parents, whose pleasure as well as duty it should be to lend them a helping hand along the road, not always easy, of learning. While the child is leaning over his book, the father and the mother should be nigh, that when he looks up in weariness or perplexity, he may find, at least, the assistance of sympathy. They need not be absolutely tied to the study-table, but they should not often hesitate between the calls of amusement abroad, and the demands for parental example, guidance, and companionship at home. They will lose no happiness by denying themselves many pleasures, and will find that the most brilliant of lustres are their own domestic lamp, and the cheerful and intelligent eyes of their children.

But all have not children; and the children of some are too young to be permitted to remain with their parents beyond the earliest hours of evening; and the children of others are old enough to accompany their parents abroad. For all those who think they could pleasantly and profitably receive instruction of a public nature, and for this purpose spend an hour or two away from their homes, there is, happily, a plenty of instruction provided. Winter is the very season for public instruction, and it must be said to their honor, that our citizens have excellently improved it as such. Opportunities for gaining useful knowledge have been provided, and they have not been neglected by those for whom the provision has been made. The fountains of waters have been opened, and the thirsty have been refreshed. Though home instruction is to be placed at the head of all instruction, yet there are numbers who have not instruction at home, and numbers who have none at home to whom they may communicate instruction; and there are numbers who find it convenient and useful to mingle public and domestic instruction together, or alternate the one with the other. And when it is considered that the public lectures referred to are charged with little expense to the hearers; that they are delivered by the best and ablest men among us; that hundreds of youth resort to them, many of whom are in all probability saved from idleness, and some from vice and crime; and that to all who may attend them they afford a rational employment of time, we may look to the continuance of such means of knowledge and virtue as one of the most inestimable of benefits.

RUFUS CHOATE.

THE rapid and impetuous orator of New England, whose eloquence descends like the flood of a mountain river bearing along grand and minute objects in its course, was born at Ipswich, Essex County Massachusetts, October 1, 1799. He was educated at Dartmouth, at the law school at Cambridge, and in the offices of Judge Cummings at Salem, and Attorney-General Wirt at Washington. He began the practice of the law at Danvers in 1824; passed some time at Salem, and removed to Boston in 1834, having previously occupied a seat in the state senate and in the house of representatives as a member of Congress. In 1842 he succeeded Daniel Webster in the United States Senate, resigning in 1845, and with these exceptions he has been exclusively engaged in his profession of the law.

His claims to literary notice rest upon his speeches in Congress and several addresses on public occasions. Of his speeches the most noted are those on the tariff, the Oregon question, and the annexation of Texas. Mr. Whipple, who has written an admirable analysis of their style,* in both its strength and weakness, celebrates their analogical power both of understanding and fancy, by which the most relevant and incongruous matters are alike made subservient to his argument; and gives some happy examples of the shrewd sense and humor which sometimes relieve his overburdened paragraphs. In one of these, in his speech on the Oregon question, he disposes of the old grudge against England:—

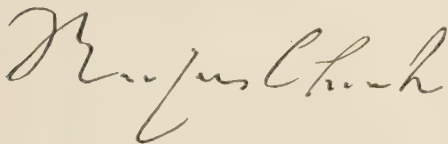
No, sir, we are above all this. Let the Highland clansman, half-naked, half-civilized, half-blinded by the peat-smoke of his cavern, have his hereditary enemy and his hereditary enmity, and keep the keen, deep, and precious hatred, set on fire of hell, alive if he can; let the North American Indian have his, and hand it down from father to son, by Heaven knows what symbols of alligators, and rattlesnakes, and war-clubs smeared with vermilion and entwined with scarlet; let such a country as Poland, cloven to the earth, the armed heel on the radiant forehead, her body dead, her soul incapable to die—let her remember the wrongs of days long past; let the lost and wandering tribes of Israel remember theirs—the manliness and the sympathy of the world may allow or pardon this to them: but shall America, young, free, and prosperous, just setting out on the highway of Heaven, “decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just begins to move in, glittering like the morning star, full of life and joy”—shall she be supposed to be polluting and corroding her noble and happy heart, by moping over old stories of stamp-act, and the tax, and the firing of the Leopard on the Chesapeake in time of peace? No, sir; no, sir; a thousand times, No! We are born to happier feelings. We look on England as we look on France. We look on them from our new world, not unrecognized, yet a new world still; and the blood mounts to our cheeks, our eyes swim, our voices are stifled with the consciousness of so much glory; their trophies will not let us sleep, but there is no hatred at all—no hatred; all for honor, nothing for hate. We have, we can have, no barbarian memory of wrongs, for which brave men have made the last expiation to the brave.

Another passage, illustrating his humorous turn, may be placed alongside of this—his famous de-

* Article Hon. Rufus Choate. Whig Rev., Jan., 1847.

scription of the New England climate, introduced as an illustration in a speech on the tariff:—

Take the New England climate in summer, you would think the world was coming to an end. Certain recent heresies on that subject may have had a natural origin there. Cold to-day; hot to-morrow; mercury at 80° in the morning, with wind at south-west; and in three hours more a sea turn, wind at east, a thick fog from the very bottom of the ocean, and a fall of forty degrees of Fahrenheit; now so dry as to kill all the beans in New Hampshire; then floods carrying off the bridges of the Penobscot and Connecticut; snow in Portsmouth in July; and the next day a man and a yoke of oxen killed by lightning in Rhode Island. You would think the world was twenty times coming to an end. But I do not know how it is; we go along: the early and the latter rain falls, each in its season; and seedtime and harvest do not fail; the sixty days of hot corn weather are pretty sure to be measured out to us. The Indian summer, with its bland south-west and mitigated sunshine, brings all up; and on the twenty-fifth of November, or thereabouts, being Thursday, three millions of grateful people, in meeting-houses, or around the family board, give thanks for a year of health, plenty, and happiness.



Of his *mots*, which pass current, one is this sentiment:—"What! banish the Bible from schools! Never, while there is a piece of Plymouth Rock left large enough to make a gun-flint of."*

He possesses thought and feeling in the midst of his boldest extravagance. Mr. Loring relates an anecdote of his calm sensibility—of the impression made upon him by a great idea in simple language, which is very impressive:—

We will relate an instance of the excitable powers of our orator. In an argument on a case of impeachment, before a legislative committee, Mr. Choate remarked that he never read, without a thrill of sublimity, the concluding article in the Bill of Rights,—the language of which is borrowed directly from Harrington, who says he owes it to Livy,—that "in the government of this commonwealth, the legislative department shall never exercise the executive and judicial powers, or either of them; the executive shall never exercise the legislative and judicial powers, or either of them; the judicial shall never exercise the legislative and executive powers, or either of them;—to the end that it may be a government of laws, and not of men;" thus providing that the three great departments shall be entirely independent of each other, and he remembered a story of a person who said that he could read *Paradise Lost* without affecting him at all, but that there was a passage at the end of *Newton's Optics* which made his flesh creep and his hair stand on end. I confess, said Mr. Choate, that I never read that article of the

constitution without feeling the same,—“to the end that it may be a government of laws, and not of men.”

April 21, 1841, Mr. Choate delivered a Eulogy in Boston on President Harrison, in which he characterized him as emphatically the Good President, in a noble passage in which his eloquence was tempered by the solemnity of the occasion.

In New York, on the Anniversary of the Landing of the Pilgrims in 1620, at the Tabernacle, he delivered the address in which he described a body of the Puritans flying from the Marian persecution to Geneva, where they found “a commonwealth without a king, and a church without a bishop.” The sentiment was complimented at the dinner which followed at the Astor House, where Dr. Wainwright (since bishop) was present and replied. In 1852 he was one of the speakers at the meeting of the Circuit Court of Boston upon the decease of Webster, and afterwards, in July of the next year, delivered an elaborate eulogy on his illustrious friend at their common college at Dartmouth. It has been said that the art of constructing a long sentence has been lost by the feeble wits of the men of modern days; if so, the secret has been regained by Mr. Choate. One of the sentences in the Dartmouth oration on Webster, a summary of the statesman's career, occupied nearly five pages of printed matter in octavo.

THE STATESMANSHIP OF DANIEL WEBSTER.

It was while Mr. Webster was ascending through the long gradations of the legal profession to its highest rank, that by a parallel series of display on a stage, and in parts totally distinct, by other studies, thoughts, and actions, he rose also to be at his death the first of American Statesmen. The last of the mighty rivals was dead before, and he stood alone. Give this aspect also of his greatness a passing glance. His public life began in May, 1813, in the House of Representatives in Congress, to which this state had elected him. It ended when he died. If you except the interval between his removal from New Hampshire and his election in Massachusetts, it was a public life of forty years. By what political morality, and by what enlarged patriotism, embracing the whole country, that life was guided, I shall consider hereafter. Let me now fix your attention rather on the magnitude and variety and actual value of the service. Consider that from the day he went upon the Committee of Foreign Relations, in 1813, in time of war, and more and more, the longer he lived and the higher he rose, he was a man whose great talents and devotion to public duty placed and kept him in a position of associated or sole command; command in the political connexion to which he belonged, command in opposition, command in power; and appreciate the responsibilities which that implies, what care, what prudence, what mastery of the whole ground—exactness for the conduct of a party, as Gibbon says of Fox, abilities and civil discretion equal to the conduct of an empire. Consider the work he did in that life of forty years—the range of subjects investigated and discussed; composing the whole theory and practice of our organic and administrative politics, foreign and domestic: the vast body of instructive thought he procured and put in possession of the country; how much he achieved in Congress as well as at the bar;

* The autograph of Mr. Choate is a celebrity. “It resembles,” says Mr. Loring in his *Boston Orators*, “somewhat the map of Ohio, and looks like a piece of crayon sketching done in the dark with a three-pronged fork. His handwriting cannot be deciphered without the aid of a pair of compasses and a quadrant.”

to fix the true interpretation, as well as to impress the transcendent value of the constitution itself, as much altogether as any jurist or statesman since its adoption; how much to establish in the general mind the great doctrine that the government of the United States is a government proper, established by the people of the States, not a compact between sovereign communities,—that within its limits it is supreme, and that whether it is within its limits or not, in any given exertion of itself, it is to be determined by the Supreme Court of the United States—the ultimate arbiter in the last resort—from which there is no appeal but to revolution; how much he did in the course of the discussions which grew out of the proposed mission to Panama, and, at a later day, out of the removal of the deposits, to place the executive department of the government on its true basis, and under its true limitations; to secure to that department all its just powers on the one hand, and on the other to vindicate to the legislative department, and especially to the senate, all that belonged to them; to arrest the tendencies which he thought at one time threatened to substitute the government of a single will, of a single person of great force of character and boundless popularity, and of a numerical majority of the people, told by the head, without intermediate institutions of any kind, judicial or senatorial, in place of the elaborate system of checks and balances, by which the constitution aimed at a government of laws, and not of men; how much, attracting less popular attention, but scarcely less important, to complete the great work which experience had shown to be left unfinished by the judiciary act of 1789, by providing for the punishment of all crimes against the United States; how much for securing a safe currency and a true financial system, not only by the promulgation of sound opinions, but by good specific measures adopted, or bad ones defeated; how much to develop the vast material resources of the country, and push forward the planting of the West—not troubled by any fear of exhausting old states—by a liberal policy of public lands, by vindicating the constitutional power of Congress to make or aid in making large classes of internal improvements, and by acting on that doctrine uniformly from 1813, whenever a road was to be built, or a rapid suppressed, or a canal to be opened, or a breakwater or a lighthouse set up above or below the flow of the tide, if so far beyond the ability of a single state, or of so wide utility to commerce or labor as to rise to the rank of a work general in its influences—another tie of union because another proof of the beneficence of union; how much to protect the vast mechanical and manufacturing interests of the country, a value of many hundreds of millions—after having been lured into existence against his counsels, against his science of political economy, by a policy of artificial encouragement—from being sacrificed, and the pursuits and plans of large regions and communities broken up, and the acquired skill of the country squandered by a sudden and capricious withdrawal of the promise of the government; how much for the right performance of the most delicate and difficult of all tasks, the ordering of the foreign affairs of a nation, free, sensitive, self-conscious, recognising, it is true, public law and a morality of the state, binding on the conscience of the state, yet aspiring to power, eminence, and command, its whole frame filled full and all on fire with American feeling, sympathetic with liberty everywhere—how much for the right ordering of the foreign affairs of such a state—aiming in all its policy, from his speech on the Greek question in 1823, to his letters to M. Hulsemann in 1850, to occupy the high, plain,

yet dizzy ground which separates influence from intervention, to avow and promulgate warm good will to humanity; wherever striving to be free, to inquire authentically into the history of its struggles, to take official and avowed pains to ascertain the moment when its success may be recognised, consistently, ever, with the great code that keeps the peace of the world, abstaining from everything which shall give any nation a right under the law of nations to utter one word of complaint, still less to retaliate by war—the sympathy, but also the neutrality, of Washington—how much to compose with honor a concurrence of difficulties with the first power in the world, which anything less than the highest degree of discretion, firmness, ability, and means of commanding respect and confidence at home and abroad would inevitably have conducted to the last calamity—a disputed boundary line of many hundred miles, from St. Croix to the Rocky Mountains, which divided an exasperated and impracticable border population, enlisted the pride and affected the interests and controlled the politics of particular states, as well as pressed on the peace and honor of the nation, which the most popular administrations of the era of the quietest and best public feelings, the times of Monroe and of Jackson, could not adjust; which had grown so complicated with other topics of excitement that one false step, right or left, would have been a step down a precipice—this line settled for ever—the claim of England to search our ships for the suppression of the slave-trade silenced for ever, and a new engagement entered into by treaty, binding the national faith to contribute a specific naval force for putting an end to the great crime of man—the long practice of England to enter an American ship and impress from its crew, terminated for ever; the deck henceforth guarded sacredly and completely by the flag—how much, by profound discernment, by eloquent speech, by devoted life to strengthen the ties of Union, and breathe the fine and strong spirit of nationality through all our numbers—how much most of all, last of all, after the war with Mexico, needless if his counsels had governed, had ended in so vast an acquisition of territory, in presenting to the two great antagonist sections of our country so vast an area to enter on, so imperial a prize to contend for, and the accursed fraternal strife had begun—how much then, when rising to the measure of a true, and difficult, and rare greatness, remembering that he had a country to save as well as a local constituency to gratify, laying all the wealth, all the hopes, of an illustrious life on the altar of a hazardous patriotism, he sought and won the more exceeding glory which now attends—which in the next age shall more conspicuously attend—his name who composes an agitated and saves a sinking land—recall this series of conduct and influences, study them carefully in their facts and results—the reading of years—and you attain to a true appreciation of this aspect of his greatness—his public character and life.

THE CONSOLATIONS OF LITERATURE.*

I come to add the final reason why the *working man*—by whom I mean the whole brotherhood of industry—should set on mental culture and that knowledge which is wisdom, a value so high—only not supreme—subordinate alone to the exercises and hopes of religion itself. And that is, that therein

* From an address delivered at Danvers, Mass., September 29, 1854, at the dedication of the Institute for purposes of literature, munificently founded by Mr. George Peabody, the eminent London banker, in his native town in Massachusetts.

he shall so surely find rest from labor; succor under its burdens; forgetfulness of its cares; composure in its annoyances. It is not always that the busy day is followed by the peaceful night. It is not always that fatigue wins sleep. Often some vexation outside of the toil that has exhausted the frame; some loss in a bargain; some loss by an insolvency; some unforeseen rise or fall of prices; some triumph of a mean or fraudulent competitor; "the law's delay, the proud man's contumely, the insolence of office, or some one of the spurns that patient merit from the unworthy takes"—some self-reproach, perhaps—follow you within the door; chill the fire-side; sow the pillow with thorns; and the dark care is lost in the last waking thought, and haunts the vivid dream. Happy, then, is he who has laid up in youth, and has held fast in all fortune, a genuine and passionate love of reading. True balm of hurt minds; of surer and more healthful charm than "poppy or mandragora, or all the drowsy syrups of the world"—by that single taste, by that single capacity, he may spend in a moment into the still regions of delightful studies, and be at rest. He recalls the annoyance that pursues him; reflects that he has done all that might become a man to avoid or bear it; he indulges in one good long, human sigh, picks up the volume where the mark kept his place, and in about the same time that it takes the Mohammedan in the Spectator to put his head in the bucket of water and raise it out, he finds himself exploring the arrow-marked ruins of Nineveh with Layard; or worshipping at the spring-head of the stupendous Missouri with Clarke and Lewis; or watching with Columbus for the sublime moment of the rising of the curtain from before the great mystery of the sea; or looking reverentially on while Socrates—the discourse of immortality ended—refuses the offer of escape, and takes in his hand the poison, to die in obedience to the unrighteous sentence of the law; or, perhaps, it is in the contemplation of some vast spectacle or phenomenon of Nature that he has found his quick peace—the renewed exploration of one of her great laws—or some glimpse opened by the pencil of St. Pierre, or Humboldt, or Chateaubriand, or Wilson, of the "blessedness and glory of her own deep, calm, and mighty existence."

Let the case of a busy lawyer testify to the priceless value of the love of reading. He comes home, his temples throbbing, his nerves shattered, from a trial of a week; surprised and alarmed by the charge of the judge, and pale with anxiety about the verdict of the next morning, not at all satisfied with what he has done himself, though he does not yet see how he could have improved it; recalling with dread and self-disparagement, if not with envy, the brilliant effort of his antagonist, and tormenting himself with the vain wish that he could have replied to it—and altogether a very miserable subject, and in as unfavorable a condition to accept comfort from wife and children as poor Christian in the first three pages of the Pilgrim's Progress. With a superhuman effort he opens his book, and in a twinkling of an eye he is looking into the full "orb of Homeric or Miltonic song," or he stands in the crowd breathless, yet swayed as forests or the sea by winds—hearing and to judge the Pleadings for the Crown; or the philosophy which soothed Cicero or Boethius in their afflictions, in exile, in prison, and the contemplation of death, breathes over his petty cares like the sweet south; or Pope or Horace laugh him into good humor, or he walks with Æneas and the Sybil in the mild light of the world of the laurelled dead—and the court-house is as completely forgotten as the dream of a preadamite life. Well may he prize that endeared charm, so effectual and safe, without which

the brain had long ago been chilled by paralysis, or set on fire by insanity!

To these uses, and these enjoyments; to mental culture, and knowledge, and morality—the guide, the grace, the solace of labor on all its fields, we dedicate this charity! May it bless you in all your successions; and may the admirable giver survive to see that the debt which he recognises to the future is completely discharged; survive to enjoy in the gratitude, and love, and honor of this generation, the honor, and love, and gratitude, with which the latest will assuredly cherish his name, and partake and transmit his benefaction.

Our previous account of the late Rufus Choate closed with a notice of his delivery of his remarkable oration at Dartmouth, in memory of his friend, Daniel Webster—an oration worthy to be compared with the consummate masterpieces of Greek and Latin eloquence. It remains a lasting monument of the speaker's broken life—for that life was destined, not long afterward, to close in the full meridian of his powers. Some two years later, in 1855, he received an injury from a sprain, which led to confinement and a surgical operation. His health, after this, appeared oftener interrupted, and finally became so impaired that, in the summer of 1859, he sailed for Europe, with the hope of mending his strength. He became so ill on the way that he was forced to discontinue the voyage at Halifax, where he died, at the age of sixty, of an affection of the heart, on the 13th of July.

In estimating the character of Mr. Choate, the reader who studies him in his political speeches and literary addresses must remember how small a portion of the life of the man was given to these things—that he was first and above all things an advocate at the bar, pursuing the profession of the law in its various forms, before juries, before judges, in the lower and the higher courts, on circuits, in the supreme judicature. There was his strength; there his energy was displayed. To the court-room he brought all the prodigal luxuriance of his nature, occasionally letting his fancy run riot in the sweep of his illustrations. His manner was rapid, full of energy to violence, and he sometimes ran into the grotesque, shocking the sensibilities of fastidious persons, "content to dwell in decencies forever," though we may suppose he had always a sufficient motive for what he said and for his manner of saying it.

His eloquence, indeed, was no vulgar blaze of an empty straw-heap, to dazzle a crowd for a moment, but a light supported by a central fire which might be burnt steadily. The quick operations of his mind were based on early laborious and profound reading, and he never relaxed his application. Fond of books from his youth, his studies deepened with his years, till they included a vast range of literature, art, and science. He knew the lives of the great men as well as their thoughts in the great books of his profession; he was unwearied in his study of the Greek and Roman classics. The catalogue of his extensive library, which was sold after his death, showed how little new or old escaped him. With the fathers of English thought, the great masters of

English style of the seventeenth century, when it had more strength, if less polish, than in the so-called Augustan age of Queen Anne—with Bacon, Milton, Locke, and even minor essayists of that prolific era, he was intimately conversant, and they taught him the music and vigor of his style.*

Since Mr. Choate's death, an interesting volume of "Reminiscences" of his personal career, abounding in anecdotes of his practice at the bar, has appeared, from the pen of Mr. Edward G. Parker, a lawyer of Boston; and a more elaborate biography, from the pen of the Rev. Dr. Samuel Gilman Brown, has been published, with a collection of Mr. Choate's writings, in Boston.

SAMUEL KETTELL,

An author to whom American literature is much indebted for his researches into its early history, was born in Newburyport, Mass., in 1800. He was early engaged in literary pursuits, and assisted the late Samuel G. Goodrich in the preparation of his *Peter Parley* series of juvenile works. He was a good linguist, and, it is stated, in the course of a voyage to Malta, translated for amusement one of the *Peter Parley* books into modern Greek, and it was afterward published in that language. The work by which he is best known, entitled, *Specimens of American Poetry, with Critical and Biographical Notices*, was published by S. G. Goodrich & Co., in Boston, in 1829. It is in three volumes, contains an historical introduction, noticing various minor authors of the seventeenth century, and fairly opens with Cotton Mather and Roger Wolcott. The series is continued to the author's own day. The critical observations are acute, and the whole work, which embraces many minor writers not noticed elsewhere, is of an interesting character. All subsequent writers on the subject are under obligations to the author's diligence, and much aid has been derived from his labors in the preparation of the present work.

During a considerable portion of his life, Mr. Kettell was connected with the newspaper press of Boston. He was brought into notice in this relation as a contributor of occasional articles to the Boston *Courier*. They were chiefly of a humorous cast, as, satirical letters of "Peeping Tom," from Hull. When Mr. Buckingham retired from the editorship of the *Courier*, in 1848, Mr. Kettell became its principal editor, and so continued till his death, December 3, 1855, at his residence in Malden.

"As a writer," says a writer in the Boston *Daily Advertiser*, in an obituary notice, "Mr. Kettell was earnest and vigorous, often bringing his keen sense of humor to the aid of his logic, but never losing in it the main thread of his argument. Few writers for the press are so careful and correct. His style was perspicuous and simple. Mr. Kettell was a kindly and unselfish man, but of a retiring disposition, which caused him to be less known than is generally the case with the leading editors of influential journals in

this country. He was persuaded to sit in the Legislature as a representative from Boston in the years 1851 and 1852, and his public services in that position were honest and faithful, although he did not take a prominent part in any debates. As a member of the Committee on Education, he wrote an elaborate minority report against the proposal to introduce the study of 'phonotypy' into the public schools, and the plan was voted down against the report of the majority of the committee. Mr. Kettell was an honest and sincere man, such as the world can ill afford to lose."*

NATHANIEL INGERSOLL BOWDITCH.

Nathaniel Ingersoll Bowditch, son of the eminent mathematician and astronomer, Dr. Nathaniel Bowditch, was born at Salem, Massachusetts, June 17, 1805. He entered Harvard University at the age of thirteen, "too young, probably," says his biographer, the Rev. Dr. Lothrop, "for the full benefit to be derived from the course of studies then pursued at Cambridge; and certainly too young to be exposed to perilous snares and temptations incident to the liberty which, to a certain extent, necessarily appertains to college life." Young Bowditch, in fact, appears to have been led into "some boyish follies," for which he was politely rusticated. In a memorandum which he prepared for an alumni dinner, more than thirty years afterwards, he tells the story, with a manly admission of his delinquencies. "I was," says he, "the youngest and smallest of my class, and was everywhere known as Little Bowditch. I was entirely verdant and unsophisticated, and almost immediately began to pick up college accomplishments, which occupied more of my time and attention than was consistent with a due regard to other studies, and which finally led to my having permission to visit my friends for a few months before I had finished my freshman year. On my return, my old associations had been broken up; and I have always felt grateful to our Alma Mater for the discipline to which I was thus seasonably and happily subjected." With this new impulse to his studies, Bowditch pursued his college career with credit, and graduated in 1822, with distinction. He now applied himself to the study of the law, made his residence in Boston, and was admitted to the bar in 1825. A taste for genealogical investigations led to his becoming an eminent conveyancer, so "that scarcely a transfer of real estate was made in the city of Boston, without the title passing under his examination and approval." In addition to his legal pursuits, Mr. Bowditch gave much attention to the public institutions of the city, and was particularly employed in the management of the Massachusetts General Hospital, of which he wrote, and published at his own expense, in 1857, a minute and comprehensive history, from its first foundation. As might be expected, from the character and habits of the author, it is a work of authority and permanent value. Mr. Bowditch had previously published

* Memoir of Rufus Choate, *Portrait Gallery of Eminent Americans*.

* Boston *Daily Advertiser*, Dec. 5, 1855.

† History of the Massachusetts General Hospital, *Svo.* pp. 442

a memoir of his father, prefixed to the translation of Laplace's *Mécanique Céleste*, published in 1839.

Another work from Mr. Bowditch's pen, privately printed, appeared in 1857—a collection of curious local names, which had attracted his attention in the studies of his profession. This was entitled "Suffolk Surnames." The interest which it excited led him to print another and enlarged edition the following year, and the work, expanded to a volume seven times the size of the original, appeared in a third edition, a few weeks before his decease, in 1861. Obtained, primarily, from the names furnished by the Registry of Deeds of Suffolk County, and a few other sources at hand, the work grew, by resort to subscription-lists, catalogues, and directories of various cities. A peculiar interest is given to the whole by the author's system of classification, as he discusses, in different chapters, names from the passions, from heathen deities, from bodily peculiarities, from articles of dress and ornament, from animals and birds, from trees, fruit, and vegetation, from the elements and the seasons, from music and dancing, from trades and the sciences, from war and fighting, from diseases and medicines, and other incidents or relations of human life. The index to this sprightly and ingenious work occupies fully one-third of the volume.*

The preparation of this final edition was the employment and solace of the last two years of the author's life, which he was compelled to pass in confinement to his room, in consequence of serious injuries to his thigh, arising, in the first place, from slipping on the ice. "My misfortune," says he, in the preface, "has received every alleviation which science could suggest, or the kindness of family and friends bestow; but my bodily pains and weariness soon made some fixed employment almost indispensable. I accordingly commenced the printing of this work in the autumn of 1859, and it has enabled me to attain a state of cheerful discomfort. If my volume shall sometimes dispel the cloud of care or thought from the brow of manhood, or call forth a smile upon the face of youth and beauty, I may perhaps hope, if not for the sympathy, at least for the indulgence of my readers."

Mr. Bowditch died April 16, 1861. In closing the narrative from which this notice has been derived, the Rev. Dr. Lothrop, in reference to the religious character of Mr. Bowditch, cites two stanzas—gracefully connected with the memory of his father—which he wrote, "Suggested by a Recent Discourse of the Rev. Dr. Putnam:"—

"Science long watched the realms of space,
A planet's devious path to trace:
Convinced of heaven's harmonious law,
'A world beyond' Leverrier saw.

"Thus when he views earth's sins and woes,
With a like faith the Christian knows
There is 'a world beyond,' to prove
God's perfect wisdom, power, and love."

* *Suffolk Surnames*:

A name! If the party had a voice,
What mortal would be a Buggy by choice?

Hood.

Third edition, Boston, 1861. 8vo. pp. 757.

CONNECTICUT ACADEMY OF ARTS AND SCIENCES.

THE Connecticut Academy of Arts and Sciences was formed at New Haven, Conn., March 4, 1799, by an association of gentlemen. Its object was to concentrate the efforts of literary men in Connecticut in the promotion of useful knowledge.

Previous to this, the *Connecticut Society of Arts and Sciences* was established in the year 1786. This Society published, in 1788, at New Haven, a very valuable paper, by Jonathan Edwards, D.D., on the language of the Muhhekanneew Indians (8vo., pp. 17), but after a few years the Society gradually died out.

In October, 1799, the *Academy* was incorporated by the Legislature of Connecticut. At the first meeting, Dr. Timothy Dwight was elected the President, and he was annually re-elected to this office until his death in 1817. He had taken an active part in the establishment of the institution, and was one of its most efficient members.

In addition to the ordinary business of receiving communications on scientific subjects, the Academy, soon after its organization, engaged with great zeal in the enterprise of preparing a full statistical history of the cities, towns, and parishes, of the state of Connecticut. About the same time (Dec. 1799), they made an unsuccessful endeavor, with the concurrence of the American Academy and the American Philosophical Society, to procure an enlargement of the objects, and a greater particularity in the details of the National Census of 1800.

In the course of a few years, statistical and historical accounts of about thirty towns in Connecticut had been received.

The publication of these accounts was commenced in 1811 with that of the city of New Haven, by the Rev. Timothy Dwight (8vo. pp. 84). In 1815, the Academy published a *Statistical Account of several Towns in the County of Litchfield, Conn.* (8vo. pp. 40). In 1819 was published, under the patronage of the Academy, a *Statistical Account of the County of Middlesex*, by the Rev. D. D. Field (Middletown, 8vo. pp. 154).

These were only a small part of the town histories which had been received and arranged for the press. But so little interest was at that period generally felt in such matters, that it was not deemed desirable to continue the publication, and most of these communications still remain unpublished.

Several scientific papers having been from time to time read before the Academy, it was decided in 1809, to publish a selection from them. Accordingly, in 1810, there appeared at New Haven the first part of the *Memoirs of the Connecticut Academy of Arts and Sciences* (8vo. pp. 216). Part second followed in 1811, part third in 1813, and part fourth in 1816, completing a volume of 412 pages.

On the establishment of *The American Journal of Science and Arts* by Professor Silliman, the Academy discontinued the further issue of their *Memoirs* in a separate form, and adopted this work as their medium of publication. This important journal was commenced in July, 1818, and was sustained for many years at the private expense of Professor Silliman. In April, 1838, Benjamin Silliman, Jr., became associate editor, and has so continued. The first series of the Journal was completed in 1846 and comprises 50 volumes, the

last one being a full Index to the forty-nine volumes preceding. A second series was commenced in 1846, under the editorship of Professors B. Silliman, B. Silliman, Jr., and James D. Dana, with whom other scientific gentlemen have since been associated. This journal is well known and appreciated throughout the learned world, and has become a very extensive repository of the scientific labors of our countrymen, and has done much to stimulate research and to diffuse knowledge.

Among many important papers communicated by members of the Academy, and presented to the public through the *Journal of Science*, may be named the elaborate *Essay on Musical Temperament*, by Prof. A. M. Fisher; also, several papers on *Meteorological Topics*, and especially on the *Rotative Character of Atlantic Gales and of Other Great Storms*, by Wm. C. Redfield; and most of the numerous papers on *Meteoric Showers*, and on the *Aurora Borealis*, by Professor Olmsted and others.*

** As amended to date (1873), the Constitution of the Academy prescribes three classes of members—active, limited to two hundred; associate; and honorary, not to exceed twenty-five. The active members now number about one hundred and ten, but no elections to the other classes have yet been made. Its present officers are: President, C. S. Lyman; Vice-President, Elias Loomis; Treasurer, H. C. Kingsley; Librarian, A. Van Name; Secretary, D. C. Eaton. The Academy has published two volumes of Transactions, in three parts, containing scientific contributions from 1866–1871, 820 pages in all, and illustrated by seventeen plates. Among the contributors were E. C. Herrick, F. Bradley, Sidney J. Smith, J. J. Dana, J. H. Trumbull, E. T. Nelson; Professors E. Loomis, J. Hadley, H. A. Newton, C. F. Hartt, and A. E. Verrill.

GEORGE W. DOANE.

GEORGE WASHINGTON DOANE was born in Trenton, N. J., May 27, 1799. He was partly educated in New York by the Rev. Edmund D. Barry, a classical instructor who taught three generations of pupils, and who died rector of the Episcopal church of St. Matthew in Jersey City, at the age of seventy-six, in 1852. Pursuing his studies at Geneva in Western New York, Mr. Doane entered Union College, where he was graduated in 1818. He was then for a short time a student of law in the city of New York, in the office of Richard Harrison. In 1821 he was ordained deacon in the Episcopal Church by Bishop Hobart, and was for four years an assistant minister in Trinity church, New York. In 1824 he was appointed Professor of Rhetoric and Belles Lettres in the new Washington, now Trinity, College, Hartford, Ct. In 1828 he went to Boston as assistant minister of Trinity church, of which he became rector in 1830. In 1829 he was married to Eliza Greene Perkins. On the 31st of October, 1832, he was consecrated Bishop of

New Jersey, and the next year became rector of St. Mary's Church at Burlington.

At this beautiful town on the banks of the Delaware Bishop Doane, in addition to the more immediate duties of his diocese, has devoted himself to the cause of education, in connexion with two institutions known as St. Mary's Hall and Burlington College. The former, commenced in 1837, is a female seminary; the latter is an incorporated institution for the usual purposes of education, and was commenced in 1846.

In 1841 Bishop Doane visited England at the request of the Rev. Dr. Hook to preach the sermon at the consecration of the new parish church at Leeds,—the first instance of an American bishop preaching in an English pulpit under the new act authorizing the admission of the transatlantic clergy.

The literary productions of Dr. Doane have been numerous, though mostly confined to sermons and charges, and church periodical literature. He has edited the *Missionary*, a monthly religious newspaper and journal of his diocese. In 1842 a volume of his sermons was published by the Rivingtons in London.

He is the author of numerous short poems chiefly of a lyrical or simple devotional character, which have appeared from time to time in the journals. In 1824 he published a volume of his early poetical writings entitled *Songs by the Way, chiefly devotional; with Translations and Imitations*. Several of them have been included in the collection of hymns in use in the Protestant Episcopal Church. The translations are of Latin hymns, from the Italian of Metastasio, and from the odes of Horace. He has also edited Keble's *Christian Year*, introducing additions from Croswell and others, and a Selection from the Sermons and Poetical Remains of the Rev. Benjamin Davis Winslow, his assistant in St. Mary's Church.

In all these, and in the prose writings of Bishop Doane, there is an elegant taste, evidence of good English scholarship, and spirited expression. His pulpit style is marked by brevity and energy; witnessing to an activity of mind which has characterized his numerous labors in his diocese and in the cause of education. The latter have not been without financial difficulties, through which Bishop Doane has struggled, with success to the cause in which he has been engaged, though with no improvement to his pecuniary fortunes.

ON A VERY OLD WEDDING-RING.

The Device—Two hearts united.

The Motto—Dear love of mine, my heart is thine.

I like that ring—that ancient ring,
Of massive form, and virgin gold,
As firm, as free from base alloy,
As were the sterling hearts of old.

I like it—for it wafts me back,
Far, far along the stream of time,
To other men, and other days,
The men and days of deeds sublime.

But most I like it, as it tells
The tale of well-requited love;
How youthful fondness persevered,
And youthful faith disdained to rove—

How warmly *he* his suit preferred,
Though *she*, un pitying, long denied,

* See the Historical Sketch of the Conn. Acad. by E. C. Herrick, in *Am. Quar. Reg.*, pp. 18-23. Aug., 1840.

Thou, softened and subdued, at last,
 He won his fair and blooming bride.—
 How, till the appointed day arrived,
 They blamed the lazy-footed hours—
 How then, the white-robed maiden train,
 Strewed their glad way with freshest flowers—
 And how, before the holy man,
 They stood, in all their youthful pride,
 And spoke those words, and vowed those vows,
 Which bind the husband to his bride:
 All this it tells;—the plighted troth—
 The gift of every earthly thing—
 The hand in hand—the heart in heart—
 For this I like that ancient ring.
 I like its old and quaint device;
 "Two blended hearts"—though time may wear
 them,
 No mortal change, no mortal chance,
 "Till death," shall e'er in sunder tear them.
 Year after year, 'neath sun and storm,
 Their hopes in heav'n, their trust in God,
 In changeless, heartfelt, holy love,
 These two the world's rough pathways trod.
 Age might impair their youthful fires,
 Their strength might fail, 'mid life's bleak weather,
 Still, hand in hand, they travelled on—
 Kind souls! they slumber now together.
 I like its simple poetry too:
 "Mine own dear love, this heart is thine!"
 Thine, when the dark storm howls along,
 As when the cloudless sunbeams shine.
 "This heart is thine, mine own dear love!"
 Thine, and thine only, and for ever;
 Thine, till the springs of life shall fail,
 Thine, till the cords of life shall sever.
 Remnant of days departed long,
 Emblem of plighted troth unbroken,
 Pledge of devoted faithfulness,
 Of heartfelt, holy love, the token:
 What varied feelings round it cling!—
 For these I like that ancient ring.

EVENING.

"Let my prayer be—the evening sacrifice."

Softly now the light of day
 Fades upon my sight away;
 Free from care, from labor free,
 Lord, I would commune with Thee!
 Thou, whose all-pervading eye
 Naught escapes, without, within,
 Pardon each infirmity,
 Open fault, and secret sin.

Soon for me, the light of day
 Shall for ever pass away;
 Then, from sin and sorrow free,
 Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee!
 Thou who sinless, yet hast known
 All of man's infirmity;
 Then, from Thy eternal throne,
 Jesus, look with pitying eye.

Bishop Doane died at his episcopal residence, at Burlington, N. J., April 27, 1859, in the sixtieth year of his age, and twenty-seventh of his episcopate. His life has been written by his son, William Crosswell Doane, who has also edited his *Poetical Works, Sermons, and Miscellaneous Writings* (5 vols., 8vo, Appleton, 1860). The series contains his episcopal writings, charges; ordination, institution, confirmation, missionary, and convention discourses; his parochial and special sermons on the church,

the Christian year, the sacraments, and the prayer-book; his orations and general addresses.

** "OUR FATHER, WHO ART IN HEAVEN."

"Our Father"—such Thy gracious name,
 Though throned above the starry frame,
 Thy holy name be still adored,
 Eternal God, and Sov'reign Lord:
 Spread far and wide Thy righteous sway;
 Till utmost earth, Thy laws, obey;
 And, as in Heaven, before Thy Throne,
 So here, Thy will, by all be done:
 This day, Great Source of every good,
 Feed us, with our convenient food:
 As we, to all, their faults forgive,
 So bid us, by Thy pardon, live:
 Let not our feeble footsteps stray,
 Seduced by sin, from Thy right way:
 But, saved from evil work, and word,
 Make us thine own, Almighty Lord:
 For Thine the sceptre is, and throne,
 That shall be crush'd, or shaken, never;
 The glory Thine, O God, alone,
 And power that shall endure forever.

** LOVE AND DEATH.

From the Latin of Alciatus.

Love and Death, old cronies they,
 Met once, on a summer's day:
 Death, his wonted weapons bearing,
 Little Love, his quiver wearing;
 This to wound, and that to slay,
 Hand in hand, they took their way.

Night came on. The self-same shed,
 Furnished both with board and bed;
 While, beneath a wisp of hay,
 Heads and points, their arrows lay.

Ere the morning's faintest dawn,
 Each had girt his armor on:
 But with too much haste arranged,
 Luckless chance! their darts were changed.

Little space our heroes ran,
 Ere their archery began.
 Love, a whizzing shaft, let fly
 At a youth, with beaming eye:
 The aim was true; one shriek he gave,
 And sunk, into an early grave.
 Death shot next; he pierced the core
 Of a dotard, past threescore:
 The cankered carle, his crutch threw by,
 A lover now, with amorous eye.

"Ho!" cried young Love, "here's some mistake;
 These darts of mine sad havoc make."
 "And mine," said Death, "instead of killing,
 Serve but to set these bald-heads billing."

Reader, oft will wanton age
 Bring to mind our sportive page;
 Oh! that youth's untimely fall,
 Its sadder strain, should e'er recall!

** THE PLEASURES OF A COUNTRY LIFE.

From the Latin of Horace.

How blest is he, who, free from care,
 As once, 'tis said, even mortals were,
 Unknown to brokers, bonds, or bills,
 His own paternal acres, tills.
 No midnight storm along the deep,
 Nor broken trumpet, to break his sleep;
 Far from the Forum's pompous prate,
 And thresholds of the lordly great;

The wanton vine, 'tis his to wed,
To poplar trim, with lofty head;
And pruning off each worthless shoot,
Engraft the slip, from choicer root.
Sometimes, where yonder vale descends,
His lowing herds, at ease, he tends;
Shears, now, his sheep, with tottering feet;
Now, stores the hive's delicious sweet;
And now, when autumn smiling round,
Erects his head, with fruitage, crowned,
Plucks, with delight, the melting pear,
Or purple grape, of flavour rare;
What thanks, and offerings then recall
His care, who gives, and guards them all!

Sometimes, where streams are gliding by,
Stretched on the grass, he loves to lie,
Beneath some old and spreading oak.
Where rooks reside, and ravens croak,
While crystal fountains murmur round,
And lull his senses, with their sound.
But, when the raging winter god
Has sent his snows, and storms, abroad,
He scourges the country, round and round,
To rouse the boar, with horse and hound;
With subtle arts, his traps, and nets,
To catch the tender thrush, he sets;
Lays for the crane, some stouter snare,
Or takes, delicious treat! the hare.
'Mid sports like these, unknown to ill,
What love can cross! what cares can kill!
But happiest then, if, while he roam,
His wife and children dear, at home —
(A modest matron she, and fair,
Despite alike of sun and air) —
The swelling udder, duly drain,
And close the sheltering fold, again:
Pile high, with seasoned wood, the fire
To warm and dry their wearied sire;
Then, filled one small, but generous cup,
The unbought banquet, quick serve up.

Such fare be mine! I ask no more;
No shell-fish, from the Lucrine shore;
No turbot rare, nor, driven from far,
By eastern winds, the costly char.
Oh! not the fowl, from Afric's shore,
Nor grouse, from Asiatic moor,
Were half such luxury, to me,
As olives, plucked from mine own tree;
A dish of dock, that grows in fallows;
A dainty mess, of wholesome mallows;
A joint, on high and holy days,
Of roasted lamb, my board to grace;
And, now and then, a rescued kid,
Which ravening wolf had stolen and hid.

'Mid feasts like these, to sit, and see
My flocks wind homeward o'er the lea;
The sober ox, returning first,
With languid neck, and plow reversed;
And men and maids, the farm-house swarm,
Around the hearth-stone, gathered warm.

"What life so blest!" cried wealthy B—,
"I'm done with stocks. A farm for me!"
Cash, loaned at *five*, called in; he went,
And — put it out, at *six* per cent.!

CALEB CUSHING.

CALEB CUSHING, the son of Captain John N. Cushing, an eminent shipowner of Salisbury, Massachusetts, was born at that place January 7, 1800. He was fitted for College at the Public School, and graduated at Harvard with the

honors of the salutatory oration, at the early age of seventeen. He delivered a poem before the Phi Beta Kappa Society in 1819, and an oration on the durability of the Federal Union, on taking his degree of Master of Arts. In 1819 he was appointed a tutor at Harvard, an office which he filled until July, 1821. In 1822 he commenced the practice of the law, in 1825 was elected to the House of Representatives, and the next year to the Senate of the State. In the same year he published a *History of Newburyport*, and a treatise on *The Practical Principles of Political Economy*. In 1824 he married a daughter of Judge Wilde of Boston. In 1826 he was an unsuccessful candidate for election to the Federal House of Representatives. He passed the years from 1829 to 1832 in foreign travel, and on his return published two small volumes of tales and sketches entitled *Reminiscences of Spain—the Country, its People, History, and Monuments*, and a *Review, Historical and Political, of the late Revolution in France, and the Consequent Events in Belgium, Poland, Great Britain, and other parts of Europe* —also in two volumes. In 1833 and 1834, Mr. Cushing was again elected by the town of Newburyport to the State Legislature, where his speech on the currency and public deposits attracted great favor.

Cushing

In 1835 he was elected to Congress, and remained a member of the House of Representatives until 1843. In 1836 he delivered an eloquent vindication of the New England character in reply to an onslaught by Benjamin Hardin, of Kentucky. He was an active member in the debates and business of the House. In 1840 he wrote a popular campaign *Life of General Harrison*. He afterwards supported the administration of President Tyler, by whom he was appointed, in 1843, Commissioner to China for the negotiation of a commercial treaty. He sailed in July in the steam-frigate *Missouri*. The vessel was burnt on the twenty-second of August, while off Gibraltar, and the minister proceeded by the overland route to his destination. A treaty was negotiated and signed July 3, 1844. He returned home by way of the Pacific and Mexico.

In 1846 Mr. Cushing was elected to the Legislature, and the next year was an unsuccessful candidate for the governorship of his State. He advocated an appropriation of twenty thousand dollars for the benefit of the Massachusetts volunteers in the Mexican war, but without success. He was elected colonel by these volunteers, and accompanied them to Mexico, where he was appointed a brigadier-general, and took part in the battle of Buena Vista.

On his return, in 1849, he was again elected to the State Legislature. He was chosen in 1851 the first mayor of Newburyport, and in 1852 was appointed Attorney-General of the United States by President Pierce. He held that office four years. In 1866, he was chosen one of three commissioners to revise and codify the laws of the United States. As one of the U. S. Counsel at Geneva in 1872, he has recently published *The*

Treaty of Washington: Its Negotiation, Execution, and the Discussions relating thereto, 1873.

Mr. Cushing is the author of several addresses delivered on various anniversary occasions, and has contributed a number of articles to the *North American Review*.^{*} Activity and energy have characterized his course whether in or out of office. An epigrammatic epitaph by Miss Hannah F. Gould, and the reply of Mr. Cushing, illustrate the character and the ready talent of the man:—

Lay aside all ye dead,
For in the next bed
Reposes the body of Cushing,
He has crowded his way
Through the world, they say,
And, even though dead, will be pushing.

Here lies one whose wit,
Without wounding, could hit,—
And green grows the grass that's above her;
Having sent every beau
To the regions below,
She has gone down herself for a lover.

CAROLINE, the wife of Mr. Cushing, is author of *Letters Descriptive of Public Monuments, Scenery, and Manners, in France and Spain*, two pleasant volumes of reminiscences of her tour in Europe with her husband.†

THEODORE SEDGWICK—CATHARINE M. SEDGWICK
—THEODORE SEDGWICK.

THEODORE, the eldest son of Theodore Sedgwick, one of the judges of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, was born in Sheffield, Berkshire, Mass., on the last day of the year 1781. He passed his boyhood at Stockbridge, where his father removed in 1788, completed his literary studies at Yale College in 1799, studied law in the office of Peter Van Schaack in Kinderhook, New York, and commenced practice in Albany in partnership with Harmanus Bleeker, afterwards the representative of the United States at the Hague. In 1808 he married Miss Susan Ridley, a granddaughter of Governor Livingston. He rapidly rose to eminence at the bar, but, finding his health failing, retired from practice in 1822 to the estate left by his father, who died in 1813, at Stockbridge.

In 1824 he was elected a member of the state house of representatives, and was again chosen in 1825 and 1827. He was twice nominated for Congress, but failed of his election owing to the minority of his party. He was an active politician though not a violent partisan, and expressed himself with clearness and decision on all the great questions and issues of the day. He took much interest in agriculture, and was twice president of the Berkshire Agricultural Society.

^{*} Oration at Newburyport, July 4, 1882.
Oration, July 4, 1883, for the American Colonization Society.
Address before the American Institute of Instruction, 1884.
Eulogy on Lafayette, delivered at Dover, N. H., 1884.
Popular Eloquence, an Address before the Literary Societies of Amherst College, Aug. 23, 1886.

Progress of America, an Oration delivered at Springfield, Mass., July 4, 1889.

Oration on the Errors of Popular Reformers, delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Cambridge, 1889.

Articles on American Vespuccius, Boccaccio, and Columbus, *North Am. Review*, xii. 418; xix. 68; xxi. 398.

† *Loring's Boston Orators*, pp. 518-524.

In 1836 Mr. Sedgwick published the first part of a work entitled *Public and Private Economy*. In this he traces the history of property and poverty, and the means to acquire the one and avoid the other, in a clear and interesting manner, showing the absolute necessity to a community of a spirit of thrift, economy, and industry—and of a safe system of currency and credit, based upon actual values, for the successful prosecution of its business relations. In 1838 and 1839 Mr. Sedgwick enlarged his work by the addition of a second and third part, principally devoted to an account of his observations in England and France during a tour in the summer of 1836. The condition of the masses in these countries, the extravagance of government, and the lack of provision for cheap conveniences or essentials of social life, are the chief topics discussed.

On the 6th of November, 1839, Mr. Sedgwick, who had just completed an address at a political meeting at Pittsfield prior to the state election, was seized by a fit of apoplexy which soon after caused his death.



C. M. Sedgwick

CATHARINE MARIA SEDGWICK, the daughter of the Hon. Theodore Sedgwick, was born at Stockbridge, Massachusetts. A member of a well trained family, she received an excellent education, and in 1822 published her first work, *A New England Tale*. This was commenced as a religious tract, but expanding in the writer's hands beyond the limits of such publications, she was induced by the solicitations of her friends to extend it to the size of a novel. Its success warranted their anticipations, and induced the writer to continue in the career so auspiciously commenced. In 1827 she published *Redwood*, a novel of the ordinary two-volume length. *Hope Leslie, or Early Times in America*, a novel of the same size, followed in the same year; *Clarence, a Tale of our Own Times*, in 1830; *Le Bossu*, in 1832; and the *Linwoods, or Sixty Years Since in America*, in 1835. A collection of shorter tales,

published by her in various magazines, appeared in the same year.

In 1836 she published *The Poor Rich Man and the Rich Poor Man*, a popular tale, designed to show the superior advantages for happiness of a life of cheerful labor and domestic content in a comparatively humble sphere, over one of extra vagance and makeshift in a more prominent position. The success of this soon led to the publication, in 1838, of a story of a similar character, *Live and Let Live*; and a delightful volume of juvenile tales, *A Love Token for Children*, which was followed by *Stories for Young Persons. Means and Ends, or Self-Training*, an attractive and sensible little volume of advice to young ladies on education and the formation of character, appeared about the same time.

In 1840 Miss Sedgwick published *Letters from Abroad to Kindred at Home*, in two volumes; a pleasant, sketchy account of some of the places she had seen, and the people she had met, during a recent tour in Europe.

Miss Sedgwick has contributed to the *Lady's Book*, *Milton Harvey*, *A Huguenot Family*, *Scenes from Life in Town*, *Fanny McDermot*, and other tales. She has also written for other periodicals.

Miss Sedgwick's life has been principally passed in the place of her birth, where she still resides. Stockbridge is one of the most beautiful villages of Berkshire, but its wide-spread celebrity is to be ascribed far more to the reputation which Miss Sedgwick's descriptions and works have given it, than to its great natural advantages.

The best trait of Miss Sedgwick's writings is the amiable home-sentiment which runs through them: her pen is always intent to improve life and cultivate its refinements; but besides this practical trait she has cultivated the imaginative element in American fiction with success. The Indian character in Hope Leslie is identified in the local feeling with the streams and mountain scenery of the region in which the author resides.

THEODORE SEDGWICK, a nephew of Miss Sedgwick, and a lawyer of the city of New York, is the author of a carefully prepared *Life of William Livingston* of New Jersey, published in 1833; of an elaborate work, *A Treatise on the Measure of Damages, or an Inquiry into the Principles which govern the Amount of Compensation recovered in Suits-at-Law*; and of numerous articles on social, literary, and political topics in the periodicals of the day. In 1840 he prepared a collection of the *Political Writings of William Leggett*.

Mr. Sedgwick was the first president of the New York Crystal Palace Company.

Mr. Theodore Sedgwick died at his family residence at Stockbridge, Mass., December 8, 1859, in his forty-eighth year. He was in early life attached to the legation of the Hon. Edward Livingston at Paris, and became thoroughly conversant with modern European literature and society. On his return from Paris he established himself in New York as a lawyer, and pursued the profession with eminent success. In 1858 he was called to the office of United States district attorney at New York,

and held the position at the time of his death, though for several months he had been unable to attend to its duties by serious illness.

In addition to the literary works of Mr. Sedgwick already spoken of, we may mention the series of political papers of the Democratic creed which he contributed to the *New York Evening Post*, under the signature "Veto," "papers," says that journal, in its obituary of the author, "remarkable for their noble and independent spirit, their soundness of judgment, and their clearness and vigor of style." The first volume of *Harper's Weekly* contains also numerous leading articles from Mr. Sedgwick's pen, on public and social topics, marked by their acute analysis and freedom and clearness of statement. A sketch of European travel, which he published in *Harper's Magazine* for January, 1856, also attracted much attention. It is entitled "English Wigs and Gowns, by a Barrister without Wig or Gown," and gives a pleasant and instructive picture of the writer's observation of the practice of the courts of the summer circuit.

In October, 1858, Mr. Sedgwick delivered the annual address before the Columbia College Alumni Association, taking for his topic "The true relations of the educated American to his city and to his country." It discusses with great candor the political features of the times, and calls loudly upon the educated classes to devote themselves to the preservation of a sound nationality in consonance with the healthy development of the country. Mr. Sedgwick's extensive legal and miscellaneous library, including many important works in history, voyages and travels, biography, &c., was sold at auction in New York, in May, 1860.

THE RESCUE OF EVERELL BY MAGAWISCA—FROM HOPE LESLIE.

Magawisca, in the urgency of a necessity that could brook no delay, had forgotten, or regarded as useless, the sleeping potion she had infused into the Mohawk's draught; she now saw the powerful agent was at work for her, and with that quickness of apprehension that made the operations of her mind as rapid as the impulses of instinct, she perceived that every emotion she excited but hindered the effect of the potion. Suddenly seeming to relinquish all purpose and hope of escape, she threw herself on a mat, and hid her face, burning with agonizing impatience, in her mantle. There we must leave her, and join that fearful company who were gathered together to witness what they believed to be the execution of exact and necessary justice.

Seated around their sacrifice-rock—their holy of holies—they listened to the sad story of the Pequod chief with dejected countenances and downcast eyes, save when an involuntary glance turned on Everell, who stood awaiting his fate, cruelly aggravated by every moment's delay, with a quiet dignity and calm resignation that would have become a hero or a saint. Surrounded by this dark cloud of savages, his fair countenance kindled by holy inspiration, he looked scarcely like a creature of earth.

There might have been among the spectators some who felt the silent appeal of the helpless, courageous boy; some whose hearts moved them to interpose to save the selected victim; but they were restrained by their interpretation of natural justice, as controlling to them as our artificial codes of laws to us.

Others, of a more cruel or more irritable dispo-

sition, when the Pequod described his wrongs and depicted his sufferings, brandished their tomahawks, and would have hurled them at the boy; but the chief said, "Nay, brothers, the work is mine; he dies by my hand—for my first-born—life for life; he dies by a single stroke, for thus was my boy cut off. The blood of sachems is in his veins. He has the skin, but not the soul of that mixed race, whose gratitude is like that vanishing mist," and he pointed to the vapor that was melting from the mountain tops into the transparent ether; "and their promises like this," and he snapped a dead branch from the pine beside which he stood, and broke it in fragments. "Boy as he is, he fought for his mother as the eagle fights for its young. I watched him in the mountain-path, when the blood gushed from his torn feet; not a word from his smooth lip betrayed his pain."

Mononotto embellished his victim with praises, as the ancients wreathed theirs with flowers. He brandished his hatchet over Everell's head, and cried exultingly, "See, he flinches not. Thus stood my boy when they flashed their sabres before his eyes and bade him betray his father. Brothers: My people have told me I bore a woman's heart towards the enemy. Ye shall see. I will pour out this English boy's blood to the last drop, and give his flesh and bones to the dogs and wolves."

He then motioned to Everell to prostrate himself on the rock, his face downward. In this position the boy would not see the descending stroke. Even at this moment of dire vengeance the instincts of a merciful nature asserted their rights.

Everell sank calmly on his knees, not to supplicate life, but to commend his soul to God. He clasped his hands together. He did not—he could not speak; his soul was

Rapt in still communion, that transcends
The imperfect offices of prayer.

At this moment a sunbeam penetrated the trees that inclosed the area, and fell athwart his brow and hair, kindling it with an almost supernatural brightness. To the savages, this was a token that the victim was accepted, and they sent forth a shout that rent the air. Everell bent forward and pressed his forehead to the rock. The chief raised the deadly weapon, when Magawisca, springing from the precipitous side of the rock, screamed "Forbear!" and interposed her arm. It was too late. The blow was levelled—force and direction given; the stroke, aimed at Everell's neck, severed his defender's arm, and left him unharmed. The lopped, quivering member dropped over the precipice. Mononotto staggered and fell senseless, and all the savages, uttering horrible yells, rushed towards the fatal spot.

"Stand back!" cried Magawisca. "I have bought his life with my own. Fly, Everell—nay, speak not, but fly—thither—to the east!" she cried, more vehemently.

Everell's faculties were paralysed by a rapid succession of violent emotions. He was conscious only of a feeling of mingled gratitude and admiration for his preserver. He stood motionless, gazing on her. "I die in vain, then," she cried, in an accent of such despair that he was roused. He threw his arms around her, and pressed her to his heart as he would a sister that had redeemed his life with her own, and then, tearing himself from her, he disappeared. No one offered to follow him. The voice of nature rose from every heart, and, responding to the justice of Magawisca's claim, bade him "God speed!" To all it seemed that his deliverance had been achieved by a miraculous aid. All—the dullest and coldest—paid involuntary homage to the heroic girl, as if she

were a superior being, guided and upheld by supernatural power.

Everything short of a miracle she had achieved. The moment the opiate dulled the senses of her keeper, she escaped from the hut; and aware that, if she attempted to penetrate to her father through the semicircular line of spectators that inclosed him, she would be repulsed, and probably borne off the ground, she had taken the desperate resolution of mounting the rock where only her approach would be unperceived. She did not stop to ask herself if it were possible; but, impelled by a determined spirit, or rather, we would believe, by that inspiration that teaches the bird its unknown path, and leads the goat, with its young, safely over the mountain crags, she ascended the rock. There were crevices in it, but they seemed scarcely sufficient to support the eagle with his grapping talon; and twigs issuing from the fissures, but so slender that they waved like a blade of grass under the weight of the young birds that made a nest on them; and yet, such is the power of love, stronger than death, that with these inadequate helps Magawisca scaled the rock and achieved her generous purpose.

THE SHAKERS AT HANCOCK—FROM REDWOOD.

The Shaker society at Hancock, in Massachusetts, is one of the oldest establishments of this sect, which has extended its limits far beyond the anticipations of the "unbelieving world," and now boasts that its outposts have advanced to the frontiers of civilization—to Kentucky—Ohio—and Indiana; and rejoices in the verification of the prophecy, "a little one shall become a thousand, and a small one a strong nation."

The society is distributed into several families of a convenient size,* for domestic arrangements, and the whole body is guided and governed by "elder brothers" and "elder sisters," whose "gifts" of superior wisdom, knowledge, or cunning, obtain for them these titles, and secure to them their rights and immunities. There are gradations of rank, or, as they choose to designate their distinctions, of "privilege" among them; but none are exempt from the equitable law of their religious community, which requires each individual to "labor with his hands according to his strength."

A village is divided into lots of various dimensions. Each inclosure contains a family, whose members are clothed from one storehouse, fed at the same board, and perform their domestic worship together. In the centre of the inclosure is a large building, which contains their eating-room and kitchen, their sleeping apartments, and two large rooms, connected by folding-doors, where they receive their visitors, and assemble for their evening religious service. All their mechanical and manual labors, distinct from the housewifery (a profane term in this application), are performed in offices at a convenient distance from the main dwelling, and within the inclosure. In these offices may be heard, from the rising to the setting of the sun, the cheerful sounds of voluntary industry—sounds as significant to the moral sense, as the smith's stroke upon his anvil to the musical ear. One edifice is erected over a cold perennial stream, and devoted to the various operations of the dairy—from another proceed the sounds of the heavy loom and the flying shuttle, and the buzz of the swift wheels. In one apartment is a group of sisters, selected chiefly from the old and feeble, but among whom were also some of the

* No family, we believe, is permitted to exceed a hundred members. Hear and admire, ye housewives.

young and tasteful, weaving the delicate basket—another is devoted to the dress-makers (a class that obtains even among Shaking Quakers), who are employed in fashioning, after a uniform model, the striped cotton for summer wear, or the sad-colored winter russet; here is the patient teacher, and there the ingenious manufacturer; and wherever labor is performed, there are many valuable contrivances by which toil is lightened and success insured.

The villages of Lebanon* and Hancock have been visited by foreigners and strangers from all parts of our Union; if they are displeased or disgusted by some of the absurdities of the Shaker faith, and by their singular worship, none have withheld their admiration from the results of their industry, ingenuity, order, frugality, and temperance. The perfection of these virtues among them may, perhaps, be traced with propriety to the founder of their sect, who united practical wisdom with the wildest fanaticism, and who proved that she understood the intricate machine of the human mind, when she declared that temporal prosperity was the indication and would be the reward of spiritual fidelity.

The prosperity of the society's agriculture is a beautiful illustration of the philosophical remark, that "to temperance every day is bright, and every hour propitious to diligence." Their skilful cultivation preserves them from many of the disasters that fall like a curse upon the slovenly husbandry of the farmers in their vicinity. Their gardens always flourish in spite of late frosts and early frosts—blasts and mildew ravage their neighbors' fields without invading their territory—the mischievous daisy, that spreads its starry mantle over the rich meadows of the "world's people," does not presume to lift its yellow head in their green fields—and even the Canada thistle, that bristled little warrior, armed at all points, that comes in from the north, extirpating in its march, like the hordes of barbarous invaders, all the fair fruits of civilization, is not permitted to intrude upon their grounds.

It is sufficiently manifest that this felicity is the natural consequence and appropriate reward of their skill, vigilance, and unwearied toil; but they believe it to be a spiritual blessing—an assurance of peculiar favor, like that which exempted the Israelites from the seven Egyptian plagues—an accomplishment of the promise that every one that "hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my name's sake, shall receive a hundred fold."

The sisters, too, have their peculiar and appropriate blessings and exemptions. They are saved from those scourges of our land of liberty and equality, "poor help," and "no help." There are no scolding mistresses nor eye-servants among them.

It might be curious to ascertain by what magical process these felicitous sisters have expelled from their thrifty housewifery that busy, mischievous principle of all evil in the domestic economy of the "world's people," known in all its Protean shapes by the name of "bad luck;" the modern successor of Robin Goodfellow, with all the spite, but without the genius of that frolic-loving little spirit, he who

Frights the maidens of the villagery,
Skims milk, and sometimes labors in the quern,
And bootless makes the breathless housewife churn,
And sometimes makes the drink to bear no barm.

How much broken china, spoiled batches of bread, ruined tempers, and other common domestic

disasters might be avoided by the discovery of this secret; what tribes of mice, ants, flies, and other household demons, might be driven from their strongholds! Perhaps those provoking solvers of mysteries, who are so fond of finding out the "reason of the thing," that they are daily circumscribing within most barren and inconvenient limits the dominion of the imagination, will pretend to have found the clue to this mystery in the exact order and elaborate neatness of the sisterhood.

The sisters themselves, certainly, hint at a sublime cause of their success, when in reply to a stranger's involuntary admiration of their stainless walls, polished floors, snow-white linen, and all the detail of their precise arrangement and ornamental neatness, they say, with the utmost gravity, "God is the God of order, not of confusion." The most signal triumph of the society is in the discipline of the children. Of these there are many among them; a few are received together with their "believing" parents; in some instances orphans, and even orphan families are adopted; and many are brought to the society by parents, who, either from the despair of poverty or the carelessness of vice, choose to commit their offspring to the guardianship of the Shakers. Now that the first fervors of enthusiasm are abated, and conversions have become rare, the adoption of children is a substantial aid to the continuance and preservation of the society. These little born rebels, natural enemies to the social compact, lose in their hands their prescriptive right to uproar and misrule, and soon become as silent, as formal, and as orderly as their elders.

We hope we shall not be suspected of speaking the language of panegyric rather than justice, if we add that the hospitalities of these people are never refused to the weary wayworn traveller, nor their alms to the needy; and that their faith (however absurd and indefensible its peculiarities) is tempered by some generous and enlightened principles, which those who had rather learn than scoff would do well to adopt. In short, those who know them well, and judge them equitably, will not withhold from them the praise of moral conduct which they claim, in professing themselves, as a community, a "harmless, just, and upright people."

****** Miss Sedgwick, in the last twenty years of her life, wrote a few magazine stories; a novel, *Married or Single?* 1857; and a brief *Memoir of Joseph Curtis, a Model Man*, famed in New York for his philanthropic labors, 1858. Of this romance written in her sixty-seventh year, and described by some critics as the best of the series, she thus wrote to her niece in April, 1857: *

"My book gets on very well—from eighteen to twenty-one pages a day. I have the miserable feeling of incompetence for my task; and sometimes, when my feeble interest in the future of my offspring is overcome, and my old desire of success gets the better of me, I feel worried and anxious and utterly discouraged. A great deal of the whole needed copying, and much of it to be copied by myself; so you may imagine that I have worked, and am working, pretty hard—up to the last ounce of strength. But I am very well; and if there is no fatal mistake, omission, or transposition of pages or chapters, from my weak memory, I shall be content. The book can't hurt any body, and may be to some like a sprinkle

* The village at Lebanon is distinguished as the United Societies' centre of union.

* *Life and Letters of Catharine M. Sedgwick*. Edited by Mary E. Dewey.

in a dry time—lay the dust for a little while. But there are moments when the full sense of my loneliness comes over me. When I think of all those whose hearts beat for me, and more than mine, at the publication of my early books, all gone, and he who shared and lightened every anxiety, and blessed all happiness, then my strength all goes, and I stop. But better thoughts come—grateful thoughts for what remains to me.”

The calm life of this estimable lady, of late years saddened by the loss of many dear relatives, was grievously afflicted in the spring of 1863 by an attack of epilepsy, which left her unconscious for an entire day. From that time, as her biographer touchingly narrates, she grew slowly weaker, and looked longingly forward to those who, as she said, “had passed on—a blessed relief in all senses.”—“Her bodily powers were more affected than those of her mind. The disease made very gradual inroads upon the brain; and when these became more manifest, her loss of judgment took the very characteristic form of increased and less discriminating admiration of everything around her. And so, in the beautiful retirement which she loved, surrounded by the tenderest ministrations, and without much acute suffering, her life wore gently away to its close.” She died July 31, 1867, aged seventy-seven years and seven months, and was buried in the town she made memorable by her life and writings.

In the Preface to her last novel, Miss Sedgwick justifies “a single life,” and urges such a career on a portion of her sex, for its attendant usefulness. Her address may be termed

**A PLEA FOR MAIDENHOOD—FROM MARRIED OR SINGLE.

We raise our voice with all our might against the miserable cant that matrimony is essential to the feeble sex—that a woman's single life must be useless or undignified—that she is but an adjunct of man—in her best estate a helm merely to guide the nobler vessel. Aside from the great tasks of humanity, for which man's capacities are best fitted, we believe she has an independent power to shape her own course, and to force her separate sovereign way. Happily no illustration is needed at this day, to prove that maidens can perform with grace and honor, duties from which mothers and wives are exempted by their domestic necessities. Our sisters of mercy and charity, however they may be called, are limited to no faith and to no peculiar class of ministrations. Their smiles brighten the whole world.

But we speak to those especially of our maidens whose modesty confines their efficiency to the circle which radiates from their home. We pray such to remember that their sex's share of the sterner sacrifices, as well as the softer graces of Christian love, does not belong alone to the noble Florence Nightingale of our day, any more than the real glories of feminine heroism were once all bound to the helmet of Joan of Arc. It is not in the broad and noisy field sought by the apostles of “Women's Rights,” that sisterly love and maidenly charity best diffuse their native sweetness. These are sensitive flowers—too bright and sweet indeed—as our language has just partly implied—to be fully typified by that pale plant of which it is said that

“Radiance and odor are not its dower,”

but resembling it in the essential character from which it takes its name. The modesty and sensibility which in a greater or less degree belong to other flowers as attributes, are in this its essential nature, inwrought through every fibre of its delicate texture. The same qualities mark the heavenly virtues among the pure throng of womanly graces. These they enhance; of those, they are the distinctive nature. May it never become less exquisitely distinctive!

We do not therefore counsel our gentle young friends to nourish a spirit of enterprise, nor of necessity even to enlarge the plain and natural circle of their duties. But in every sphere of woman—wherever her low voice thrills with the characteristic vibrations which are softer and sweeter than all the other sweet notes in nature's infinite chorus, maidens have a mission to fulfil as serious and as honorable as those of a wife's devotion, or a mother's care—a mission of wider and more various range. We need not describe it.

Our story will not have been in vain, if it has done anything towards raising the single women of our country to the comparatively honorable level they occupy in England—anything to drive away the smile from the lips of all but the vulgar, at the name of “old maid.”

“I speak by permission and not of commandment. * * * Every man hath his proper gift of God, one after this manner, another after that. I say therefore to the unmarried and widows, it is good for them if they abide.”

PETER FORCE.

This gentleman, whose intelligent and long-continued labors in a series of publications have laid the broad and permanent foundations of American historical literature, was born near the Little Falls of the Passaic, in Essex County, New Jersey, November 26, 1790. His father, William Force, was a soldier of the Revolution, and it was in the conversation of the veteran of the war at his fireside that the son acquired that fondness for the recital of the deeds of our ancestors which has stimulated the literary exertions of a long life. His parents, after residing at New Paltz, in Ulster County, settled at New York in his childhood. He was placed at school in the city, but soon quitted it, choosing to place himself in the office of a printer, W. A. Davis. There he was so skilful that at the age of sixteen he had charge of the office at Bloomingdale, in the vicinity of the city. The locality is preserved in a pleasant anecdote. Young Force was engaged in setting up the second edition of Irving's *Knickerbocker*, when it occurred to him to heighten the effect of the enumeration of Dutch names which occurs on one of the pages of that book, by inserting a few others in the proof, caught up from the old Dutch families of his rural neighborhood. Irving listened to the proof-reader's suggestion, and years afterward, when the humorous author had acquired new obligations to Mr. Force, in his pursuit of American history, the incident was brought to light.

In these early days, Mr. Force's attention was already directed to the preservation of the story of the Revolution. He planned a book, the material of which was derived from the conversations he had listened to, which he entitled, *The Unwritten History of the War in New Jersey.*

He made some progress in the affair, when the manuscript was lost, and the work was not resumed.

At the breaking out of the war of 1812, which found him President of the Typographical Society, he entered the local militia service as a volunteer; in 1815, receiving from the Governor of the State an appointment as ensign, and in 1816 as lieutenant. In the last year, he took up his residence at Washington, under an arrangement with Mr. Davis, who had obtained the contract for the printing of Congress. He there became quite distinguished in several appointments in the military service of the District, rising to the rank of colonel, and, finally, major-general of artillery, while he was engaged in various civil duties as councilman, alderman, and, from 1836 to 1840, in the mayoralty.

His direct historical labors commenced with the publication, in 1821, of *The National Calendar and Annals of the United States, prepared from Official Papers, and from Information obtained at the Proper Departments and Offices*. The work, embraced in thirteen volumes, was continued to the year 1836. In 1823 he established the *National Journal*, which subsequently supported the administration of John Quincy Adams. In 1836, he published the first of a series of *Tracts and Other Papers, relating Principally to the Origin, Settlement, and Progress of the Colonies in North America, from the Discovery of the Country to 1776*. Fifty-one rare and valuable historical productions, relating mainly to Virginia and New England, are included in the four volumes of this work.

In 1837, Mr. Force, having five years previously given a specimen of the work, the History of the Stamp Act, in the *Calendar*, began the publication of his great work, *The American Archives*, consisting of a Collection of Authentic Records, State Papers, Debates, and Letters, and other Notices of Public Affairs, the whole forming a Documentary History of the Origin and Progress of the North American Colonies, of the Causes and Accomplishment of the American Revolution, and of the Constitution of Government for the United States, to the final ratification thereof. It was prepared and published under authority of an act of Congress. One series and part of another (the fourth and fifth), of this comprehensive collection of documents, and extending from March 1774 to the close of 1776, were embraced in nine folio volumes, the last of which was issued in 1853, when the support of the Government was withdrawn and the publication discontinued. The materials in the work are thus arranged: First Series, from the Discovery and Settlement of the North American Colonies to the Revolution in England, in 1688. Second Series, from the Revolution in England, in 1688, to the Cession of Canada to Great Britain, by the Treaty of Paris, in 1763. Third Series, from the Cession of Canada, in 1763, to the King's Message to Parliament of March 7, 1774, on the Proceedings in North America. Fourth Series, from the King's Message of March 7, 1774, to the Declaration of Independence by the United States, in 1776. Fifth Series, from the Declaration of Independence, in 1776, to the Definitive Treaty of Peace with

Great Britain, in 1783. Sixth Series, from the Treaty of Peace, in 1783, to the Final Ratification of the Constitution of Government for the United States, proposed by the Convention held at Philadelphia, 1787.

This outline of the work shows its comprehensive character; and when we add that the devotion of Mr. Force to the collection of material has put him in possession of a vast library of manuscripts and original publications of the greatest value, we have only to express the wish of all intelligent persons in the country, that the sagacity of the Government may enable him to resume his undertaking, according to the scheme with which he set out.

Besides these editorial labors, Mr. Force is the author of two publications, in 1852 and the following year, discussing the claims to Arctic discovery of England and America, entitled, *Grinnell Land: Remarks on the English Maps of Arctic Discoveries in 1850 and 1851*; and of a scientific paper published, in 1856, in the *Smithsonian Contributions to Knowledge*, entitled, "Record of Auroral Phenomena observed in the Higher Northern Latitudes," and of an Appendix to the same.*

**Mr. Force died in Washington, D. C., January 23, 1868. By the labors of forty-five years, he had gathered a noble library to illustrate the history of America, unique and invaluable in many of its departments. It numbered 22,529 volumes, besides 40,000 pamphlets; and so rare were these that only 7,850 duplicate volumes were contained in the Library of Congress. Thanks to the efforts of Mr. A. R. Spofford, the Congressional Librarian, the entire collection was purchased by Congress, at the moderate price of \$100,000. In his report for 1867, Mr. Spofford thus outlines some of its noticeable features:—

In the department of books relating to America, the library embraces the largest private collection ever brought together, having been formed by Mr. Force with special reference to assembling the fullest materials for editing his "American Archives." The plan of this work embraced nothing less than a complete publication of all the more important original State papers, letters, narratives, and other documents relating to the settlement and history of the United States, from the discovery of America in 1492 to the establishment of the present Government in 1789. His library embraces an immense collection of the early American voyages, in Latin, French, Italian, Spanish, German, Dutch, and English, while in books and pamphlets relating to the politics and government of the American colonies, it stands unrivalled in this country. In the field of early printed American books, so much sought for by collectors, and which are becoming annually more scarce and costly, this library possesses more than ten times the number to be found in the Library of Congress. Not to dwell upon particulars, it need only be mentioned that there is a perfect copy of "Eliot's Indian Bible," the last copy of which offered at auction brought

* *North American Review*, April, 1861, Art., "Documentary History of the Revolution." *Trubner's Bibliographical Guide*.

\$800, and was last year resold at \$1,000; forty-one different works of Increase and Cotton Mather, printed at Boston, and Cambridge, from 1671 to 1735; a large number of still earlier books and pamphlets by Norton, Cotton, and other Puritan divines; and a very complete representation of the numerous and much sought for publications of the presses of Franklin and the Bradfords. In the Laws and Journals of the early colonial Assemblies, from New Hampshire to Georgia, there are over two hundred volumes, of the utmost interest as showing the legislative policy of the Colonies in revolutionary times; and as but few of these have been reprinted in any of the modern collections, they are not in the Library of Congress.

In the department of early printed American newspapers, there are unusually complete files of the leading journals of Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, Virginia, and other States, dating from 1735 to 1800, and covering with much fullness the period of the Stamp Act controversy, the revolutionary war, and the establishment of the present Constitution. The library of Congress at present possesses not even a fragment of a file of any revolutionary or anti-revolutionary newspaper, the earliest American journal in its collection being the "Boston Centinel" of 1789. The Force Library has no less than 245 bound volumes of American newspapers printed prior to 1800, besides about seven hundred volumes, bound and unbound, of journals printed from 1800 to the present time.

The number, variety, and value of the pamphlets embraced in this library are entirely unrivalled in any American collection, public or private, unless it may be by the rich stores of the Boston Athenæum. Of pamphlets printed prior to 1800 there are 8310, while of pamphlets printed between 1800 and the present date, the collection rises to between 30,000 and 35,000. It is now generally admitted that the pamphlet literature, especially of the last century, is full of the most vital materials for political history. The whole number of pamphlets in this noble collection is nearly 40,000, and as Mr. Force was so fortunate as to secure, many years since, five great and unbroken collections, formed by leading politicians of different parties, who arranged and bound up for convenient reference all the pamphlet literature of their time, the collection is not only unmatched, but at this day unmatched for completeness. Indeed, there are few either of books or pamphlets published in America or in Great Britain upon our affairs which are not to be found here. The library of Congress at present possesses less than 6000 pamphlets.

In the department of maps and atlases relating to America, the Force Library embraces a collection not only large, but in many particulars unique.

Not only the early atlases of Delisle, Jeffreys, Des Barres, Faden, and other geographers, with a complete copy of the scarce "Atlas of the Battles of the American Revolution," but an assemblage of detached maps over one thousand in number, and chiefly illustrative of America, are here found. Among these, the most valuable are a series of original military maps and plans in manuscript, covering the period of the French war and the war of the Revolution. These are of exceeding interest, and many of them are the work of officers of the British army stationed in America, bearing such inscriptions as the following:—

"Plan of the Rebel Works at West Point" (a pen drawing), date 1779.

"Plan of the Rebel Works on Prospect Hill," also on Winter Hill and Bunker Hill, several distinct maps, date 1775.

The number of these original maps, many of which are unpublished, and therefore presumed to be unique, is over 300, covering the whole country, from Canada to the Gulf.

Of books known as *incunabula*, or specimens of the earliest development of the art of printing, the collection is large and valuable. It embraces a complete series of imprints by the most distinguished of the early printers, representing every year from 1467 to 1500, besides a large number printed in the following century. The number of books printed in the fifteenth century is 161, and there are over 250 more printed prior to 1600. This collection was formed with special reference to illustrating the progress of the art of printing from its infancy, and is one of the best, if not the best, in America.

Among the manuscript treasures of this library are 48 folio volumes of historical autographs of great rarity and interest, embracing, especially, a collection of revolutionary letters, chiefly military and political, and all of unquestionable authenticity. The Force collection embraces two volumes of an original military journal of Major-General Greene, covering the years 1781 and 1782; a private journal kept by Arthur Lee while minister to France in 1776-7; thirty or forty orderly books of the Revolution; twelve or more military journals of British officers during the same period; twenty-five manuscript narratives of military expeditions, all unpublished; twelve folio volumes of the papers of Paul Jones, while commanding American cruisers in 1776 to 1778; a volume of records of the Virginia Company from 1621 to 1682, mostly unpublished; two autograph journals of George Washington, one dated 1755, during Braddock's expedition, and one in 1787, at Mount Vernon; besides a multitude of others. There is also an unpublished manuscript of Las Casas, in four folio volumes, entitled "Historia Apologetica de los Indias Occidentales," and an "Historia Antiqua de Nueva España," in three volumes. The whole number of volumes in manuscript reaches 429.

But perhaps the most important part of this collection remains yet to be alluded to. It is the materials in manuscript which form the collection made by Mr. Force for the great work of his life, the "American Archives, or Documentary History of the United States." It consists of the whole unpublished materials for that work, including a countless variety of documents transcribed with the utmost care from the originals in the archives of all the old thirteen colonies, as well as many early and unpublished papers relating to American affairs derived from other sources. The originals of some of these have been destroyed by fire since these copies were taken. The whole of these materials would make about 360 folio volumes in manuscript, and they are thoroughly analyzed and classified by States.

As to the numerical extent of this library and its commercial value, the whole number of volumes, by actual enumeration, is 22,529, without reckoning the pamphlets as volumes. If the pamphlets are counted (as is done in most libraries), the number of volumes rises to about 60,000.

HANNAH F. LEE.

Mrs. HANNAH F. LEE, the author of numerous popular writings, was a native of Newburyport, Massachusetts, the daughter of an eminent physician of that place. She was for many years a widow, residing in Boston, where she died December 28, 1865.



In 1832, when the autobiography of Hannah Adams appeared, the "notices in continuation by a friend," forming half of the volume, were from her pen. Her first distinct publication was a novel, *Grace Seymour*, published at New York, the first edition of which was mostly burned in the great fire of 1835. In 1838, appeared anonymously, *The Three Experiments of Living*, a work which she wrote as a sketch of those times of commercial difficulty, without reference to publication. By the agency of the eminent philologist, John Pickering, it was brought before the public, and attained at once extraordinary success. This was followed immediately by a volume of romantic biography, *Historical Sketches of the Old Painters*, taking for the subjects the lives of Leonardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo, Correggio, and others. With a similar view of popularizing the lessons of history, Mrs. Lee wrote the works entitled *Luther, and his Times*; *Cranmer, and his Times*; and the *Huguenots in France and America*; books of careful reading and graphic description.

Mrs. Lee was also the author of a series of domestic tales, illustrating the minor morals of life and topics of education, as *Elinor Fulton*; a sequel to *Three Experiments of Living*; *Rich Enough*, the title of which indicates its purpose. *Rosanna, or Scenes in Boston*, written for the benefit of a charity school; *The Contrast, or Different Modes of Education*; *The World before you, or the Log Cabin*; and in 1849 a volume of *Stories from Life, for the Young*. Still regarding the tastes of youthful readers, with a style and subject calculated to gain the attention of all, she published, in 1852, a familiar *History of Sculpture and Sculptors*. A *Memoir of Pierre Toussaint*, a negro, born a slave in St. Domingo, who lived in New York to an advanced age, and who had been a devoted humble friend of her sister, Mrs. Philip Schuyler—a curious and interesting biography, published at Boston in 1853—completes the list of Mrs. Lee's useful and always interesting productions.

GEORGE WOOD,

THE author of *Peter Schlemihl in America*, was born in Newburyport, Massachusetts, and was educated by the distinguished *littérateur* Samuel L. Knapp, then a young and talented lawyer, from whom his pupil imbibed his first love of literature. His mother removed with her family in 1816 to Alexandria, District of Columbia, and there he found employment as a clerk in a commission house. In December, 1819, he was appointed by Calhoun, then Secretary of War, a clerk in his

department. He was connected with the Treasury department from 1822 to 1845, for thirty-three years, when he came to New York to reside. In the latter city he wrote his *Peter Schlemihl in America*, which was published in Philadelphia in 1848. It is a sketchy satirical work of the school of Southey's "Doctor," adopting a slight outline of incident from the famous invention of Von Chamisso, and making it a vehicle for the humorous discussion of social manners, fashionable education and affectations, the morals of the stock exchange; and above all some of the religious and philosophical notions of the day, as Puseyism and Fourierism. The author's humorous hits are not equally successful, but his curious stores of reading are always entertaining; and with a better discipline in the art of literature his matter would appear to more advantage. After the publication of this book he returned to Washington, where he



held a clerkship in the Treasury department till his death at Saratoga, New York, August 24, 1870. His later works were: *The Modern Pilgrims, showing the Improvements in Travel with the Newest Methods of reaching the Celestial City*, 1855; *Marrying Too Late, a Tale*—"designed to illustrate God's providences in the relations of married life"—1856. *Future Life, or Scenes in Another World*, 1858—republished in 1869 as *The Gates Wide Open*.

THE CIRCLE OF FINANCIERS—FROM PETER SChLEMHL.

It is now some twenty years since I came to this city, merely to pass the winter and spring, and to return to Europe in June following. I had not been in the country for some years, and wishing to be as quiet as possible, I took private rooms at the "Star Hotel," and entered my name as Thomas Jones, and for a while was perfectly secure in my *incognito*; but accidentally meeting with some old friends, who had become conspicuous operators in Change Alley, I was drawn out from my retreat and almost compelled to accept their earnest and most hospitable invitations to their several houses. I assure you I was not at all prepared for the astonishing changes I found in their circumstances. Men whom I had left dealing in merchandise and stocks, in small sums, living in modest houses at a rent of four or five hundred dollars a year, now received me in splendid mansions, costing in themselves a fortune, and these were filled with the finest furniture, and adorned with mirrors of surpassing size and beauty. Their walls were covered with pictures, more remarkable for their antiquity than any beauty I could discern in them, but which they assured me were from the pencils of the "old masters." One of them even showed a "*Madonna in the Chair*," of which he had a smoky certificate pasted on the back, stating it to be a duplicate of that wonder of the art in the Pitti palace; and another had a "*Fornarini*," which he convinced me was genuine, though I was somewhat

skeptical at first, but of which I could no longer doubt when he showed me in the depth of the coloring of the shadow of her dress, the monogram of Raphael himself. There was one picture to which my especial attention was called, and upon which I was specially requested to pass my opinion. It seemed to me a mere mass of black paint, relieved by some few white spots; but what it was designed to represent was altogether beyond my skill to discover; and finding myself so perfectly at a loss, and not daring to venture a guess, I candidly confessed the embarrassment in which I was placed. My friends, for it was at a dinner party, all cried out, "it was capital," "a most admirable criticism," there was "nothing but black paint to be seen," etc.; but our host, not at all disconcerted, said that "the picture was a '*Salvator Rosa*,' and we should see it to be so, and we should enjoy our surprise." So he directed all the shutters to be closed save a single half window; and to be sure, there were discernible some armed men at the entrance of what we were told was a cave, in the act of throwing dice, and in the foreground some pieces of plate. "There," said he, "there's the triumph of art!"

He looked for applause, and it was given; for who could refuse to applaud the taste of a gentleman who gave good dinners, and whose wines were faultless! To be sure the merits of a picture so plastered with dark brown and black paint as to be undistinguishable, were not so much to my taste as his dinners and wines were; yet as he assured us it was a genuine "*Salvator Rosa*," having swallowed his wines, I must needs do the same with his pictures. I assure you, my dear madam, that this is no exaggeration of the "old masters" which I have had exhibited to me in this country. But whatever may have been my misgivings as to the genuineness of the particular "old masters," I had no doubt as to the sums paid for them, of which they showed me the receipted bills in order to make "assurance doubly sure." And though even then I might have had some lurking suspicions that in these matters my friends may have taken the copy for the original, I could not be mistaken as to the solidity and costliness of the rich plate with which their tables were literally covered. I have visited merchants of other countries, but none whose riches were more *apparent* than that of my friends in Babylon. It seemed as if the lamp of Aladdin had come into their possession, and that the wealth I saw in all their houses was created by some process purely magical.

Nor was my surprise limited by these exhibitions of taste and luxury. Their entertainments were varied and costly, their wines unsurpassed, except in the palaces of some of the princes of the German Empire. 'Tis true, they had no *Johannisberg* in their bottles, but the labels were in their proper places on the outside of them; and I was assured, and had no reason to doubt, that every bottle cost as much as the *Johannisberg* would have done had Prince Metternich brought his few hundred pipes into the wine market, instead of supplying only the tables of kings and emperors, as he is accustomed to do. The wine was indeed admirable, and was drunk with a gusto, and the glass was held up to the eye before drinking with that knowing air which few have any knowledge of, and which distinguishes men who know what they drink and how to drink.

Our conversation, I found, took a uniform turn to stocks; to grand systems of improvement of the country; digging canals, laying down railroads, and establishing new lines of packets, with some peculiarity of terms as to making a good "corner" on this stock, and "hammering down" another stock, and

"bursting a bank" now and then; all of which, I was told, were "fair business transactions." They sometimes held a long talk as to getting up a "*leader*" for the organs of the party for a particular purpose; and on such occasions two or more would retire to a side-table to prepare the article, which was to be read and approved by the assembled party; or it might be to get up a set of patriotic resolves for congress, for their legislature, or for a ward committee. Indeed, there were few things these friends of mine did not take in hand; and so varied and multifarious were their movements, that I was perfectly at a loss to conceive to what all these things tended. I was indeed charmed by the frankness with which they alluded to these matters before me, almost a stranger as I was to some of them; and seeing that they spoke of their moneyed affairs as being so prosperous, of which, indeed, I had the most marked and beautiful manifestations in everything that surrounded me, I ventured to mention, with no little diffidence, and as one hazarding a very great request, to a compliance with which I had no claims whatever, that I had some spare capital in foreign stocks which paid very low interest, and if they could point out a way of a better investment of this money, it would be conferring on me a very great favor to let me take some small amount of their stocks, which seemed so safe and lucrative. With a frankness and cordiality altogether irresistible, they at once told me it would gratify them all to make me a partner in their plans, all of which were sure to succeed. Nothing could have been more hearty than their several expressions of readiness to aid and serve me; and although I have had some acquaintance with men, I assure you I was for once perfectly disarmed of all suspicion of guile in these capitalists and financiers.

They asked me what amount of capital I had at command; when I told them that the amount of funds invested in stocks of the Bank of Amsterdam, which was then paying me but two and a half per cent., was some eight hundred thousand dollars, but that in the French funds I had some six millions of francs, besides other stocks in the English funds, all of which I would willingly transfer to stocks paying six and seven per cent. per annum. The looks of pleasure and surprise with which they received this announcement should have excited in me some suspicion and watchfulness; but I must confess, their expressions of pleasure at being able to serve me were so natural, and had so much of frank and noble bearing in them, and were seasoned with so many agreeable things complimentary to myself, that, I confess to you, my dear madam, I became the dupe of my own vanity.

The next week or two passed as the previous weeks had done; dinners almost every day; concerts, the opera, or the churches; soirées, evening parties, with glorious suppers, followed in unbroken succession. There were no more nor less attentions on the part of my friends, but somehow I found myself every day more and more in the society of two or three of these friends, who were either more assiduous in their attentions, or by a concert of action on the part of the others, these, more adroit, were appointed to manipulate me ready for the general use of the set. From these friends I first received the idea of settling in Babylon the Less for a few years, in which I was assured I could double my capital; and although at first the idea did not present itself to me in an attractive form, yet by degrees it was made to wear a very bright and cheerful aspect; so that at length I consented to entertain the idea as one which might possibly be adopted.

HENRY CARY.

THIS gentleman, whose meditative and humorous essays are known to the public by the signature of "John Waters," was a native of Boston, and a resident of New York.

His writings, which have been contributed to the New York American, under the editorship of Mr. Charles King, and the Knickerbocker Magazine, extending over a period of perhaps twenty years, consist of quaint poems in imitation of the old English ballad measures, or stanzas for music; sentimental, descriptive, critical, and humorous essays; generally what might be embraced under the words, practical æsthetics. Books, pictures, wines, gastronomy, love, marriage are his topics, to which he occasionally adds higher themes; for like a true humorist his mirth runs into gentle melancholy. His tastes may be described as Horatian. He pursues refined enjoyments, and elevates material things of the grosser kind, as the pleasures of the table, by the gusto corporeal and intellectual with which he invests them.

Mr. Cary died at Florence, in Italy, while on a foreign tour, in the spring of 1858. His death was suffered to pass with little notice, save an article or two of literary reminiscence, in memory of its old contributor, "John Waters," in the *Knickerbocker Magazine*.* These recalled the genial powers of an author of nice discrimination and of rare humor and pathos. His playful sketches of character and sentimental essays, touched by the hand of a gentleman and a scholar, are certainly worthy of collection from the fugitive leaves of periodicals in which they are scattered. Of his essays, in the school of "Elia," we have given specimens below. His poems are less known. They were sometimes of a humorous cast, but oftener, we believe, he chose this form of expression for the utterance of religious emotion.

DO NOT STRAIN YOUR PUNCH.

One of my friends, whom I am proud to consider such; a Gentleman, blest with all the appliances of Fortune, and the heart to dispense and to enjoy them; of sound discretion coupled with an enlightened generosity; of decided taste and nice discernment in all other respects than the one to which I shall presently advert; successful beyond hope in his cellar; almost beyond example rich in his wine chamber; and last, not least, felicitous, to say no more, in his closet of Rums—this Gentleman, thus endowed, thus favored, thus distinguished, has fallen, can I write it? into the habit of—straining his PUNCH!

When I speak of Rums, my masters, I desire it to be distinctly understood that I make not the remotest allusion to that unhappy distillation from molasses which alone is manufactured at the present day throughout the West Indies since the emancipation of the Blacks; who desire nothing but to drink, as they brutally express it, "to make drunk come"—but to that ethereal extract of the sugarcane, that Ariel of liquors, that astral spirit of the nerves, which, in the days when planters were born Gentlemen, received every year some share of their attention, every year some precious accession, and formed by degrees those stocks of RUM, the last reliques of which are now fast disappearing from the face of Earth.

And when I discourse on PUNCH, I would fain do so with becoming veneration both for the concoction itself, and, more especially, for the memory of the profound and original, but alas! *unknown* inventive Genius by whom this sublime compound was first imagined, and brewed—by whose Promethean talent and touch and Shakespearian inspiration, the discordant elements of Water, Fire, Acidity, and Sweetness were first combined and harmonized into a beverage of satisfying blessedness, or of overwhelming Joy!

My friend then—to revert to him—after having brewed his Punch according to the most approved method, passes the fragrant compound through a linen-cambrie sieve, and it appears upon his hospitable board in a refined and clarified state, beautiful to the eye perhaps, but deprived and dispossessed by this process of those few lobes and cellular integuments, those little gushes of unexpected piquancy, furnished by the bosom of the lemon; and that, when pressed upon the palate and immediately dulcified by the other ingredients, so wonderfully heighten the zest, and go so far to give the nameless entertainment and exhilaration, the unimaginable pleasure, that belong to PUNCH!

PUNCH!—I cannot articulate the emphatic word without remarking, that it is a liquor that a man might "moralize into a thousand similes!" It is an epitome of human life! Water representing the physical existence and basis of the mixture; Sugar its sweetness; Acidity its animating trials; and Rum, the aspiring hope, the vaulting ambition, the gay and the beautiful of Spiritual Force!

Examine these ingredients separately. What is Water by itself in the way of Joy, except for bathing purposes? or Sugar, what is it, but to infants, when alone? or Lemon-juice, that, unless diluted, makes the very nerves revolt and shrink into themselves? or Rum, that in its abstract and proper state can hardly be received and entertained upon the palate of a Gentleman? and yet combine them all, and you have the full harmony, the heroism of existence, the diapason of human life!

Let us not then abridge our Water lest we diminish our animal being. Nor change the quantum of our Rum, lest wit and animation cease from among us. Nor our Sugar, lest we find by sad experience that "it is not good for man to live alone." And, when they occur, let us take those minor acids in the natural cells in which the Lemon nourished them for our use, and as they may have chanced to fall into the pitcher of our destiny. In short, let us not refine too much. My dear sirs, let us not strain our PUNCH!

When I look around me on the fashionable world, in which I occasionally mingle, with the experience and observation of an old man, it strikes me to be the prevailing characteristic of the age that people have departed from the simpler and I think the healthier pleasures of their Fathers. Parties, balls, soirées, dinners, morning calls, and recreations of all sorts are, by a forced and unnatural attempt at over-refinement, deprived of much of their enjoyment. Young men and maidens, old men and widows, either give up their pitchers in despair, or venturing upon the compound—strain their PUNCH.

Suppose yourself for the moment transported into a ball-room in a blaze of light, enlivened by the most animating music, and with not one square foot of space that is not occupied by the beauty and fashion of the day. The only individuals that have the power, except by the slowest imaginable side-long movement, of penetrating this tide of enchantment, are the Redown-Waltzers; before whom every person recedes for a few inches at each moment, then to resume his stand as wave after wave goes by.

You can catch only the half-length portraits of

* April and May, 1858.

the dancers; but these are quite near enough to enable you to gain by glimpses their full characteristic developments of countenance. Read them; for every conventional arrangement of the features has been jostled out of place by the inspiring bob-a-bob movement of the dance.

Look before you—a woman's hand, exquisitely formed, exquisitely gloved in white and braceleted, with a wrist "round as the circle of Giotto," rests upon the black-cloth dress of her partner's shoulder; as light, as airy, and as pure, as a waif of driven snow upon a cleft of mountain rock, borne thither in some relenting lull or wandering of the tempest; and beautiful! too beautiful it seems for any lower region of the Earth.

She turns towards you in the revolving movement, and you behold a face that a celestial inhabitant of some superior star might descend to us to love and hope to be forgiven! Now listen, for this is the expression of that face:

"Upon my word this partner of mine is really a nice person! how charmingly exact his time is! what a sustaining arm he has, and how admirably, by his good management, he has protected my beautiful little feet against all the maladroit waltzers of the set! I have not had a single bruise notwithstanding the dense crowd; and my feet will slide out of bed to-morrow morning as white and spotless as the bleached and balmy linen between which I shall repose. Ah! if he could only steer us both through life as safely and as well! but, poor fellow! it would never do. They say he has no fortune, and for my part all that I could possibly expect from papa would be to furnish the house. How then should we be ever able to—strain our PUNCH!"

And he—the partner in this Waltz—instead of growing buoyant and elastic, at the thoughts that belong to his condition of youth and glowing health;—at the recollection of the ground over which he moves;—of the government of his own choice, the noblest because the freest in the world, that rules it;—of the fourteen hundred millions of unoccupied acres of fertile soil, wooing him to make his choice of climate, that belong to it;—of the deep blue sky of Joy and health that hangs above it;—of the God that watches over and protects us all;—and, lastly, of this precious being as the Wife that might make any destiny one of happiness by sharing it—what are the ideas that occupy *his* soul!

He muses over the approaching hour of supper, speculates upon his probable share of Steinberger Cabinet Wein, and doubts whether the Restaurateur who provides may or may not have had consideration enough to—strain the PUNCH.

Bear with me once more, gentle Reader, while I recite the title of this essay, "Do not strain your PUNCH."

ON PERCEPTION.

His are the mountains, and the valleys his,
And the resplendent rivers: his to enjoy
With a propriety that none can feel,
But who, with filial confidence inspired,
Can lift to Heaven an unpresumptuous eye,
And smiling say, "My Father made them all!"
Are they not his by a peculiar right,
And by an emphasis of interest his,
Whose eyes they fill with tears of holy joy,
Whose heart with praise, and whose alacry mind,
With worthy thoughts of that unwearied Love,
That planned, and built, and still upholds a world
So clothed with beauty?

COWPER.

Oh, Lady! we receive but what we give,
And in our life alone does nature live!

Ah! from the soul itself must issue forth
A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud,
Enveloping the earth!

And from the soul itself must there be sent
A sweet and powerful Voice, of its own birth,
Of all sweet sounds the life and element!
O pure of heart! thou need'st not ask of me
What this strong music in the soul may be;
What and wherein it doth subside.
This light, this glory, this fair luminous mist,
This beautiful, and beauty-making power;
Joy, O beloved, Joy, that ne'er was given
Save to the pure, and in their purest hour,
Life of our life, the parent and the birth.
Which wedding nature to us gives in dower,
A new Heaven and new Earth
Undreamt of by the sensual and the proud.
This is the strong Voice, this the luminous cloud!
Our inmost selves rejoice!
And thence flows all that glads or ear or sight,
All melodies the echoes of that Voice,
All colors a suffusion from that light.

COLERIDGE, FROM THE GREEK.

Joy, O my masters! joy to the young, the fair the brave, the middle-aged, the old, and the decrepit! joy, true joy, to every Christian soul of mortal man! Joy, O beloved! that over the once sterile passages of earth, radiant spirits of song and beauty such as these should have passed for thine inexhaustible delight! scattering flowers that can never fade, and breathing music incapable of death! revealing to thee treasures, by which thou art surrounded, richer than all "barbaric gold and pearl;" disclosing the latent glories of thine own nature; and proving that not to any future state of existence is deferred that highest of the beatitudes, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

Yes!—where, to the sensual and the proud, there exist only darkness and dulness and vague chaotic masses of unformed nature, to thee, O pure in heart, there shall spring forth a new Heaven and a new Earth, wrought out in thy presence, and fashioned by the hand of Him whose spirit breathes now upon thy spirit, as once He breathed upon the dust of the ground and formed the father of thy race!

Thine are the mountains, and the valleys thine,
And the resplendent rivers!

I have placed at the head of this essay a fountain of golden light; and all that I can hope or can desire is, to behold some one young listener kneel with me at its brink, and fill his urn with Joy. So great a part of my own life has been wasted in quest of that which is not bread, nor light, nor joy, nor spiritual sustenance, that all its waning hours would be made comparatively rich by the consciousness of having pointed out to only one inquiring spirit the way that I have myself so lately found.

And therefore I venture to write these few unlearned words upon PERCEPTION, and upon the temper in which things should be perceived; with which they should be beheld, and studied, and welcomed to the heart. The experience that is requisite to acquire this temper is within the compass of the human life of every soul; and almost every moment of that life may be made a step towards the attainment of it. There is no position upon the surface of the earth so remote or desolate as not to yield full scope to the largest aspirations after such knowledge to the pure in heart. Indeed solitude, or the solitary communings of the soul within itself, are as indispensable to the acquisition of all spiritual knowledge, as the bustle and intercourse of ordinary life are to that which is merely worldly.

When that mysterious impersonation of the Evil principle was permitted to tempt the SAVIOUR of mankind towards the consequences of ill-regulated ambition, all the Kingdoms of the Earth were exposed in rotation to his view, and all the tumultuary glories of their dominion offered to his acceptance and enjoyment: and again, it was suggested to him that he should cast his body to the earth from a pin-

nacle of the temple, that thousands to do him honor might witness his miraculous escape from injury :—but it was in the lone stillness of the cloud-capt mountain, and from the narrow cleft of the overhanging rock, that the ALMIGHTY, yielding in part to the request of the august legislator of Israel, caused His goodness to pass in review before the Eyes of His astonished and enlightened servant; and when Moses descended from the mountain, it was necessary to veil his face from the people, because of the effulgence of spiritual life that beamed from it!

This should teach us that it is in retirement from what is called the world, that the soul mainly derives its spiritual good, while the crowd and occupations of society, not necessarily but more frequently, subject us to temptation and error. Joy then, O listener, in the mountain, and the valley, and the resplendent river! Let not an imagination of self-appropriation enter into thy thoughts, but enjoy because it is His gift, alike to thee and to all mankind.

Who owns Mont Blanc? whose is the Atlantic, or the Indian ocean? Thine, thou rich one! thine to sail over, thine to gaze upon, thine to raise thy hands from, upwards toward Heaven in thanks for the glories of thy King! Whose are the worlds on which thy sight shall then rest, and the boundless sea of blue in which thy soul is bathed with delight?

And, when thine eyes return again to earth in tears of holy joy, who formed the granitic peak, that oldest of His earthly creatures? or placed upon the ridges and summits of the Alleghany chain of mountains, the later wonder of those stupendous masses of limestone rock that rise in perpendicular structure to the clouds?

The traveller, emigrating to the west, descends from the covered wagon that contains his bed and his reposing children, and prepares his breakfast and his journey in the dawn of morning, before day has yet visited the vales below; and the smoke of his fire, guided by the vast wall of rock, mounts in an unbroken column to the skies. The small and delicately-pencilled flowers that are scattered at his feet or are trodden under by them, and that seem as if they could only abide in solitude, who planted them?

And the vine that creeps upward and finds for its tendrils jutting points and crevices that are inscrutable to the eye of man, how beautifully does its bright green foliage wave in contrast with the dark-grey of the towering mass of rock! And the azure, the purple, green, and golden birds and insects that play around and welcome the earliest sunbeams with a vivacity and joy that prove their lives to have been one long festival of native sport and pleasure! Everywhere, around, abroad, above, color, color, color, the unspeakable language of God's goodness and love, with which HE writes His promises in the Heavens and unnumbered comforts on the soul of man!

Now it is in this spirit that, when returning and mingling with the world, our powers of perception should be exercised and sustained. Teach thyself to enjoy the fortunes of thy friends, and enumerate the advantages of all mankind around thee as if they were all thine own. Do this without one envious, or repining, or selfish thought,

And from thy soul itself shall issue forth
A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud
Enveloping the earth!

Thou art childless perhaps, or poor, or embarrassed with debt, or old, and broken-hearted in thy hopes. But the hearth of one of thy friends is clustering with immortal gems of beauty and intelligence of every age and promise; go among them in

this spirit; thou shalt be more welcome than ever, and every child shall be thine own!

And the one only daughter of another friend, in whom all his hopes are centred, and all to be realized—that opening bud of grace and beauty, of refinement, gentleness, and truth—let her be to thee a Treasury of Joy! There can need no word, no regard that might by possibility be deemed intrusive, no earnest expression even of thy trust in the happiness of all her womanly affections. But when thine eye sees her then let it give witness to her, and when thine ear hears her then let it bless her! Do this with a full heart and silent lips, and thou shalt share largely in the bright fortune of thy friend. Her image and her silvery voice shall come visit thee in thy walks or at thy lonely fire-side, and thou shalt count her among the jewels of thy soul.

The riches of another, thou shalt find unexpectedly to be thy wealth; and in his youth and vigor thou shalt become suddenly strong. Let another freely own the statuary or the painting, so that the sight of its magical beauties or its delicious hues be accorded to thee. And another the library; delight thou that the knowledge it contains is opened by the freshness of his heart to thy thankful and devout acquisition. Rejoice in his resources; share, at least in thought, in all his pleasures; his generosity; his acquisitions and his success in life so superior to thine own. Walk with him; build with him; delight in his garden; admire his fruits and flowers; love his dog; listen with him in rapture to his birds, thou shalt find cadences in their song sweeter than were ever known to thee before; and drink his wine with him in an honest and cheery companionship, with grateful reference to that BEING who planted the Vine to gladden the heart of man and warm it into social truth and tenderness.

Thus, that which many have esteemed the hardest requisition of Christianity, that we should love others, namely, as ourself, shall prove to thee a source of the richest and most refined and unfailing pleasure; and, without diminishing the abundance of those who surround thee, make thee a large and grateful sharer in it.

Thou shalt walk over the Earth like a Visitant from above, enjoying and promoting Virtue in every form; and unfolding, out of the beautiful and useful, the cheerful and the good. Thoughts for the happiness of others shall rise whispering from thy heart, in prayerful words, to the Spirit of Truth; and thou shalt know that they have all been heard. Thou shalt look upward for illumination, or for support, and no cloud intervene between thee and the Source of Light and Strength.

Young and old shall come forth to greet thee with open-handed Joy. And, if thou shouldst be WOMAN—flowers shall spring up to mark thy footsteps, the skies smile over thee, and the woods grow gay and musical at thine approach; for thou hast the happiness of others for their own sake at thine heart, thy pure heart, thy true heart, thy WOMAN'S heart—

And thence, flows all that glads or eases or sighs,
All melodies the echoes of that voice,
All colors, a suffusion from that light.

FRANCIS LIEBER.

FRANCIS LIEBER, professor of History and Political Philosophy and Economy in the State College of South Carolina at Columbia, a member of the French Institute, and author of numerous volumes which have for their range the most important topics of government and society, was born at Berlin, March 18, 1800. His boyhood fell upon the period

of the Napoleonic "state and woe," and of the oppression of his native country. As a child his feelings were so impressed by the gloom of his family, that when the French entered Berlin in his sixth year, he was so moved by the spectacle as to be taken from the windows in a fit of loud sobbing. He himself relates another instance of sensibility in his life, when he first stood, in his youth, before the Madonna di San Sisto of Raphael, at Dresden. In a student's journey he walked there from Jena, living on bread and plums by the way. He was so overcome by his feelings before the picture, that his emotion attracted the attention of a lady, whom he afterwards discovered to be one of the daughters of the great Tieck. She spoke to him, and encouraged his sentiment.

The generous, sensitive nature of the boy was soon to be tried in a rugged school. At the age of fifteen, while he was studying medicine in the royal Pépinière, the war broke out anew against Napoleon. Lieber escaped the appointment of army-surgeon, which his youth revolted at, and entered as a volunteer with one of his brothers the regiment Colberg, which was stationed nearest the French frontier. He fought at Ligny and Waterloo, and received two severe wounds at the assault of Namur, on the 20th June. He was left for two days on the battle-field. On his return home he became a zealous follower of Dr. Jahn, while at the same time he prepared himself with ardor for the University of Berlin.

In 1819, soon after Sand's murder of Kotzebue had directed the attention of the government to the patriots, Lieber was arrested. After an imprisonment of four months he was dismissed, as it was stated "nothing could as yet be discovered against him," except general liberalism, while he was informed that he would not be permitted to study in a Prussian University, and that he could never expect "employment" in the state. He went to the University of Jena, where he took at once the degree of Doctor, to acquire the privileges of an "academic citizen" of that institution.

In 1820 the government informed him that he might pursue his studies in the University of Halle, but that he must never expect employment in "school or church." He passed his time here in the most retired way; yet the police interferences were so annoying that he resolved to live in Dresden. In the autumn of 1821 he travelled on foot through Switzerland to Marseilles with a view of embarking there as "Philhellene" for Greece. After a life of great privations in Greece for several months, during which he was reduced to the utmost want, he found himself obliged to reëmbark for Italy, where, in the house of the Prussian minister, Niebuhr, at Rome (which held at that time the distinguished Bunsen as Secretary of Legation), he found the kindest reception. In Niebuhr's house he wrote his German work, *Journal of my Sojourn in Greece in the year 1822.* (Leipsig, 1823.) This work was translated into Dutch, with the tempting title of the German Anacharsis, with a fancy portrait of the author. The Dutch publisher sent a box of very old Hock to the author, as an acknowledgment of the profit he had made out of the involuntary Anacharsis.

After about a year's residence in Rome, Lieber travelled with Niebuhr to Naples and back to Germany, where, in spite of the most positive assur-

ances that henceforth he might live unmolested in Prussia, he was again imprisoned, in Köpnick, chiefly because he resolutely declined to give information concerning former associates. During this imprisonment, when he was allowed book and pen, he studied vigorously, reading Bayle's Dictionary and writing poems. When the investigation was over, he was offered a fellow-prisoner as a companion; but he preferred his books and verses. At length Niebuhr was called from Bonn to assist the Prussian Council of State, and did not rest till he saw his friend once more out of prison. When Lieber was released he selected some of his poems, and sent them to Jean Paul, with whom he had no acquaintance, asking the veteran philosopher for a frank opinion. Not hearing from him, Lieber set down the silence for disapproval. He was soon obliged to leave the country, and many years afterwards, when he was settled in South Carolina, Mrs. Lee, the American author of the Life of Jean Paul, wrote to ask him whether he was the famous Lieber to whom Richter had addressed the beautiful and encouraging letter on certain poems of his composition. Upon inquiry it was found that Jean Paul had written to Lieber, but the letter had never reached him. Jean Paul was now dead, and Lieber, in a distant country, no more wrote German poetry. He penned, however, a sonnet on the occasion, which was widely circulated in Germany.

The poems written in prison he published in Berlin, under the assumed name of Franz Arnold.

Having been informed that a third arrest was pending, he took refuge, in 1825, in England, where he lived a year in London, supporting himself by literary labors, and as a private teacher. While in London he wrote a pamphlet, in German, on the Lancastrian method of instruction, and also contributed to several German periodicals and journals.



F. Lieber

In 1827 he came to the United States, where at first he delivered lectures on subjects of history

and politics in several cities. He also founded a swimming school in Boston, according to the principles which General Püel, whose pupil he had been in Berlin, had introduced in the Prussian army. Dr. Lieber is a capital swimmer. He several times tried his skill with John Quincy Adams, when the latter was President of the United States.

In 1828 he commenced the publication, at Philadelphia, of the *Encyclopædia Americana*, which was completed in 1832. He took as his basis Brockhaus' *Conversations-Lexicon*. He then lived in Boston, where, not long after his arrival, he was visited by Justice Story, with whom a friendship sprang up, which continued during the life of the jurist. Story contributed many articles to the *Encyclopædia*, which are enumerated in his *Life* by his son, and feelingly acknowledged in Lieber's work on *Civil Liberty and Self-Government*.

While engaged in editing the cyclopædia he had occasion to address Joseph Buonaparte, then in this country, on some points respecting the life of Napoleon. This led to a considerable correspondence and a personal acquaintance, which Dr. Lieber has lately commemorated in an article in Putnam's Magazine on the publication of his deceased friend's correspondence.*

While in Boston he also published a translation of a French work on the July Revolution of 1830, and a translation of the *Life of Caspar Hauser* by Feuerbach, one of the foremost writers on criminal law in Germany. This translation passed through several editions.

In 1832 Dr. Lieber removed to New York, where he wrote a translation of the work of his friends De Beaumont and De Tocqueville on the Penitentiary System in the United States, with an introduction and numerous notes, which, in turn, were translated in Germany. While in New York he received the honorable charge of writing a plan of education and instruction for Girard College, which was published by the board of directors, and forms a thin octavo volume. In 1834 he settled in Philadelphia, where he began a Supplement to his *Encyclopædia*; but the times proved inauspicious, during the bank derangement, and the publishers deferred the work for a time.

In Philadelphia he published two works—*Letters to a Gentleman in Germany on a Trip to Niagara*, republished in London as "The Stranger in America," a change made by the London publisher, and *Reminiscences of an Intercourse with Niebuhr the Historian*, also republished in London. The latter has been translated into German by Mr. Hugo, son of the jurist of the name.

In 1838-9 he published his *Political Ethics* at Boston in two large octavo volumes, with the usual topographical luxury of the press of Messrs. Little and Brown. This work is divided into two parts. The first treats of Ethics, general and political; the second, which goes more into detail, of the morals of the state and of the citizen. The grand rules of right are laid down according to the exalted code of principle and honor, as the various questions are passed in review, in which private morality is in contact with the law;

civil or social regulation. The work does not deal in abstractions, but discusses such topics as the liberty of the press, war and its manifold relations, voting, combinations for different purposes, the limitation of power, &c.

This was succeeded after a considerable interval in 1853 by a somewhat similar work on *Civil Liberty and Self-Government*, published at Philadelphia. It is a calm, ingenious, rational analysis of the essential principles and forms of freedom in ancient and modern states; exhibiting a much abused idea in its practical relation with the checks and counterchecks, and various machinery of political and legal institutions. As in his other works, the subject is everywhere illustrated by examples and deductions from history and biography, the author's wide reading and experience affording him, apparently, inexhaustible material for the purpose.

His *Legal Hermeneutics or Principles of Interpretation and Construction in Law and Politics*, is one of Dr. Lieber's chief works. The separation of interpretation from construction, and the ascertainment of principles peculiar to each, has been adopted by eminent American jurists, as Dr. Greenleaf in his work on Evidence.

His *Essays on Labor and Property* is one of his most important contributions to the science of political economy.

In 1844, Lieber visited Europe. While in Germany, he published two small works in German; one on *Extra Mural and Intra Mural Executions*, in which measures were proposed which the Prussian government has adopted avowedly on his suggestion; and *Fragments on Subjects of Penology*, a term which was first used by Lieber for the science of punishment, and which has since been adopted both in Europe and America. In 1848 he again visited Europe, and while at Frankfort, published in German *The Independence of the Law, The Judiciary*, and a *Letter on Two Houses of Legislature*.

Of the numerous remaining publications of Lieber, we may mention his *Translation of Rasmhorn's Latin Synonyms*, in use as a school-book; his interesting compilation—*Great Events described by Great Historians or Eye-Witnesses; The Character of the Gentleman*, which takes a wide view of the quality, carrying it into provinces of public and social life where it has been too often forgotten. He thus seeks the gentleman in war, in politics, diplomacy, on the bench, at the bar, and on the plantation.

His *Essays on Subjects of Penal Law and the Penitentiary Systems*, published by the Philadelphia Prison Discipline Society; on the *Abuse of the Pardoning Power*, re-published as a document by the Legislature of New York; *Remarks on Mrs. Fry's Views of Solitary Confinement*, published in England; a *Letter on the Penitentiary System*, published by the Legislature of South Carolina, are so many appeals to practical philanthropy.

To these are to be added a pamphlet addressed to Senator Preston, urging international copyright law; a *Letter on Anglican and Gallican Liberty*, translated into German with many notes and additions by Mittermaier, the German Criminalist and Publicist; a paper on the *Vocal Sounds of Laura Bridgman, the Blind Deaf-Mute*, com-

* Putnam's Monthly, Jan., 1855.

pared with the Elements of Phonetic Language, published in the Smithsonian collections; a thin volume of English poetry, *The West and Other Poems*. If wanting in the ease and elegance of more polished productions, Dr. Lieber's occasional verses, like his other compositions, are marked by their force and meaning. Of one of them, an Ode on a proposed ship-canal between the Atlantic and Pacific, Prof. Longfellow remarked, "It is strong enough to make the canal itself if it could be brought to bear."

In this enumeration, we have not mentioned the review and minor articles of Lieber; nor do we pretend to have given all the pamphlets which have proceeded from his active pen. Dr. Lieber in 1855 was engaged on an encyclopedical work of facts, to be entitled "The People's Dictionary of General Knowledge," which was never published.

These various writings are severally characterized by the same qualities of ingenuity of thought, sound sense, and fertile illustration, drawn from books and intercourse with the world; and dependent to no inconsiderable degree, it may be added, upon a vigorous constitution and happy temperament.

In the just observation of Brockhaus' German Conversations-Lexicon "his works have a character wholly peculiar to themselves, since they are the result of German erudition and philosophical spirit, combined with English manliness and American liberty."

From 1835 to 1856, he was employed as Professor of History and Political Economy in South Carolina College at Columbia; to which was also added a professorship of Political Economy. In connection with this duty, Dr. Lieber delivered an Inaugural on "History and Political Economy as necessary branches of superior education in Free States," abounding in ingenious and learned suggestion. As the most concise indication of the spirit which he infused into the teaching of the liberal studies of his professorship, we may mention the furnishing and decorations of his lecture-room. This was, in some respects, unique, though its peculiarity was one which might be followed to advantage in all seats of learning. In place of the usual bare walls and repulsive accessories of education, it was supplied with busts of the great men of ancient and modern times, set upon pedestals, and bracketed on the walls, which also bore Latin inscriptions; while the more immediate utilities were provided for in the large suspended maps and blackboards. A handwriting on the wall exhibited the weighty and pithy aphorism—

NON SCHOLÆ SED VITÆ—VITÆ UTRIQUE.

Another on a panel saved by Dr. Lieber from the recent consumption by fire of the former College Chapel in which Preston, Legaré, and other distinguished men were graduated, recorded the favorite saying of Socrates in Greek characters—

ΧΑΛΕΙΑ ΤΑ ΚΑΛΑ

The busts, to which each class as it entered College made an addition of a new one by a subscription, numbered Cicero, Shakespeare, Socrates, Homer, Demosthenes, Milton, Luther, and the American statesmen, Washington, Hamilton, Calhoun, Clay, McDuffie, and Webster. One of

the blackboards was assigned to the illustration of the doctor's historical lectures. It was called the "battle blackboard," and was permanently marked in columns headed, —name of the war; in what country or province the battle; when; who victorious, over whom; effects of the battle; peace.

OSCAR MONTGOMERY LIEBER, a son of Dr. Lieber, has published several works in connexion with his profession of Mining Engineer. His *Assayer's Guide*, which appeared at Philadelphia in 1852, has met with distinguished success. His *Report on the Survey of South Carolina* reached a second edition in 1858.

THE GENTLEMANLY CHARACTER IN POLITICS AND INSTITUTIONS
—FROM THE ADDRESS ON THE CHARACTER OF THE GENTLEMAN.

The greater the liberty is which we enjoy in any sphere of life, the more binding, necessarily, becomes the obligation of self-restraint, and consequently the more important all the rules of action which flow from our reverence for the pure character of the gentleman—an importance which is enhanced in the present period of our country, because one of its striking features, if I mistake not, is an intense and general attention to rights, without a parallel and equally intense perception of corresponding obligations. But right and obligation are twins—they are each other's complements, and cannot be severed without undermining the ethical ground on which we stand—that ground on which alone civilization, justice, virtue, and real progress can build enduring monuments. Right and obligation are the warp and the woof of the tissue of man's moral, and therefore likewise of man's civil life. Take out the one, and the other is in worthless confusion. We must return to this momentous principle, the first of all moral government, and, as fairness and calmness are two prominent ingredients in the character of the gentleman, it is plain that this reform must be materially promoted by a general diffusion of a sincere regard for that character. Liberty, which is nothing else than the enjoyment of unfettered action, necessarily leads to licentiousness without an increased binding power within; for liberty affords to man indeed a free choice of action, but it cannot absolve him from the duty of choosing what is right, fair, liberal, urbane, and handsome.

Where there is freedom of action, no matter in what sphere or what class of men, there always have been, and must be, parties, whether they be called party, school, sect, or "faction." These will necessarily often act against each other; but, as a matter of course, they are not allowed to dispense with any of the principles of morality. The principle that everything is permitted in politics is so shameless and ruinous for all, that I need not dwell upon it here. But there are a great many acts which, though it may not be possible to prove them wrong according to the strict laws of ethics, nevertheless appear at once as unfair, not strictly honorable, or ungentlemanlike, and it is of the utmost importance to the essential prosperity of a free country, that these acts should not be resorted to; that in the minor or higher assemblies and in all party struggles, even the intensest, we ought never to abandon the standard of a gentleman. It is all important that parties keep in "good humour," as Lord Clarendon said of the whole country. One deviation from fairness, candor, decorum, and "fair play," begets another and worse in the opponent, and from the kindest difference in opinion to the fiercest struggle of factions sword in hand, is but one unbroken gra-

dual descent, however great the distance may be, while few things are surer to forestall or arrest this degeneracy than a common and hearty esteem of the character of the gentleman. We have in our country a noble example of calmness, truthfulness, dignity, fairness, and urbanity—the constituents of the character which occupies our attention, in the father of our country; for Washington, the wise and steadfast patriot, was also the high-minded gentleman. When the dissatisfied officers of his army informed him that they would lend him their support, if he was willing to build himself a throne, he knew how to blend the dictates of his oath to the commonwealth, and of his patriotic heart, with those of a gentlemanly feeling towards the deluded and irritated. In the sense in which we take the term here, it is not the least of his honors that, through all the trying periods and scenes of his remarkable life, the historian and moralist can write him down, not only as Washington the Great, not only as Washington the Pure, but also as Washington the Gentleman. * * * I must not omit mentioning, at least, the importance of a gentlemanly spirit in all international transactions with sister nations of our race—and even with tribes which follow different standards of conduct and morality. Nothing seems to me to show more irresistibly the real progress which human society has made, than the general purity of judges, and the improvement of the whole administration of justice, with the leading nations, at least, on the one hand, and the vastly improved morals of modern international intercourse, holding diplomatic fraud and international trickery, bullying, and pettifoggery, as no less unwise than immoral. History, and that of our own times, especially, teaches us that nowhere is the vamping braggadocio more out of place, and the true gentleman more in his proper sphere, than in conducting international affairs. Fairness on the one hand, and collected self-respect on the other, will frequently make matters easy, where swaggering taunt, or reckless conceit and insulting folly, may lead to the serious misunderstanding of entire nations, and a sanguinary end. The firm and dignified carriage of our Senate, and the absence of petty passion or vain-gloriousness in the British Parliament, have brought the Oregon question to a fair and satisfactory end—an affair which, but a short time ago, was believed by many to be involved in difficulties which the sword alone was able to cut short. Even genuine personal urbanity in those to whom international affairs are intrusted, is very frequently of the last importance for a happy ultimate good understanding between the mightiest nations.

We may express a similar opinion with reference to war. Nothing mitigates so much its hardships, and few things, depending on individuals, add more in preparing a welcome peace, than a gentlemanly spirit in the commanders, officers, and, indeed, in all the combatants towards their enemies, whenever an opportunity offers itself. I might give you many striking proofs, but I observe that my clepsydra is nearly run out. Let me merely add, as a fact worthy of notice, that political assassination, especially in times of war, was not looked upon in antiquity as inadmissible; that Sir Thomas More mentions the assassination of the hostile captain, as a wise measure resorted to by his Utopians; that the ambassadors of the British Parliament, and later, the Commonwealth-men in exile, were picked off by assassination; while Charles Fox, during the war with the French, arrested the man who offered to assassinate Napoleon, informed the French government of the fact, and sent the man out of the country; and Admiral Lord St. Vincent, the stern enemy of the French, di-

rected his secretary to write the following answer to a similar offer made by a French emigrant: "Lord St. Vincent has not words to express the detestation in which he holds an assassin." Fox and Vincent acted like Christians and gentlemen.

I have mentioned two cheering characteristics of our period, showing an essential progress in our race. I ought to add a third, namely, the more gentlemanly spirit which pervades modern penal laws. I am well aware that the whole system of punishment has greatly improved, because men have made penology a subject of serious reflection, and the utter fallacy of many of the principles, in which our forefathers seriously believed, has at length been exposed. But it is at the same time impossible to study the history of penal law without clearly perceiving that punishments were formerly dictated by a vindictive ferocity—an ungentlemanly spirit of oppression. All the accumulated atrocities heaped upon the criminal, and not unfrequently upon his innocent kin, merely because he was what now would gently be called "in the opposition," make us almost hear the enraged punisher vulgarly utter, "Now I have you, and you shall see how I'll manage you." Archbishop Laud, essentially not a gentleman, but a vindictive persecutor of every one who dared to differ from his coarse views of State and Church, presided in the Star-Chamber, and animated its members when Lord Keeper Coventry pronounced the following sentence on Dr. Alexander Leighton, a Scottish divine, for slandering Prelacy: "that the defendant should be imprisoned in the Fleet during life—should be fined ten thousand pounds—and, after being degraded from holy orders by the high commissioners, should be set in the pillory in Westminster—there be whipped—after being whipped, again be set in the pillory—have one of his ears cut off—have his nose slit—be branded in the face with a double S. S., for Sower of Sedition—afterwards be set in the pillory in Cheapside, and there be whipped, and after being whipped, again be set in the pillory and have his other ear cut off." The whole council agreed. There was no recommendation to pardon or mitigation. The sentence was inflicted. Could a gentleman have proposed, or voted for so brutal an accumulation of pain, insult, mutilation and ruin, no matter what the fundamental errors prevailing in penal law then were? Nor have I selected this, from other sentences, for its peculiar cruelty. Every student in history knows that they were common at the time, against all who offended authority, even unknowingly. Compare the spirit which could overwhelm a victim with such brutality, and all the branding, pillory, and whipping still existing in many countries, with the spirit of calmness, kindness, yet seriousness and dignity which pervades such a punitive scheme as the Pennsylvania penitentiary system, which for the very reason that it is gentlemanly, is the most impressive and penetrating, therefore the most forbidding of all.

Let me barely allude to the duties of the gentleman in those countries in which slavery still exists. Plato says, genuine humanity and real probity are brought to the test, by the behavior of a man to slaves, whom he may wrong with impunity. He speaks like a gentleman. Although his golden rule applies to all whom we may offend or grieve with impunity, and the fair and noble use of any power we may possess, is one of the truest tests of a gentleman, yet it is natural that Plato should have made the treatment of the slave the peculiar test, because slavery gives the greatest power. Cicero says we should use slaves no otherwise than we do our day laborers.

THE SHIP CANAL—FROM THE ATLANTIC TO THE PACIFIC.

An Ode to the American People and their Congress, on reading the Message of the United States President in December, 1847.

Rend America asunder
And unite the Binding Sea
That emboldens Man and tempers—
Make the ocean free.

Break the bolt that bars the passage,
That our River richly pours
Western wealth to western nations;
Let that sea be ours—

Ours by all the hardy whalers,
By the pointing Oregon,
By the west-impelled and working,
Unthralled Saxon son.

Long indeed they have been wooing,
The Pacific and his bride;
Now 'tis time for holy wedding—
Join them by the tide.

Have the snowy surfs not struggled
Many centuries in vain
That their lips might seal the union?
Lock then Main to Main.

When the mighty God of nature
Made this favored continent,
He allowed it yet unsevered,
That a race be sent,

Able, mindful of his purpose,
Prone to people, to subdue,
And to bind the land with iron,
Or to force it through.

What the prophet-navigator,
Seeking straits to his Catais,
But began, now consummate it—
Make the strait and pass.

Blessed the eyes that shall behold it,
When the pointing boom shall veer,
Leading through the parted Andes,
While the nations cheer!

There at Suez, Europe's mattock
Cuts the briny road with skill,
And must Darien bid defiance
To the pilot still!

Do we breathe this breath of knowledge
Purely to enjoy its zest?
Shall the iron arm of science
Like a sluggard rest?

Up then, at it! earnest people!
Bravely wrought thy scorning blade,
But there's fresher fame in store yet,
Glory for the spade.

What we want is naught in envy,
And for all we pioneer;
Let the keels of every nation
Through the isthmus steer.

Must the globe be always girded
Ere we get to Bramah's priest?
Take the tissues of your Lowells
Westward to the East.

Ye, that vanquish pain and distance,
Ye, enmeshing Time with wire,
Court ye patiently for ever
Yon Antarctic ire?

Shall the mariner for ever
Double the impending capes,

While his longsome and retracing
Needless course he shapes!

What was daring for our fathers,
To defy those billows fierce,
Is but tame for their descendants;
We are bid to pierce.

Ye that fight with printing armies,
Settle sons on forlorn track,
As the Romans flung their eagles,
But to win them back.

Who, undoubting, worship boldness,
And, if baffled, bolder rise,
Shall we lag when grandeur beckons
To this good emprise?

Let the vastness not appal us;
Greatness is thy destiny.
Let the doubters not recall us;
Venture suits the free.

Like a seer, I see her throning,
WINLAND strong in freedom's health,
Warding peace on both the waters,
Widest Commonwealth.

Crowned with wreaths that still grow greener,
Guerdon for untiring pain,
For the wise, the stout, and steadfast:
Rend the land in twain.

Cleave America asunder,
This is worthy work for thee.
Hark! The seas roll up imploring
"Make the ocean free."

In 1856, Dr. Lieber retired from his Professorship of History and Political Economy in the College of South Carolina, and came with his family to New York, where, in 1857, he was appointed Professor of History and Political Science in Columbia College. He delivered, in February, 1858, an inaugural address on entering upon the duties of this new position. In this discourse, which was printed by order of the trustees, he passed in review the elements of political economy and political philosophy, showing the tendencies of modern thought, and handling with great acumen the theories of the day on these subjects, and, in particular, illustrating the "true and ever active principles" of individualism and socialism, the maintenance of which, in their proper degree and relation, he considered essential to the well-being of the state. On the organization of the law school attached to the college, in 1859, Dr. Lieber was also appointed in that department professor of political science. An introductory discourse to a course of lectures on the State, in the winter of 1859-60, before the students of this institution, has been published. It is entitled *The Ancient and Modern Teacher of Politics*, and is an earnest vindication of the paramount utility of the philosophical pursuit of statesmanship in modern communities. The topic, as usual with the author, is illustrated by a variety of pregnant illustrations, the argument being constantly enforced by authority and example. In 1861, two other lectures

delivered by Dr. Lieber, on the Constitution of the United States, concluding a course on the Modern State, were published by direction of the board of trustees. The lectures were accompanied by a series of notes on the text by Horace Binney, of Philadelphia, and appended to them was an address "On Secession," written by Dr. Lieber in 1851, and read before a mass meeting of the Union men of South Carolina in that year, at Greenville. The title given by the author to the lectures indicates his argument: *What is our Constitution—League, Pact, or Government?* He maintains the last, and establishes, by precedent and authority, the grounds of an established American nationality. It was a period when such labors were of the utmost importance, as a basis of action by the people and authorities of the land in suppressing the rebellion, which was every day assuming greater magnitude in its efforts to destroy the Government of the United States. Dr. Lieber, not only in this, but constantly during the civil war, by speeches at popular meetings, by learned arguments and publications, encouraged the people and supported the state in its gigantic struggle for existence. As president of the Loyal Publication Society, at New York, his efforts were particularly influential. Among its issues are numerous tracts from his pen: *No Party Now, but All for our Country*, an address read at the meeting of the Loyal National League, at a meeting in Union Square, New York, in 1863; *Slavery, Plantations, and the Yeomanry*; *The Arguments of the Secessionists*; *Lincoln or McClellan*; *Amendments of the Constitution Submitted to the Consideration of the American People*—the last providing the most stringent securities against any attempts at "secession" or treason, abolishing slavery, and securing the privileges of citizens to all native or naturalized inhabitants, whether born free or made free, without any exception of color, race, or origin.

At the request of Major-General Henry W. Halleck, then General-in-Chief of the Army of the United States, Dr. Lieber, in 1862, prepared an essay on *Guerrilla Parties Considered with Reference to the Law and Usages of War*, which was printed for distribution in the army, by order of the Department of War; and, in 1863, was appointed by the United States Government to draw up a code for the conduct of belligerents, of which he had suggested the idea and showed the necessity. The latter, revised by a board of officers, under the presidency of Major-General E. A. Hitchcock, was published "for the information of all concerned," by order of the Secretary of War, in a pamphlet entitled *Instructions for the Government of the Armies of the United States in the Field*. Dr. Lieber, at the close of the war, in 1865, was appointed superintendent or head of a bureau at Washington for the preservation of the manuscripts and the official papers of the Confederate Government, to be preserved as a portion of the national archives. He resigned at the same time his professorship in Columbia College, though he was still retained as a lecturer in the law school of that institution.

** Dr. Lieber died at his residence in New York city, from an affection of the heart, October 2, 1872. An indisposition, apparently slight, had kept him at home for a day or two; and while his wife was reading to him, he uttered an exclamation of pain and suddenly expired. At the time of his death, he was arbitrator of the commission to adjudicate Mexican claims. He had written two pamphlets in recent years: *Reflections on the Changes Necessary in the Present Constitution of the State of New York*, published by the Union League Club, 1867; and *Fragments of Political Science on Nationalism*, 1868. To the New York *Evening Post* he also contributed some able articles on political questions, signed "Americus," the last of which, "Religion and Law," was printed September 24, 1872. An able commemorative address on the life and character of this great scholar, profound thinker, and good man, was delivered by Judge Thayer,* of Philadelphia; and President Theodore D. Woolsey is preparing another for the American Academy of Arts, Boston.

GEORGE BANCROFT.

GEORGE BANCROFT, the eminent American historian, was born at Worcester, Massachusetts, in the year 1800. His father, Aaron Bancroft, was the distinguished Congregationalist clergyman of that place.† He took particular care of his son's education, which was pursued at the academy of Dr. Abbot, at Exeter, New Hampshire. A contemporary letter, dated October 10, 1811, written by the eminent Dr. Nathan Parker, of Portsmouth, to Dr. Bancroft, records a visit to the school, with special mention of the promising George.

"I have this day," writes this friend of the family, "made a visit at Exeter, and spent an hour with George. I found him in good health, and perfectly satisfied with his situation. He appears to enter into the studies which he is pursuing with an ardor and laudable ambition which gives promise of distinction, and which must be peculiarly grateful to a parent. I conversed with him on his studies, and found him very ready to make discriminating remarks—and as much as I expected from him. I was surprised at the intelligence with which he conversed, and the maturity of mind which he discovered. * * * * * I found that he had become acquainted with the distinctions which are conferred on those who excel, and was desirous of obtaining them. I was much pleased with the zeal which he discovered on this subject. He said there were prizes distributed every year, or every term (I forgot which), to those who excelled in particular studies. He expressed a great desire to obtain one, but said he was afraid he should not succeed, for he was the youngest but three in the academy, and he did not think he should gain a prize, but he would try. These, you may say, are trifling things, but they discover a disposition of

* Hon. M. Russell Thayer, a native of Petersburg, Virginia, where he was born in 1819, a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, and a member of Congress for several terms, is the author of some pamphlets and literary articles, the last of which is entitled: *The Life, Character, and Writings of Francis Lieber, A Discourse delivered before the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, January 13, 1873*. By Hon. M. Russell Thayer, Associate Judge of the District Court of Philadelphia.

† *Ante*, vol. I. p. 424.

mind, with which I think you must be gratified. I made inquiries of Mr. Abbot concerning him. He observed that he was a very fine lad; that he appeared to have the stamina of a distinguished man; that he took his rank among the first scholars in the academy, and that he wished I would send him half a dozen such boys."

The word of promise thus spoken to the father's ear has not been broken to the world.

In 1817, before he had completed his seventeenth year, the youth received his degree of Bachelor of Arts at Cambridge. The next year he went to Europe, and studied at Gottingen and Berlin, where he availed himself of the best opportunities of literary culture presented by those eminent universities. Before his return to America, in 1822, he had made the tour of England, Switzerland, Germany, and Italy. His mind was now richly furnished with the treasures of ancient literature, with the superadded modern metaphysical culture of the German universities. The thoroughness of his studies is shown in the philosophical summaries of Roman history and policy, and of the literature of Germany, then rapidly gaining the ascendancy, which he not long after published in America; while a thin volume of poems, published at Boston in 1823, witnesses to his poetical enthusiasm for the arts and nature, as he traversed the ruins of Italy and the sublime scenery of Switzerland. He also at this time, from his eighteenth to his twenty-fourth year, wrote a series of poetical translations of some of the chief minor poems of Schiller, Goethe, and other German authors, which appeared in the North American Review, and have been lately revived by the author, in his Collection of Miscellanies. He also wrote for the early volumes of Walsh's American Quarterly Review, a number of articles, marked by their academic and philosophic spirit; among others, a striking paper on the Doctrine of Temperaments; a kindred philosophical Essay on Ennui; and papers on Poland and Russia, of historical sagacity and penetration.

Immediately on his return to the United States, Mr. Bancroft had been appointed Tutor of Greek at Harvard, where he continued for a year; subsequently carrying out his plans of education, in connexion with his friend Dr. J. G. Cogswell, as principal of the Round Hill school, at Northampton, Massachusetts.

Mr. Bancroft early became a politician, attaching himself to the Democratic party. One of the fruits of his promotion of its interests was his appointment from President Van Buren, in 1838, to the collectorship of the port of Boston. He retained this office till 1841. In 1844 he was the candidate of the Democratic minority, in Massachusetts, for the office of Governor. He was invited by President Polk, in 1845, to a seat in the Cabinet as Secretary of the Navy, the duties of which he discharged with his customary energy and efficiency in the cause of improvement. The next year he was appointed Minister Plenipotentiary to Great Britain, and held this distinguished position till 1849. He then returned to the United States, and became a resident of the city of New York.

Here he has established his home, and here he

is to be met with in the fashionable, literary, and political circles of the city. He has filled the office of President of the American Geographical Society; is a distinguished member of the American Ethnological and New York Historical Societies; and has on several occasions appeared as a public orator, in connexion with these and other liberal interests of the city. His summers are passed at his country-seat at Newport, Rhode Island.



Bancroft's Residence.

The most important work of Mr. Bancroft's literary career, his *History of the United States, from the Discovery of the American Continent*, appeared in a first volume, in 1834. It struck a new vein in American History, original in design and conception. Terse and pointed in style, in brief, ringing sentences, it took the subject out of the hands of mere annalists and commentators, and raised it to the dignity and interest of philosophical narration. The original preface stamped the character of the work, in its leading motives, the author's sense of its importance, and his reliance on the energetic industry which was to accomplish it. The picturesque account of the colonial period gave the public the first impression of the author's vivid narrative; while the tribute to Roger Williams was an indication of the allegiance to the principles of liberty which was to characterize the work. The second and third followed, frequently appearing in new editions.

The interval of Mr. Bancroft's absence in Europe was profitably employed in the prosecution of his historical studies, for which his rank of ambassador gave him new facilities of original research in the government archives of London and Paris. Approaching the revolutionary period he was at that stage of the narrative where this aid became of the utmost importance. It was freely rendered. The records of the State Paper Office of Great Britain, including a vast array of military and civil correspondence, and legal and commercial detail, were freely placed at his disposal by the Earl of Aberdeen, Viscount Palmerston, Earl Grey, and the Duke of Newcastle, who then held the office of Secretary of State. The records of the Treasury, with its series of Minutes and Letter Books, were, in like manner, opened by Lord John Rus-

sell: while in the British Museum and in the private collections of various noble families, the most interesting manuscripts were freely rendered to the historian. Among the latter were the papers of Chatham, the Earl of Shelburne, the Duke of Grafton, the Earl of Dartmouth, and several hundred notes which passed between George the Third and Lord North.

M. Guizot, the French minister, extended similar courtesies in Paris, where Mr. Bancroft was aided by M. Mignet, M. Lamartine, and De Tocqueville. The relations of America with other European states of the Continent were also examined.

In addition to these resources abroad, the progress of his work secured to Mr. Bancroft at home frequent valuable opportunities of the examination of original authorities in private and public collections in all parts of the country. Among these are the numerous manuscripts of the apostle of American liberty, Samuel Adams.

Thus armed, and, with the daily increasing resources of the already vast American historical library, fed by a thousand rills of publication, of biography, family memoirs, town and state histories, and the numerous modes of antiquarian development, Mr. Bancroft enters on each successive volume of his national work with an increased momentum. Resuming the record in 1852 with the publication of the fourth volume, which traces the period from 1748, the author advanced rapidly to the fifth and sixth, the last of which, bringing the narrative to the immediate commencement of the Revolution preceding the actual outbreak in Massachusetts, appeared in 1854. Here, on the threshold of the new era, the author pauses for a while; we may be sure to gather new strength for the approaching conflict.

The speciality of Mr. Bancroft's history is its prompt recognition and philosophical development of the elements of liberty existing in the country—from the settlement of the first colonists to the matured era of independence. He traces this spirit in the natural conditions of the land, in men and in events. History, in his view, is no accident or chance concurrence of incidents, but an organic growth which the actors control, and to which they are subservient. The nation became free, he maintains, from the necessity of the human constitution, and because it deliberately willed to be free. To this end, in his view, all thoughts, all passions, all delights ministered. To detect this prevailing influence, this hidden impulse to the march of events, in every variety of character, in every change of position, whether in the town meeting of New England or the parliament of England; whether in the yeoman or the governor; in the church or at the bar; in the habits of the sailor or of the pioneer; in the rugged independence of New England or the uneasy suzerainty of Louisiana: this is our historian's ever present idea. The ardor of the pursuit may sometimes bend reluctant facts to its purpose, and the keener eye of retrospection may read with more certainty what lurked dimly in anticipation; but the main deduction is correct. The history of America is the history of liberty. The author never relaxes his grasp of this central law. Hence the manly vigor and epic grandeur of his story.

With this leading idea Mr. Bancroft associates

the most minute attention to detail. His page is crowded with facts brought forward with the air of realities of the time. He does not disdain to cite in his text the very words of the old actors as they were uttered in the ballad, the sermon, the speech, or the newspaper of the day. This gives verisimilitude to his story. It is a history of the people as well as of the state.



George Bancroft

In 1855 Mr. Bancroft published a volume of *Literary and Historical Miscellanies*, containing a portion of his early Essays from the Reviews; his poetical translations from the German; several historical articles to which we have alluded, and a few occasional discourses, including an address in memory of Channing, in 1842; an oration commemorative of Andrew Jackson, spoken at Washington in 1845, and the eloquent discourse at the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the New York Historical Society, on "The Necessity, the Reality, and the Promise of the Progress of the Human Race"—topics which were handled by the light both of modern science and philosophy.

To this enumeration of Mr. Bancroft's writings we may add an Abridgment of his History of the Colonization of the United States; and among other speeches and addresses, a lecture on "The Culture, the Support, and the Object of Art in a Republic," in the course of the New York Historical Society in 1852; and another before the Mechanics' Institute of New York in 1853, on "The Office, Appropriate Culture, and Duty of the Mechanic."

COMPARISON OF JOHN LOCKE AND WILLIAM PENN.*

Every hope of reform from parliament vanished. Bigotry and tyranny prevailed more than ever, and Penn, despairing of relief in Europe, bent the whole energy of his mind to accomplish the establishment of a free government in the New World. For that

* From the Second Volume of the History.

"heavenly end," he was prepared by the severe discipline of life, and the love, without dissimulation, which formed the basis of his character. The sentiment of cheerful humanity was irrepressibly strong in his bosom; as with John Eliot and Roger Williams, benevolence gushed prodigally from his ever-flowing heart; and when, in his late old age, his intellect was impaired, and his reason prostrated by apoplexy, his sweetness of disposition rose serenely over the clouds of disease. Possessing an extraordinary greatness of mind, vast conceptions, remarkable for their universality and precision, and "surpassing in speculative endowments," conversant with men, and books, and governments, with various languages, and the forms of political combinations, as they existed in England and France, in Holland, and the principalities and free cities of Germany, he yet sought the source of wisdom in his own soul. Humane by nature and by suffering; familiar with the royal family; intimate with Sunderland and Sydney; acquainted with Russell, Halifax, Shaftesbury, and Buckingham; as a member of the Royal Society, the peer of Newton and the great scholars of his age,—he valued the promptings of a free mind more than the awards of the learned, and revered the single-minded sincerity of the Nottingham shepherd more than the authority of colleges and the wisdom of philosophers. And now, being in the meridian of life, but a year older than was Locke, when, twelve years before, he had framed a constitution for Carolina, the Quaker legislator was come to the New World to lay the foundations of states. Would he imitate the vaunted system of the great philosopher? Locke, like William Penn, was tolerant; both loved freedom; both cherished truth in sincerity. But Locke kindled the torch of liberty at the fires of tradition; Penn at the living light in the soul. Locke sought truth through the senses and the outward world; Penn looked inward to the divine revelations in every mind. Locke compared the soul to a sheet of white paper, just as Hobbes had compared it to a slate, on which time and chance might scrawl their experience; to Penn, the soul was an organ which of itself instinctively breathes divine harmonies, like those musical instruments which are so curiously and perfectly framed, that, when once set in motion, they of themselves give forth all the melodies designed by the artist that made them. To Locke, "Conscience is nothing else than our own opinion of our own actions;" to Penn, it is the image of God, and his oracle in the soul. Locke, who was never a father, esteemed "the duty of parents to preserve their children not to be understood without reward and punishment;" Penn loved his children, with not a thought for the consequences. Locke, who was never married, declares marriage an affair of the senses; Penn revered woman as the object of fervent, inward affection, made, not for lust, but for love. In studying the understanding, Locke begins with the sources of knowledge; Penn with an inventory of our intellectual treasures. Locke deduces government from Noah and Adam, rests it upon contract, and announces its end to be the security of property; Penn, far from going back to Adam, or even to Noah, declares that "there must be a people before a government," and, deducing the right to institute government from man's moral nature, seeks its fundamental rules in the immutable dictates "of universal reason," its end in freedom and happiness. The system of Locke lends itself to contending factions of the most opposite interests and purposes; the doctrine of Fox and Penn, being but the common creed of humanity, forbids division, and insures the highest moral unity. To Locke, happiness is pleasure; things are good and evil only

in reference to pleasure and pain; and to "inquire after the highest good is as absurd as to dispute whether the best relish be in apples, plums, or nuts;" Penn esteemed happiness to lie in the subjection of the baser instincts to the instinct of Deity in the breast, good and evil to be eternally and always as unlike as truth and falsehood, and the inquiry after the highest good to involve the purpose of existence. Locke says plainly, that, but for rewards and punishments beyond the grave, "it is *certainly right* to eat and drink, and enjoy what we delight in;" Penn, like Plato and Fenelon, maintained the doctrine so terrible to despots, that God is to be loved for his own sake, and virtue to be practised for its intrinsic loveliness. Locke derives the idea of infinity from the senses, describes it as purely negative, and attributes it to nothing but space, duration, and number; Penn derived the idea from the soul, and ascribed it to truth, and virtue, and God. Locke declares immortality a matter with which reason has nothing to do, and that revealed truth must be sustained by outward signs and visible acts of power; Penn saw truth by its own light, and summoned the soul to bear witness to its own glory. Locke believed "not so many men in wrong opinions as is commonly supposed, because the greatest part have no opinions at all, and do not know what they contend for;" Penn likewise vindicated the many, but it was because truth is the common inheritance of the race. Locke, in his love of tolerance, inveighed against the methods of persecution as "Popish practices;" Penn censured no sect, but condemned bigotry of all sorts as inhuman. Locke, as an American lawgiver, dreaded a too numerous democracy, and reserved all power to wealth and the feudal proprietaries; Penn believed that God is in every conscience, his light in every soul; and therefore, stretching out his arms, he built—such are his own words—"a free colony for all mankind." This is the praise of William Penn, that, in an age which had seen a popular revolution shipwreck popular liberty among selfish factions; which had seen Hugh Peters and Henry Vane perish by the hangman's cord and the axe; in an age when Sydney nourished the pride of patriotism rather than the sentiment of philanthropy, when Russell stood for the liberties of his order, and not for new enfranchisements, when Harrington, and Shaftesbury, and Locke, thought government should rest on property,—Penn did not despair of humanity, and, though all history and experience denied the sovereignty of the people, dared to cherish the noble idea of man's capacity for self-government. Conscious that there was no room for its exercise in England, the pure enthusiast, like Calvin and Descartes, a voluntary exile, was come to the banks of the Delaware to institute "THE HOLY EXPERIMENT."

BRADDOCK'S DEFEAT, 1755.

Early in the morning of the ninth of July, Braddock set his troops in motion. A little below the Youghiogeny they forded the Monongahela, and marched on the southern bank of that tranquil stream, displaying outwardly to the forests the perfection of military discipline, brilliant in their dazzling uniform, their burnished arms gleaming in the bright summer's sun, but sick at heart, and enfeebled by toil and unwholesome diet. At noon they forded the Monongahela again, and stood between the rivers that form the Ohio, only seven miles distant from their junction. A detachment of three hundred and fifty men, led by Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas Gage, and closely attended by a working party of two hundred and fifty, under St. Clair, advanced cautiously, with guides and flanking parties, along a path but

twelve feet wide, towards the uneven woody country that was between them and Fort Duquesne. The general was following with the columns of artillery, baggage, and the main body of the army, when a very heavy and quick fire was heard in the front.

Aware of Braddock's progress by the fidelity of their scouts, the French had resolved on an ambuscade. Twice in council the Indians declined the enterprise. "I shall go," said De Beaujeu, "and will you suffer your father to go alone? I am sure we shall conquer;" and, sharing his confidence, they pledged themselves to be his companions. At an early hour, Contrecoeur, the commandant at Fort Duquesne, detached De Beaujeu, Dumas, and De Ligny, with less than two hundred and thirty French and Canadians, and six hundred and thirty-seven savages, under orders to repair to a favorable spot selected the preceding evening. Before reaching it they found themselves in the presence of the English, who were advancing in the best possible order; and De Beaujeu instantly began an attack with the utmost vivacity. Gage should, on the moment, and without waiting for orders, have sent support to his flanking parties. His indecision lost the day. The onset was met courageously, but the flanking guards were driven in, and the advanced party, leaving their two six-pounders in the hands of the enemy, were thrown back upon the vanguard which the general had sent as a reinforcement, and which was attempting to form in face of a rising ground on the right. Thus the men of both regiments were heaped together in promiscuous confusion, among the dense forest trees and thicket underwood. The general himself hurried forward to share the danger and animate the troops; and his artillery, though it could do little harm, as it played against an enemy whom the forest concealed, yet terrified the savages and made them waver. At this time De Beaujeu fell, when the brave and humane Dumas, taking the command, gave new life to his party: sending the savages to attack the English in flank, while he with the French and Canadians, continued the combat in front. Already the British regulars were raising shouts of victory, when the battle was renewed, and the Indians, posting themselves most advantageously behind large trees "in the front of the troops and on the hills which overhung the right flank," invisible, yet making the woods re-echo their war-whoop, fired irregularly, but with deadly aim, at "the fair mark" offered by the "compact body of men beneath them." None of the English that were engaged would say they saw a hundred of the enemy, and "many of the officers, who were in the heat of the action the whole time, would not assert that they saw one."

The combat was obstinate, and continued for two hours with scarcely any change in the disposition of either side. Had the regulars shown courage, the issue would not have been doubtful: but terrified by the yells of the Indians, and dispirited by a manner of fighting such as they had never imagined, they would not long obey the voice of their officers, but fired in platoons almost as fast as they could load, aiming among the trees, or firing into the air. In the midst of the strange scene, nothing was so sublime as the persevering gallantry of the officers. They used the utmost art to encourage the men to move upon the enemy; they told them off into small parties of which they took the lead; they bravely formed the front; they advanced sometimes at the head of small bodies, sometimes separately, to recover the cannon, or to get possession of the hill; but were sacrificed by the soldiers, who declined to follow them, and even fired upon them from the rear. Of eighty-six officers, twenty-six were killed,—

among them, Sir Peter Halket,—and thirty-seven were wounded, including Gage, and other field officers. Of the men, one half were killed or wounded, Braddock braved every danger. His secretary was shot dead; both his English aids were disabled early in the engagement, leaving the American alone to distribute his orders. "I expected every moment," said one whose eye was on Washington, "to see him fall. Nothing but the superintending care of Providence could have saved him." "An Indian chief—I suppose a Shawnee—singled him out with his rifle, and bade others of his warriors do the same. Two horses were killed under him; four balls penetrated his coat." "Some potent Manitou guards his life," exclaimed the savage. "Death," wrote Washington, "was levelling my companions on every side of me; but, by the all-powerful dispensations of Providence, I have been protected." "To the public," said Davies, a learned divine, in the following month, "I point out that heroic youth, Colonel Washington, whom I cannot but hope Providence has preserved in so signal a manner for some important service to his country." "Who is Mr. Washington?" asked Lord Halifax a few months later. "I know nothing of him," he added, "but that they say he behaved in Braddock's action as bravely as if he really loved the whistling of bullets." The Virginia troops showed great valor, and were nearly all massacred. Of three companies, scarcely thirty men were left alive. Captain Peyronney and all his officers, down to a corporal, were killed; of Polson's, whose bravery was honored by the Legislature of the Old Dominion, only one was left. But "those they call regulars, having wasted their ammunition, broke and ran, as sheep before hounds, leaving the artillery, provisions, baggage, and even the private papers of the general a prey to the enemy. The attempt to rally them was as vain as to attempt to stop the wild bears of the mountain." "Thus were the English most scandalously beaten." Of privates, seven hundred and fourteen were killed or wounded; while of the French and Indians, only three officers and thirty men fell, and but as many more wounded.

Braddock had five horses disabled under him; at last a bullet entered his right side, and he fell mortally wounded. He was with difficulty brought off the field, and borne in the train of the fugitives. All the first day he was silent; but at night he roused himself to say, "Who would have thought it?" The meeting at Dunbar's camp made a day of confusion. On the twelfth of July, Dunbar destroyed the remaining artillery, and burned the public stores and the heavy baggage, to the value of a hundred thousand pounds,—pleading in excuse that he had the orders of the dying general, and being himself resolved, in midsummer, to evacuate Fort Cumberland, and hurry to Philadelphia for winter quarters. Accordingly, the next day they all retreated. At night Braddock roused from his lethargy to say, "We shall better know how to deal with them another time," and died. His grave may still be seen, near the national road, about a mile west of Fort Necessity.

RURAL LIFE IN ENGLAND.*

But if aristocracy was not excluded from towns, still more did it pervade the rural life of England. The climate not only enjoyed the softer atmosphere that belongs to the western side of masses of land, but was further modified by the proximity of every part of it to the sea. It knew neither long continuing heat nor cold; and was more friendly to daily employment throughout the whole year, within

* From the Chapter, England as it was in 1768, in the Fifth Volume of the History.

doors or without, than any in Europe. The island was "a little world" of its own; with a "happy breed of men" for its inhabitants, in whom the hardihood of the Norman was intermixed with the gentler qualities of the Celt and the Saxon, just as nails are rubbed into steel to temper and harden the Damascus blade. They loved country life, of which the mildness of the climate increased the attractions; since every grass and flower and tree that had its home between the remote north and the neighborhood of the tropics would live abroad, and such only excepted as needed a hot sun to unfold their bloom, or concentrate their aroma, or ripen their fruit, would thrive in perfection; so that no region could show such a varied wood. The moisture of the sky favored a soil not naturally very rich; and so fructified the earth, that it was clad in perpetual verdure. Nature had its attractions even in winter. The ancient trees were stripped indeed of their foliage; but showed more clearly their fine proportions, and the undisturbed nests of the noisy rooks among their boughs; the air was so mild, that the flocks and herds still grazed on the freshly springing herbage; and the deer found shelter enough by crouching amongst the fern; the smoothly shaven grassy walk was soft and yielding under the foot; nor was there a month in the year in which the plough was idle. The large landed proprietors dwelt often in houses which had descended to them from the times when England was gemmed all over with the most delicate and most solid structures of Gothic art. The very lanes were memorials of early days, and ran as they had been laid out before the conquest; and in mills for grinding corn, water-wheels revolved at their work just where they had been doing so for at least eight hundred years. Hospitality also had its traditions; and for untold centuries Christmas had been the most joyous of the seasons.

The system was so completely the ruling element in English history and English life, especially in the country, that it seemed the most natural organization of society, and was even endeared to the dependent people. Hence the manners of the aristocracy, without haughtiness or arrogance, implied rather than expressed the consciousness of undisputed rank; and female beauty added to its loveliness the blended graces of dignity and humility—most winning, where acquaintance with sorrow had softened the feeling of superiority, and increased the sentiment of compassion.

Yet the privileged class defended its rural pleasures and its agricultural interests with impassioned vigilance. The game laws parcelling out among the large proprietors the exclusive right of hunting, which had been wrested from the king as too grievous a prerogative, were maintained with relentless severity; and to steal or even to hamstring a sheep was as much punished by death as murder or treason. During the reign of George the Second, sixty-three new capital offences had been added to the criminal laws, and five new ones, on the average, continued to be discovered annually; so that the criminal code of England, formed under the influence of the rural gentry, seemed written in blood, and owed its mitigation only to executive clemency.

But this cruelty, while it encouraged and hardened offenders, did not revolt the instinct of submission in the rural population. The tenantry, for the most part without permanent leases, holding lands at a moderate rent, transmitting the occupation of them from father to son through many generations,

With calm desires that asked but little room,

clung to the lord of the manor as ivy to massive old walls. They loved to live in his light, to lean on his

support, to gather round him with affectionate deference rather than base cowering; and, by their faithful attachment, to win his sympathy and care; happy when he was such an one as merited their love. They caught refinement of their superiors, so that their cottages were carefully neat, with roses and honeysuckles clambering to their roofs. They cultivated the soil in sight of the towers of the church, near which reposed the ashes of their ancestors for almost a thousand years. The whole island was mapped out into territorial parishes, as well as into counties, and the affairs of local interest, the assessment of rates, the care of the poor and of the roads, were settled by elected vestries or magistrates, with little interference from the central government. The resident magistrates were unpaid, being taken from among the landed gentry; and the local affairs of the county, and all criminal affairs of no uncommon importance, were settled by them in a body at their quarterly sessions, where a kind-hearted landlord often presided, to appal the convicted offender by the solemn earnestness of his rebuke, and then to show him mercy by a lenient sentence.

Thus the local institutions of England shared the common character; they were at once the evidence of aristocracy and the badges of liberty.

THE BOSTON MASSACRE, 1770.

On Friday the second day of March a soldier of the Twenty-ninth asked to be employed at Gray's Ropewalk, and was repulsed in the coarsest words. He then defied the ropemakers to a boxing match; and one of them accepting his challenge, he was beaten off. Returning with several of his companions, they too were driven away. A larger number came down to renew the fight with clubs and cutlasses, and in their turn encountered defeat. By this time Gray and others interposed, and for that day prevented further disturbance.

There was an end to the affair at the Ropewalk, but not at the barracks, where the soldiers inflamed each other's passions, as if the honor of the regiment were tarnished. On Saturday they prepared bludgeons, and being resolved to brave the citizens on Monday night, they forewarned their particular acquaintance not to be abroad. Without duly restraining his men, Carr, the Lieutenant-Colonel of the Twenty-ninth, made complaint to the Lieutenant-Governor of the insult they had received.

The council, deliberating on Monday, seemed of opinion, that the town would never be safe from quarrels between the people and the soldiers as long as soldiers should be quartered among them. In the present case the owner of the Ropewalk gave satisfaction by dismissing the workmen complained of.

The officers should, on their part, have kept their men within the barracks after night-fall. Instead of it they left them to roam the streets. Hutchinson should have insisted on measures of precaution, but he, too, much wished the favor of all who had influence at Westminster.

Evening came on. The young moon was shining brightly in a cloudless winter sky, and its light was increased by a new fallen snow. Parties of soldiers were driving about the streets, making a parade of valor, challenging resistance, and striking the inhabitants indiscriminately with sticks or sheathed cutlasses.

A band, which rushed out from Murray's Barracks in Brattle street, armed with clubs, cutlasses, and bayonets, provoked resistance, and an affray ensued. Ensign Maul, at the gate of the barrack-yard, cried to the soldiers, "Turn out and I will stand by you; kill them; stick them; knock them down; run your bayonets through them;" and one

soldier after another levelled a firelock, and threatened to "make a lane" through the crowd. Just before nine, as an officer crossed King street, now State street, a barber's lad cried after him, "There goes a mean fellow who hath not paid my master for dressing his hair;" on which the sentinel stationed at the westerly end of the Custom-house, on the corner of King street and Exchange lane, left his post, and with his musket gave the boy a stroke on the head, which made him stagger, and cry for pain.

The street soon became clear, and nobody troubled the sentry, when a party of soldiers issued violently from the main guard, their arms glittering in the moonlight, and passed on hallooing, "Where are they? where are they? let them come." Presently twelve or fifteen more, uttering the same cries, rushed from the south into King street, and so by way of Cornhill, towards Murray's Barracks. "Pray, soldiers, spare my life," cried a boy of twelve, whom they met; "No, no; I'll kill you all," answered one of them, and knocked him down with his cutlass. They abused and insulted several persons at their doors, and others in the street, "running about like madmen in a fury," crying "Fire," which seemed their watchword, and "Where are they? knock them down." Their outrageous behavior occasioned the ringing of the bell at the head of King street.

The citizens, whom the alarm set in motion, came out with canes and clubs; and partly by the interference of well disposed officers, partly by the courage of Crispus Attucks, a mulatto, and some others, the fray at the barracks was soon over. Of the citizens, the prudent shouted "Home, Home;" others, it was said, called out, "Huzza for the main guard; there is the nest;" but the main guard was not molested the whole evening.

A body of soldiers came up Royal Exchange lane, crying "Where are the cowards?" and brandishing their arms, passed through King street. From ten to twenty boys came after them, asking, "Where are they, where are they?" "There is the soldier who knocked me down," said the barber's boy, and they began pushing one another towards the sentinel. He primed and loaded his musket. "The lobster is going to fire," cried a boy. Waving his piece about, the sentinel pulled the trigger. "If you fire you must die for it," said Henry Knox, who was passing by. "I don't care," replied the sentry; "damn them, if they touch me I'll fire." "Fire and be damned," shouted the boys, for they were persuaded he could not do it without leave from a civil officer; and a young fellow spoke out, "We will knock him down for snapping;" while they whistled through their fingers and huzzaed. "Stand off," said the sentry, and shouted aloud, "Turn out, main guard." "They are killing the sentinel," reported a servant from the Custom-house, running to the main guard. "Turn out; why don't you turn out?" cried Preston, who was Captain of the day, to the guard. "He appeared in a great flutter of spirits," and "spoke to them roughly." A party of six, two of whom, Kilroi and Montgomery, had been worsted at the Ropewalk, formed with a corporal in front, and Preston following. With bayonets fixed, they haughtily "rushed through the people," upon the trot, cursing them, and pushing them as they went along. They found about ten persons round the sentry, while about fifty or sixty came down with them. "For God's sake," said Knox, holding Preston by the coat, "take your men back again; if they fire, your life must answer for the consequences." "I know what I am about," said he, hastily, and much agitated. None pressed on them

or provoked them, till they began loading, when a party of about twelve in number, with sticks in their hands, moved from the middle of the street, where they had been standing, gave three cheers, and passed along the front of the soldiers, whose muskets some of them struck as they went by. "You are cowardly rascals," said they, "for bringing arms against naked men;" "lay aside your guns, and we are ready for you." "Are the soldiers loaded?" inquired Palmes of Preston. "Yes," he answered, "with powder and ball." "Are they going to fire upon the inhabitants?" asked Theodore Bliss. "They cannot, without my orders," replied Preston; while the "town-born" called out, "Come on, you rascals, you bloody backs, you lobster scoundrels, fire if you dare; we know you dare not." Just then Montgomery received a blow from a stick thrown, which hit his musket; and the word "Fire" being given, he stepped a little on one side, and shot Attucks, who at the time was quietly leaning on a long stick. The people immediately began to move off. "Don't fire," said Langford, the watchman, to Kilroi, looking him full in the face, but yet he did so, and Samuel Gray, who was standing next Langford with his hands in his bosom, fell lifeless. The rest fired slowly and in succession on the people, who were dispersing. One aimed deliberately at a boy, who was running for safety. Montgomery then pushed at Palmes to stab him; on which the latter knocked his gun out of his hand, and levelled a blow at him, hit Preston. Three persons were killed, among them Attucks the mulatto; eight were wounded, two of them mortally. Of all the eleven, not more than one had had any share in the disturbance.

So infuriated were the soldiers, that, when the men returned to take up the dead, they prepared to fire again, but were checked by Preston, while the Twenty-ninth regiment appeared under arms in King street, as if bent on a further massacre. "This is our time," cried soldiers of the Fourteenth; and dogs were never seen more greedy for their prey.

The bells rung in all the churches; the town drums beat. "To arms, to arms," was the cry. And now was to be tested the true character of Boston. All its sons came forth, excited almost to madness: many were absolutely distracted by the sight of the dead bodies, and of the blood, which ran plentifully in the street, and was imprinted in all directions by the foot-tracks on the snow. "Our hearts," says Warren, "beat to arms; almost resolved by one stroke to avenge the death of our slaughtered brethren." But they stood self-possessed and irresistible, demanding justice, according to the law. "Did you not know that you should not have fired without the order of a civil magistrate?" asked Hutchinson, on meeting Preston. "I did it," answered Preston, "to save my men."

The people would not be pacified till the regiment was confined to the guard-room and the barracks; and Hutchinson himself gave assurances that instant inquiries should be made by the county magistrates. The body of them then retired, leaving about one hundred persons to keep watch on the examination, which lasted till three hours after midnight. A warrant was issued against Preston, who surrendered himself to the Sheriff; and the soldiers who composed the party were delivered up and committed to prison.

STUDY OF THE INFINITE—FROM THE NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY ADDRESS. 1854.

The moment we enter upon an enlarged consideration of existence, we may as well believe in beings that are higher than ourselves, as in those

that are lower; nor is it absurd to inquire whether there is a plurality of worlds. Induction warrants the opinion, that the planets and the stars are tenanted, or are to be tenanted, by inhabitants endowed with reason; for though man is but a new comer upon earth, the lower animals had appeared through unnumbered ages, like a long twilight before the day. Some indeed tremulously inquire, how it may be in those distant spheres with regard to redemption? But the scruple is uncalled for. Since the Mediator is from the beginning, he exists for all intelligent creatures not less than for all time. It is very narrow and contradictory to confine his office to the planet on which we dwell. In other worlds the facts of history may be, or rather, by all the laws of induction, will be different; but the essential relations of the finite to the infinite are, and must be, invariable. It is not more certain that the power of gravity extends through the visible universe, than that throughout all time and all space, there is but one mediation between God and created reason.

But leaving aside the question, how far rational life extends, it is certain that on earth the capacity of coming into connexion with the infinite is the distinguishing mark of our kind, and proves it to be one. Here, too, is our solace for the indisputable fact, that humanity, in its upward course, passes through the shadows of death, and over the relics of decay. Its march is strewn with the ruins of formative efforts, that were never crowned with success. How often does the just man suffer, and sometimes suffer most for his brightest virtues! How often do noblest sacrifices to regenerate a nation seem to have been offered in vain! How often is the champion of liberty struck down in the battle, and the symbol which he uplifted, trampled under foot! But what is the life of an individual to that of his country? Of a state, or a nation, at a given moment, to that of the race? The just man would cease to be just, if he were not willing to perish for his kind. The scoria that fly from the iron at the stroke of the artisan, show how busily he plies his task; the clay which is rejected from the potter's wheel, proves the progress of his work; the chips of marble that are thrown off by the chisel of the sculptor, leave the miracle of beauty to grow under his hand. Nothing is lost. I leave to others the questioning of Infinite power, why the parts are distributed as they are, and not otherwise. Humanity moves on, attended by its glorious company of martyrs. It is our consolation, that their sorrows and persecution and death are encountered in the common cause, and not in vain.

In 1858, Mr. Bancroft continued the publication of his *History of the United States, from the Discovery of the American Continent*, with a seventh volume, opening the era of the War of Independence. It commences with the year 1774, the review of the foreign political relations of the struggle in Great Britain and France; traces the growth and progress of the spirit of resistance in the several colonies, with the contemporary parliamentary history, and terminates with a vivid recital of the battle of Bunker Hill, June 17, 1775. An eighth volume, the second devoted to the Revolution, appeared in 1860, pursuing the story with great fidelity through the windings of state-craft and diplomacy, at home and abroad, to the final stand taken by the country in the Declaration of Independence.

In the prosecution of this work, Mr. Bancroft

spares no labor or diligence of research. Great stores of manuscripts, collected by himself, or generously placed at his disposal; the material derived from his privileged examination of the archives of England and France; the vast resources of his valuable historical library; the fruits of his philosophical and political studies of the books of ancient and modern writers, are all brought to bear in the composition of this standard work. It includes in its field the politics of Europe as well as of America. The number of incidents multiplies as the narrative proceeds, and the activity of a whole continent is poured into the historic page. But the zeal and enthusiasm of the author keep pace with the work. His condensation is, if possible, more spirited as his vivid genius marshals his vast array of facts into order, force, and beauty. New opportunities of character-painting arise as the action becomes more complicated, and these are met with great acuteness, nicety of discrimination, and power of expression. The European portion of these later volumes, written from original materials, is of peculiar interest.

In October, 1855, Mr. Bancroft took part in the celebration of the battle of King's Mountain, on the site of the conflict, in South Carolina, delivering a brief address, which has been published by the side of that of the orator of the day, the Hon. John S. Preston, in a narrative of the proceedings. He was also called upon to deliver the address at the inauguration of the statue of Oliver Hazard Perry, at Cleveland, Ohio, on the anniversary of the battle of Lake Erie, September 10, 1860.

On the death of the historian Prescott, in 1859, Mr. Bancroft read a eulogium of his friend before the New York Historical Society, and at the close of the same year paid a similar tribute, in the same hall, to the memory of Washington Irving.

A paper, read by Mr. Bancroft before the New York Historical Society, on the life and genius of Jonathan Edwards, the metaphysician and divine, attracted much attention. It is published in Appleton's Cyclopædia, as a memoir of the eminent divine.

In 1865, Mr. Bancroft, at the request of the authorities of New York, delivered a eulogy on Abraham Lincoln, on occasion of the reception of the remains of the deceased President in the city.

****** Another oration in honor of our martyr President was delivered by invitation, at Washington, in February, 1866, before Congress and the members of the diplomatic corps.*

In the same year appeared the ninth volume of Mr. Bancroft's *History of the United States*. This traced the course of civil, military, and diplomatic achievements, from the formal establishment of the Confederation in July, 1776, past the disastrous battle of Long Island and the evacuation of New York city, the brilliant campaign in New Jersey, and the surrender of Burgoyne, ending with the alliance of France with America in 1778. It contained the promise that another volume would complete the

* Memorial Address on the Life of Abraham Lincoln, 8vo. Government Printing Office, Washington, 1866.

American Revolution, including the negotiations for peace in 1782.

The strictures therein made on the character of Joseph Reed, led to a series of controversial pamphlets with his grandson, Mr. William B. Reed, of Philadelphia.* Other rejoinders to statements in the eighth and ninth volumes also appeared from Boston† and New York.‡

Mr. Bancroft was appointed Minister to the court of Berlin in 1867. His sojourn abroad has been marked by the bestowal of several honors justly due to his consummate scholarship and historic reputation. The honorary degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred on him by the University of Bonn at its semi-centennial jubilee in 1868, when his name stood second only to the king's, and in company with such scholars as Ferdinand Grimm, Charles Darwin, John Stuart Mill, Frederick Muller, etc. Two years later the fiftieth anniversary of his Doctorate of Philosophy was celebrated by his friends in Berlin. In this diplomatic position he has rendered several notable services to his country. He negotiated a treaty with the North German Confederation, which acknowledged the release from their native allegiance of all German emigrants who became naturalized citizens of the United States. His labors were also so valuable in securing the arbitration and favorable award of the Emperor of Germany in the establishment of the boundary line between Vancouver's Island and Washington Territory through the Haro Channel, as to receive this marked commendation from President Grant, in his Message of 1872:—

"Mr. Bancroft, the representative of this Government at Berlin, conducted the case and prepared the statement on the part of the United States with the ability that his past services justified the public in expecting at his hand. As a member of the Cabinet at the date of the treaty which has given rise to the discussion between the two Governments, as a Minister to Great Britain when the construction now pronounced unfounded was first advanced, and as the agent and representative of the Government to present the case and to receive the award, he has been associated with the question in all of its phases, and in every stage has manifested a patriotic zeal and earnestness in maintenance of the claim of the United States. He is entitled to much credit for the success which has attended the submission."

*THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE. JULY 2-4, 1776.

The resolution of congress changed the old thirteen British colonies into free and independent states. It remained to set forth the reason for this act, and the principles which the new people

would own as their guides. Of the committee appointed for that duty, Thomas Jefferson of Virginia had received the largest number of votes, and was in that manner singled out to draft the confession of faith of the rising empire. He owed this distinction to respect for the colony which he represented, to the consummate ability of the state papers which he had already written, and to that general favor which follows merit, modesty, and a sweet disposition; but the quality which specially fitted him for the task was the sympathetic character of his nature, by which he was able with instinctive perception to read the soul of the nation, and having collected in himself its best thoughts and noblest feelings, to give them out in clear and bold words, mixed with so little of himself, that his country, as it went along with him, found nothing but what it recognized as its own. No man of his century had more trust in the collective reason and conscience of his fellow men, or better knew how to take their counsel; and in return he came to be a ruler over the willing in the world of opinion. Born to an independent fortune, he had from his youth been an indefatigable student. Of a calm temperament and a philosophic cast of mind, always temperate in his mode of life and decorous in his manners, he was a perfect master of his passions. He was of a delicate organization, and fond of elegance; his tastes were refined; laborious in his application to business or the pursuit of knowledge, music, the most spiritual of all pleasures of the senses, was his favorite recreation; and he took a never-failing delight in the beauty of the various scenery of rural life, building himself a home in the loveliest region of his native state. He was a skilful horseman; and he also delighted to roam the mountains on foot. The range of his knowledge was very wide; he was not unfamiliar with the literature of Greece and Rome; had an aptitude for mathematics and mechanics; and loved especially the natural sciences; scorning nothing but metaphysics. British governors and officials had introduced into Williamsburg the prevalent freethinking of Englishmen of that century, and Jefferson had grown up in its atmosphere; he was not only a hater of priestcraft and superstition and bigotry and intolerance; he was thought to be indifferent to religion; yet his instincts all inclined him to trace every fact to a general law, and to put faith in ideal truth; the world of the senses did not bound his aspirations, and he believed more than he himself was aware of. He was an idealist in his habits of thought and life, as indeed is every one who has an abiding and thorough confidence in the people; and he was kept so in spite of circumstances by the irresistible bent of his character. He had great power in mastering details as well as in searching for general principles. His profession was that of the law, in which he was methodical, painstaking, and successful; at the same time he studied law as a science, and was well read in the law of nature and of nations. Whatever he had to do, it was his custom to prepare himself for it carefully; and in public life, when others were at fault, they often found that he had already hewed out the way; so that in council men willingly gave him the lead, which he never appeared to claim, and was always able to undertake. But he rarely spoke in public; and was less fit to engage in the war of debate, than calmly to sum up its conclusions. It was a beautiful trait in his character that he was free from envy; and had he kept

*1. President Reed of Pennsylvania: a Reply to Mr. George Bancroft and Others. Phila., February, 1867; 8vo., pp. 132.—2. Joseph Reed: a Historical Essay, by George Bancroft. New York, 1867; 8vo., pp. 64.—3. A Rejoinder to Mr. Bancroft's Historical Essay on President Reed. Phila., 1867; 8vo., pp. 114.

†Nathaniel Greene: an Examination of some Statements concerning Major Greene, in the Ninth Volume of Bancroft's History of the United States. By George Washington Greene. Boston, 1867; 8vo., pp. 66. See Appendix to vol. ii., Life of Gen. Nathaniel Greene, 1871.

‡Correspondence and Remarks upon Bancroft's History of the Northern Campaign of 1777, and the Character of Major-General Philip Schuyler. By George L. Schuyler. New York, 1867; 8vo., pp. 47. Also, *Lossing's Life and Times of General Philip Schuyler*, 2 vols., 1872.

silence, John Adams would have wanted the best witness to his greatness as the ablest advocate and defender of independence. A common object now riveted the two statesmen together in close bonds. I cannot find, that at that period, Jefferson had an enemy; by the general consent of Virginia, he already stood first among her civilians. Just thirty three years old, married, and happy in his family, affluent, with a bright career before him, he was no rash innovator by his character or his position; if his convictions drove him to demand independence, it was only because he could no longer live with honor under the British constitution, which he still acknowledged to be the best that the world had thus far seen. His enunciation of general principles was fearless; but he was no visionary devotee of abstract theories, which, like disembodied souls, escape from every embrace; the nursing of his country, the offspring of his time, he set about the work of a practical statesman, and his measures grew so naturally out of previous law and the facts of the past, that they struck deep root and have endured.

From the fulness of his own mind, without consulting one single book, Jefferson drafted the declaration, submitted it separately to Franklin and to John Adams, accepted from each of them one or two verbal, unimportant corrections, and on the twenty-eighth of June reported it to congress, which now on the second of July, immediately after the resolution of independence, entered upon its consideration. During the remainder of that day and the two next, the language, the statements, and the principles of the paper were closely scanned.

In the indictment against George the Third, Jefferson had written:

"He has waged cruel war against human nature itself, violating its most sacred rights of life and liberty in the persons of a distant people who never offended him, captivating and carrying them into slavery in another hemisphere, or to incur miserable death in their transportation thither. This piratical warfare, the opprobrium of infidel powers, is the warfare of the Christian king of Great Britain. Determined to keep open a market where men should be bought and sold, he has prostituted his negative for suppressing every legislative attempt to prohibit or to restrain this execrable commerce. And that this assemblage of horrors might want no fact of distinguished dye, he is now exciting those very people to rise in arms among us, and to purchase that liberty of which he has deprived them, by murdering the people on whom he also obtruded them: thus paying off former crimes committed against the liberties of one people with crimes which he urges them to commit against the lives of another."

These words expressed with precision what had happened in Virginia; she, as well as other colonies, had perseveringly attempted to repress the slave-trade; the king had perseveringly used his veto to protect it; the governor, clothed with the king's authority, had invited slaves to rise against their masters; but it could not be truly said that all the colonies had been always without blame, in regard to the commerce; or that in America it had been exclusively the guilt of the king of Great Britain; and therefore, the severe strictures on the use of the king's negative, so Jefferson wrote for the guidance of history, "were disapproved by some southern gentlemen, whose reflections were not yet matured to the full abhorrence of that traffic; and the offensive expressions were

immediately yielded." Congress had already manifested its own sentiments by the absolute prohibition of the slave-trade; and that prohibition was then respected in every one of the thirteen states, including South Carolina and Georgia. This is the occasion when the slave-trade was first branded as a piracy. Many statesmen, among them Edmund Pendleton, president of the Virginia convention, always regretted that the passage had been stricken out; and the earnestness of the denunciation lost its author no friends.

All other changes and omissions in Jefferson's paper were either insignificant, or much for the better; rendering its language more terse, more dispassionate, and more exact; and in the evening of the fourth day of July, New York still abstaining from the vote, twelve States, without one negative, agreed to this Declaration by the Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled. . . .

This immortal state paper, which for its composer was the aurora of enduring fame, was "the genuine effusion of the soul of the country at that time," the revelation of its mind, when in its youth, its enthusiasm, its sublime confronting of danger, it rose to the highest creative powers of which man is capable. The bill of rights which it promulgates, is of rights that are older than human institutions, and spring from the eternal justice that is anterior to the state. Two political theories divided the world; one founded the commonwealth on the reason of state, the policy of expediency; the other on the immutable principles of morals: the new republic, as it took its place among the powers of the world, proclaimed its faith in the truth and reality and unchangeableness of freedom, virtue, and right. The heart of Jefferson in writing the declaration, and of congress in adopting it, beat for all humanity; the assertion of right was made for the entire world of mankind and all coming generations, without any exception whatever; for the proposition which admits of exceptions can never be self-evident. As it was put forth in the name of the ascendent people of that time, it was sure to make the circuit of the world, passing everywhere through the despotic countries of Europe; and the astonished nations as they read that all men are created equal, started out of their lethargy, like those who have been exiles from childhood, when they suddenly hear the dimly remembered accents of their mother tongue.

In the next place, the declaration, avoiding specious and vague generalities, grounds itself with anxious care upon the past, and reconciles right and fact. Of universal principles enough is repeated to prove that America chose for her own that system of politics which recognizes the rule of eternal justice; and independence is vindicated by the application of that rule to the grievous instructions, laws, and acts, proceeding from the king, in the exercise of his prerogative, or in concurrence with the lords and commons of Great Britain. The colonies professed to drive back innovations; and not, with roving zeal, to overturn all traditional inequalities; they were no rebels against the past, of which they knew the present to be the child; with all the glad anticipations of greatness that broke forth from the prophetic soul of the youthful nation, they took their point of departure from the world as it was. They did not even declare against monarchy itself; they sought no general overthrow of all kings, no universal system of republics; nor did

they cherish in their hearts a lurking hatred against princes. Loyalty to the house of Hanover had, for sixty years, been another name for the love of civil and religious liberty; the vast majority, till within a few years or months, believed the English constitution the best that had ever existed; neither Franklin, nor Washington, nor John Adams, nor Jefferson, nor Jay, had ever expressed a preference for a republic. The voices that rose for independence, spoke also for alliances with kings. The sovereignty of George the Third was renounced, not because he was a king, but because he was deemed to be "a tyrant."

The insurgents, as they took up self-government, manifested no impatience at the recollection of having been ruled by a royal line; no eagerness to blot out memorials of their former state; they sent forth no Hugh Peter to recommend to the mother country the abolition of monarchy, which no one seems to have proposed or to have wished; in the moment of revolution in America, they did not counsel the English to undertake a revolution. The republic was to America a god-send; it came, though unsought, because society contained the elements of no other organization. Here, and, in that century, here only, was a people, which, by its education and large and long experience, was prepared to act as the depository and carrier of all political power. America developed her choice from within herself; and therefore it is, that, conscious of following an inner law, she never made herself a spreader of her system, where the conditions of success were wanting.

Finally, the declaration was not only the announcement of the birth of a people, but the establishment of a national government; a most imperfect one, it is true, but still a government, in conformity with the limited constituent powers which each colony had conferred upon its delegates in congress. The war was no longer a civil war; Britain was become to the United States a foreign country. Every former subject of the British king in the thirteen colonies now owed primary allegiance to the dynasty of the people, and became citizens of the new republic; except in this, everything remained as before; every man retained his rights; the colonies did not dissolve into a state of nature; nor did the new people undertake a social revolution. The affairs of internal police and government were carefully retained by each separate state, which could, each for itself, enter upon the career of domestic reforms. But the states which were henceforth independent of Britain were not independent of one another; the United States of America assumed powers over war, peace, foreign alliances, and commerce.

**ORATION ON THE DEATH OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

Our grief and horror at the crime which has clothed the continent in mourning, find no adequate expression in words, and no relief in tears. The President of the United States of America has fallen by the hands of an assassin. Neither the office with which he was invested by the approved choice of a mighty people, nor the most simple-hearted kindness of nature, could save him from the fiendish passions of relentless fanaticism. The wailings of the millions attend his remains as they are borne in solemn procession over our great rivers, along the seaside, beyond the mountains, across the prairie, to their resting place in the valley of the Mississippi. His funeral knell

vibrates through the world, and the friends of freedom of every tongue and in every clime are his mourners.

Too few days have passed away since Abraham Lincoln stood in the flush of vigorous manhood, to permit any attempt at an analysis of his character or an exposition of his career. We find it hard to believe that his large eyes, which in their softness and beauty expressed nothing but benevolence and gentleness, are closed in death; we almost look for the pleasant smile that brought out more vividly the earnest cast of his features, which were serious even to sadness. A few years ago he was a village attorney, engaged in the support of a rising family, unknown to fame, scarcely named beyond his neighborhood; his administration made him the most conspicuous man in his country, and drew on him first the astonished gaze, and then the respect and admiration of the world.

Those who come after us will decide how much of the wonderful results of his public career is due to his own good common sense, his shrewd sagacity, readiness of wit, quick interpretation of the public mind, his rare combination of fixedness and pliancy, his steady tendency of purpose; how much to the American people, who, as he walked with them side by side, inspired him with their own wisdom and energy; and how much to the overruling laws of the moral world, by which the selfishness of evil is made to defeat itself. But after every allowance, it will remain that members of the government which preceded his administration opened the gates to treason, and he closed them; that when he went to Washington the ground on which he trod shook under his feet, and he left the republic on a solid foundation; that traitors had seized public forts and arsenals, and he recovered them for the United States, to whom they belonged; that the capital, which he found the abode of slaves, is now the home only of the free; that the boundless public domain which was grasped at, and, in a great measure, held for the diffusion of slavery, is now irrevocably devoted to freedom; that then men talked a jargon of a balance of power in a republic between slave States and free States, and now the foolish words are blown away forever by the breath of Maryland, Missouri, and Tennessee; that a terrible cloud of political heresy rose from the abyss, threatening to hide the light of the sun, and under its darkness a rebellion was growing into indefinable proportions; now the atmosphere is purer than ever before, and the insurrection is vanishing away; the country is cast into another mould, and the gigantic system of wrong, which had been the work of more than two centuries, is dashed down, we hope forever. And as to himself, personally: he was then scoffed at by the proud as unfit for his station, and now against usage of later years and in spite of numerous competitors he was the unbiased and the undoubted choice of the American people for a second term of service. Through all the mad business of treason he retained the sweetness of a most placable disposition; and the slaughter of myriads of the best on the battle-field, and the more terrible destruction of our men in captivity by the slow torture of exposure and starvation, had never been able to provoke him into harboring one vengeful feeling or one purpose of cruelty.

How shall the nation most completely show its sorrow at Mr. Lincoln's death? How shall it best honor his memory? There can be but one

answer. He was struck down when he was highest in its service, and in strict conformity with duty was engaged in carrying out principles affecting its life, its good name, and its relations to the cause of freedom and the progress of mankind. Grief must take the character of action, and breathe itself forth in the assertion of the policy to which he fell a victim. The standard which he held in his hand must be uplifted again higher and more firmly than before, and must be carried on to triumph. Above everything else, his proclamation of the first day of January, 1863, declaring throughout the parts of the country in rebellion, the freedom of all persons who had been held as slaves, must be affirmed and maintained. . . .

No sentiment of despair may mix with our sorrow. We owe it to the memory of the dead, we owe it to the cause of popular liberty throughout the world, that the sudden crime which has taken the life of the President of the United States shall not produce the least impediment in the smooth course of public affairs. This great city, in the midst of unexampled emblems of deeply-seated grief, has sustained itself with composure and magnanimity. It has nobly done its part in guarding against the derangement of business or the slightest shock to public credit. The enemies of the republic put it to the severest trial; but the voice of faction has not been heard; doubt and despondency have been unknown. In serene majesty the country rises in the beauty and strength and hope of youth, and proves to the world the quiet energy and the durability of institutions growing out of the reason and affections of the people.

Heaven has willed it that the United States shall live. The nations of the earth cannot spare them. All the worn-out aristocracies of Europe saw in the spurious feudalism of slaveholding, their strongest outpost, and banded themselves together with the deadly enemies of our national life. If the Old World will discuss the respective advantages of oligarchy or equality; of the union of church and state, or the rightful freedom of religion; of land accessible to the many, or of land monopolized by an ever-decreasing number of the few, the United States must live to control the decision by their quiet and unobtrusive example. It has often and truly been observed, that the trust and affection of the masses gather naturally round an individual; if the inquiry is made, whether the man so trusted and beloved shall elicit from the reason of the people, enduring institutions of their own, or shall sequester political power for a superintending dynasty, the United States must live to solve the problem. If a question is raised on the respective merits of Timoleon or Julius Cæsar, of Washington or Napoleon, the United States must be there to call to mind that there were twelve Cæsars, most of them the opprobrium of the human race, and to contrast with them the line of American Presidents. . . .

To that Union Abraham Lincoln has fallen a martyr. His death, which was meant to sever it beyond repair, binds it more closely and more firmly than ever. The blow aimed at him, was aimed not at the native of Kentucky, not at the citizen of Illinois, but at the man, who, as President, in the executive branch of the government, stood as the representative of every man in the United States. The object of the crime was the life of the whole people; and it wounds the affections of the whole people. From Maine to the southwest boundary on the Pacific, it makes us one. The country may have needed an imperish-

able grief to touch its inmost feeling. The grave that receives the remains of Lincoln, receives the costly sacrifice to the Union; the monument which will rise over his body will bear witness to the Union; his enduring memory will assist during countless ages to bind the States together, and to incite to the love of our one undivided, indivisible country. Peace to the ashes of our departed friend, the friend of his country and of his race! He was happy in his life, for he was the restorer of the republic; he was happy in his death, for his martyrdom will plead forever for the Union of the States and the freedom of man.

ROBERT GREENHOW.

ROBERT GREENHOW was born, in the year 1800, at Richmond, Virginia. He was the son of Robert Greenhow, one of the leading citizens of the place, who had at one time filled the office of mayor. Greenhow's mother perished in the conflagration of the Richmond theatre, and he himself narrowly escaped destruction in the same calamity. At the age of fifteen he removed to New York for the purpose of completing his education. He here became a student in the office of Drs. Hosack and Francis, and attended lectures at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, where he took his degree in 1821, having in the meantime mixed freely in the best society of the city, and gained universal respect by the extent of his acquirements and the activity of his mind. He early developed the powers of an unusually retentive memory, said to have been surpassed in the present generation only by that of the historian Niebuhr, a faculty that proved of the greatest service to him through life. After leaving college he visited Europe, where he became intimately acquainted with Lord Byron, and other distinguished men. After his return he delivered a course of lectures on chemistry before the Literary and Philosophical Society of New York.

In consequence of commercial disasters which at this period impaired his father's fortune, Greenhow was forced to rely on his own exertions for support. By the influence of his old friend, General Morgan Lewis, he obtained, in 1828, the appointment of translator to the Department of State at Washington.

In 1837 he prepared, by order of Congress, a Report upon the Discovery of the North-West coast of North America. The researches which he had previously made into the early history of Oregon and California were of essential service to himself and the country in this undertaking, as they contributed greatly to establish the claims of the United States secured by the Ashburton negotiations. The report was afterwards enlarged by the author, and published with the title of *History of Oregon and California*, which at once took the rank it has since maintained of a thoroughly reliable authority on the subject.

In December, 1848, Mr. Greenhow read a paper before the New York Historical Society, involving curious speculation and research, on the probabilities of the illustrious Archbishop Fenelon having passed some of the years of his youth as a missionary among the Iroquois or Five Nations in the western part of the state.* In a previous

* Supplement to Proceedings of N. Y. Hist. Soc., 1848, pp. 196-2-9.

communication to the Society, dated Washington City, November 16, 1844, he recommends the preparation of a Memoir on the Discovery of the Atlantic Coasts of the United States, calling attention to the absence of popular information on the first discovery of Chesapeake Bay.

In 1850 Dr. Greenhow, on his way to California, passed four months in the City of Mexico, engaged in a minute examination of its monuments and archives. After his arrival in California he was appointed, in 1853, Associate Law Agent to the United States Land Commission for the determination of California claims, holding its sessions in San Francisco. His intimate acquaintance with the Spanish language and the technicalities of Mexican law, were of the greatest service in facilitating the public business. On the resignation of the land agent he made an application for the vacant office, which proved unsuccessful. After the appointment of the new incumbent, he resigned his post, to the great regret of all connected with the Commission.

He died in the spring of the following year, in consequence of the fracture of his thigh, occasioned by falling, during a dark night, into a deep excavation opened in one of the streets of San Francisco.

S. G. GOODRICH.

SAMUEL GRISWOLD GOODRICH, under his assumed name of Peter Parley, ranks among the best



known of our authors. He was born at Ridgefield, Connecticut, August 19, 1793, and commenced life as a publisher in Hartford. In 1824 he visited Europe, and on his return established himself as a publisher in Boston, where he commenced an original annual, *The Token*, which he edited for a number of years, the contributions and illustrations being the products of American authors and artists; Mr. Goodrich himself furnishing several poems, tales, and sketches to the successive volumes, and rendering a further service to the public by his encouragement of young and unknown authors, among whom is to be mentioned Nathaniel Hawthorne, the finest of whose "Twice-told Tales" were first told in *The Token*, and, strange to say, without attracting any

considerable attention. The famous Peter Parley series was commenced about the same time; Mr. Goodrich turning to good account in his little square volumes his recent travels in Europe, and his tact in book arrangement and illustration. The Geography was an especial favorite, and it is probable that the primary fact of that science is settled in the minds of some millions of school-boys past and present, in indissoluble connexion with the couplet by which it was first transmitted thereto,

The world is round, and like a ball
Seems swinging in the air.

Mr. Goodrich has, however, higher if not broader claims to poetic reputation, than are furnished by the little production we have cited. He has found time, amid his constant labor as a compiler, to assert his claims as an original author by the publication, in 1837, of *The Outcast, and Other Poems*; in 1841, of a selection from his contributions in prose and poetry to *The Token* and various magazines, with the title, *Sketches from a Student's Window*; and in 1851, by an elegantly illustrated edition of his *Poems*, including *The Outcast*. In 1838, Mr. Goodrich published *Fireside Education, by the author of Peter Parley's Tales*, a volume of judicious counsel to parents on that important topic, presented in a popular and attractive manner.

Mr. Goodrich in 1855 was United States Consul at Paris, where he made arrangements for the translation and introduction of his Peter Parley series into France, under his own supervision.

A simple enumeration of the various publications* of this gentleman under his own name, and

* We present the titles of these writings as we find them in Mr. Roobach's carefully prepared *Bibliotheca Americana*.

Ancient History, 12mo.; Anecdotes of the Animal Kingdom, 16mo.; Book of Government and Laws; Book of Literature, Ancient and Modern; Enterprise, Industry, and Art of Man, 16mo.; Fireside Education, 12mo.; Glance at Philosophy, Mental, Moral, and Social, 16mo.; History of American Indians, 16mo.; History of All Nations on a New and Improved Plan, 1800 pp. small 4to.; Lights and Shadows of American History; Lights and Shadows of African History; Lights and Shadows of Asiatic History; Lights and Shadows of European History; Lives of Benefactors, including Patriots, Inventors, Discoverers, &c. 16mo.; Lives of Celebrated Women, 16mo.; Lives of Eccentric and Wonderful Persons; Lives of Famous Men of Modern Times; Lives of Famous Men of Ancient Times; Lives of Famous American Indians, 16mo.; Lives of Signers of Declaration of Independence; Manners and Customs of All Nations, 16mo.; Manners, Customs, and Antiquities of American Indians; Modern History, 12mo.; National Geography, 4to.; Pictorial History of England, France, Greece, Rome, and the United States, 12mo.; Pictorial Geography of the World, 8vo.; Pictorial Natural History, 12mo.; Poems, 12mo.; School Reader, First, 18mo.; School Reader, Second, 18mo.; School Reader, Third, 18mo.; School Reader, Fourth, 12mo.; School Reader, Fifth, 12mo.; South America and West Indies; Sow Well, Reap Well; Sketches from a Student's Window; Universal Geography; Wonders of Geology, 16mo.; The World and its Inhabitants.

Parley's Arithmetic; Africa; America; Anecdotes; Asia; Alexander Selkirk; Bible Dictionary; Bible Gazetteer; Bible Stories; Book of the United States; Book of Books, a Selection from Parley's Magazine; Consul's Daughter; Captive of Nootka; Columbus; Common School History; Dick Boldhero, 18mo.; Europe; Every-Day Book; Fables; Farewell; First Book of History, Western Hemisphere; First Book of Reading and Spelling, 18mo.; Fairy Tales; Flower Basket; Franklin; Gift, 16mo.; Geography for Beginners; Gardener; Greece; History of the World; History of North America; Humorist's Tales; Home in the Sea, 18mo.; Illustrations of Astronomy; Illustrations of Commerce; Illustrations of History and Geography; Illustrations of the Animal Kingdom; Illustrations of the Vegetable Kingdom; Islands; Mines of Different Countries; Moral Tales; Make the Best of It; Magazine; Miscellanies; New Geo-

that of his friend of the knee-breeches and stout cane, is the most significant comment which can be presented on a career of remarkable literary activity.

GOOD NIGHT.

The sun has sunk behind the hills,
The shadows o'er the landscape creep;
A drowsy sound the woodland fills,
And nature folds her arms to sleep:
Good night—good night.

The chattering jay has ceased his din—
The noisy robin sings no more—
The crow, his mountain haunt within,
Dreams 'mid the forest's surly roar:
Good night—good night.

The sunlit cloud floats dim and pale;
The dew is falling soft and still;
The mist hangs trembling o'er the vale,
And silence broods o'er yonder mill:
Good night—good night.

The rose, so ruddy in the light,
Bends on its stem all rayless now,
And by its side the lily white,
A sister shadow, seems to bow:
Good night—good night.

The bat may wheel on silent wing—
The fox his guilty vigils keep—
The boding owl his dirges sing;
But love and innocence will sleep:
Good night—good night!

THE TEACHER'S LESSON.

I saw a child some four years old,
Along a meadow stray;
Alone she went—unchecked—untold—
Her home not far away.

She gazed around on earth and sky—
Now paused, and now proceeded;
Hill, valley, wood,—she passed them by
Unmarked, perchance unheeded.

And now gay groups of roses bright,
In circling thickets bound her—
Yet on she went with footsteps light,
Still gazing all around her.

And now she paused, and now she stooped,
And plucked a little flower—
A simple daisy 'twas, that drooped
Within a rosy bower.

The child did kiss the little gem,
And to her bosom pressed it;
And there she placed the fragile stem,
And with soft words caressed it.

I love to read a lesson true,
From nature's open book—
And oft I learn a lesson new,
From childhood's careless look.

Children are simple—loving—true;
'Tis Heaven that made them so;

graphy for Beginners; New York; Picture Book; Picture Books, twelve kinds; Present; Rose Bud; Rome; Right is Might, 18mo.; Second Book of History, Eastern Hemisphere; Story of Captain Riley; Story of La Perouse; Ship; Sea; Sun, Moon, and Stars; Short Stories; Short Stories for Long Nights; Tales of Adventure; Tales for the Times; Tales of Sea and Land, 18mo.; Tale of the Revolution; Third Book of History, Ancient History; Three Months on the Sea; Truth-Flender, or Inquisitive Jack, 18mo.; Universal History; Wit Bought; What to Do, and How to Do It; Winter Evening Tales; Washington; Wonders of South America; Young America, or Book of Government.

And would you teach them—be so too—
And stoop to what they know.

Begin with simple lessons—things
On which they love to look:
Flowers, pebbles, insects, birds on wings—
These are God's spelling-book.

And children know His A, B, C,
As bees where flowers are set:
Would'st thou a skilful teacher be!—
Learn, then, this alphabet.

From leaf to leaf, from page to page,
Guide thou thy pupil's look,
And when he says, with aspect sage,
"Who made this wondrous book?"

Point thou with reverent gaze to heaven,
And kneel in earnest prayer,
That lessons thou hast humbly given,
May lead thy pupil there.

Having returned to America from France, and having made New York his residence, Mr. Goodrich, in 1856, published a book, which, probably more than any of his numerous writings, will preserve his name in remembrance. It is a species of autobiography, entitled, *Recollections of a Lifetime, or Men and Things I have Seen: in a series of familiar letters to a friend, historical, biographical, anecdotal, and descriptive*. In an easy colloquial narrative the author narrates the experiences of his boyhood in his New England home, a simple, at times quaint and humorous story, which as a picture of manners possesses much of that kind of interest which Mrs. Grant of Laggan threw over an earlier period of history at Albany. Still, though removed from the present day by only half a century, the manners of Connecticut, in the youth of the writer, present many curious details of a simplicity which has almost passed away. As he proceeds, various New England personages of consequence are brought upon the scene, and we have some valuable notices of the war with England of 1812. The literary men of that time, the Hartford wits, the poets, Percival and Brainard, are introduced. Then comes the author's first journey to England, and his acquaintance with various celebrities among men of letters. His active literary career at home succeeds, followed by his consulship at Paris, which included the period of the revolution of 1848.

In the appendix to this work, Mr. Goodrich enumerated the books of which he was the editor or author. The bare recital of the titles occupies six closely printed pages. They are chiefly school-books, and the various series of the Peter Parley Tales and Miscellanies. "I stand before the public," wrote Mr. Goodrich, "as the author and editor of about one hundred and seventy volumes—one hundred and sixteen bearing the name of Peter Parley. Of all these about seven millions of volumes have been sold; about three hundred thousand volumes are now sold annually." Mr. Goodrich's latest production was an *Illustrated Natural History*, completed in 1859.

The appearance of Mr. Goodrich was singularly vigorous and youthful for one of his years, and his friends were surprised to hear of his sudden death. He was in the midst of his ar-

rangements for removal from the city to a residence which he had provided for his family in Connecticut, when he was seized with an acute attack of heart disease, which almost immediately proved fatal. He died at New York, in his sixty-seventh year, May 9, 1860.

**** DOMESTIC LIFE A HALF CENTURY AGO—FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF A LIFETIME.**

MY DEAR C*****

You will gather from my preceding letter some ideas of the household industry and occupations of country people in Connecticut at the beginning of the present century. Their manners, in other respects, had a corresponding stamp of homeliness and simplicity.

In most families, the first exercise of the morning was reading the Bible, followed by a prayer, at which all were assembled, including the servants and helpers of the kitchen and the farm. Then came the breakfast, which was a substantial meal, always including hot viands, with vegetables, apple-sauce, pickles, mustard, horseradish, and various other condiments. Cider was the common drink for laboring people; even children drank it at will. Tea was common, but not so general as now. Coffee was almost unknown. Dinner was a still more hearty and varied repast—characterized by abundance of garden vegetables; tea was a light supper.

The day began early: breakfast was had at six in summer and seven in winter; dinner at noon—the workpeople in the fields being called to their meals by a conch-shell, usually winded by some kitchen Triton. The echoing of this noon-tide horn, from farm to farm, and over hill and dale, was a species of music which even rivaled the popular melody of drum and fife. Tea—the evening meal—usually took place about sundown. In families where all were laborers, all sat at table, servants as well as masters—the food being served before sitting down. In families where the masters and mistresses did not share the labors of the household or the farm, the meals of the domestics were had separate. There was, however, in those days a perfectly good understanding and good feeling between the masters and servants. The latter were not Irish; they had not as yet imbibed the plebeian envy of those above them, which has since so generally embittered and embarrassed American domestic life. The terms democrat and aristocrat had not got into use: these distinctions, and the feelings now implied by them, had indeed no existence in the hearts of the people. Our servants, during all my early life, were of the neighborhood, generally the daughters of respectable farmers and mechanics, and respecting others, were themselves respected and cherished. They were devoted to the interests of the family, and were always relied upon and treated as friends. In health, they had the same food; in sickness, the same care as the masters and mistresses, or their children. This servitude implied no degradation, because it did not degrade the heart or manners of those subjected to it. It was never thought of as a reproach to a man or woman—in the stations they afterwards filled—that he or she had been out to service. If servitude has since become associated with debasement, it is only because servants themselves, under the bad guidance of demagogues, have lowered their calling by low feelings and low manners.

At the period of my earliest recollections, men of all classes were dressed in long, broad-tailed coats, with huge pockets, long waistcoats, and breeches. Hats had low crowns, with broad brims—some so wide as to be supported at the sides with cords. The stockings of the parson, and a few others, were of silk in summer and worsted in winter; those of the people were generally of wool, and blue and gray mixed. Women dressed in wide bonnets—sometimes of straw and sometimes of silk: the gowns were of silk, muslin, gingham, etc.—generally close and short-waisted, the breast and shoulders being covered by a full muslin kerchief. Girls ornamented themselves with a large white Vandyke. On the whole, the dress of both men and women has greatly changed. As to the former, short, snug, close-fitting garments have succeeded to the loose latitudinarian coats of former times: stove-pipe hats have followed broad-brims, and pantaloons have taken the place of breeches. With the other sex—little French bonnets, set round with glowing flowers, flourish in the place of the plain, yawning hats of yore; then it was as much an effort to make the waists short, as it is now to make them long. As to the hips, which now make so formidable a display—it seems to me that in the days I allude to, ladies had none to speak of.

The amusements were then much the same as at present—though some striking differences may be noted. Books and newspapers—which are now diffused even among the country towns, so as to be in the hands of all, young and old—were then scarce, and were read respectfully, and as if they were grave matters, demanding thought and attention. They were not toys and pastimes, taken up every day, and by everybody, in the short intervals of labor, and then hastily dismissed, like waste paper. The aged sat down when they read, and drew forth their spectacles, and put them deliberately and reverently upon the nose. These instruments were not, as now, little tortoise-shell hooks, attached to a ribbon, and put off and on with a jerk; but they were of silver or steel, substantially made, and calculated to hold on with a firm and steady grasp, showing the gravity of the uses to which they were devoted. Even the young approached a book with reverence, and a newspaper with awe. How the world has changed!

The two great festivals were Thanksgiving and "training-day"—the latter deriving, from the still lingering spirit of the revolutionary war, a decidedly martial character. The marching of the troops, and the discharge of gunpowder, which invariably closed the exercises, were glorious and inspiring mementoes of heroic achievements upon many a bloody field. The music of the drum and fife resounded on every side. A match between two rival drummers always drew an admiring crowd, and was in fact one of the chief excitements of the great day.

Tavern haunting—especially in winter, when there was little to do—for manufactures had not then sprung up to give profitable occupation during this inclement season—was common, even with respectable farmers. Marriages were celebrated in the evening, at the house of the bride, with a general gathering of the neighborhood, and usually wound off by dancing. Everybody went, as to a public exhibition, without invitation. Funerals generally drew large processions, which proceeded to the grave. Here the minister always made an address suited to the occasion. If there

was anything remarkable in the history of the deceased, it was turned to religious account in the next Sunday's sermon. Singing meetings, to practice church music, were a great resource for the young in winter. Dances at private houses were common, and drew no reproaches from the sober people present. Balls at the taverns were frequented by the young; the children of deacons and ministers attended, though the parents did not. The winter brought sleighing, skating, and the usual round of indoor sports. In general, the intercourse of all classes was kindly and considerate — no one arrogating superiority, and yet no one refusing to acknowledge it where it existed. You would hardly have noticed that there was a higher and a lower class. Such there were certainly, for there must always and everywhere be the strong and the weak, the wise and the foolish — those of superior and those of inferior intellect, taste, manners, appearance, and character. But in our society, these existed without being felt as a privilege to one which must give offence to another. The feuds between Up and Down, which have since disturbed the whole fabric of society, had not then begun.

It may serve, in some degree, to throw light upon the manners and customs of this period, if I give you a sketch of my two grandmothers. Both were widows, and were well stricken in years, when they came to visit us at Ridgefield — about the year 1803 or 4. My grandmother Ely was of the old regime — a lady of the old school, and sustaining the character in her upright carriage, her long, tapering waist, and her high-heeled shoes. The costumes of Louis XV.'s time had prevailed in New York and Boston, and even at this period they still lingered there, in isolated cases, though the Revolution had generally exercised a transforming influence upon the toilet of both men and women. It is curious enough that at this moment — 1855 — the female attire of a century ago is revived; and in every black-eyed, stately old lady, dressed in black silk, and showing her steel-gray hair beneath her cap, I can now see semblances of this, my maternal grandmother.

My other grandmother was in all things the opposite: short, fat, blue-eyed, practical, utilitarian. She was a good example of the country dame — hearty, homespun, familiar, full of strong sense and practical energy. I scarcely know which of the two I liked the best. The first sang me plaintive songs; told me stories of the Revolution — her husband, Colonel Ely, having had a large and painful share in its vicissitudes; she described General Washington, whom she had seen; and the French officers, Lafayette, Rochambeau, and others, who had been inmates of her house. She told me tales of even more ancient date, and recited poetry, generally consisting of ballads, which were suited to my taste. And all this lore was commended to me by a voice of inimitable tenderness, and a manner at once lofty and condescending. My other grandmother was not less kind, but she promoted my happiness and prosperity in another way. Instead of stories, she gave me bread and butter: in place of poetry, she fed me with apple-sauce and pie. Never was there a more hearty old lady: she had a firm conviction that children must be fed, and what she believed she practiced.

FRANK B. GOODRICH.

FRANK BOOT GOODRICH, a son of the late Samuel G. Goodrich, was born in Boston in 1826. He first came into notice as a writer by his Paris letters to the *New York Times*, signed "Dick Tinto," which were collected into a volume, published in New York in 1854, with the title, *Tri-colored Sketches of Paris*. His *Court of Napoleon, or Society under the First Empire, with Portraits of its Beauties, Wits, and Heroines*, appeared in New York in 1857. The following year he published, in Philadelphia, an octavo, entitled *Man upon the Sea, or a History of Maritime Adventure, Exploration, and Discovery*. A third illustrated work from his pen, *Women of Beauty and Heroism*, was issued in New York in 1859.

**To these are to be added: *The Tribute Book: a Record of the Munificence, Self-Sacrifice, and Patriotism of the American People during the War for the Union*, 1865; *World Famous Women: a Portrait Gallery of Female Loveliness, Achievement, and Influence*, from Semiramis to Eugenie, 1870.

GEORGE HILL.

GEORGE HILL was born at Guilford, Connecticut, in 1796. He completed his collegiate studies with high honor at Yale in 1816; was then employed in one of the public offices at Washington, and entered the Navy in 1827 as a teacher of mathematics. In this capacity he made a cruise in the Mediterranean, where his *Ruins of Athens*, and several other poems suggested by its classic localities, were written. On his return, he was appointed librarian of the Department of State at Washington. After his resignation of this situation, he was appointed United States Consul for the southern portion of Asia Minor, a position he was also obliged to decline after a brief trial, in consequence of ill-health. Returning to Washington, he became a clerk in one of the Departments,* but resigned his position in 1855.

Mr. Hill published, anonymously, *The Ruins of Athens*, with a few short poems, in 1831. These were reprinted, with a few others, in an edition bearing his name in 1839.†

The Ruins of Athens is a poem occupied with description and reflection, suggested to the author on a visit to the city, while yet under the sway of the Turks. It contains forty-one Spenserian stanzas, and is written in a subdued and careful manner. *Titania's Banquet* is a successful imitation of the Masques of the Elizabethan era, but the subject was, for obvious reasons, an injudicious choice for the author. The remainder of the volume is occupied by a few lyrical pieces, suggested by themes of domestic or national interest; several sonnets and imitations of the manner of Swift, Prior, Burns, Herrick, and others — a favorite exercise with the writers of the last century which we do not often meet with in the poets of the present day.

* Everett's Poets of Connecticut, p. 277.

† *The Ruins of Athens; Titania's Banquet, a Mask, other poems.* By G. Hill. Boston: 1839. 8vo. pp. 160.

MEDITATION AT ATHENS—FROM THE RUINS OF ATHENS.

Approach! but not thou favored one, thou light
 And sportive insect, basking in the ray
 Of youth and pleasure, heedless of the night.
 Dreamer! the shapes that in thy pathway play,
 Thy morning pathway, elsewhere chase! away!
 Come not, till like the fading weeds that twine
 Yon time-worn capital, the thoughts, that prey
 On hopes of high but baffled aim, decline,
 And weary of the race the goal unwon resign.

Is thy hearth desolate, or trod by feet
 Whose unfamiliar steps recall no sound
 Of such, as, in thine early days, to greet
 Thy coming, hastened? are the ties that bound
 Thy heart's hopes severed? hast thou seen the
 ground

Close o'er her, thy young love? and felt, for thee
 That earth contains no other? look around!
 Here thou may'st find companions:—hither flee!
 Where Ruin dwells, and men, nay, gods have ceased
 to be!

Wall, tower, and temple crushed and heaped in one
 Wide tomb, that echoes to the Tartar's cry
 And drum heard rolling from the Parthenon,
 The wild winds sweeping through it, owl's grey
 eye

Gleaming among its ruins, and the sigh
 Of the long grass that unmolested waves,
 The race whose proud old monuments are by
 To mock, but not to shame them, recreants, slaves,
 The very stones should arm heaped on heroic graves!

Here let me pause, and blend me with the things
 That were,—the shadowy world, that lives no
 more

But in the heart's cherished imaginings,—
 The mighty and the beautiful of yore.
 It may not be: the mount, the plain, the shore,
 Whisper no living murmur, voice nor tread,
 But the low rustling of the leaves and roar
 Of the dull ceaseless surf, and the stars shed
 Their light upon the flower whose beauty mocks the
 dead.

The Morn is up, with cold and dewy eye
 Peeps, like a vestal from her cloister, forth.
 In blushing brightness; the grey peaks on high
 Lift her old altars in the clear blue north;
 The clouds ascend, on light winds borne, that come
 Laden with fragrance; and from each high-place,
 Where every god in turn has found a home,
 Nature sends up her incense, and her face
 Unveils to Him whose shrine and dwelling are all
 space.

Morn hushed as midnight! save perchance is heard
 At times the hum of insect, or the grass
 That sighs, or rustles by the lizard stirred:
 And still we pause; and may, where empire was
 And ruin is, no stone unheeded pass,—
 No rude Memorial, that seems to wear
 Vestige of that whose glory, as a glass
 Shattered but still resplendent, lives,—and share
 The spirit of the spot, the "dream of things that
 were."

Land of the free, of battle and the Muse!
 It grieves me that my first farewell to thee
 Should be my last: that, nurtured by the dews
 Of thy pure fount, some blossoms from the tree,
 Where many a lyre of ancient minstrelsy
 Now silent hangs, I plucked, but failed to rear,
 As 't is, a chance-borne pilgrim of the sea,
 I lay them on thy broken altar here,
 A passing worshipper, but humble and sincere.

LIBERTY.

There is a spirit working in the world,
 Like to a silent subterranean fire;
 Yet, ever and anon, some Monarch hurled
 Aghast and pale attests its fearful ire.
 The dungeoned Nations now once more respire
 The keen and stirring air of Liberty.
 The struggling Giant wakes, and feels he's free.
 By Delphi's fountain-cave, that ancient Choir
 Resume their song; the Greek astonished hears,
 And the old altar of his worship rears.
 Sound on! Fair sisters! sound your boldest lyre,—
 Peal your old harmonies as from the spheres,
 Unto strange Gods too long we've bent the knee,
 The trembling mind, too long and patiently.

A. B. LONGSTREET.

THE author of *Georgia Scenes*, and a native of that state, born at the close of the last century, has practised at intervals the somewhat diverse occupations of law and the ministry of the Methodist Church. He was for several years President of Emory College, at Oxford, Georgia. In his youth he was an intimate of George McDuffie and others, who became leading men of the South, and the adventures which he shared with these furnish some of the anecdotes of his capital book of humor, entitled, *Georgia Scenes, Characters, Incidents, &c., in the First Half Century of the Republic, by a Native Georgian*, which first appeared in a newspaper of the state, and subsequently in a volume from the press of the Harpers, in New York, in 1840. "They consist," the author tells us in his preface, "of nothing more than fanciful combinations of real incidents and characters; and throwing into those scenes, which would be otherwise dull and insipid, some personal incident or adventure of my own, real or imaginary, as it would best suit my purpose; usually real, but happening at different times and under different circumstances from those in which they are here represented. I have not always, however, taken this liberty. Some of the scenes are as literally true as the frailties of memory would allow them to be." In style and subject matter they are vivid, humorous descriptions, by a good story teller, who employs voice, manner, and a familiar knowledge of popular dialogue in their narration. They are quaint, hearty sketches of a rough life, and the manners of an unsettled country—such as are rapidly passing away in numerous districts where they have prevailed, and which may at some future and not very distant day, be found to exist only in such genial pages as Judge Longstreet's. Besides these collected Sketches, the author has been a contributor of similar papers, descriptive of local character, to the *Magnolia*, conducted by Mr. Simms, and the *Orion*, another magazine of South Carolina, edited by Mr. W. C. Richards. He was president of South Carolina College from 1857 to 1861, and subsequently lived at Oxford, Mississippi, where he died September 9, 1870.

GEORGIA THEATRICALS—FROM THE GEORGIA SCENES.

If my memory fail me not, the 10th of June, 1809, found me, at about 11 o'clock in the forenoon, ascending a long and gentle slope in what was called "The Dark Corner" of Lincoln. I believe it took its name from the moral darkness which reigned

over that portion of the county at the time of which I am speaking: If in this point of view it was but a shade darker than the rest of the county, it was inconceivably dark. If any man can name a trick or sin which had not been committed at the time of which I am speaking, in the very focus of all the county's illumination (Lincolnton), he must himself be the most inventive of the tricky, and the very Judas of sinners. Since that time, however (all humor aside), Lincoln has become a living proof "that light shineth in darkness." Could I venture to mingle the solemn with the ludicrous, even for the purposes of honorable contrast, I could adduce from this county instances of the most numerous and wonderful transitions from vice and folly to virtue and holiness, which have ever, perhaps, been witnessed since the days of the apostolic ministry. So much, lest it should be thought by some that what I am about to relate is characteristic of the county in which it occurred.

Whatever may be said of the moral condition of the Dark Corner at the time just mentioned. its natural condition was anything but dark. It smiled in all the charms of spring; and spring borrowed a new charm from its undulating grounds, its luxuriant woodlands, its sportive streams, its vocal birds, and its blushing flowers.

Rapt with the enchantment of the season and the scenery around me, I was slowly rising the slope, when I was startled by loud, profane, and boisterous voices, which seemed to proceed from a thick covert of undergrowth about two hundred yards in the advance of me, and about one hundred to the right of my road.

"You kin, kin you?"

"Yes, I kin, and am able to do it! Boo-oo-oo! Oh, wake snakes, and walk your chalks! Brimstone and —— fire! Don't hold me, Nick Stoval! The fight's made up, and let's go at it. —— my soul if I don't jump down his throat, and gallop every chitterling out of him before you can say 'quit!'"

"Now, Nick, don't hold him! Jist let the wild-cat come, and I'll tame him. Ned'll see me a fair fight, won't you, Ned?"

"Oh, yes; I'll see you a fair fight, blast my old shoes if I don't."

"That's sufficient, as Tom Haynes said when he saw the elephant. Now let him come."

Thus they went on, with countless oaths interspersed, which I dare not even hint at, and with much that I could not distinctly hear.

In Mercy's name! thought I, what band of ruffians has selected this holy season and this heavenly retreat for such Pandemonian riots! I quickened my gait, and had come nearly opposite to the thick grove whence the noise proceeded, when my eye caught indistinctly, and at intervals, through the foliage of the dwarf-oaks and hickories which intervened, glimpses of a man or men, who seemed to be in a violent struggle; and I could occasionally catch those deep-drawn, emphatic oaths which men in conflict utter when they deal blows. I dismounted, and hurried to the spot with all speed. I had overcome about half the space which separated it from me, when I saw the combatants come to the ground, and, after a short struggle, I saw the uppermost one (for I could not see the other) make a heavy plunge with both his thumbs, and at the same instant I heard a cry in the accent of keenest torture, "Enough! My eye's out!"

I was so completely horrorstruck, that I stood transfixed for a moment to the spot where the cry met me. The accomplices in the hellish deed which had been perpetrated had all fled at my approach;

at least I supposed so, for they were not to be seen.

"Now, blast your corn-shucking soul," said the victor (a youth about eighteen years old) as he rose from the ground, "come cutt'n your shines 'bout me agin, next time I come to the Courthouse, will you! Get your owl-eye in agin if you can!"

At this moment he saw me for the first time. He looked excessively embarrassed, and was moving off, when I called to him, in a tone emboldened by the sacredness of my office and the iniquity of his crime, "Come back, you brute! and assist me in relieving your fellow-mortal, whom you have ruined for ever!"

My rudeness subdued his embarrassment in an instant; and, with a taunting curl of the nose, he replied, "You needn't kick before you're spurr'd. There a'n't nobody there, nor ha'n't been nother. I was jist seein' how I could 'a' fout." So saying, he bounded to his plough, which stood in the corner of the fence about fifty yards beyond the battle ground.

And, would you believe it, gentle reader! his report was true. All that I had heard and seen was nothing more nor less than a Lincoln rehearsal; in which the youth who had just left me had played all the parts of all the characters of a Courthouse fight.

I went to the ground from which he had risen, and there were the prints of his two thumbs, plunged up to the balls in the mellow earth, about the distance of a man's eyes apart; and the ground around was broken up as if two stags had been engaged upon it.

BENJAMIN F. FRENCH.

BENJAMIN F. FRENCH was born in Virginia, June 8, 1799. After receiving a classical education he commenced the study of the law, a pursuit he was obliged to abandon in consequence of ill health. In 1825, having previously contributed a number of essays and poems to various periodicals, he published *Biographia Americana*, and shortly after *Memoirs of Eminent Female Writers*. In 1830 he removed to Louisiana, in order to enjoy a milder climate. Although actively engaged in planting and in commercial pursuits, he collected and translated many interesting documents in the French and Spanish languages relating to the early history of Louisiana. These he published, with selections from the narratives of Purchas and others in the English language, in a series of five volumes octavo, with the title, *Historical Collections of Louisiana, embracing many rare and valuable Documents relating to the Natural, Civil, and Political History of that State, compiled with Historical and Biographical Notes, and an Introduction, by B. F. French*. The successive volumes appeared in 1846, 1850, 1851, 1852, 1853; and two additional volumes, bringing the annals of the country down to the period of its cession to the United States, are nearly ready for publication. Since 1850, he has resided in New York city. Before leaving New Orleans he made a donation of a large portion of his extensive private library to the Fisk Free Library of that city.

**In 1858 he published: *History of the Rise and Progress of the Iron Trade of the United States*, 1621 to 1857; and in 1869, *Historical Collections of Louisiana and Florida*, the first volume of a new series, the second of which,

containing translations of some original letters and journals, with numerous notes, appeared in 1878.

FRANCIS PATRICK KENRICK,

ARCHBISHOP of Baltimore, and one of the first Latinists of the country, was born in Dublin, December 3, 1797. In 1815 he went to Rome, where he studied in the College of the Propaganda, and was ordained priest in 1821. In the same year he removed to Kentucky, and became professor in St. Joseph's College, Bardstown. In 1828 he wrote a series of letters, in an ironical vein, to the Rev. Dr. Blackburn, President of the Presbyterian College, Danville, who had opposed the doctrines of his church on the subject of the Eucharist, in a number of articles signed Omega, entitled *Letters of Omikron to Omega*. In 1829 he published four sermons preached in the cathedral at Bardstown. On the sixth of June, Trinity Sunday, 1830, he was consecrated bishop, and removed to Philadelphia, as the coadjutor of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Connell of that diocese, to whose office he succeeded in 1842.

In 1839 and 1840 he issued a work in the Latin language on dogmatic theology, in four volumes octavo, *Theologia Dogmatica*, which was followed in 1841, '2, and '3 by three volumes in the same language, entitled *Theologia Moralis*.

In 1837 he published a series of letters addressed to the Rt. Rev. John H. Hopkins, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Vermont, *On the Primacy of the Holy See and the Authority of General Councils*, in reply to a work by that prelate. These were followed by a work on the Primacy, published in 1845, of which the letters we have just mentioned formed a large portion. A German translation of this work appeared in 1852. In 1841 Bishop Kenrick published a duodecimo volume on *Justification*, and in 1843 a treatise of similar size on *Baptism*. In 1849 he published a *Translation of the Four Gospels*, consisting of a revision of the Rhemish version, with critical notes, and in 1851 a similar translation of the remaining portion of the New Testament. He removed in the same year to Baltimore on his appointment as archbishop of that see; and afterwards issued a new version of the Bible with notes.

Dr. Kenrick published in 1855 a series of letters with the title of *A Vindication of the Catholic Church*, designed as a reply to Bishop Hopkins's "End of Controversy" Controverted," or "Refutation of Milner's 'End of Controversy.'"

He has also prepared *Concilia Provincialia, Baltimore habita. Ab anno 1829 usque ad annum, 1849. Baltimore: 1851*. He died at Baltimore, July 8, 1863.

CHARLES PETTIT McILVAINE.

CHARLES PETTIT McILVAINE was born at Burlington, New Jersey, near the close of the last century. After being graduated at Princeton in 1816, he studied theology under the direction of the Rev. Dr. Charles Wharton, of Burlington. He was ordained and settled at Georgetown, D. C. While in this place he became acquainted with the Hon. John C. Calhoun, at whose instigation he received, and was induced to accept the chaplaincy at West Point, where he passed several

years, until he received a call to the rectorship of St. John's Church, Brooklyn.

In the winter of 1831-32 Dr. McIlvaine delivered a series of lectures as a part of the course of instruction of the University of the City of New York, which had then just commenced operations. In these lectures, which were collected and published in 1832,* the writer confines himself to the historical branch of his subject, the chief topics dwelt upon being the authenticity of the New Testament, the credibility of the Gospel history, its divine authority as attested by miracles and prophecy, and the argument in favor of the truth of the Christian faith, to be drawn from its propagation and the fruits it has borne. In 1832 Dr. McIlvaine was consecrated Bishop of Ohio, and he has since resided at Cincinnati.

Bishop McIlvaine is the author of several addresses and other productions condemnatory of the doctrines commonly known as those of the "Oxford Tracts," and in 1855, at the request of the Convention of his diocese, published a volume of twenty-two sermons, entitled *The Truth and Life*. As president of the American Tract Society, Bishop McIlvaine crossed the Atlantic in 1871, to intercede with the Czar of Russia for the religious rights of his Protestant subjects, although then himself past the age of threescore and ten. He died at Florence, Italy, March 13, 1873.

** GOD IS LOVE.†

"God is love." What an engaging representation of the Most High! How simple, how comprehensive! Where, but in his own inspired word, is there to be found such a declaration of his essential nature? Many other oracles have said, God is almighty, all-wise, infinite in goodness, &c.; but it remained for his own book to say, "*God is Love.*"

This declaration occupies the central position of the text. What precedes, is inferred from it: "*He that loveth not, knoweth not God; for God is love.*" What follows, is its chief manifestation: "*In this was manifested the love of God towards us, because God sent his only begotten Son,*" &c. We will consider, *first*, the central truth; *secondly*, its chief manifestation; and *thirdly*, the inferences from it.

I. The central declaration of the text—"God is Love."

It is a comprehensive expression for the whole nature of God; not for a single attribute, but for the sum and harmony of all his attributes. You read in the Scriptures, very often, that God is holy, but never that God is holiness; that he is just, but never that he is justice; that he is merciful, but never that he is mercy. Holiness, and justice, and goodness, and mercy, are severally, according to our feeble way of understanding and speaking of God, the attributes of his nature. Neither of them can stand as a comprehensive expression for his nature itself, in its whole compass and perfectness. But, on the other hand, *love* is not an attribute of the

* The Evidences of Christianity in their external division, exhibited in a course of lectures delivered in Clinton Hall, in the winter of 1831-32, under the appointment of the University of the City of New York. By C. P. McIlvaine, D.D. G. and C. and H. Carville. 1832.

† From *The Truth and Life: "The Character of God as Manifested in Christ."*

divine nature, like holiness, wisdom, &c. It is that nature itself. It is the comprehension of all the moral attributes in their harmonious relations to one another.

There is a similar expression in the Scriptures: "*God is Light.*" It is but another aspect of the other. God is Light, as he is Love. The one is the figurative, the other the literal. We will employ the one expression to illustrate the other. The truth that God is *Light*, shall guide us in setting forth the truth that God is *Love*.

Now, you are well aware, in regard to light, in its pure, original state, as it comes, unchanged, from the face of the sun, that it is perfectly white. But you also know, that the moment you cause its ray to pass through a glass of a certain form, it is separated into seven varieties of color, and the white has all disappeared. You have all the beautiful shades of the rainbow, but nothing of the original aspect of the light. But by causing those several varieties of colored rays to fall upon another surface, you find they all disappear, and the original white is restored. And thus, it is perceived, that the whiteness of the solar ray, in its original state, is not an *attribute* of light, but is the light; not a mere variety or property which light exhibits, under certain circumstances, like the red, or blue, or violet, of the rainbow; but light itself, in its unbroken, primitive perfectness. Broken up and decomposed by the prism, its parts exhibit various colors. Those parts being recombined, so as to make up the ray in its first integrity, there is no color remaining. The several hues which the decomposed light presents to our eyes, are its attributes, as we see it through a certain medium, or under certain conditions of imperfection. But when light is seen in its purity and integrity, as the face of the sun delivers it, all colors are harmonized, merged, and lost in perfect white. "*God is Light.*"

But you may justly ask, when does the light which comes from the sun ever descend to our eyes, unchanged? As it passes through the atmosphere, or is reflected from the innumerable surfaces on which it falls—the clouds, the grass, the flowers—it is everywhere in a degree decomposed, so that we are greeted on every side with the various colors which give so much beauty, and often so much terror, to the face of nature. Who, from such various exhibitions of colored light, would imagine that light, in its perfection, has no color? God is Light; and when you contemplate his character, as its several manifestations are given to our imperfect vision, through the glass of his works, his providence, and his word, that which we know is and must be of the most perfect simplicity, appears as if compounded of many qualities, or distinct properties, which we call *divine attributes*—as justice, goodness, wisdom, holiness, mercy; while to each there seems allotted a separate office in the divine dispensations. Of these attributes, we speak and reason, as if they were not merely *aspects* in which the divine character appears to our infirm conceptions, who here, more than anywhere else, must "see through a glass darkly;" but as actually distinct properties, found as really in the nature of God, as in the language of man. We have obtained the habit of imagining these several attributes to be, not only real distinctions in God, as well as in our own minds, but so independent one of another, that in his dealings with men, he is sometimes seen in the exercise of a part, while the rest are

not concerned; sometimes as a God of justice, but not, at the same time, and in the same act, just as much a God of mercy.

But what are these distinctions of justice, and mercy, and holiness, &c., under which we are obliged to speak and think of God? Do they really belong to him in that separate aspect, or only to our necessarily broken and confused conceptions of his nature? Do they exist in that boundless, uncreated light, as it is in God, or only as the atmosphere, and the clouds, and the several infirmities which hang around our moral vision, present him to our view? Are they not simply the effects of that process, which the revelation of the perfect unity and simplicity of the divine nature undergoes, in being necessarily conveyed through a language, or by manifestations, which man may read and comprehend? Certainly, it needs no argument to prove, that in God's infinitely simple and perfect nature, to whom there is no succession of time or of counsel, no change of will or thought, there can be no such distinction of attributes; as if sometimes it were an inflexible justice, to the exclusion of mercy, that determined his ways, and sometimes it were a tender, compassionate mercy, that put justice aside, and took the reins of sovereignty, and guided his hand. "*God is Light.*" All those several attributes under which the character of God appears, in being made visible to us, in the several revelations of his works, his providence, and his word, are harmonized and merged in the perfect unity and simplicity of the divine nature. "*God is Love.*"

But you know, with regard to light, that you cannot produce the pure white of the sun's ray, without the presence and combination of every one of the several colors of the prism. It is the union of all, that causes all to disappear in a colorless light. Subtract either one of them, and you cannot make the perfect light. It is just as essential to the pure whiteness of the solar ray, that it contain the red of the fearful lightning, as that it shall contain the soft blue of the sky, and the grateful green that carpets the earth. And so it is in God, and his ways towards man. All his attributes—justice as well as mercy, wisdom as well as compassion, holiness as well as goodness, must be associated, and perfectly harmonized, in every procedure of his boundless administration, or else the perfect unity and simplicity of his nature are not preserved. Take away either, in any degree, and God is not Love. One may be manifest to our vision, and another concealed. Like the tints of the rainbow, one may be exhibited more strongly than another, but all must be there; all in the depths of the divine mind, concurring and harmonized. That which makes it so fearful a thing for an impenitent sinner "to fall into the hands of the living God," must be there, as well as all that which so tenderly invites and encourages the contrite heart to draw near to God, through Jesus Christ, and repose all its sins and sorrows upon his grace; the stern hatred and condemnation of sin, whereby the unquenchable fire has been prepared for the ungodly, as well as the unsearchable riches of grace, which have laid up, in Christ Jesus, the glorious inheritance reserved for the righteous; all must be in God, and all must be present, and concurrent, and harmonized, in all his dealings with us, whatever the *manifestation* to our infirm conceptions, or *God is not Love*.

STEPHEN H. TYNG.

STEPHEN HIGGINSON TYNG, one of the most energetic and popular preachers of the day, was born at Newburyport, Massachusetts, March 1, 1800. His father, the Hon. Dudley Atkins Tyng, an eminent lawyer of that state, married a daughter of the Hon. Stephen Higginson, of Boston, a member of the Convention which framed the Constitution of the United States. He was graduated at Harvard at the early age of seventeen. He at first engaged in mercantile pursuits, but after a short period commenced the study of theology, was ordained deacon in 1821 by Bishop Griswold, and took charge in the same year of St. George's Church, Georgetown, D. C. In 1823 he removed to Queen Ann's Parish, Prince George County, Maryland, and in 1829 became rector of St. Paul's Church, Philadelphia, a charge he resigned in 1833, when he was invited to the Church of the Epiphany in the same city. In 1845 he removed to New York, in acceptance of a call to the rectorship of St. George's Church, a position which he still retains. Since his incumbency the congregation have removed from the venerable edifice in Beakman street, long identified with the labors of the late highly respected Dr. James Milnor, which has again become one of the chapels of Trinity parish, to one of the largest and most costly edifices devoted to public worship in the city. The activity of the parish is in proportion to its wealth and numbers—a missionary whose field of action is among the poor of the neighborhood, and a Sunday school of over one thousand scholars, forming a portion of its parochial system. These results are due in a great measure to the activity of the rector, who is also a prominent member of many of the religious societies of the country, and an earnest advocate of the temperance and other social movements of the day.*

Dr. Tyng has long maintained a high reputation as a pulpit orator. His style of writing is energetic and direct. His readiness and felicity as an extempore speaker on anniversary and other occasions are also remarkable. His chief publications are his *Lectures on the Law and the Gospel*; *The Israel of God*; *Christ is All*; *Christian Titles*, an enumeration of the appellations applied to believers in the Scriptures, with appropriate comments. He has also published *Recollections in Europe*, drawn from personal observations during a brief tour abroad; *The Captive Orphan—Esther, Queen of Persia*, 1859; *Forty Years' Experience in Sunday Schools*, 1861; *Prayer Book Illustrated by Scripture*, in 8 volumes; *The Spencers: a Story of Home Influence*, first published in the *New York Ledger*, 1870; and *Walking with God*, 1872.

ALEXANDER YOUNG,

ONE of the most useful and accomplished historical scholars of New England, was born in Boston, September 22, 1800. After a careful preliminary training at the Latin School, he entered Harvard College, where he completed his

course in 1820. He next became an assistant teacher in the school in which his own education had been obtained, under the same principal, Benjamin A. Gould. After a short period of service he returned to Cambridge to devote himself to preparation for the ministry. Immediately after his ordination he became, in 1824, pastor of the New South Church, one of the leading Unitarian congregations of Boston, a position he filled with great success for the long period of twenty-nine years—till his death, March 16, 1854.

In 1839 he commenced his editorial labors by the preparation of a series, the *Library of the Old English Prose Writers*, in nine volumes. It was the first attempt in the United States to emulate the example of the best scholars of the day in England in the revival of the treasures of the Elizabethan literature, and did much to extend a knowledge of writers like Owen Feltham, Selden, Fuller, Izaak Walton, and Latimer, among general readers.

In 1841 Dr. Young published *The Chronicles of the Pilgrim Fathers of the Colony of Plymouth, from 1602 to 1625; now first collected from Original Records and Contemporaneous Documents*. This was succeeded, in 1846, by *The Chronicles of the First Planters of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay, from 1623 to 1636; now first collected from Original Records and Contemporaneous Manuscripts, and Illustrated with Notes*.

SAMUEL SEABURY.

SAMUEL SEABURY, the son of the Rev. Charles Seabury, and grandson of Bishop Seabury, was born in the year 1801. He entered at an early age on the preparation for a mercantile career, but his taste for study, although little fostered by educational advantages, disinclined him for business pursuits. By great diligence and economy he fitted himself for the duties of a schoolmaster, and while thus occupied devoting his leisure hours to hard study, gradually, by his unaided efforts, made himself a learned man. In acknowledgment of these exertions, the complimentary degree of A.M. was conferred upon him by Columbia College.

Having completed a course of theological study, he was ordained Deacon by Bishop Hobart, April 12, 1826, and Priest, July 7, 1828. He commenced his ministerial labors as a missionary at Huntington and Oyster Bay, Long Island, and was afterwards transferred to Hallet's Cove, now Astoria. In 1830 he became Professor of Languages in the Flushing Institute, afterwards St. Paul's College, where he remained until he removed to New York in 1834, to take charge of the Churchman, a weekly religious newspaper. He conducted this journal with great energy and ability until 1849, when, in consequence of his engrossing parochial duties as rector of the Church of the Annunciation, a parish founded by him in 1838, he resigned his position as editor, and has since devoted himself entirely to ministerial labors.

Dr. Seabury is the author of *The Continuity of the Church of England in the Sixteenth Century*,* a work designed to show "that the Church

* In November, 1852, Dr. Tyng delivered an oration at the centennial anniversary of the Initiation of Washington as a member of the Ancient and Honorable Fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons, in which, after passing several points of his character in review, he closed with a special tribute to his religious profession.

* *The Continuity of the Church of England in the Sixteenth Century*. Two Discourses: with an Appendix and Notes. By Samuel Seabury, D.D. Second edition. New York: 1858. 8vo., pp. 174.

of England, in renouncing the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Rome, and reforming itself from the errors and corruptions of Popery, underwent no organic change, but retained the ministry, faith, and sacraments of Christ, and fulfilled the conditions necessary to their transmission." The work consists of two discourses delivered by the author, to which he has added an appendix of far greater length, enforcing the positions of his connected argument. Dr. Seabury has published other discourses, and his articles, if collected from the Churchman and elsewhere, would occupy several volumes.

The Rev. Dr. Seabury, in 1863, succeeded the late Dr. S. H. Turner in the professorship of biblical learning and the interpretation of Scripture in the General Theological Seminary of the Protestant Episcopal Church, New York. In addition to the writings previously noticed, Dr. Seabury has published a volume of *Discourses on the Supremacy and Obligation of Conscience; American Slavery Distinguished from the Slavery of English Theorists, and Justified by the Law of Nature* (12mo, New York, 1861); a *Witness unto the Truth*, a sermon preached in Trinity Church, in May, 1861, at the funeral of the Right Rev. Benjamin T. Onderdonk; *Mary the Virgin, as commemorated in the Church of Christ* (72 pages, 1868); *The Theory and Use of the Church Calendar*, 1872.

JOHN O. CHOULES.

THE Rev. John Overton Choules, a clergyman of the Baptist denomination, was born in Bristol, England, Feb. 5, 1801. He came to the United States in 1824, and for three years was principal of an academy at Red Hook, on the Hudson, New York. He has since filled several parish relations at New York, in the neighborhood of Boston, at Jamaica Plains, and was subsequently pastor of the Second Baptist Church, at Newport, R. I.

J. O. Choules

His literary publications have been, apart from numerous contributions to the periodicals and newspapers, several successful compilations, editions of other authors, and a book of travels. In 1829 he edited J. Angell James's *Church Member's Guide*, published by Lincoln and Edmonds, at Boston, 1829; in 1830 *The Christian Offering*; and in 1831 *The Beauties of Collyer*, for the same publishers. A *History of Missions*, in two volumes, quarto, with plates, prepared by Dr. Choules, was published by Samuel Walker of Boston. In 1843 he edited for the Harpers an edition of Neal's *History of the Puritans*; and in 1846 furnished a preface and some notes to Mr. John Forster's *Lives of the Statesmen of the Commonwealth*. He has also edited Hinton's *History of the United States*, in quarto.

Young Americans Abroad, or Vacation in Europe, is the title of a volume in which Dr. Choules describes an excursion tour with several of his pupils. In 1853 he accompanied Capt.

Vanderbilt, with a select party of friends, in his notable pleasure excursion to Europe in the North Star, a steamer of twenty-five hundred tons, which visited Southampton, the Baltic, and the waters of the Mediterranean to Constantinople. Of this unique voyage Dr. Choules published an account on his return, in his volume—*The Cruise of the Steam Yacht North Star; a Narrative of the Excursion of Mr. Vanderbilt's Party to England, Russia, Denmark, France, Spain, Italy, Malta, Turkey, Madeira, &c.*

One of the specialities of Dr. Choules is his acquaintance with the sterling old literature of the Puritans, of which he has an admirable collection in his library. His taste in books is generally excellent, and few men, it may be remarked, have mingled more with living celebrities, or have a better stock of the unwritten personal anecdote of the present day. It was Dr. Choules's good fortune to enjoy the personal friendship of the late Daniel Webster, of whom, in an obituary sermon delivered at Newport, November 21, 1852, he presented a number of interesting memorials.

The Rev. Dr. Choules died at New York while on a visit to the city, at the house of his friend, Mr. Nelson Robinson, January 5, 1856. He held at the time of his death the pastoral charge of a Baptist church at Newport, and his remains were carried to that city for interment. Few persons were more generally known to the public than Dr. Choules. His association with authors, editors, and politicians, as an instructor,—for he had a few pupils, generally the sons of wealthy parents, under his charge at his home,—and his clerical relations, together with his frequent visits to the chief Northern cities, brought him into contact with every thing that was going on of an important character or liberal influence in society. He was eminently a social man, and having mingled with various English celebrities in his youth, and been intimate with very many of the most cultivated public men of America in his manhood, his conversation, enforced by an inexhaustible fund of enthusiasm, was always of interest. As a medium of communication for authors between one another and the public, by his activity with the press and in other channels, he exercised no unimportant influence in literary society. In this way his reputation, which was extensive, grew out of his personal character rather than from any direct efforts of authorship. He was well read in English literature, fond of the theology and poetry of the seventeenth century, with which he was familiar, and an ardent student of the Cromwellian era in his well-furnished library. Nor should his kindness and amiability, his disposition to please and be pleased, and his serviceable charities, be forgotten in this notice of his character.

GEORGE PERKINS MARSH.

Is a native of Vermont, born in Woodstock, in 1801. He was educated at Dartmouth, and shortly after settled in Burlington, in the practice of the law. In 1843 he was elected to Congress, and remained in the House of Representatives till 1849, when he was appointed by the administration of President Taylor Resident Minister at Constantinople, an office which he held till 1853.

Mr. Marsh's literary reputation rests upon his scholarship in an acquaintance with the Northern languages of Europe, in which he is a proficient, his *Compendious Grammar of the Old Northern or Icelandic Language, compiled and translated from the Grammars of Rask* (Burlington, 1838); several articles on *Icelandic Literature*, in the American Whig and Eclectic Review, and two Addresses, in which he has pursued the Gothic element in history. One of these discourses, entitled *The Goths in New England*, delivered in 1836 at Middlebury College, traced in a novel manner the presence of the race in the Puritans, who settled that portion of the country. In 1844 he delivered an address before the New England Society of the City of New York, in which he sketched, from his favorite point of view of the superiority of the Northern races, the influences at work in the formation and development of the Puritan character. The style of these addresses is animated, and their positions have been effective in securing public attention.

ANGLO-SAXON INFLUENCES OF HOME.*

In the sunny climes of Southern Europe, where a sultry and relaxing day is followed by a balmy and refreshing night, and but a brief period intervenes between the fruits of autumn and the renewed promises of spring, life, both social and industrial, is chiefly passed beneath the open canopy of heaven. The brightest hours of the livelong day are dragged in drowsy, listless toil, or indolent repose; but the evening breeze invigorates the fainting frame, rouses the flagging spirit, and calls to dance, and revelry, and song, beneath a brilliant moon or a starlit sky. No necessity exists for those household comforts, which are indispensable to the inhabitants of colder zones, and the charms of domestic life are scarcely known in their perfect growth. But in the frozen North, for a large portion of the year, the pale and feeble rays of a clouded sun but partially dispel, for a few short hours, the chills and shades of a lingering dawn, and an early and tedious night. Snows impede the closing labors of harvest, and stiffening frosts aggravate the fatigues of the wayfarer, and the toils of the forest. Repose, society, and occupation alike, must, therefore, be sought at the domestic hearth. Secure from the tempest that howls without, the father and the brother here rest from their weary tasks; here the family circle is gathered around the evening meal, and lighter labor, cheered, not interrupted, by social intercourse, is resumed, and often protracted, till, like the student's vigils, it almost "outwatch the Bear." Here the child grows up under the ever watchful eye of the parent, in the first and best of schools, where lisping infancy is taught the rudiments of sacred and profane knowledge, and the older pupil is encouraged to con over by the evening taper, the lessons of the day, and seek from the father or a more advanced brother, a solution of the problems which juvenile industry has found too hard to master. The members of the domestic circle are thus brought into closer contact; parental authority assumes the gentler form of persuasive influence, and filial submission is elevated to affectionate and respectful observance. The necessity of mutual aid and forbearance, and the perpetual interchange of good offices, generate the tenderest kindness of feeling, and a lasting warmth of attachment to home and its inmates, throughout the patriarchal circle.

Among the most important fruits of this domesticity of life, are the better appreciation of the worth of the female character, woman's higher rank as an object, not of passion, but of reverence, and the reciprocal moral influence which the two sexes exercise over each other. They are brought into close communion, under circumstances most favorable to preserve the purity of woman, and the decorum of man, and the character of each is modified, and its excesses restrained, by the example of the other. Man's rude energies are softened into something of the ready sympathy and dexterous helpfulness of woman; and woman, as she learns to prize and to reverence the independence, the heroic firmness, the patriotism of man, acquires and appropriates some tinge of his peculiar virtues. Such were the influences which formed the heart of the brave, good daughter of apostolic JOHN KNOX, who bearded that truculent pedant, JAMES I., and told him she would rather receive her husband's head in her lap, as it fell from the headsman's axe, than to consent that he should purchase his life by apostasy from the religion he had preached, and the God he had worshipped. To the same noble school belonged that goodly company of the Mothers of New England, who shrank neither from the dangers of the tempestuous sea, nor the hardships and sorrows of that first awful winter, but were ever at man's side, encouraging, aiding, consoling, in every peril, every trial, every grief. Had that grand and heroic exodus, like the mere commercial enterprises to which most colonies owe their foundation, been unaccompanied by woman, at its first outgoing, it had, without a visible miracle, assuredly failed, and the world had wanted its fairest example of the Christian virtues, its most unequivocal tokens, that the Providence, which kindled the pillar of fire to lead the wandering steps of its people, yet has its chosen tribes, to whom it vouchsafes its wisest guidance and its choicest blessings. Other communities, nations, races, may glory in the exploits of their fathers; but it has been reserved to us of New England to know and to boast, that Providence has made the virtues of our mothers a yet more indispensable condition, and certain ground, both of our past prosperity and our future hope.

The strength of the domestic feeling engendered by the influences which I have described, and the truer and more intelligent mutual regard between the sexes, which is attributable to the same causes, are the principal reasons why those monastic institutions, which strike at the very root of the social fabric, and are eminently hostile to the practice of the noblest and loveliest public and private virtues, have met with less success, and numbered fewer votaries in Northern than in Southern Christendom. The celibacy of the clergy was last adopted, and first abandoned, in the North; the follies of the Stylites, the lonely hermitages of the Thebaid, the silence of La Trappe, the vows, which, seeming to renounce the pleasures of the world, do but abjure its better sympathies, and in fine, all the selfish austerities of that corrupted Christianity, which grossly seeks to compound by a mortified body for an unsubdued heart, originated in climates unfavorable to the growth and exercise of the household virtues.

In 1856, Mr. Marsh published, at Boston, a volume entitled, *The Camel: his Organization, Habits, and Uses, considered with reference to his Introduction into the United States*. This volume, which embraces the results of extensive reading on the subject, in the works of the most eminent naturalists and geographers, was prepared to throw light upon an attempt, at the

* From the Address before the New England Society.

time in progress by the United States Government, to introduce the camel into this country, for the purpose of traversing the vast desert plains west of the Mississippi. The volume, in brief compass, exhibits, in the extent and accuracy of its information, the author's accustomed care and thoroughness. A portion of its matter was previously delivered by Mr. Marsh, in a lecture before the Smithsonian Institution, and printed with one of the reports of that Institution.

In 1857, Mr. Marsh was appointed by the governor of Vermont, to make a report to the legislature in regard to the artificial propagation of fish. He had been previously appointed one of the commissioners to rebuild the State-house at Montpelier. From 1857 to 1859, he held the post of railroad commissioner for Vermont.

Mr. Marsh, having steadily pursued the life of a laborious scholar, was, in 1858, called upon by the Trustees of Columbia College, New York, to deliver a series of lectures in the post graduate course of instruction then first organized by that institution. He accordingly, in the autumn and winter of 1858-59, having chosen for his subject a topic upon which he had already bestowed much study, delivered, under the direction of the college, in New York, thirty *Lectures on the English Language*, which were, the year after their completion, published in an octavo volume with that title, by Mr. Scribner. In this work, the author supplies the reader rather with the results of his original study than attempts any formal recapitulation of the labors of authors. The book is thus eminently suggestive, as it traces the sources, composition, and etymological proportions of the English tongue, and adduces various peculiarities of its structure, in its grammatical inflections, its changes of pronunciation, its usages of rhyme, with some of the accidental influences which have left their traces upon its character. The examination of the Anglo-Saxon element of the language is throughout a leading topic, pursued with great nicety and perseverance, yet without pedantry. This is a rare quality in one who has brought such exactness to his work, and it is pleasing to see in his pages how the just claims of authority may consist with desirable freedom and liberality. "So far as respects English or any other uninflected speech," he writes, "a knowledge of grammar is rather a matter of convenience as a nomenclature, a medium of thought and discussion about language, than a guide to the actual use of it, and it is as impossible to acquire the complete command of our own tongue by the study of grammatical precept, as to learn to walk or swim by attending a course of lectures on anatomy. When language had been, to use an expressive Gallicism, once *regimented*, and instruction had grown into an art, grammar was held with the Greeks, and probably also with the Romans, so elementary a discipline, that a certain amount of knowledge of it was considered a necessary preliminary step towards learning to read and write; but in English, Grammar has little use except to systematize, and make matter of objective consideration, the knowledge we have acquired by a very different process. It has not been observed in any modern literature, that

persons devoted chiefly to grammatical studies were remarkable for any peculiar excellence, or even accuracy of style, and the true method of attaining perfection in the use of English is the careful study of the actual practice of the best writers in the English tongue."^{*} The lectures of Mr. Marsh are in accordance with this remark. His investigations are based on careful examination of the recorded facts of the language in its early literature, while his subtlety is brought to bear in detecting analogies and the secrets of development. At times even curious in his researches, he is always at once acute and philosophical.

In the winter of 1860-'61, Mr. Marsh pursued the subject thus entered upon at New York by a second series of lectures, occupied with the grammatical history of English literature, delivered before the Lowell Institute, at Boston, which was published in a volume entitled, *The Origin and History of the English Language, and of the Early Literature it embodies* (New York, 1862, 8vo, pp. 574). Mr. Marsh has also undertaken a work of considerable labor in the preparation of an American edition of Mr. Hensleigh Wedgwood's "Dictionary of English Etymology," to which he has made large additions and annotations.

In 1861, Mr. Marsh received from President Lincoln the appointment of first Minister to the new kingdom of Italy—a sphere of duty for which he was admirably adapted by his previous diplomatic occupations abroad, in Greece and Turkey. An honorable testimony to his qualifications in this respect is borne by the Earl of Carlisle, who, in his "Diary in Turkish and Greek Waters," published in 1855, records an interview with Mr. Marsh at Constantinople, at the table of the British ambassador: "Mr. Marsh, the Minister," writes that nobleman, "is one of the best conditioned and most fully informed men it is possible to find anywhere. He would be the best successor they could send to London." In a note to this passage, Professor Felton, who edited the *Diary* for the American publishers, adds: "All who know Mr. Marsh will be gratified by this testimony to his worth, from a man so competent to measure his talents and acquirements. He filled the place of minister to Constantinople with great ability for four years, and left a reputation honorable not only to himself but to the character of his country. Besides his diplomatic duties there, he was sent to Athens, under the instructions of Mr. Webster, and afterwards of Mr. Everett, to adjust the difficulties that had arisen between the Greek government, and the Rev. Jonas King, acting vice-consul of the United States. Mr. Marsh addressed himself to the task with a thoroughness, vigor, and talent which surprised the diplomatists of Athens, showing a masterly knowledge of the Greek constitution and legislation, as well as of international law."

In 1864, Mr. Marsh published *Man and Nature; or, Physical Geography as Modified by Human Action*, (New York, Scribner, 8vo, pp.

* Lecture IV., Foreign Helps to the Knowledge of English.

560). The object of this work, as stated by the author, is "to indicate the character, and, approximately, the extent of the changes produced by human action in the physical conditions of the globe we inhabit; to point out the dangers of imprudence and the necessity of caution in all operations which, on a large scale, interfere with the spontaneous arrangements of the organic or the inorganic world; to suggest the possibility and the importance of the restoration of disturbed harmonies, and the material improvement of waste and exhausted regions; and, incidentally, to illustrate the doctrine that man is, in both kind and degree, a power of a higher order than any of the other forms of animated life, which, like him, are nourished at the table of bounteous nature." The author has pursued this subject with great ingenuity and research, exhibiting, as he unfolds the principle of the work, a most interesting mass of valuable matter, drawn from the stores of a retentive memory and extensive reading.

****THE ENGLISH VOCABULARY—FROM LECTURES ON THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.**

The Anglo-Saxon represents at once the material substratum and the formative principle of the English language. You may eliminate all the other ingredients, and there still subsists a speech, of itself sufficient for all the great purposes of temporal and spiritual life, and capable of such growth and development from its own native sources, and by its own inherent strength, as to fit it also for all the facititious wants and new-found conveniences of the most artificial stages of human society. If, on the other hand, you strike out the Saxon element, there remains but a jumble of articulate sounds without coherence, syntactic relation, or intelligible significance. But though possessed of this inexhaustible mine of native metal, we have rifled the whole *orbis verborum*, the world of words, to augment our overflowing stores, so that every speech and nation under heaven has contributed some jewels to enrich our cabinet, or, at the least, some humble implement to facilitate the communication essential to the proper discharge of the duties, and the performance of the labors, of moral and material life. These foreign conquests, indeed, have not been achieved, these foreign treasures won, without some shedding of Saxon blood, some sacrifice of domestic coin, and if we have gained largely in vocabulary, we have, for the time at least, lost no small portion of that original constructive power, whereby we could have fabricated a nomenclature scarcely less wide and diversified than that which we have borrowed from so distant and multiplied sources. English no longer exercises, though we may hope it still possesses, the protean gift of transformation, which could at pleasure verbalize a noun, whether substantive or adjective, and the contrary; we have dropped the variety of significant endings, which indicated not only the grammatical character, but the grammatical relations, of the words of the period, and with them sacrificed the power of varying the arrangement of the sentence according to the emphasis, so as always to use the right word in the right place; we have suffered to perish a great multitude of forcible descriptive terms; and finally we no longer enjoy the convenience of framing at pleasure new words out of old and familiar material, by known rules

of derivation and composition, but are able to increase our vocabulary only by borrowing from foreign and, for the most part, unallied sources. Nevertheless, in the opinion of able judges, our gains, upon the whole, so far at least as the vocabulary is concerned, more than balance our losses. Our language has become more copious, more flexible, more refined, and capable of greater philosophical precision, and a wider variety of expression.

The introduction of foreign words and foreign idioms has made English less easy of complete mastery to ourselves, and its mixed character is one reason why, in general, even educated English and Americans speak less well than Continental scholars; but, on the other hand, the same composite structure renders it less difficult for foreigners, and thus it is eminently fitted to be the speech of two nations, one of which counts among its subjects, the other among its citizens, people of every language and every clime.

Our losses are greatest in the poetic dialect; nor have they, in this department, except for didactic and epic verse, been at all balanced by our acquisitions from the Latin and the French, or rather from the former through the latter. We have suffered in the vocabulary suited to idyllic and to rural poetry, in the language of the domestic affections, and the sensibilities of every-day social life. In short, while the nomenclature of art has been enriched, the voice of nature has grown thin and poor, and at the same time, in the loss of the soft inflections of the Saxon grammar, English prosody has sustained an injury which no variety of foreign terminations can compensate. The recovery and restoration of very many half-forgotten and wholly unsupplied Saxon words, and of some of the melodious endings which gave such variety and charm to rhyme, is yet possible, and it is here that I look for one of the greatest benefits to our literature from the study of our ancient mother-tongue. Even Chaucer, whom a week's labor will make almost as intelligible as Dryden, might furnish our bards an ample harvest, and a knowledge of the existing remains of Anglo-Saxon literature would enable us to give to our poetic vocabulary and our rhythm a compass and a beauty surpassed by that of no modern tongue. . . .

It has been observed in all literatures, that the poetry and the prose which take the strongest hold of the heart of a nation are usually somewhat archaic in diction; behind, rather than in advance of, the fashionable language of the time. The reason of this is that the great mass of every people is slow to adopt changes in its vocabulary. New words are introduced, and long exclusively employed in circles that are rather excrescences upon society than essential constituents of it, while old words cling to the tongue of the stable multitude, and are understood and felt by it long after they have ceased to be current and intelligible among the changeful coteries that assume to dictate the speech, as well as the opinions and the manners, of their generation. Deep in the recesses of our being, beneath even the reach of consciousness, or at least of objective self-inspection, there lies a certain sensibility to the organic laws of our mother-tongue, and to the primary significance of its vocabulary, which tells us when obsolete, unfamiliar words are fitly used, and the logical power of interpreting words by the context acts with the greatest swiftness and certainty, when it is brought to bear on the material of our native speech. The popular mind shrinks from

new words, as from aliens not yet rightfully entitled to a place in our community, while antiquated and half-forgotten native vocables, like trusty friends returning after an absence so long that their features are but dimly remembered, are welcomed with double warmth, when once their history and their worth are brought back to our recollection. So tenaciously do ancient words and ancient forms adhere to the national mind, that persons of little culture, but good linguistic perceptions, will not unfrequently follow old English or Scottish authors with greater intelligence than grammarians trained to the exact study of written forms, and I have known self-educated women, who read Chaucer and Burns with a relish and an appreciation rare among persons well schooled in classic lore. . . .

The number of English words not yet obsolete, but found in good authors, or in approved usage by correct speakers, including the nomenclature of science and the arts, does not probably fall short of one hundred thousand. Now there are persons who know this vocabulary in nearly its whole extent, but they understand a large proportion of it much as they are acquainted with Greek or Latin, that is, as the dialect of books, or of special arts or professions, and not as a living speech, the common language of daily and hourly thought. Or if, like some celebrated English and American orators, living and dead, they are able, upon occasion, to bring into the field in the war of words, even the half of this vast array of light and heavy troops, yet they habitually content themselves with a much less imposing display of verbal force, and use for ordinary purposes but a very small proportion of the words they have at their command. Out of our immense magazine of words, and their combinations, every man selects his own implements and weapons, and we should find in the verbal repertory of each individual, were it once fairly laid open to us, a key that would unlock many mysteries of his particular humanity, many secrets of his private history.

Few writers or speakers use as many as ten thousand words, ordinary persons of fair intelligence not above three or four thousand. If a scholar were to be required to name, without examination, the authors whose English vocabulary was the largest, he would probably specify the all-embracing Shakspeare, and the all-knowing Milton. And yet in all the works of the great dramatist, there occur not more than fifteen thousand words, in the poems of Milton not above eight thousand. The whole number of Egyptian hieroglyphic symbols does not exceed eight hundred, and the entire Italian operative vocabulary is said to be scarcely more extensive.

* MINUTE ORGANISMS — FROM MAN AND NATURE.

Besides the larger creatures of the land and of the sea, the quadrupeds, the reptiles, the birds, the amphibia, the crustacea, the fish, the insects, and the worms, there are other countless forms of vital being. Earth, water, the ducts and fluids of vegetable and of animal life, the very air we breathe, are peopled by minute organisms which perform most important functions in both the living and the inanimate kingdoms of nature. Of the offices assigned to these creatures, the most familiar to common observation is the extraction of lime, and more rarely, of silex, from the waters inhabited by them, and the deposit of these minerals in a solid form, either as the material of their

habitations or as the exuvie of their bodies. The microscope and other means of scientific observation assure us that the chalk beds of England and of France, the coral reefs of marine waters in warm climates, vast calcareous and silicious deposits in the sea and in many fresh-water ponds, the common polishing earths and slates, and many species of apparently dense and solid rock, are the work of the humble organisms of which I speak, often, indeed, of animalculæ so small as to become visible only by the aid of lenses magnifying a hundred times the linear measures. It is popularly supposed that animalculæ, or what are commonly embraced under the vague name of infusorials, inhabit the water alone, but the atmospheric dust transported by every wind and deposited by every calm is full of microscopic life or of its relics. The soil on which the city of Berlin stands contains at the depth of ten or fifteen feet below the surface living elaborators of silex; and a microscopic examination of a handful of earth connected with the material evidences of guilt, has enabled the naturalist to point out the very spot where a crime was committed. It has been computed that one-sixth part of the solid matter let fall by great rivers at their outlets, consists of still recognizable infusory shells and shields, and, as the friction of rolling water must reduce much of these fragile structures to a state of comminution, which even the microscope cannot resolve into distinct particles, and identify as relics of animal or of vegetable life, we must conclude that a considerably larger proportion of river deposits is really the product of animalcules.*

It is evident that the chemical, and in many cases the mechanical character, of a great number of the objects important in the material economy of human life, must be affected by the presence of so large an organic element in their substance, and it is equally obvious that all agricultural and all industrial operations tend to disturb the natural arrangements of this element, to increase or to diminish the special adaptation of every medium in which it lives to the particular order of being inhabited by it. The conversion of woodland into pasture, of pasture into plough land, of swamp or of shallow sea into dry ground, the rotations of cultivated crops, must prove fatal to millions of living things upon every rood of surface thus deranged by man, and must, at the same time, more or less fully compensate this destruction of life by promoting the growth and multiplication of other tribes equally minute in dimensions.

I do not know that man has yet endeavored to avail himself, by artificial contrivances, of the agency of these wonderful architects and manufacturers. We are hardly well enough acquainted with their natural economy to devise means to turn their industry to profitable account, and they are in very many cases too slow in producing visible results for an age so impatient as ours. The over-civilization of the nineteenth century cannot wait for wealth to be amassed by infinitesimal

* To vary the phrase, I make occasional use of *animalcule*, which, as a popular designation, embraces all microscopic organisms. The name is founded on the now exploded supposition that all of them are animated, which was the general belief of naturalists when attention was first drawn to them. It was soon discovered that many of them were unquestionably vegetable, and there are numerous genera, the true classification of which is matter of dispute among the ablest observers. There are cases in which objects formerly taken for living animalcules turn out to be products of the decomposition of matter once animated, and it is admitted that neither spontaneous motion, nor even apparent irritability, are sure signs of animal life.

gains, and we are in haste to *speculate* upon the powers of nature, as we do upon objects of bargain and sale in our trafficking one with another. But there are still some cases where the little we know of a life, whose workings are invisible to the naked eye, suggests the possibility of advantageously directing the efforts of troops of artisans that we cannot see. Upon coasts occupied by the corallines, the reef-building animalcule does not work near the mouth of rivers. Hence the change of the outlet of a stream, often a very easy matter, may promote the construction of a barrier to coast navigation at one point, and check the formation of a reef at another, by diverting a current of fresh water from the former, and pouring it into the sea at the latter. Cases may probably be found in tropical seas, where rivers have prevented the working of the coral animalcules in straits separating islands from each other or from the mainland. The diversion of such streams might remove this obstacle, and reefs consequently be formed which should convert an archipelago into a single large island, and finally join that to the neighboring continent.

Quatrefages proposed to destroy the teredo in harbors by impregnating the water with a mineral solution fatal to them. Perhaps the labors of the coralline animals might be arrested over a considerable extent of sea-coast by similar means. The reef builders are leisurely architects, but the precious coral is formed so rapidly that the beds may be refished advantageously as often as once in ten years. It does not seem impossible that this coral might be transplanted to the American coast, where the gulf stream would furnish a suitable temperature beyond the climatic limits that otherwise confine its growth; and thus a new source of profit might perhaps be added to the scanty returns of the hardy fisherman.

In certain geological formations, the diatomacæ deposit, at the bottom of fresh-water ponds, beds of silicious shields, valuable as a material for a species of very light firebrick, in the manufacture of water glass and of hydraulic cement, and ultimately, doubtless, in many yet undiscovered industrial processes. An attentive study of the conditions favorable to the propagation of the diatomacæ might perhaps help us to profit directly by the productivity of this organism, and, at the same time, disclose secrets of nature capable of being turned to valuable account in dealing with silicious rocks, and the metal which is the base of them. Our acquaintance with the obscure and infinitesimal life of which I have now been treating is very recent, and still very imperfect. We know that it is of vast importance in the economy of nature, but we are so ambitious to grasp the great, so little accustomed to occupy ourselves with the minute, that we are not yet prepared to enter seriously upon the question how far we can control and direct the operations, not of unembodied physical forces, but of beings, in popular apprehension, almost as immaterial as they.

Nature has no unit of magnitude by which she measures her works. Man takes his standards of dimension from himself. The hair's breadth was his minimum until the microscope told him that there are animated creatures, to which one of the hairs of his head is a larger cylinder than is the trunk of the giant California redwood to him. He borrows his inch from the breadth of his thumb, his palm and span from the width of his hand or the spread of his fingers, his foot from

the length of the organ so named; his cubit is the distance from the tip of his middle finger to his elbow, and his fathom is the space he can measure with his outstretched arms. To a being who instinctively finds the standard of all magnitudes in his own material frame, all objects exceeding his own dimensions are absolutely great, all falling short of them absolutely small. Hence we habitually regard the whale and the elephant as essentially large, and therefore important creatures, the animalcule as an essentially small, and therefore unimportant organism. But no geological formation owes its origin to the labors or the remains of the huge mammal, while the animalcule composes, or has furnished, the substance of strata thousands of feet in thickness, and extending, in unbroken beds, over many degrees of terrestrial surface. If man is destined to inhabit the earth much longer, and to advance in natural knowledge with the rapidity which has marked his progress in physical science for the last two or three centuries, he will learn to put a wiser estimate on the works of creation, and will derive not only great instruction from studying the ways of nature in her obscurest, humblest walks, but great material advantage from stimulating her productive energies in provinces of her empire hitherto regarded as forever inaccessible, utterly barren.

Mr. Marsh was married, in 1827, to Harriet Buel, daughter of Colonel Buel, of Burlington, Vermont. This lady died in 1832, leaving two sons. In 1838, Mr. Marsh was married to his second wife, Miss Caroline Crane, a lady who has acquired some distinction as an author. She was born in Berkeley, Bristol County, Massachusetts, in 1816. Her published writings are: *The Haulig*; or, *the Sheepfold in the Waters*; *a Tale of Humble Life on the Coast of Schleswig*, translated from the German of Biernatzki, with a biographical sketch of the author, issued at Boston, in 1856; and a volume entitled *Wolfe of the Knoll, and other Poems*, from the press of Scribner, at New York, in 1860. The chief poem, which gives its name to the latter collection, "is a narrative in verse of the fortunes of a native of Amrum, a sandy and barren island of the North Sea, who becomes a captive to the Arabs of Tunis, on the coast of Africa, and is afterwards restored to his home and his kindred. The story is well imagined, and the incidents skillfully connected. The contrast between life in the north, close upon the Arctic circle, and life in the south, close upon the line of the tropics—between the habits of those who dwell on the sands of the Frisian Islands, almost bare of vegetation, and exposed to the constant assaults and occasional overflowing of the ocean, and those who roam the sands of Northern Africa, swept by the simoom, is exceedingly well managed, and is made the occasion of much striking description, and what a dramatist would call many interesting situations. The Frisian father, watching day after day from his sandy knoll for the return of his captive son, is an affecting picture; but not less so is the Arab father, whose child perishes in the flower of her youth and beauty. The Christian captive owes his deliverance to the love of the daughter of the chief whose slave he had been made, but the author

has had the good judgment not to make her the companion of his return to the north.* The language, of the poem, which, written in several metres, but mostly in the octosyllabic iambic measure, varying with the trochaic, we may add, is singularly pure and expressive in the use of the Saxon element. Among the added shorter poems, is a translation from the Swedish of Bishop Tegner's stirring and pathetic ballad poem, "Axel," in which scenes of war, of the era of Charles XII., alternate with passages of idyllic beauty. This tender and romantic production may be read with pleasure in Mrs. Marsh's version.

*** A FABLE — FROM WOLFE OF THE KNOLL.

A widow, poor and old and lonely,
Whose flock once numbered many a score,
Had now remaining to her only
One little lamb, and nothing more.
And every morning, forced to send it
To scanty pastures far away,
With prayers and tears did she commend it,
To the good saint who named the day.
Nor so in vain; each kindly patron —
George, Agnes, Nicholas, Genevieve —
Still mindful of the helpless matron,
Brought home her lambkin safe at eve.
All-saints' day dawns. With faith yet stronger,
On the whole hallowed choir the dame
Doth call — to one she prays no longer —
That day the wolf devoured the lamb!

*** THE FOUNTAIN OF THE POOR.

An Arab Legend.

Bismillah! the Merciful! Full of Compassion!
All praise be to Allah, the Lord of Creation!
Sidi Aómar — on whom be peace! —
Was the servant of God the Most High;
He was poor, yet he prayed not his goods might
increase,
And his heart ever hated the lie.
Rising at dawn, in his tent's low door
With a hand ever open he stood,
Never turning his face from the old, or the poor,
Or the stranger invited of God.
Eblis, the angel that fell, was wroth
With this man of a life without blame,
And he sought before Allah, with impious mouth,
Both his faith and his works to defame.
"Sidi Aómar, thy slave," he cried,
"Is a hypocrite full of disguise!
He is poor, and because he hath naught, in his
pride
Thus he feigneth him wealth to despise!
"Give him but riches till riches abound,
And his heart will soon wander from thee!
The fair slave, the fleet steed, and the flying hound
He will seek, and do service to me!"
God, the Companionless, answering, said,
"Thou art Eblis, the father of sin!
Now thy witness of falsehood be on thine own
head
That the soul of my servant would'st win!"
"Give me then leave, that eftsoons I show
This Aómar as weak as the rest!"

* New York Evening Post, April 13, 1860.

"On the morrow, 'twixt dawn and the sunrising,
go,
Put the strength of my saint to the test!
"Yet ware thee well, for, a trembling slave,
Thou shalt serve him henceforth, if thou fail!"
"Be it so," said the fiend, "and no better I crave,
If I know not the man I assail."
"Prayer," said Aómar, "is better than sleep!"
As he rose ere his eye, by the light
That so doubtfully hovered afar on the steep,
Could discern the black thread from the white.*
Solemn and glad, to the scanty well
Of his tribe, like a prophet he goes —
Lo! the pitcher, that there he hath bowed him to
fill,
With the purest of silver o'erflows!
"Giver of life!" said Aómar, "I sought
Not this silver, but water alone,
For ablution, that pure, as the prophet hath taught,
I might send up my prayers to thy throne!"
Casting the treasure among the sands,
Yet again the full crock doth he raise —
It is brimmed, not with water for worshipping
hands,
But with gold of the ruddiest blaze!
"Hearer of prayer!" saith this mortal meek,
As he poured the red gold on the earth,
"Not the wealth of this world, but pure water I
seek,
That for Thee hath a holier worth!"
Yet once again from the well he drew,
And behold! with a flash like the sun
At his rising, rich jewels, in gush ever new,
His rude pitcher of clay overrun.
Silent he gazed, and with troubled eye,
On the jets as they blindingly played;
Then to earth cast the crock with a penitent sigh,
And with forehead uplifted he said,
"How have I sinned, O thou Giver of good!
That this day thou dost water deny?
Must I wash then with sand like the pilgrim on
road,
When he prays where no well-spring is nigh?"
Scarce had he spoke when a crystal tide
Bathed his brow with a fresh'ning spray!
And the flow of that fountain shall never be dried!
'Tis the 'Well of the Poor' to this day!
Amen! be the life of the living contrition!
The bed of the dying, the bed of submission!

THOMAS COLE.

THOMAS COLE, the artist, with whom the use of the pen for both prose and verse was as favorite an employment as the handling of the pencil, though so thoroughly identified with American landscape, was a native of England. He was born at Bolton-le-Moor, Lancashire, February 1, 1801. His father was one of those men who seem to possess every virtue in life, and still to be separated by some "thin partition" from success. He was a manufacturer; and the son, in his very boyhood, became a kind of operative artist, engraving simple designs for calico. He had, as a youth, a natural vein of poetry about him which was en-

* The morning prayer of the faithful Mohammedan should commence as soon as he can distinguish a white thread from a black one.

couraged by an old Scotchman, who repeated to him the national ballads of his country; while his imaginative love of nature was heightened by falling in with an enthusiastic description of the beauties of the North American states. In 1819, the family came to Philadelphia, where Cole worked on rude wood-engraving for a short time, with an episode of a visit to the island of St. Eustatia, till they left for the west, settling at Steubenville, Ohio, where the young artist passed a life of poverty and privation, travelling about the country as a portrait painter; groping his way slowly, but effectually, in the region of art. His love of nature and the amusements of his favorite flute alleviated the roughness of the track. Finding, in spite of prudence and economy, a near prospect of starvation before him in that country, at that time, he turned towards the great cities of the Atlantic. An anecdote of this period is curious, but perhaps not uncommon on such occasions. He was taking a solitary walk, unusually agitated by a recent conversation with his father. "Well," said he to himself, aloud, at the same moment picking up a couple of good-sized pebbles, "I will put one of these upon the top of a stick; if I can throw and knock it off with the other, I will be a painter; if I miss it, I will give up the thought for ever." Stepping back some ten or twelve paces he threw, and knocked it off. He turned and went home immediately, and made known his unalterable resolution.*



Thomas Cole.

At Philadelphia he patiently struggled and suffered, selling a couple of pictures for eleven dollars, and ornamenting various articles, such as bellows, brushes, and japan-ware, with figures, views, birds, and flowers. In 1825, at New York, a better fortune awaited him. His first success identified him with his chosen scenery of the Catskills. He had visited that region, and painted on his return a view of the *Falls*. This was purchased by Colonel Trumbull, who made it a theme of liberal eulogy; and, with the friendship and appreciation of Dunlap and Durand, Cole made the acquaintance of the public. He was a prosperous painter at once.

His pictures, from that time, may be divided into three classes: his minute and literal presentations of wild American scenery; his Italian views of Florence and Sicily, the result of his two European visits; and his moral and allegorical series, as the *Course of Empire* and the *Voyage of Life*. In 1836, and subsequently, he resided on the Hudson, near the village of Catskill, where his death took place February 11, 1847, at the age of forty-six.

Though no separate publications of his numerous writings have appeared, they are well represented in the congenial life by his friend, the Rev. Mr. Noble. He wrote verses from his boyhood. Without ever possessing the highest inevitable tact of poetic invention, to fix the enthusiastic conception in permanent classic expression, and lacking the advantage of that early scholastic training which might greatly have helped him to supply this deficiency by condensation, his numerous poems are never wanting in feeling and delicacy. They were not offered to the public for judgment; and when they are withdrawn from

the sanctity of his portfolio, they should be judged for what they were, private confessions and consolations to himself, to his love of nature and the devotion of the religious sentiment. The entire narrative of his life is studied, in his biography, with passages from these poems as they occur in his journals; fragments artless, simple, and sincere, always witnessing to the delights of nature, and expressing the fine spirituality which he sought in his ideal pictures, and which beamed from his eye and countenance.

In 1835 he composed a dramatic poem in twelve parts, called *The Spirits of the Wilderness*, the scene of which is laid in the White Mountains. It was further prepared for the press in 1837, but still remains unpublished. His biographer speaks of it as "a work of singular originality and much poetic power and beauty." He was also, at the period of his death, collecting a volume of miscellaneous poems for publication.

Cole was also a good writer of prose. He once, in early life, wrote for the Philadelphia *Saturday Evening Post* a tale called "Emma Moreton," which embraced incidents and descriptions drawn from his recent visit to the West Indies. He projected a work on Art. His letters are easy and natural. Several of his sketches of travel, *A Visit to Volterra and Vallombrosa* in 1831, and an *Excursion to South Peak of the Catskills*, in 1846, have been published in the *Literary World* from the pages of his autobiographical diary which he entitled *Thoughts and Reminiscences*.*

His Eulogy was pronounced by his friend Bryant, in an elaborate and thoughtful oration delivered before the National Academy of Design, at the church of the Messiah in New York, in May, 1848. During his life the poet had dedicated to him a fine sonnet on occasion of his first journey to Europe.

SONNET.

Thine eyes shall see the light of distant skies:

Yet, Cole! thy heart shall bear to Europe's strand
A living image of thy native land,

Such as on thy own glorious canvas lies.

Lone lakes—savannas where the bison roves—

Rocks rich with summer garlands—solemn
streams—

Skies, where the desert eagle wheels and screams—
Spring bloom and autumn blaze of boundless groves.
Fair scenes shall greet thee where thou goest—fair,

* Life by Noble, p. 42.

* Literary World for 1849. Nos. 102, 105, 114.

But different—everywhere the trace of men,
 Paths, homes, graves, ruins, from the lowest glen
 To where life shrinks from the fierce Alpine air.
 Gaze on them, till the tears shall dim thy sight,
 But keep that earlier, wilder image bright.
Bryant.

A SUNSET.

I saw a glory in the etherial deep;
 A glory such as from the higher heaven
 Must have descended. Earth does never keep
 In its embrace such beauty. Clouds were driven
 As by God's breath, into unearthly forms,
 And then did glow, and burn with living flames,
 And hues so bright, so wonderful and rare,
 That human language cannot give them names;
 And light and shadow strangely linked their arms
 In loveliness: and all continual were
 In change; and with each change there came new
 charms.
 Nor orient pearls, nor flowers in glittering dew
 Nor golden tinctures, nor the insect's wings,
 Nor purple splendors for imperial view,
 Nor all that art or earth to mortals brings,
 Can e'er compare with what the skies unfurled.
 These are the wings of angels, I exclaimed,
 Spread in their mystic beauty o'er the world.
 Be ceaseless thanks to God that, in his love,
 He gives such glimpses of the life above,
 That we, poor pilgrims, on this darkling sphere,
 Beyond its shadows may our hopes uprear.

TWILIGHT.

The woods are dark; but yet the lingering light
 Spreads its last beauty o'er the western sky.
 How lovely are the portals of the night,
 When stars come out to watch the daylight die.
 The woods are dark; but yet yon little bird
 Is warbling by her newly furnished nest.
 No sound beside in all the vale is heard;
 But she for rapture cannot, cannot rest.

THE TREAD OF TIME.

Hark! I hear the tread of time,
 Marching o'er the fields sublime.
 Through the portals of the past,
 When the stars by God were cast
 On the deep, the boundless vast.

Onward, onward still he strides,
 Nations clinging to his sides:
 Kingdoms crushed he tramples o'er:
 Fame's shrill trumpet, battle's roar,
 Storm-like rise, then speak no more.

Lo! he nears us—awful Time—
 Bearing on his wings sublime
 All our seasons, fruit and flower,
 Joy and hope, and love and power:
 Ah, he grasps the present hour.

* * * * *
 Underneath his mantle dark,
 See, a spectre grim and stark,
 At his girdle like a sheath,
 Without passion, voice or breath,
 Ruin dealing: Death—'tis Death!

Stop the ruffian, Time!—lay hold!—
 Is there then no power so bold?—
 None to thwart him in his way?—
 Wrest from him his precious prey,
 And the tyrant robber slay?

Struggle not, my foolish soul:
 Let Time's garments round thee roll.
 Time, God's servant—think no scorn—

Gathers up the sheaves of corn,
 Which the spectre, Death, hath shorn.

Brightly through the orient far
 Soon shall rise a glorious star:
 Cumbered then by Death no more,
 Time shall fold his pinions hoar,
 And be named the Evermore.

SONG OF A SPIRIT.

An awful privilege it is to wear a spirit's form,
 And solitary live for aye on this vast mountain peak;
 To watch, afar beneath my feet, the darkly-heaving
 storm,
 And see its cloudy billows over the craggy ramparts
 break;

To hear the hurrying blast
 Torment the groaning woods,
 O'er precipices cast
 The desolating floods;
 To mark in wreathed fire
 The crackling pines expire;
 To list the earthquake and the thunder's voice
 Round and beneath my everlasting throne;
 Meanwhile, unscathed, untouched, I still rejoice,
 And sing my hymn of gladness, all alone.
 * * * * *

First to salute the sun, when he breaks through the
 night,

I gaze upon him still when earth has lost her light.
 When silence is most death-like,
 And darkness deepest cast;
 The streamlet's music breath-like,
 And dew is settling fast;

Far through the azure depth above is heard my
 clarion sound,
 Like tones of winds, and waves, and woods, and
 voices of the ground.

I spread my shadeless pinions wide o'er this my
 calm domain:

A solitary realm it is; but here I love to reign.

ALEXANDER H. EVERETT.

ALEXANDER HILL EVERETT was the second son of the Rev. Oliver Everett, and elder brother of the Hon. Edward Everett. He was prepared for college at the free-school of Dorchester, entered Harvard University the youngest member of his class, and was graduated at its head in 1806. He passed the succeeding year as an assistant teacher in the Phillips Academy at Exeter, N. H., and in 1807 commenced the study of the law in the office of John Quincy Adams at Boston, where he soon after began his literary career as a contributor to the *Monthly Anthology*.

In 1809, on the appointment of Mr. Adams as Minister to Russia, Mr. Everett accompanied him as *attaché* to the legation, and resided at St. Petersburg for two years. In 1811 he passed through Sweden to England, where he remained during the winter, and after a short visit to Paris returned home in 1812.

Alexander H. Everett

Soon after his arrival he was admitted to the bar and commenced practice. The stirring nature of the public events which then agitated the country soon, however, drew him into politics. He published a series of articles in the year 1813 in the *Patriot*, the leading democratic paper of

Boston, in favor of the war, which were collected into a pamphlet, with the title *Remarks on the Governor's Speech*. He also wrote in this journal a series of articles against the Hartford Convention. He was in the same year nominated for the state senate, but defeated by the predominance of the opposition party. He also about this time, as the orator for the year of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, delivered an address on Burke, in which he combated the views of that statesman on the French revolution. It is characteristic of the state of public feeling, that, although the usual resolution requesting a copy for publication was passed, the resolve was never put in execution.

Soon after the treaty of peace Mr. Everett was appointed secretary of legation to Governor Eustis of Massachusetts, Minister to the Netherlands. After remaining a year or two in Holland he returned to the United States, and was appointed by Mr. Monroe the successor of Mr. Eustis on the withdrawal of that gentleman, the post having been meanwhile changed to a *chargé ship*. He retained the office for six years, from 1818 to 1824, conducting the negotiations relative to the commercial intercourse of the two nations, and the claims of his country for spoliations suffered during the French ascendancy, with great ability.

His official duties being insufficient to occupy more than a portion of his time, he devoted his leisure to the preparation of a work entitled *Europe, or a General Survey of the Political Situation of the Principal Powers, with Conjectures on their Future Prospects, by a Citizen of the United States*. It was published in Boston and London in 1821. A remark, characteristic of the tone of English criticism at that time on American books, appeared in a notice in the London Morning Chronicle, to the effect that the name of the author on the title-page must be a fiction, as the work was not only too purely English but too idiomatic to be the product of a foreign pen. *Europe* was favorably received, and translated into German, with a commentary by the celebrated Professor Jacobi of Halle, and also into French and Spanish.

In 1822 Mr. Everett published *New Ideas on Population, with Remarks on the Theories of Godwin and Malthus*. The latter writer, in his celebrated work on population, had taken the ground that the demand for subsistence is everywhere greater than the means of its supply, that the evil could not be met by any measures of governmental or private charity, and that the only means of remedy was to check the increase of the race by discountenancing marriage. Godwin denied that the power of increase in population was as great as Malthus affirmed, and asserted that the rapid growth of America was due to emigration. In answer to these and other theorists Mr. Everett showed that increase of population leads to division of labor and consequent increase of production; that the assertion of Malthus that every community had exhausted their means of comfortable support, was not borne out by the example of any people, the means of support having universally increased with the growth of population; and that Malthus's position that every community must subsist on the produce of its own territory was also untrue, commerce furnishing a means by which, even in case of a community

exhausting the products of their territory, the products of their industry could readily be exchanged, in a more or less direct form, for the provisions of other portions of the globe, whose entire productiveness is as yet far from being developed, much less exhausted.

During this period Mr. Everett also contributed a number of articles to the North American Review, then under the editorship of his brother Edward, most of which are on topics connected with the leading French authors. They are finished in style and elaborate in treatment. The discussion of the authorship of *Gil Blas*, *Biography of St. Pierre*, the review of *Geoffroy on Dramatic Literature*, a sketch of the *Private Life of Voltaire*, a pleasant paper on the *Art of Happiness*, by Droz, are among them. In 1824 he returned home on leave of absence, and passed the winter in the United States. In 1825 he was appointed by Mr. Adams, soon after he became President of the United States, Minister to Spain. He devoted himself with great fidelity to the duties of this position, and was active in urging the recognition of the independence of the recently formed Spanish republics of the American continent on their mother country. He invited Washington Irving to Madrid, made him an *attaché* of the legation, and facilitated the researches which led to the production of the *Life of Columbus*. He also procured and transmitted to Mr. Prescott a large portion of the historical material of which that gentleman has made such admirable use, and in numerous other modes advanced the interests of his country and countrymen. Although laboriously occupied by his diplomatic duties he still continued his contributions to the North American, and prepared a work entitled *America, or a General Survey of the Political Situation of the Principal Powers of the Western Continent, with Conjectures on their future Prospects, by a Citizen of the United States*, a companion to his previous volume on Europe.

In 1829 he returned to the United States, and succeeded Mr. Jared Sparks as editor of the Review to which he had long contributed. He conducted the work for about five years, during which he wrote a number of important articles for its pages. In 1830 he was elected a member of the state senate.

As chairman of a committee of the tariff convention of 1833, he drew up the memorial in reply to that prepared by Mr. Gallatin, which emanated from the free-trade convention of the previous year. He was also the author of the address issued by the Convention of 1831, nominating Henry Clay for the presidency. After the defeat of that statesman, and the proclamation of General Jackson against Nullification, he became a supporter of the administration.

In 1840 Mr. Everett was despatched as a confidential commissioner to Cuba, to act during the absence of the consul, and investigate the charges which had been made against him of connivance in the use of the American flag by slavers. He was occupied for two months in this manner, and a short time after received a call to the presidency of Jefferson College, Louisiana, which he accepted, but was obliged, soon after commencing the duties of the office, to return to the North in consequence of ill health.

In 1842 Mr. Everett was a frequent contributor to the Boston Miscellany* of articles in prose and poetry. Among the latter were translations from the Latin and Italian, and a somewhat elaborate Eastern tale, *The Hermitage of Candoo*, founded on a Sanskrit fable of the Brahma-Purana.

In 1845 and 1846 Mr. Everett published two volumes of *Critical and Miscellaneous Essays, with Poems*, containing a selection from his writings for the North American and Democratic Reviews, to the last of which he furnished in 1844 an extended biographical sketch of the revolutionary refugee, *Harro Harring*, and other periodicals. In 1845 he received the appointment from President Polk of Commissioner to China, and set out for his post on the 4th of July in the same year, but on arriving at Rio de Janeiro became so unwell that he returned home. He sailed a second time in the summer of 1846 and arrived at Canton, but died a few months after establishing himself in that city, June 28, 1847.

THE YOUNG AMERICAN.

Scion of a mighty stock!
Hands of iron—hearts of oak—
Follow with unflinching tread
Where the noble fathers led!

Craft and subtle treachery,
Gallant youth! are not for thee:
Follow thou in word and deeds
Where the God within thee leads!

Honesty with steady eye,
Truth and pure simplicity,
Love that gently winneth hearts,—
These shall be thy only arts.

Prudent in the council train,
Dauntless on the battle plain,
Ready at the country's need
For her glorious cause to bleed.

Where the dew of night distil
Upon Vernon's holy hill;
Where above it gleaming far
Freedom lights her guiding star:

Thither turn the steady eye,
Flashing with a purpose high!
Thither with devotion meet,
Often turn the pilgrim feet!

Let the noble motto be
God,—the COUNTRY,—LIBERTY!
Planted on Religion's rock,
Thou shalt stand in every shock.

Laugh at danger far or near!
Spurn at baseness—spurn at fear!
Still with persevering might,
Speak the truth, and do the right!

So shall Peace, a charming guest,
Dove-like in thy bosom rest,
So shall Honor's steady blaze
Beam upon thy closing days.

Happy if celestial favor
Smile upon the high endeavor;
Happy if it be thy call
In the holy cause to fall.

THE ART OF BEING HAPPY.*

According to our belief, the common sense of the world is therefore, as we have already remarked, against Mr. Droz on this point, and in favor of the diligent pursuit of some regular occupation, as a principal element of happiness. It is true that we hear at times from the Italians, of the *dolce far niente*, or the delight of having nothing to do; but even in the same quarter there are not wanting respectable authorities in favor of a different system. The Marquis of Spinola, an Italian general, celebrated for his military exploits in the war of the independence of the Netherlands, passed the latter part of his life in retirement, upon a handsome pension, and of course in the full fruition of the *dolce far niente*; but being one of those persons without occupation, who are also unoccupied, he found himself (as usually happens, even according to our author, with gentlemen of this description) rather ill at ease. While in this situation, he was informed of the death of one of his ancient comrades of inferior rank in the army, a captain perhaps, or possibly a colonel; and upon inquiring into the nature of his disease, was answered that he died of having nothing to do. *Mori della malattia di non tenere niente a fare*. Basta, replied the unhappy Marquis, with a strong feeling of sympathy in the fate of his departed brother of the war, *basta per un generale*. "T is enough to have killed him, had he been a general."

Such, even on Italian authority, are the pleasures of the *dolce far niente*. They appear to be enjoyed in the same way in other ranks and walks of life. Read, for example, in Lafontaine, the story of the cheerful cobbler rendered miserable by a present of a hundred crowns, and finally returning in despair to lay them at the feet of his would-be benefactor, and recover his good humor and his last. Behold the luckless schoolboy (to recur again to one of the examples at which we have already hinted), torn from his natural occupation on some Thursday or Saturday afternoon, and perishing under the burden of a holiday. See him hanging at his mother's side, and begging her, with tears in his eyes, to give him something to do; while she, poor woman, aware that the evil is irremediable, can only console him, by holding out the prospect of a return to school the next day. Observe the tradesman who has made his fortune (as the phrase is), and retired from business, or the opulent proprietor enjoying his dignified leisure. How he toils at the task of doing nothing; as a ship without ballast at sea, when it falls calm after a heavy blow, labors more without stirring an inch, than in going ten knots an hour with a good breeze. "How he groans and sweats," as Shakespeare has it, under a happy life! How he cons over at night, for the third time, the newspaper which he read through twice, from beginning to end, immediately after breakfast! A wealthy capitalist, reduced by good fortune to this forlorn condition, has assured us, that he often begs the domestics, who are putting his room in order, to prolong the operation as much as possible, that he may enjoy again, for a little while, the lost delight of superintending and witnessing the performance of useful labor.

But this is not the worst. No sooner does he find himself in the state of unoccupied blessedness, than a host of unwished for visitants (doubtless the same with those who took possession of the swept and garnished lodgings of him in scripture) enter on his premises, and declare his body good prize. *Dyspep-*

* The Boston Miscellany of Literature and Fashion was edited by Nathan Hale, jr., and was published in two volumes, from January to December, 1842. It was a worthy attempt to infuse into the popular periodical literature a higher literary interest. Among its contributors were, besides Alexander Everett, J. R. Lowell, W. W. Story, Edward Everett, Nathaniel Hawthorne, T. W. Parsons, and others.

* From an article in the North American Review for July, 1829, on an *Essai sur l'Art d'Être Heureux*, par Joseph Droz, de l'Académie Française.

sia (a new name of horror) plucks from his lips the untasted morsel and the brimming bowl, bedims his eyes with unnatural blindness, and powders his locks with premature old age. *Hypochondria* (the accursed blues of the fathers) ploughs his cheeks with furrows, and heaps a perpetual cloud upon his brow. *Hepatitis* (like the vulture of Prometheus) gnaws at his liver. *Rheumatism* racks his joints; *Gout* grapples him by the great toe: so that what with "black spirits and white, blue spirits and grey," the poor man suffers martyrdom in every nerve and fibre, until *Palsy* or *Apoplexy*, after all the kindest of the tribe, gives him the *coup de grace*, and releases him from his misery. His elysium is much like that of the departed Grecian heroes in the Odyssey, who frankly avowed to Ulysses, that they would rather be the meanest day-laborers above ground, than reign supreme over all the shades below.

Has our author fully considered what he is saying, when he recommends to his disciples to take no interest in their employment, whatever it may be; to work at it carelessly and negligently, just long enough to obtain a bare living, and then hurry home to bed, or to the tavern to keep *Saint Monday*? Meeting him on his own ground, and taking our examples from the middling and lower walks of life, does Mr. Droz really mean to tell us, that a tailor, for instance, will best consult his happiness by working as little as possible at his trade, receiving as few orders as he can, executing those which he receives in a careless manner, disappointing his customers in the time of sending home their clothes, and instead of wielding incessantly the shears and needle, passing most of his precious hours in spinning street-yarn? Is that barber in a fair way to realize the *summum bonum*, who intentionally hacks the chins of the public with dull and wretched razors, or burns their ears with his curling tongs, on purpose to deter as many of them as he can from coming into his shop? Admitting for argument's sake (what no honorable man would allow for a moment), that the only object of exercising a profession is to obtain a bare subsistence; is it not perfectly clear, that an artist, who should follow the system of our author, would completely fail, even in this miserable purpose? If a tailor send home a coat awkwardly and unfashionably cut, or negligently made up, the indignant customer forthwith returns it on his hands, and transfers his orders to a more industrious and attentive workman. From making a few coats, and those badly, the recreant knight of the shears would very soon come to have none at all to make, and would inevitably starve by the side of his cold goose, upon a vacant shopboard. A barber, in like manner, who should adopt the ingenious practices alluded to above, for clearing his shop of the surplus number of long beards, would not probably find the ebbing tide stop exactly at the point necessary for supplying him with bread and bedclothes. He would soon find himself, like Ossian's aged heroes, lonely in his hall. From keeping his own shop, he would be compelled to enter as journeyman in that of another, and by continuing to pursue the same process, would sink in succession through the several gradations of house-servant, street porter, and vagabond, into the hospital, the port where all who sail by our author's chart and compass will naturally bring up. The only way, in fact, by which a man can expect to turn his labor to account, in any occupation, is by doing the best he can, and by putting his heart into his business, whatever it may be. He then takes the rank among his brothers of the trade, to which his talents entitle him; and if he cannot rise to the

head of his art, he will at least be respectable, and will realize an honorable living. It is not every barber that can aspire to the fame of a Smallpeace, a Higgins, or a Williams; but any one who is diligent and assiduous in his shop, and who takes a just pride in seeing his customers leave it with glossy chins, well dressed hair, and neatly shaped *favorites*, should his natural aptitude be even something less than first-rate, will yet never want the comforts of life for himself and his family through the week, his five dollar bill to deposit in the savings bank on Saturday evening, and his extra joint to entertain a brother Strap on Sunday. And while he thus realizes an ample revenue, the zealous and attentive artist reaps, as he goes along through life, the best reward of his labor in the pleasure afforded him by the gratification of his honest pride, and the approbation of his fellow citizens.

JOHN, the brother of Edward and Alexander Everett, was born at Dorchester, Mass., February 22, 1801. He was educated in the Boston schools, where he was distinguished as a fine declaimer, and was graduated at Harvard in 1818. In the same year he accompanied the Rev. Horace Holley,* President of the Transylvania University, at Lexington, Kentucky, to that place, where he was employed for a short time as a tutor. On his return to Massachusetts he entered the law school at Cambridge, and soon after visited Europe as an *attaché* to the American legation at Brussels, during the *chargéship* of his brother Alexander. He next returned to Boston, studied law in the office of Daniel Webster, and contributed a few articles to the North American Review, then edited by his brother Edward. He was also the author of a few spirited odes sung at the celebrations of debating clubs, of which, from his readiness as an extempore speaker and warm interest in the political and other questions of the day, he was a prominent member. He was admitted to the bar in 1825, but the promise of an active career of honor and usefulness was soon after disappointed by his death, February 12, 1826.

JAMES G. AND MARY E. BROOKS.

JAMES GORDON BROOKS, the son of David Brooks, an officer of the Revolutionary army, was born at Claverack on the Hudson, September 3, 1801. He was graduated at Union College in 1819, and studied law at Poughkeepsie, but never engaged actively in the practice of the profession. It was in this place that he commenced his poetical career by the publication in the newspapers of the place of a few fugitive poems, with the signa-

* Horace Holley was born at Salisbury, Connecticut, February 13, 1781, graduated at Yale College in 1803, studied theology under the care of President Dwight, and was settled at Greenfield Hill. In 1809 he became a Unitarian, and the minister of the Hollis street church, Boston. He was a warm federalist, and often introduced his political opinions into the pulpit, where he was highly celebrated for his oratorical powers, graceful delivery, and fine personal appearance.

In 1818 Dr. Holley accepted the presidency of Transylvania University, where he remained nine years. He died of the yellow fever on his passage, after his resignation, from New Orleans to New York, July 31, 1827.

Dr. Holley was the author of addresses delivered in 1815 before the Washington Benevolent Society of Boston; in 1817 on the anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth; of a funeral eulogy on Colonel James Morrison, a munificent benefactor of Transylvania University in 1823; of several published sermons, and articles in the Western Review and a few other periodicals. Several of these are reprinted in the graceful and touching memoir of the writer, by his wife.

ture of Florio, which attracted much attention. Various conjectures were made respecting their authorship, but the author succeeded in maintaining his incognito not only among his neighbors, but also in his own household.

James G. Brooks

In 1823 Mr. Brooks removed to New York, where he became the literary editor of the *Minerva*, a belles-lettres journal which he conducted about two years. He then started the *Literary Gazette*, a weekly journal on the model of the English publication of the same name, which, after being continued for a few months, was united with the *Athenæum*, and conducted under the care of Mr. Brooks and Mr. James Lawson for two years. He then became an editor of the *Morning Courier*, with which he remained connected for about the same period. In these journals, and in the *Commercial Advertiser*, most of his poems were published, with the signature of Florio. They were great favorites, and placed the author in the popular estimate of his day in the same rank with Drake and Halleck as one of the poetical trio of the town.

In 1828 he married Miss Mary Elizabeth Akin, a young lady, a native of Poughkeepsie, who had been from an early age a writer of verse for periodicals under the signature of *Norna*. The year after a volume entitled *The Rivals of Este and other Poems*, by James G. and Mary E. Brooks, appeared.

In 1830 the pair removed to Winchester, Virginia, where Mr. Brooks edited a newspaper for a few years. In 1838 they again changed their residence to Rochester, and afterwards to Albany, in both of which places Mr. Brooks was connected with the press.

Mr. Brooks died at Albany in 1841. His widow has since that event resided, with their only child, a daughter, in the city of New York.

The productions of Mr. and Mrs. Brooks are separately arranged in the joint volume of their poems. The story from which the volume takes its name is by the lady, and is drawn from the ample storehouse of Italian family history. The Hebrew Melodies, versified renderings of passages from the Psalms and the Prophets, are also by her. The remainder of Mrs. Brooks's portion of the volume is occupied by other poems on topics of Italian romance, descriptions of natural scenery, and a few lyrical pieces. We select one of the Hebrew Melodies:—

JEREMIAH x. 17.

From the halls of our fathers in anguish we fled,
Nor again will its marble re-echo our tread;
For a breath like the Siroc has blasted our name,
And the frown of Jehovah has crushed us in shame.
His robe was the whirlwind, his voice was the thunder,
And earth at his footstep was riven asunder;
The mantle of midnight had shrouded the sky,
But we knew where He stood by the flash of his eye.

Oh, Judah! how long must thy weary ones weep,
Far, far from the land where their forefathers sleep;
How long ere the glory that brightened the mountain
Will welcome the exile to Siloa's fountain?

Passing to the latter half of the volume, we find at its commencement a poem on Genius, delivered originally before the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Yale. The briefer pieces which follow are, like the one which we have named, quiet in expression and of a pensive cast. A number devoted to the topic of death have a pathos and solemnity befitting the dirge. Others on the stirring theme of liberty, and the struggles in its behalf in Greece and elsewhere, are full of animation and spirit. All are smooth and harmonious in versification.

Mr. Brooks enjoyed a high social position in New York, where he was greatly esteemed for his ready wit and conversational powers, as well as generosity and amiability of character. He was a fluent and successful prose writer.

Mrs. Brooks, in addition to her literary abilities, possesses much skill as a designer. The plates in the *Natural History of the State of New York*, by her brother-in-law, Mr. James Hall, are from drawings made by her from nature.

Mrs. Hall, the sister of Mrs. Brooks, is the author of several pleasing poems which have appeared under the signature of Hinda.

FREEDOM.

When the world in throngs shall press
To the battle's glorious van;
When the oppressed shall seek redress,
And shall claim the rights of man;
Then shall freedom smile again
On the earth and on the main.

When the tide of war shall roll
Like imperious ocean's surge,
From the tropic to the pole,
And to earth's remotest verge
Then shall valor dash the gem
From each tyrant's diadem.

When the banner is unfurled,
Like a silver cloud in air,
And the champions of the world
In their might assemble there;
Man shall rend his iron chain,
And redeem his rights again.

Then the thunderbolts shall fall,
In their fury on each throne,
Where the despot holds in thrall
Spirits nobler than his own;
And the cry of all shall be,
Battle's shroud or liberty!

Then the trump shall echo loud,
Stirring nations from afar,
In the daring line to crowd,
And to draw the blade of war
While the tide of life shall rain,
And encrimson every plain.

Then the Saracen shall flee
From the city of the Lord;
Then, the light of victory
Shall illumine Judea's sword:
And new liberty shall shine
On the Plains of Palestine.

Then the Turk shall madly view,
How his crescent waxes dim;
Like the waning moon whose hue
Fades away on ocean's brim;

Then the cross of Christ shall stand
On that consecrated land.

Yea, the light of freedom smiles
On the Grecian phalax now,
Breaks upon Ionia's isles,
And on Ida's lofty brow ;
And the shouts of battle swell,
Where the Spartan lion fell !

Where the Spartan lion fell,
Proud and dauntless in the strife :
How triumphant was his knell !
How sublime his close of life !
Glory shone upon his eye,
Glory which can never die !

Soon shall earth awake in might ;
Retribution shall arise ;
And all regions shall unite,
To obtain the glorious prize ;
And oppression's iron crown,
To the dust be trodden down.

When the Almighty shall deform
Heaven in his hour of wrath ;
When the angel of the storm,
Sweeps in fury on his path ;
Then shall tyranny be hurled
From the bosom of the world.

Yet, O freedom ! yet awhile,
All mankind shall own thy sway ;
And the eye of God shall smile
On thy brightly dawning day ;
And all nations shall adore
At thine altar evermore.

STANZAS.

Life hath its sunshine ; but the ray
Which flashes on its stormy wave
Is but the beacon of decay,
A meteor gleaming o'er the grave ;
And though its dawning hour is bright
With fancy's gayest colouring,
Yet o'er its cloud-encumbered night,
Dark ruin flaps his raven wing.

Life hath its flowers ; and what are they ?
The buds of early love and truth,
Which spring and wither in a day,
The gems of warm, confiding youth :
Alas ! those buds decay and die,
Ere ripened and matured in bloom ;
E'en in an hour, behold them lie
Upon the still and lonely tomb !

Life hath its pang of deepest thrill ;
Thy sting, relentless memory !
Which wakes not, pierces not, until
The hour of joy hath ceased to be.
Then, when the heart is in its pail,
And cold afflictions gather o'er,
Thy mournful anthem doth recall
Bliss which hath died to bloom no more.

Life hath its blessings ; but the storm
Sweeps like the desert wind in wrath,
To sear and blight the loveliest form
Which sports on earth's deceitful path.
O ! soon the wild heart-broken wail,
So changed from youth's delightful tone,
Floats mournfully upon the gale,
When all is desolate and lone.

Life hath its hope ; a matin dream,
A cankered flower, a setting sun,
Which casts a transitory gleam
Upon the even's cloud of dun

Pass but an hour, the dream hath fled,
The flowers on earth forsaken lie ;
The sun hath set, whose lustre shed
A light upon the shaded sky.

JACOB B. MOORE.

JACOB BAILEY MOORE, the father of the subject of the present sketch, was born September 5, 1772, at Georgetown, on the Kennebec, Maine. He was descended from a Scotch family, who emigrated to New England in the early part of the eighteenth century. Following the profession of his father, a physician, and during the Revolutionary war surgeon of a national vessel, he settled, after qualifying himself almost entirely by his own exertions, in the practice of medicine at Andover, in 1796, where he remained until he accepted, in 1812, the appointment of surgeon's mate in the Eleventh regiment of United States Infantry. He remained in the service until December of the same year, when he retired, much broken in health, and died on the 10th of January following.

Dr. Moore was an excellent musician, and composed several pieces, a few of which were published in Holyoke's Repository. He was also the author of numerous songs and epistles, which appeared in the newspapers of the day.

Jacob Bailey, the son of Dr. Moore, was born at Andover, October 31, 1797. He was apprenticed, while a boy, in the office of the New Hampshire Patriot, one of the leading journals of New England, and which is remarkable for the number of distinguished editors and politicians it has furnished, alike from its type-setting and editorial desks, to all parts of the country.

The Patriot was at this time owned by the celebrated Isaac Hill.* At the expiration of his indentures Mr. Moore became the partner of Mr. Hill, and afterwards, by marriage with Mr. Hill's sister, his brother-in-law. The two conducted the paper until January, 1823, when the partnership expired. Mr. Moore then devoted himself to the bookselling and publishing business.

He had previously, in April, 1822, commenced the publication of *Collections,—Topographical, Historical, and Biographical, relating principally to New Hampshire*. He was assisted

* Isaac Hill, one of the most influential political writers of the country, was born at Cambridge, Mass., April 6, 1788. He was taught the trade of a printer, and in 1809 removed to Concord, N. H., where he purchased the office of the American Patriot, a paper started about six months before, which he discontinued, and on the 18th of April, 1809, published the first number of the New Hampshire Patriot, a newspaper he continued to edit until 1829, filling at various times within the same period, the offices of senator and representative in the State Legislature. He was appointed Second Comptroller of the Treasury by General Jackson, but was rejected by the Senate, a rejection which led to his election by the Legislature of his state, as a member of the body which had refused to confirm his nomination. He remained in the Senate until 1836, when he was elected Governor of his State, an office which he filled during three successive terms. He afterwards established Hill's New Hampshire Patriot, a paper in which he opposed certain new measures of the Democratic party, of which he had long been the leader in the state, with such success, that he regained his impaired influence, and united his new paper with the Patriot, in which he had so long battled. He also, in January, 1839, commenced an agricultural periodical, The Farmer's Monthly Visitor, which is still continued.

The activity of his career was after this period much impaired by disease. He, however, still continued his interest in politics, and was an influential advocate of the Compromise Measures of 1850. He died at Washington, March 22, 1851.

in the editorship of this work by Dr. J. Farmer.* The publication comprised original articles of research, on topics embraced in its plan, and reprints of curious manuscripts, tracts, poems, and fugitive productions, illustrating the same topic. A portion of its pages was also devoted to reviews and other magazine matter, of a contemporary character. It was conducted with much ability until its close, in December, 1824. It forms, in its completed shape, a series of three octavo volumes.

The publication we have named was one of the first devoted to local history in the country. It did good service in calling attention to many important subjects, and fostering a spirit of close historical inquiry.

During the continuance of this work Mr. Moore also prepared and published with Dr. Farmer, *A Gazetteer of the State of New Hampshire*, in a duodecimo volume.

In 1824 Mr. Moore published *Annals of the Town of Concord, from its first Settlement in the year 1726 to the year 1823, with several Biographical Sketches; to which is added, A Memoir of the Penacook Indians*,† a work of much interest, research, and value.

In 1826 Mr. Moore commenced *The New Hampshire Journal*, a political paper, which he maintained with ability and influence until December, 1829, when it passed into other hands, and was soon after united with the *New Hampshire Statesman*. In 1828 he was elected a representative to the State Legislature, and in 1829 appointed sheriff of the county of Merrimack, an office which he retained for five years. After being connected for a short time with the *Concord Statesman*, he removed in 1839 to the city of New York, where he became the editor of *The Daily Whig*, an influential journal during the Harrison campaign. In 1840 he published *The Laws of Trade in the United States*: being an abstract of the statutes of the several States and Territories concerning Debtors and Creditors; a small volume, designed as a popular manual on the subject. After the election, he obtained an important clerkship in the Post-office department at Washington. On the accession of Mr. Polk, in 1845, he was removed, and returning to New

York became librarian of the New York Historical Society.

In this position, congenial to his tastes as an historian, Mr. Moore remained, devoting himself earnestly to the preservation, arrangement, and enlargement of one of the most valuable collections of works illustrative of American History in existence, until by the changing fortunes of politics his friends were again placed in power in 1848, and he received the appointment of postmaster to San Francisco.

In this office Mr. Moore rendered an important service to the country by his indefatigable labors in systematizing the business of the department, under circumstances of unusual difficulty. He returned after the next change of administration, with a disease contracted in California, which closed his career a few months after, on the first of September, 1853.

In 1846 Mr. Moore published the first volume of the *Memoirs of American Governors*, embracing those of New Plymouth, from 1620 to 1692, and of Massachusetts Bay, from 1630 to 1689. It was his design to continue the series until it comprised *Memoirs of the Colonial and Provincial Governors to the time of the Revolution*. The portion relating to New England was left by him in MS., ready for the press, and much of the remainder of the work in a fragmentary form.

Mr. Moore was throughout his life an active collector of historical material. Even in California he found time to preserve the newspaper and fugitive literature of the eventful period of his sojourn.

HENRY EATON MOORE, a brother of Jacob B. Moore, was born at Andover, N. H., 21st July, 1803. He served his time with his brother and Isaac Hill. He published the *Grafton Journal* at Plymouth, N. H., from the 1st January, 1825, till March, 1826, when it ceased. During the latter portion of his life he gave his whole attention to music; became a thorough proficient in the science, and distinguished as a teacher and composer. He was author of the *Musical Catechism*; *Merrimack Collection of Instrumental Music*; *New Hampshire Collection of Church Music*; *The Choir*; *a Collection of Anthems, Choruses, and Set Pieces*; and the *Northern Harp—a Collection of Sacred Harmony*. He died at East Cambridge, Mass., October 23, 1841.

JOHN WEEKS MOORE, another brother of the same family, was born at Andover, N. H., April 11, 1807; was educated as a printer by his brother, Jacob B. Moore. He has been connected with several journals, and edited the *Bellows Falls Gazette*, Vt., for several years. His principal work is the *Complete Encyclopedia of Music,—Elementary, Technical, Historical, Biographical, Vocal, and Instrumental*.*

WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

WILLIAM HENRY SEWARD, the son of Dr. Samuel S. Seward of Florida, Orange County, New York, was born in that village on the sixteenth of May, 1801. His early fondness for books induced his parents to give him a liberal education, and after a preparation at various schools in the neighbor-

* John Farmer was born at Chelmsford, Mass., June 12, 1759. He was a descendant of Edward Farmer, who emigrated from Warwickshire to Billerica, Mass., in 1760. He received the limited education afforded in his boyhood at the common schools, and at the age of sixteen became a clerk in a store at Amherst, New Hampshire. In 1810 he abandoned this occupation for that of school-keeping. He next studied medicine, and opened an apothecary's store at Concord, in 1821, with Dr. Samuel Morril, a circumstance to which he owes the title, popularly bestowed, of Doctor, having never completed a course of medical studies or applied for a degree.

It was in this position that he continued, in his leisure hours, to the close of his life, August 13, 1838, the laborious researches which he had already commenced, in the annals of New England.

Dr. Farmer's chief work is his *Genealogical Register of the First Settlers of New England, &c.; to which are added, various Biographical and Genealogical Notes*,* in which he traces the families of New England to their foundation in this country. He also prepared a new edition of Belknap's History of New Hampshire,† containing various corrections and illustrations of that work, and additional facts and notices of persons and events, therein mentioned.

Dr. Farmer was also the author of several tracts relating to local history, and a frequent contributor to the Collections of the Massachusetts and New Hampshire Historical Societies.

† pp. 112.

* Lancaster, Mass., 8vo. pp. 332. † Dover, N. H., 4vo. pp. 512.

* Roy, 8vo. pp. 1004. Boston: 1854.

hood of his residence, he entered Union College in 1816. After completing his course at that institution with distinguished honor, he studied law at New York with John Anthon, and afterwards with John Duer and Ogden Hoffman. Soon after his admission to the bar he commenced practice in Auburn, New York, where he married in 1824.

Mr. Seward rapidly rose to distinction in his profession. He took an active interest in favor of the re-election of John Quincy Adams to the Presidency, and presided at a convention of the young men of the state, held in furtherance of that object in Utica, August 12, 1828. In 1830 he was nominated and elected by the anti-masonic party a member of the State Senate, where he remained for four years. In 1833 he made a tour in Europe of a few months with his father, during which he wrote home a series of letters which were published in the Albany Evening Journal. He was nominated in 1834 as the candidate of the Whig party for the office of Governor of the State, and was defeated, but on his re-nomination in 1838 was elected. During his administration, his recommendation of the change in the school system, called for by the Roman Catholics, and which was finally adopted, caused much discussion and opposition.

His administration was one crowded with important events, and his course on many disputed questions was in opposition on some occasions to his party friends as well as political opponents, but was universally regarded as marked by personal ability. He was re-elected in 1840, but in 1842, declining a re-nomination, retired to the practice of his profession at Auburn. During the six following years he was principally engaged in this manner, appearing in the course of his duties as counsel in several important trials in the state and national tribunals with great success. He took an active part as a speaker in the presidential campaigns of 1844 and 1848, and in February, 1849, was chosen by a large majority United States Senator. On the expiration of his term in 1855, he was re-elected to the same body.

Mr. Seward has taken a prominent position in the Senate as an opponent of the compromise of 1850, and of the repeal of the Missouri compromise. In 1853 an edition of his works was published in New York in three octavo volumes, containing a complete collection of his speeches in the state and national senate, and before popular assemblies, with his messages as governor, his forensic arguments, a number of miscellaneous addresses, his letters from Europe, and selections from his public correspondence. One of the most valuable portions of these volumes, in a literary and historical point of view, is the *Notes on New York*, originally issued as the Introduction to the Natural History of New York, published by the legislature in 1842. It extends to 172 octavo pages, and contains a carefully prepared and highly interesting review of the intellectual progress of the state in science, literature, and art.

THE AMERICAN PEOPLE—THEIR MORAL AND INTELLECTUAL DEVELOPMENT.*

A kind of reverence is paid by all nations to antiquity. There is no one that does not trace its lineage

from the gods, or from those who were especially favored by the gods. Every people has had its age of gold, or Augustan age, or heroic age—an age, alas! for ever passed. These prejudices are not altogether unwholesome. Although they produce a conviction of declining virtue, which is unfavorable to generous emulation, yet a people at once ignorant and irreverential would necessarily become licentious. Nevertheless, such prejudices ought to be modified. It is untrue, that in the period of a nation's rise from disorder to refinement, it is not able to continually surpass itself. We see the present, plainly, distinctly, with all its coarse outlines, its rough inequalities, its dark blots, and its glaring deformities. We hear all its tumultuous sounds and jarring discords. We see and hear the past, through a distance which reduces all its inequalities to a plane, mellow all its shades into a pleasing hue, and subdues even its hoarsest voices into harmony. In our own case, the prejudice is less erroneous than in most others. The revolutionary age was truly a heroic one. Its exigencies called forth the genius, and the talents, and the virtues of society, and they ripened amid the hardships of a long and severe trial. But there were selfishness, and vice, and fictions, then, as now, although comparatively subdued and repressed. You have only to consult impartial history, to learn that neither public faith, nor public loyalty, nor private virtue, culminated at that period in our own country, while a mere glance at the literature, or at the stage, or at the politics of any European country, in any previous age, reveals the fact that it was marked, more distinctly than the present, by licentious morals and mean ambition.

Reasoning *à priori* again, as we did in another case, it is only just to infer in favor of the United States an improvement of morals from their established progress in knowledge and power; otherwise, the philosophy of society is misunderstood, and we must change all our courses, and henceforth seek safety in imbecility, and virtue in superstition and ignorance.

What shall be the test of the national morals? Shall it be the eccentricity of crimes? Certainly not; for then we must compare the criminal eccentricity of to-day with that of yesterday. The result of the comparison would be only this, that the crimes of society change with changing circumstances.

Loyalty to the state is a public virtue. Was it ever deeper-toned or more universal than it is now? I know there are ebullitions of passion and discontent, sometimes breaking out into disorder and violence; but was faction ever more effectually armed and harmless than it is now? There is a loyalty that springs from the affection that we bear to our native soil. This we have as strong as any people. But it is not the soil alone, nor yet the soil beneath our feet and the skies over our heads, that constitute our country. It is its freedom, equality, justice, greatness, and glory. Who among us is so low as to be insensible of an interest in them? Four hundred thousand natives of other lands every year voluntarily renounce their own sovereigns, and swear fealty to our own. Who has ever known an American to transfer his allegiance permanently to a foreign power?

The spirit of the laws, in any country, is a true index to the morals of a people, just in proportion to the power they exercise in making them. Who complains here or elsewhere, that crime or immorality blots our statute-books with licentious enactments?

The character of a country's magistrates, legislators, and captains, chosen by a people, reflects their own. It is true that in the earnest canvassing which

* From an Address at Yale College, 1854.

so frequently recurring elections require, suspicion often follows the magistrate, and scandal follows in the footsteps of the statesman. Yet, when his course has been finished, what magistrate has left a name tarnished by corruption, or what statesman has left an act or an opinion so erroneous that decent charity cannot excuse, though it may disapprove? What chieftain ever tempered military triumph with so much moderation as he who, when he had placed our standard on the battlements of the capital of Mexico, not only received an offer of supreme authority from the conquered nation, but declined it?

The manners of a nation are the outward form of its inner life. Where is woman held in so chivalrous respect, and where does she deserve that eminence better? Where is property more safe, commercial honor better sustained, or human life more sacred?

Moderation is a virtue in private and in public life. Has not the great increase of private wealth manifested itself chiefly in widening the circle of education and elevating the standard of popular intelligence? With forces which, if combined and directed by ambition, would subjugate this continent at once, we have made only two very short wars—the one confessedly a war of defence, and the other ended by paying for a peace and for a domain already fully conquered.

Where lies the secret of the increase of virtue which has thus been established? I think it will be found in the entire emancipation of the consciences of men from either direct or indirect control by established ecclesiastical or political systems. Religious classes, like political parties, have been left to compete in the great work of moral education, and to entitle themselves to the confidence and affection of society, by the purity of their faith and of their morals.

I am well aware that some, who may be willing to adopt the general conclusions of this argument, will object that it is not altogether sustained by the action of the government itself, however true it may be that it is sustained by the great action of society. I cannot enter a field where truth is to be sought among the disputations of passion and prejudice. I may say, however, in reply first, that the governments of the United States, although more perfect than any other, and although they embrace the great ideas of the age more fully than any other, are, nevertheless, like all other governments, founded on compromises of some abstract truths and of some natural rights.

As government is impressed by its constitution, so it must necessarily act. This may suffice to explain the phenomenon complained of. But it is true, also, that no government ever did altogether act out, purely and for a long period, all the virtues of its original constitution. Hence it is that we are so well told by Bolingbroke, that every nation must perpetually renew its constitution or perish. Hence, moreover, it is a great excellence of our system, that sovereignty resides, not in Congress and the president, nor yet in the governments of the states, but in the people of the United States. If the sovereign be just and firm and uncorrupted, the governments can always be brought back from any aberrations, and even the constitutions themselves, if in any degree imperfect, can be amended. This great idea of the sovereignty of the people over their government glimmers in the British system, while it fills our own with a broad and glowing light.

Let not your king and parliament in one,
Much less apart, mistake themselves for that
Which is most worthy to be thought upon,
Nor think they are essentially the STATE.
Let them not fancy that the authority
And privileges on them bestowed,
Conferred, are to set up a majesty,

Or a power or a glory of their own :
But let them know it was for a deeper life
Which they but represent ;
That there's on earth a yet augustier thing,
Veiled though it be, than parliament or king.

Gentlemen, you are devoted to the pursuit of knowledge in order that you may impart it to the state. What Fenelon was to France, you may be to your country. Before you teach, let me enjoin upon you to study well the capacity and the disposition of the American people. I have tried to prove to you only that while they inherit the imperfections of humanity they are yet youthful, apt, vigorous, and virtuous, and therefore, that they are worthy, and will make noble uses of your best instructions.

In 1859, Mr. Seward, after the adjournment of the Senate, made a second and extended tour in Europe, remaining abroad about eight months, visiting Egypt and the Holy Land. At the convention of the Republican party, held at Chicago, in May, 1860, he received on the first ballot, on the nomination of a Presidential candidate, one hundred and seventy-three votes out of the whole number of four hundred and sixty-five cast, including the votes of nine States, Massachusetts, New York, and California being of the number. On the third ballot. Mr. Lincoln was chosen, and in the popular canvass which ensued, Mr. Seward gave him his hearty support in an extended tour through the West, during which he advocated his election in a series of occasional speeches, setting forth the principles of the Republican party with his accustomed readiness and resources of popular eloquence. When Mr. Lincoln became President, the following March, Mr. Seward was appointed Secretary of State. The eminent services he rendered to the country in this capacity, during the war, are familiar to the public in the daily progress of events, watched with so much anxiety, in the upholding the national honor abroad and the preservation of peace with foreign countries, when peace was sorely assailed; while an enduring literary record of his labors has been given to the world in the ample published volumes of his *Diplomatic Correspondence*, issued by order of Congress, at Washington. In these, as in his other writings and speeches, Mr. Seward exhibits a command of language, a facility and copiousness of illustration, an inexhaustible fertility of resources, which, with the importance of the situation which called them forth, will render them memorable among the state papers in the American archives. Nor are the services of Mr. Seward to his country, at this crisis, likely to be less regarded by the personal sacrifices which he has made at the helm of state, where his independence and force of character drew upon him the dagger of a conspirator in the revolting tragedy of the murder of President Lincoln, and the attempted assassination of other leading members of the Government. Mr. Seward's strength of mind and fortitude were displayed to an admirable degree throughout this melancholy period of suffering, when in hours of extremity his life seemed to be maintained by his devotion to the public welfare. Happily, his strength was restored, enabling him still to fulfil the cabinet and other duties of

his onerous position as Secretary of State. In addition to the *Diplomatic Correspondence* just alluded to, and various public speeches, a fourth volume of Mr. Seward's works has been issued, entitled, *Recent Speeches and Writings of William H. Seward, 1854-1861* (New York, 1861, 8vo, pp. 696). Like its predecessors of the series, it is edited with a prefatory memoir and notes, by Mr. George E. Baker. Besides various important speeches before popular assemblies and in the Senate of the United States, it contains a *Biography of De Witt Clinton*, and several orations and addresses on *The Destiny of America*, at Columbus, Ohio, in 1853; *The True Basis of American Independence*, before the American Institute, New York, the same year; *The Physical, Moral, and Intellectual Development of the American People*, before the Phi Beta Kappa of Yale College, in 1854; and *The Pilgrims and Liberty*, an oration at Plymouth, Massachusetts, December 21, 1855.

*The last noticeable acts of Mr. Seward's public life related to the acquisition of Alaska, and to that firm diplomatic attitude which did much to compel the late Napoleon III. to abandon his ill-advised scheme of founding an empire in Mexico.

After retiring into private life in 1869, Mr. Seward visited California, Mexico, and the West Indies. In August, 1870, at the age of almost threescore and ten, he left his home at Auburn to extend his travels around the world; and he returned in good health fourteen months later. In the interim he had crossed the continent to the Pacific Ocean, visited Japan, China, and Cochin China, which particularly attracted his attention as connected with the developing commerce of our Pacific coast; also the Eastern Archipelago, the Straits of Malacca, and Ceylon; British India; Egypt and Palestine; and made a hasty return through Europe, by way of Constantinople and Athens, Hungary and Austria, Italy, Switzerland, France, Germany, and England. He was received by the rulers of every land with high honors, as a chief representative citizen of the Republic. While engaged in preparing two volumes as a legacy to posterity, he died at his home in Auburn, October 10, 1872. One work has appeared: *William H. Seward's Travels Around the World: Edited by Olive Risley Seward*, 1873, pp. 730; but the other, a History of his Life and Times, was left only half completed, and is expected to be finished by his son, Mr. F. W. Seward, who was Assistant Secretary of State. The duty of preparing a fitting memorial address to be delivered at Albany in April, 1873, was assigned to Hon. Charles Francis Adams, and faithfully discharged.

**** CONDITION OF CHINA — FROM TRAVELS AROUND THE WORLD.**

The Chinese, though not of the Caucasian race, have all its political, social, and moral capabilities. Long ago, they reached a higher plane of civilization than most of the European states attained until a much later period. The Western nations have since risen above that plane. The whole world is anxiously inquiring whether China is to retrieve the advantages she has lost, and if

she is to come within the family of modern civilized states. Mr. Burlingame's sanguine temperament and charitable disposition led him to form too favorable an opinion of the present condition of China. In his anxiety to secure a more liberal policy on the part of the Western nations toward the ancient empire, he gave us to understand, especially in his speeches, that, while China has much to learn from the Western nations, she is not without some peculiar institutions which they may advantageously adopt. This is not quite true. Although China is far from being a barbarous state, yet every system and institution there is inferior to its corresponding one in the West. Whether it be the abstract sciences, such as philosophy and psychology, or whether it be the practical forms of natural science, astronomy, geology, geography, natural history, and chemistry, or the concrete ideas of government and laws, morals and manners; whether it be in the æsthetic arts or mechanics, everything in China is effete. Chinese education rejects science; Chinese industry proscribes invention; Chinese morals appeal not to conscience but to convenience; Chinese architecture and navigation eschew all improvement; Chinese government maintains itself by extortion and terror; Chinese religion is materialistic — not even mystic, much less spiritual. If we ask how this inferiority has come about, among a people who have achieved so much in the past, and have capacities for greater achievement in the future, we must conclude that, owing to some error in their ancient social system, the faculty of invention has been arrested in its exercise and impaired.

China first became known to the Western world by the discovery of Marco Polo in the thirteenth century. At that period and until after the explorations of Vasco de Gama, China appears to have been not comparatively great, prosperous, and enlightened, but absolutely so. An empire extending from the snows of Siberia to the tropics, and from the Pacific to the mountain sources of the great rivers of Continental Asia, its population constituted one-fourth of the human race. Diversified climate and soil afforded all the resources of public and private wealth. Science and art developed those resources. Thus, when European nations came upon the shores of China, in the sixteenth century, they found the empire independent and self-sustaining. The Manchöos on the north had invaded the empire and substituted a Tartar dynasty at Peking for a native dynasty at Nanking, but the conquerors and the conquered were still Chinese, and the change was a revolution and not a subjugation. China having thus attained all the objects of national life, came to indulge a sentiment of supercilious pride, under the influence of which she isolated herself from all other nations. Her government from the earliest period was in the hands of a scholastic and pedantic class, a class which elsewhere has been found incapable of practical rule. Since the isolation took place, that class has effectively exercised all the powers of the state in repressing inquiry and stifling invention, through fear that change in any direction would result in their own overthrow. The long isolation of the empire, and the extirpation of native invention, have ended in reversing the position of China. From being self-sustaining and independent, as she was when found by the European States, she has become imbecile, dependent, and helpless. Without military science and art, she is at the mercy of Western nations. Without the science of political

economy, the Government is incapable of maintaining an adequate system of revenue; and, without the science of Western laws and morals, it is equally incapable of maintaining an impartial and effective administration of justice. Having refused to adopt Western arts and sciences, the Government is incapable of establishing and maintaining a beneficial domestic administration. Insurrections and revolutions are therefore unavoidable, nor can the Government repress them without the aid of the Western powers. She pays the European nations for making the clothing for her people, and the arms with which they must defend themselves. She imports not only the precious metals, but coal and iron, instead of allowing her own mines to be opened. She forbids the employment of steam and animal power in mechanics, and so largely excludes her fabrics from foreign markets.

Though China would now willingly leave all the world alone, other nations cannot afford to leave her alone. Great Britain must send her cotton fabrics and iron manufactures. The United States must send her steam-engines and agricultural implements, and bring away her coolies. Italy, France, and Belgium must have her silks, and all the world must have her teas, and send her their religions. All these operations cannot go on without steam-engines, stationary as well as marine, Hoe's printing-press, and the electric telegraph.

Now for the question of the prospects of China. Before attempting to answer this, it will be well to define intelligently the present political condition of China. Certainly it is no longer an absolutely sovereign and independent empire, nor has it yet become a protectorate of any other empire. It is, in short, a state under the constant and active surveillance of the Western maritime nations. This surveillance is exercised by their diplomatic representatives, and by their naval forces backed by the menace of military intervention. In determining whether this precarious condition of China is likely to continue, and whether its endurance is desirable, it would be well to consider what are the possible alternatives. There are only three: First, absolute subjugation by some foreign state; second, the establishment of a protectorate by some foreign state; third, a complete popular revolution, overthrowing not only the present dynasty, but the present form of government, and establishing one which shall be in harmony with the interests of China and the spirit of the age. The Chinese people, inflated with national pride, and contempt for Western sciences, arts, religions, morals, and manners, are not prepared to accept the latter alternative. The rivalry of the Western nations, with the fluctuations of the balance of their political powers, render it dangerous for any foreign state to assume a protectorate. The second alternative is, therefore, out of the question. We have already expressed the opinion that mankind have outlived the theory of universal empire, and certainly the absolute subjugation of China by any Western state would be a nearer approach to universal empire than Greek, or Roman, or Corsican, or Cossack ever dreamed of. The exercise of sovereignty in China by a national dynasty, under the surveillance and protection of the maritime powers, is the condition most favorable to the country and most desirable. The maintenance of it seems practicable so far as it depends upon the consent of the maritime surveillant powers. But how long the four hundred million of people

within the empire will submit to its continuance is a question which baffles all penetration. The present Government favors and does all it can to maintain it. Prince Kung and Wan-Siang are progressive and renovating statesmen, but a year or two hence a new emperor will come to the throne. The *literati*, now less bigoted than heretofore, have an unshaken prestige among the people, and, for aught any one can judge, the first decree of the new emperor may be the appointment of a reactionary ministry, with the decapitation of the present advisers of the throne. Let it, then, be the policy of the Western nations to encourage and sustain the sagacious reformers of China, and in dealing with that extraordinary people to practise in all things justice, moderation, kindness, and sympathy.

WILLIAM HENRY FURNESS.

WILLIAM H. FURNESS, born in 1802, was graduated at Harvard College in 1820; studied theology, and soon after his ordination in 1823, became the minister of a Unitarian church in Philadelphia. He published in 1836 a volume on the *Four Gospels*, which he expanded into a large work in 1838, entitled *Jesus and His Biographers*. He is also the author of *A Life of Christ; Domestic Worship; Julius, and Other Tales, from the German*, 1856; *Thoughts on the Life and Character of Jesus of Nazareth*, 1864; *The Veil Partly Lifted and Jesus Becoming Visible*, 1864; *Unconscious Truth of the Four Gospels*, 1868; *Jesus*, 1870.

Dr. Furness has translated Schiller's "Song of the Bell," and a number of other German poems, with great beauty and fidelity. A portion of these have been collected in a small volume with the title, *Gems of German Verse*. He is also the author of several hymns included in the collection in use by his denomination.

His theological position is somewhat peculiar and quite conspicuous, even in a denomination so strongly marked by individualities as his own. He accepts for the most part the miraculous facts of the New Testament, yet accounts for them by the moral and spiritual forces resulting from the pre-eminent character of the Saviour, who, in his view, is an exalted form of humanity.

As a preacher, Dr. Furness has great power, and his sermons, of which a volume appeared in 1855, are remarkable for the union of speculation and feeling.

HYMN.

What is this? and whither, whence,
This consuming secret sense,
Longing for its rest and food,
In some hidden, untried good?

Naught that charms the ear or eye
Can its hunger satisfy;
Active, restless, it would pierce
Through the outward universe.

'Tis the soul, mysterious name!
God it seeks, from God it came;
While I muse, I feel the fire,
Burning on, and mounting higher.

Onward, upward, to thy throne,
O thou Infinite, unknown,

Still it presseth, till it see
Thee in all, and all in thee.

HYMN.

I feel within a want
For ever burning there;
What I so thirst for, grant,
O Thou who hearest prayer.

This is the thing I crave,
A likeness to thy Son;
This would I rather have
Than call the world my own.

'Tis my most fervent prayer;
Be it more fervent still,
Be it my highest care,
Be it my settled will.

****A son of Dr. Furness, Horace Howard Furness, is now editing a *New Variorum Edition of Shakespeare*, embracing the various readings of the principal editors. The first volume, *Romeo and Juliet*, appeared in 1871, and *Macbeth* in 1873. In a spirit of sympathy with this work, Mrs. H. H. Furness has prepared a *Concordance to the Poems of Shakespeare. Part I: Venus and Adonis*, appeared in 1872.**

COLLEGE OF CHARLESTON, S. C.—SOUTH CAROLINA COLLEGE, COLUMBIA.

ONE of the first liberal institutions of learning founded in South Carolina was the College of Charleston. It was incorporated by an Act of the Legislature in 1786. Several legacies had been left by citizens of the state, endowing the first college which might be chartered, and these the College of Charleston shared in common with two others which were chartered on the same day.

The Rev. Dr. Robert Smith, afterwards Protestant Episcopal Bishop of the diocese, then the master of the grammar-school in Charleston, was appointed the Principal, and in 1794 the first class graduated with the degree of Bachelor of Arts. The old barracks of the city were employed as the college edifice; and here the studies were continued until 1825. The institution never having been separated from the grammar-school, did not acquire the rank of a college, and in a few years became merely a private school. In 1829 it was revived under the superintendence of Bishop Bowen, its oldest graduate, by the union of three of the principal private schools in the city; and by means of the liberality of the citizens the old barracks were removed and a more commodious building erected. Bishop Bowen, having reorganized the college, retired from its management, and was succeeded by the Rev. Jasper Adams, D.D. The grammar-school was still attached to the college; and financial difficulties having arisen, the exercises were suspended in 1835.

In 1837 the charter was amended, the college ceded its property to the city, which in return charged itself with its maintenance, and it was reorganized in 1838, the Rev. William Brantly being appointed president. Dr. Brantly died in 1845, and was succeeded by the second incumbent, W. Peronneau Finley. The faculty consists of a President, and Professors of Moral Sciences, Greek and Latin, Astronomy and Natural Philosophy,

Mathematics, History and Belles Lettres, and of Zoology and Palæontology, with the Curatorship of the Museum or Cabinet of Natural History attached. Mr. N. R. Middleton is now president (1872).

The late Elias Horry, Esq., by a donation of six thousand dollars, founded the Horry Professorship of Moral Philosophy, which is held ex officio by the President. In 1848 the citizens generally, by subscription, endowed a Professorship of History and Belles Lettres.

To the liberality of the citizens also, at the suggestion made in 1850, at the session in Charleston of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, the college is indebted for a very large and valuable Cabinet of Natural History. Among those who were most forward in contributing to this collection may be mentioned the names of Messrs. Tuomey, Holmes, Bachman, Audubon, and Agassiz. Dr. L. A. Frampton has presented his valuable library to the college, and the munificence of the legislature has supplied the means of building a suitable house for its reception. The late Ker Boyce, Esq., bequeathed by his will the sum of thirty thousand dollars, to be appropriated to the support of young men of the Baptist communion, while attending the course of instruction in the college. The average number of students is from fifty to sixty; and the curriculum does not differ materially from that of other colleges in the Union.

The Rev. J. W. Miles, eminent as a clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Charleston, for his scholarship and for his fine philosophical powers of mind, was connected with this institution as Professor of the History of Philosophy and of Greek Literature. His published addresses—a discourse before the graduating class in 1851; *The Ground of Morals*, a discourse on a similar occasion in 1852; and another, *The Student of Philosophy*, at the close of the same year before the Literary Societies of the South Carolina College—exhibit his scholarship, vigor, and originality of thought and enthusiasm. An elaborate work from his pen, published by John Russell in Charleston, *Philosophic Theology; or Ultimate Grounds of all Religious Belief based in Reason*, established his reputation as a theologian. The work is a metaphysical discussion of points of faith, “springing from the necessity which the mind of the writer has felt for rendering to itself a sufficient reason for its convictions respecting religious belief, upon grounds of certainty, beyond the ordinary sphere of controversy.” Mr. Miles was the orator appointed by the joint committee of the city council and citizens of Charleston on occasion of the funeral of the Hon. John C. Calhoun. In his address he presented a philosophical view of the character and relations of the statesman. He has also been a contributor to the Southern Quarterly Review.

SOUTH CAROLINA COLLEGE was founded by Act of Assembly in December, 1801, which declared that the proper education of youth should always be an object of legislative attention as contributing to the prosperity of society; and placed the institution in a central position “where all its youth may be educated for the good order and harmony of the whole.” A board of trustees was established which secured to the college the ser-



South Carolina College.

vices and influence of the first men of the state. The Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, the President of the Senate and Speaker of the House, and all the judges and chancellors are trustees ex officio, and twenty others are elected by the Legislature every four years. The Governor is President of the Board. Lately the Chairmen of the Committees of both houses on the College and Education, are made ex officio members. The full board is composed of thirty-six, generally of the most influential men in the state.

The accommodations for students are ample. A new hall for Commencement and other purposes has been lately added to the buildings, at an expense of about thirty-five thousand dollars. It is of the Corinthian order, of large dimensions, being one hundred and thirty feet in length, sixty-eight in breadth, and fifty-nine in height. The library, though not large, is a very choice one. There are now upwards of 20,000 volumes; and it contains many rare and costly works. Gen. Charles Cotesworth Pinckney and Judge Johnson of the U. S. Court, were members of the committee who made the first purchase of books when the College went into operation. They were procured in London, from the well known bookseller, Lackington. Many of the finest volumes belonged to private libraries, and the names of some of the most distinguished men in England may be found in them, as former proprietors.

For the later selections of books for the library it is much indebted to Dr. Cooper, Professors Henry, Nott, and Elliott, and President Thornwell, but most especially to the late Stephen Elliott, Professor Nott, and Professor now Bishop Elliott. A number of books were ordered by Mr. Stephen Elliott, and purchased by Mr. Henry Junius Nott, then in Europe, and afterwards Professor of Belles Lettres. Since 1836 the sum of \$62,374 has been expended. The collection is rich in costly foreign works, illustrating the Fine Arts, Antiquities, Classical Literature, and the specialities of science.

The general welfare of the College was liberally provided for by its endowment and the state appropriation. The President and seven professors were all furnished with comfortable residences. The salary of the President was \$3,000, payable quarterly in advance, and that of the Professors

\$2,500, payable in the same manner, from the public treasury. In 1845 the Comptroller-General reported the whole amount of expenditure by the State, on the College, up to that date, at \$698,679 23. The annual appropriation amounted in 1854 to \$24,600. For many years the state has also appropriated \$37,000 for free schools, and at the meeting of the Legislature in December, 1854, it was increased to \$74,600, besides some \$3,000 for two military schools. No appropriation asked by the Board of Trustees has ever been refused. Of course great discretion and wisdom have been exercised in all cases where applications have been made.

The Presidents of the College have been—Jonathan Maxcy, 1804 to 1820; Stephen Elliott, 1820, declined to accept; Thomas Cooper, 1820, *pro tem.*; Thomas Cooper, 1821 to 1834; Robert Henry, 1834, *pro tem.*; Robert W. Barnwell, 1835 to 1843; Robert Henry, 1843 to 1845; Wm. C. Preston, 1845 to 1851; Jas. H. Thornwell, 1851 to 1856; A. B. Longstreet, 1857 to 1861; Rev. Robert W. Barnwell, LL. D., 1870.

The first President, Dr. Maxcy, has the honor of having discharged that office with efficiency in three colleges. He was born in Attleborough, Mass., Sept. 2, 1768; was educated at Brown University, where in 1787, on taking his degree, he delivered a poem on the Prospects of America. He was then tutor in the College for four years. Having qualified himself for the ministry, in 1791 he was ordained pastor of the First Baptist Church at Providence, and the same day Professor of Divinity in the University. On the death of President Manning, in 1792, he was chosen his successor at the early age of twenty-four. He delivered at this time several discourses, which were published; a Sermon on the Death of Manning, Discourses on the Existence and Attributes of God and on the Doctrine of the Atonement. In 1802 he was called to succeed President Jonathan Edwards, at Union, where he remained till 1804. The rest of his life was passed as the head of the College at Columbia. He died June 4, 1820. His high personal qualities and virtues in his office were thus commemorated in 1854, in an oration by the Hon. James L. Pettigru, on the Semi-Centennial celebration of the College.

Jonathan Maxcy exerted no little influence on the character of the youth of his day; and his name is never to be mentioned by his disciples without reverence. He had many eminent qualifications for his office. His genius was æsthetic; persuasion flowed from his lips; and his eloquence diffused over every subject the bright hues of a warm imagination. He was deeply imbued with classical learning, and the philosophy of the human mind divided his heart with the love of polite literature. With profound piety, he was free from the slightest taint of bigotry or narrowness. Early in life he had entered into the ministry, under sectarian banners; but though he never resiled from the creed which he had adopted—so Catholic was his spirit—so genial his soul to the inspirations of faith, hope, and charity—that whether in the chair or the pulpit, he never seemed to us less than an Apostolic teacher. Never will the charm of his eloquence be erased from the memory on which its impression has once been made. His elocution was equally winning and peculiar. He spoke in the most deliberate manner; his voice was clear and gentle; his action composed and quiet; yet no man had such command over the noisy sallies of youth. His presence quelled every disorder. The most riotous offender shrank from the reproof of that pale brow and intellectual eye. The reverence that attended him stilled the progress of disaffection; and to him belonged the rare power—exercised in the face of wondering Europe by Lamartine—of quelling by persuasion, the spirit of revolt.

THOMAS COOPER, one of the most active spirits sent over by the old world to establish themselves in the politics of the new, was born in London, October 22, 1759. Having been educated at Oxford, become a proficient in chemistry, and acquired a knowledge of the law and medicine, he brought these acquisitions to America, joining his friend, Dr. Priestley,* at Northumberland,

having been driven from England by the part which he took in reference to French politics, in becoming the agent of an English democratic club to a revolutionary club in France, and issuing a pamphlet in reply to an attack on him by Burke, which was threatened with prosecution. In the United States he became a Jeffersonian politician, and attacking Adams in a newspaper communication, which he published in the Pennsylvania Reading Weekly Advertiser of October 26, 1799, was tried for a libel under the seditious law in 1800, and sentenced to six months' imprisonment and a fine of four hundred dollars.*

The Democratic party coming into power Governor M'Kean appointed Cooper, in 1806, President Judge of one of the Pennsylvania Common Pleas districts, an office which he filled with energy, but from which he was removed in 1811 by Governor Snyder at the request of the Legislature, on representations chiefly of an overbearing temper. He became Professor of Chemistry in Dickinson College at Carlisle, and subsequently, in 1816, held a professorship of Mineralogy and Chemistry in the University of Pennsylvania, and shortly after, in 1819, became at first Professor of Chemistry, then, in 1820, President of the South Carolina College. He also discharged the duties of Professor of Chemistry and Political Economy. Retiring from this post on account of age in 1834, he was employed by the Legislature of South Carolina in revising the statutes of the state. He died May 11, 1840.

Of his writings we may mention a volume of statistics entitled *Information respecting America*, published in London in 1794; a collection of Political Essays in 1800, contributed to the Northumberland Gazette in Pennsylvania, which he "conducted for a short time to enable the printer of that paper to proceed more expeditiously with a work of Dr. Priestley's then in the press;"† a translation of *The Institutes of Justinian*, which

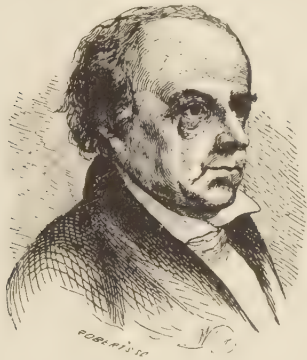
* Priestley, the son of a cloth-dresser near Leeds, whose scientific discoveries in England had stamped him as one of the first chemists of the age, and whose religious and political principles, as a Unitarian and advocate of the French Revolution, had rendered him the object of popular persecution (his house and library in Birmingham were burnt by the mob in 1791), came to America, whither his sons had already emigrated in 1794. He arrived in New York on the fourth of June of that year, and was received with great attention by the citizens, who, not long after, proposed a subscription of a thousand dollars for a course of lectures on Experimental Philosophy, if he would deliver them. In July he went to Northumberland in Pennsylvania, where his son had an agricultural settlement. He soon established himself in his old habits, constructing a library, writing books as rapidly as usual, and resuming his chemical experiments. He was offered the Professorship of Chemistry in the University of Pennsylvania, with a good salary, and declined the appointment, preferring his own disposition of his time in retirement. He delivered two courses of public lectures however, at Philadelphia in 1798 and 1799, on the *Evidences of Revelation*, which he published in two volumes, the first of which he dedicated to John Adams, who was then his hearer and admirer. His *Continuation of the History of the Christian Church, from the fall of the Western Empire to the present time*, was written in America and published at Northampton in four volumes in 1808. It was dedicated to Jefferson. He also wrote in this country. In reply to Volney's and Paine's attacks upon Revelation, and in addition to the Linn controversy, a number of miscellaneous theological productions, with a *Comparison of the Institutes of Moses with those of the Hindoos and other ancient nations*. On American politics Priestley found himself not altogether free from his old English difficulties, as his sympathy for France brought him in collision with the Federal party; though his latter days were soothed by the ascendancy of his friend and correspondent Jefferson. In 1774, at Franklin's request, he had written an address to the people of England on the American disputes, calculated to show the injustice and impolicy of a war with the colonies. It was written by Priestley at Leeds, and Franklin corrected the proofs for him at London. His *Maxims of Political Arithmetic by a Quaker in Politics*, first published in the Aurora, February 26 and 27, 1798, contain in a very neat essay

some admirable suggestions on free trade and national honor. He communicated his scientific papers to the Medical Repository of New York. The entire number of his publications reaches one hundred and forty-one. An edition of his works has been published in England in twenty-five volumes, edited by Towell and Rutt. His *Memoirs* indicate the philosophical serenity of his character. They touch lightly upon his American period, as they close with the year 1795; but the continuation by his son Joseph Priestley contains many interesting notices of his residence at Northumberland, particularly a simple and affecting account of his death, which he met with great tranquillity at that place, February 6th, 1804, in his seventy-second year. A candid and discriminating account of his career has been written by Lord Brougham in his "Lives of Men of Letters and Science, who flourished in the time of George III." An anecdote given by Brougham is highly characteristic of Priestley's manners, and of his position in the religious world of America into which he was introduced. "He happened to visit a friend whose wife received him in her husband's absence, but feared to name him before a Calvinistic divine present. By accident his name was mentioned, and the lady then introduced him. But he of the Genevan school drew back, saying, 'Dr. Joseph Priestley?' and then added in the American tongue, (query, what does Lord Brougham mean by the American tongue? the Choctaw?) 'I cannot be cordial.' Whereupon the Doctor, with his usual placid demeanor, said that he and the lady might be allowed to converse until their host should return. By degrees the conversation became general; the repudiator was won over by curiosity first, then by gratification; he remained till a late hour hanging upon Priestley's lips; he took his departure at length, and told his host as he quitted the house, that never had he passed so delightful an evening; though he admitted that he had begun it 'by behaving like a fool and a brute.' One such anecdote (and there are many current) is of more force to describe its subject than a hundred labored paragraphs."

† Wharton's State Trials of the United States, pp. 659-681.
+ Preface to Second Edition. Philadelphia. 1800.

appeared in Philadelphia in 1812; his *Medical Jurisprudence* in 1819. He was engaged in the publication of a magazine of scientific information, *The Emporium of Arts and Sciences*, five volumes of which appeared in Philadelphia from 1812 to 1814. Two of these were prepared by Dr. John Redman Coxe, the remainder by Dr. Cooper.

In 1826 he published at Columbia, South Carolina, his *Lectures on the Elements of Political Economy*. They were written as a class-book for his students, but are strongly impressed with his manly utterance of opinions for all readers. His advocacy of free trade at home and abroad, in foreign and domestic regulations, of trade and government, is urged in his bold, dogmatic style, with constant effect. His miscellaneous writings on law and medicine were numerous. In politics he always held a forcible pen. He was a vigorous pamphleteer in the nullification contest in South Carolina, taking the side of the ultra states rights doctrine.



J. R. Cooper

Of his conversational powers, which were remarkable from the natural strength of his perception, his controversial taste, his knowledge of distinguished men, and his wide personal experience of memorable affairs, we are enabled to present something more than this general recognition in a few passages of his table-talk, copied for us by his friend and intimate, the late Colonel D. J. McCord, who entered them at the time in his note-book. Though the date is not given, the period is that of Dr. Cooper's last years at Columbia.

MEMORANDA OF TABLE-TALK OF JUDGE COOPER.

Sunday, 26. When I was going over to Paris with Watt during the French Revolution, being both members of the club at Manchester, we had letters from the club to Robespierre, Petion, and other members of the Jacobine clubs of Paris. I called on Petion and told him my business, and that I wished to be introduced to Robespierre. Petion was a clever fellow, and more like an Englishman than any Frenchman I have ever seen. Good, candid fellow, on whom you might rely. He took me to Robespierre's. We passed through a carpenter's shop, and went up a ladder to the place occupied by Robespierre. He was dressed up. A complete *petit maitre*, a dandy. A little pale man, with dark hair.

He received me well. I told him that I had written an address to deliver to the club, and requested him to deliver it for me, as I spoke French badly. He said he would. I wrote the address, and Watt translated it into French. We went to the club (he mentioned which, but it has escaped me), and he with others sat under the canopy (I think he said) where the president sits. He mentioned who presided. After a while a loud noise was made, and a call for Citizen Cooper (*Citoyen Gouappé*) and Watt, and for the address of *Citoyen Gouappé* which had been formally announced. I requested Robespierre to take it and read it as he had promised. He declined, and I insisted, until he refused positively, when the noise increasing, I told him—" *Citoyen Robespierre, vous êtes un coquin !* " and with that I mounted and delivered my address, which was well received, and with considerable noise. After that (which was before Robespierre commenced his reign of blood), I kept company principally with the Brissotians. The day after the above affair took place at the club, several persons told me to take care of myself, for that Robespierre and his friends had their designs upon us. Spies were set upon us. We were informed of it, and their names furnished, which he mentioned. We invited them regularly to dinner, and the poor devils not being used to drinking wine, we always got them drunk after dinner. One evening, at the house of a person whose name I did not catch, where many Brissotians were present, Watt and I proposed that if they would gather as many friends as they could and go with us, to support us at the club, I would insult Robespierre before the whole assembly, and compel him to challenge us to fight. We should have broken him up that night. We did not care for responsibility there, it would have been all amusement. Such was our excitement, I would as leave have fought him as not. I would have liked it. We might have got him off, but d—n the bit these fellows would agree to join us. They would not risk it. At last we were denounced by Robespierre, and Watt went off to Germany, and I returned to England. Now those four months that I spent in Paris were the most happy and pleasant of my life. I laughed more than I ever did before or have since. I lived four years.

It is curious, but I believe the fact from what I saw, that during the most dreadful times of that Revolution, during its most bloody period, the people of Paris enjoyed more aggregate happiness than at any other period of their lives. Every moment was a century. When there every energy of my mind was called out, every moment engaged. Some important event unceasingly occurred, and incessantly occupied the mind. He laughed, and said that after he had left France he was set up as a candidate for convention, by some one, in opposition to the Duke of Orleans, but the duke beat him.

Speaking of the King of France, he was asked if he could have been saved. *Dr. C.* Aye! that he could. Very easily. The Brissotians were anxious to save him. Petion wrote to Pitt, or communicated through Marat, and some one else, with the English minister, and said that if he would furnish £100,000 he might be saved. Pitt refused it. H. could not believe that Pitt refused unless he considered it as a trick. P. thought he would have refused it, for the very reason that he wished the king killed, as his wish was that France would commit the greatest excesses, to deter England from following her detestable example. Mrs. Grant told him that she once dined in company with Pitt. She always spoke of it with great enthusiasm. It was an era in her life. Pitt came to dinner on an express promise that politics

should not be introduced, as he was at that time in bad health. However, Pitt got in a good humor and seemed disposed to give them a talk on politics; and reclining back in his chair, with what she called the vacant stare of genius, gave them a talk of an hour's length.

Dr. C. speaking of the time he lived at Sunbury, Northumberland, Pa., he said it was a complete blank in his life. P. observed that he was then in hot water. Yes, but I have forgotten nearly everything in connexion with those matters. It got me in jail, where I stayed six months (in Philadelphia). But I there had good company every day and night. At night I had the best company in Philadelphia. They all called on me. Everything that was good was sent to me—wine—claret, Madeira, port, cider—everything came, God knows how or from where, and cost me nothing. However, I had to pay \$400. Crafts the other day published my speech on that occasion. I had no counsel. I advocated my own cause. He was asked if the Constitutionality of the Alien and Sedition Law was questioned in the case? No, Chase would not suffer it. He then gave us some curious anecdotes concerning Chase.

Sunday, 16. Speaking of Dr. Johnson. P. called him a bigot in politics and religion. Dr. C. No! No! In a political conversation which I had with Dr. Johnson he said, "I believe in no such thing as the *jure divino* of kings. I have no such belief; but I believe that monarchy is the most conducive to the happiness and safety of the people of every nation, and therefore I am a monarchist, but as to its divine right, that is all stuff. I think every people have the right to establish such government as they may think most conducive to their interest and happiness."

Boswell, continued Dr. C., was the greatest fool I ever knew. He was a real idiot. I am sure I have a right to say so. He came to Lancaster assizes once when I was there. He took his seat at the bar, and Park (on insurance), Sir Samuel Romilly, myself, and perhaps some others, subscribed three guineas upon a brief, and docketed a feigned issue, and sent a fellow to employ him. He received the brief and the three guineas, and when the case was called, he rose at the bar, to the great amusement of the whole court, yet he proceeded to open the case, which the court soon understood, and on some pretence postponed the affair. He stayed in the same house with us, and I think he said he drank two or three bottles of port and got drunk.

Burke, he said, he knew very well. He was the most excessive talker he ever knew, and, at times, very tiresome. Speaking of the republican clubs in England during the French revolution, he said his party at Manchester made much more noise than any other in England. Burke denounced Dr. Priestley and himself (Dr. C.), one day in the House of Commons. Cooper replied to it in a pamphlet, which he had, and I have read. A young man, he said, must lay in a large stock of democracy, if he expects it to hold out to my age. We laughed, and told him that he had given up his democracy as to England, but not as to America. But he replied, that he was now a constitutional democrat. He was opposed to the many steps taken by the United States government, as well as the United States courts, towards a consolidated government. He thought none but freeholders were of *right* entitled to vote and to be represented. It might be policy in a nation to permit others, but all others are mere sojourners, and have no such *right*. It would be better if a compromise could be made between freeholders and numbers, but that could not be done.

He admitted that there was evil in general suffrage, and evil likewise in not suffering it, but it could not be claimed as a *right*. P. observed that Sir James Mackintosh had given up all his French politics. That he had heard him in a conversation of some hours, with his feet in the American fashion against the fire-place, give a character of Burke in the most elevated and eloquent strains. He said he had relinquished his notions on the French revolution, and that he had agreed perfectly with Mr. Burke, and that he had the most exalted ideas of his politics, literary taste, and eloquence.

Dr. C. expressed his surprise.

In 1792 he came to America, and he said in February, 1793, he returned to attend his friend Walker's trial for sedition, at Lancaster. Erskine and himself took seats at the bar as counsel for Walker. The case was tried, and they produced a witness who proved the perjury of a witness (Dunn), and subornation by the agents of the ministry. Walker was acquitted, and on motion of Erskine, Dunn was immediately committed. He, C., drew up a bill of indictment against him, and at the next assizes he was convicted, and imprisoned. He returned to America in September.

At Horne Tooke's, said the doctor, one day at dinner I met Thelwell, the Radical. Walker and he went up to Horne Tooke and told him that they were surprised to meet Thelwell there, that they were sure he was a spy from the violent and imprudent manner in which he spoke of government. Horne Tooke said that he had not invited him, and that Thelwell forced himself upon him. Tooke then turned to Thelwell and said, "You know that some time since, when it was expected that there would be a revolution in this country, that you had a list of gentlemen proscribed, who were first to be cut off, and that I was placed nearly at the top, and Mr. Cooper soon after." Thelwell never said a word. He could not deny it.—These radicals, he said, were great rascals.

February 22. Dr. C.: "Now M., I dine professor — on Sunday, but will not have meat enough to feed you also. So come after dinner. Mind, I invite you to drink, not to eat." During the evening he said to me, when you become a member of the legislature take my advice, conciliate the fools; for they are always the majority. Be kind to them. Give them your ideas. Let them use them. Do their business for them. Write for them. Draw their bills and resolutions. Make one good speech during the session, and hold your peace. By that means you will gain them. Take my advice. Pursue it. It prescribes the course Legaré should have taken, but he chose the opposite. Sense, eloquence, speeches wont do. You must work into their favor.

March 2. Explained what he meant by saying that he had not taken in a sufficient stock of democracy. That it was running into excess in America, and that it had rendered the people too fond of change, and that these changes were too often effected by the ignorant and lower classes.

The REV. ROBERT HENRY, LL.D., the successor of Dr. Cooper in the College Presidency, was born in Charleston, S. C., on the 6th December, 1792, and received the first rudiments of education in that city. He commenced the study of the Latin language at the early age of six, and in 1803 was sent by his mother, then a widow, to the neighborhood of London, where for some time he remained under the private tuition of a highly respectable clergyman. In 1811 he entered the Edinburgh University, and was gra-

duated there in 1814, and after a visit and short residence on the continent, returned to South Carolina in 1815. For two years he was minister to the French Huguenot Church of Charleston, where once a month he preached in French. In November, 1818, at the suggestion of Judge King of Charleston, a highly competent judge of his merits, Mr. Henry was elected Professor of Logic and Moral Philosophy in the South Carolina College, and was afterwards made Professor of Metaphysics, Moral and Political Philosophy, and, perhaps, was the first person who gave lectures in the United States on Free Trade, and Political Economy generally. In 1834 he was made president of the College, which he resigned in 1835. At a subsequent period, in 1836, he was induced to accept the appointment of Professor of Metaphysics and Belles Lettres in the South Carolina College. In 1840 he was again appointed President, but in 1843, upon being relieved from certain duties in the government of the college, and allowed to reside without the precincts, accepted the Professorship of Greek, newly established, and expressly at his suggestion. He continued to perform these learned duties till his death, February 6, 1856.

Mr. Henry, to an intimate acquaintance with the ancient languages, united a familiar knowledge of the modern. He spoke French, German, and Dutch fluently. His reading was encyclopædian, and his memory equal to his reading. His social qualities were eminent, and his conversation delightful and instructive. While Dr. Cooper was at his best, it was rare to meet such charming conversation as was exhibited at that time at the dinner tables, and other society at Columbia, in which Cooper, Preston, Henry, Legaré, Nott, Petigru, Harper, and others were conspicuous, and would not have appeared to disadvantage in the best London society, not even alongside of Rogers, or of Conversation Sharp, with both of whom Cooper had been specially intimate in his early European days.*

It is to be regretted that Mr. Henry's health was feeble for years before his death. This may have rendered his works few in number, in proportion to his learning and abilities. He has published, in 1829, *Eulogy on Dr. E. D. Smith, late Professor of Chemistry in the South Carolina College*. In 1830, *Eulogy on Jonathan Macey, late President*. A Sermon on duelling, before the Legislature of South Carolina. In 1847, two Sermons at the Pinckney Lecture in Charleston. In 1850, *A Eulogy on John C. Calhoun*. For the Southern Review, he wrote articles on *Niebuhr's Roman History*, *La Motte Fouqué, Goethe's Wilhelm Meister*, and *Waterhouse's Junius*. Dr. Henry has always been a friend of free trade, and the constitutional rights of the states as opposed to a great central power.

The next President of the college, the Hon. WILLIAM C. PRESTON, was the distinguished statesman, lawyer, and orator, of South Carolina. He was born December 27, 1794, at Philadelphia, while his father was at the National Congress at that place, as a member from Virginia. His mater-

nal grandmother was the sister of Patrick Henry. He was educated at the University of North Carolina, and studied law in the office of William Wirt, at Richmond. From 1816 to 1819 he travelled in Europe, visiting England, France, and Switzerland, and residing for a while at Edinburgh, where he attended with Mr. Legaré the philosophical lectures at the university. In 1821 he was admitted to the practice of the law in Virginia. He removed the next year to Columbia, in South Carolina, and soon became engaged in political life. In 1824 he was elected to the House of Representatives, and in 1832 to the Senate of the United States. After ten years' service in the last position, where he maintained an eminent rank as an orator, he returned to the practice of the law in South Carolina. He held the Presidency of the College for six years, imparting to the institution the influence of his refined scholarship, elegant tastes, and winning manners. He retired in consequence of ill health, and resided at Columbia till his death, May 22, 1860.

THE REV. DR. JAMES H. THORNWELL, the successor to Mr. Preston, was born in Marlborough District, South Carolina, in 1811. He was educated at the South Carolina College, and was graduated, with the highest distinction in his class, in December, 1819. He afterwards commenced the study of the law, but soon abandoned it for the church. As a Presbyterian clergyman, he commenced preaching as minister of Waxsaw church. At the age of twenty-five he was elected Professor of Logic and Belles Lettres in the South Carolina College, the duties of which he performed with distinction for two years, but resigned, on being elected pastor of the Presbyterian church at Columbia, S. C. After two years' service there, where his reputation daily grew, he was induced to accept the Professorship of the Evidences of Christianity, and the position of chaplain, upon the resignation of those places by Mr. now Bishop Elliott. Here he remained until May, 1852, when he took charge of Glebe Street Church, Charleston. Previous to this removal, Mr. Thornwell had received very flattering invitations from various Northern cities, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and St. Louis, but declined them all.

Upon the resignation of the Presidency by Mr. Preston, in December, 1852, Dr. Thornwell was elected to succeed him. He returned to Columbia, and has continued to fill the office with deserved distinction and popularity. The number of students was then about two hundred, and the college was never in a better condition either as to education, morals, or manners. To the great regret of the state generally, the Presbyteriansynod thought it advisable in 1855 to demand the services of Dr. Thornwell for their theological seminary in Columbia, a call which he believed it his duty, under his clerical obligations, to obey.*

* The following is a list of Dr. Thornwell's publications:—1. A Sermon on the Vanity and Glory of Man, preached October 9, 1842, in the College Chapel. 2. A Sermon on the Necessity of the Atonement, preached December 1843, in the College Chapel. 3. Arguments of Romanists Discussed and Refuted in relation to the Apocryphal Books of the Old Testament, published in New York, 1845. 4. Discourses on Truth, published in New York, 1855. 5. The following articles have been contributed to the Southern Presbyterian Review, printed in Columbia:—1. The Office of Reason in regard to Revelation. Vol. 1. Art. 1. No. 1. 2. The Christian Pastor. Vol. 1. No. 2.

* In this personal tribute, and in other parts of this article, we employ the words of the communication of the late Dr. J. M'Cord, whose sudden and lamented death occurred while this work was passing through the press. *Ante*, p. 26-8.

Dr. Thornwell was familiar with Greek, Roman, French, German, and other languages and literature. His popularity with the students, and his tact in the management of youth, connected with the high respect generally entertained for him in the state, caused his withdrawal to be deeply felt. He died at Charlotte, N. C., August 1, 1862.

** In common with the entire community of this State, the University of South Carolina suffered greatly from the ravages of the rebellion, and in 1870 its entire class of students numbered only forty-two.

ORESTES A. BROWNSON.

THIS eminent speculative inquirer, ingenious thinker, and exponent of various religious opinions in his writings, is a native of Vermont, where he was born about the beginning of the century. In his education he has been what is usually, though incorrectly, called a self-made man; and he must always have been an earnest one, for we find him early in life a diligent inquirer in the higher walks of religious philosophy. As the life of Mr. Brownson has been passed in the pursuits of the thinker and scholar, with little external incident beyond that involved in his several changes of opinion, which have carried him in succession through different associations and sets of companions, we may cite, as a portion of his biography, what he has himself chosen to say on the subject. "Much," he remarks in the preface to the collection of his Essays, in 1852, "has been said first and last in the newspapers as to the frequent changes I have undergone, and I am usually sneered at as a weathercock in religion and politics. This seldom disturbs me, for I happen to know that most of the changes alleged are purely imaginary. I was born in a Protestant community, of Protestant parents, and was brought up, so far as I was brought up at all, a Presbyterian. At the age of twenty-one I passed from Presbyterianism to what is sometimes called Liberal Christianity, to which I remained attached, at first under the form of Universalism, afterwards under that of Unitarianism, till the age of forty-one, when I had the happiness of being received into the Catholic Church. Here is the sum total of my religious changes. I no doubt experienced difficulties in defending the doctrines I professed, and I shifted my ground of defence more than once, but not the doctrines themselves.

"I was during many years, no doubt, a radical and a socialist, but both after a fashion of my own. I held two sets of principles, the one set the same that I hold now, the other the set I have rejected. I supposed the two sets could be held

consistently together, that there must be some way, though I never pretended to be able to discover it, of reconciling them with each other. Fifteen years' trial and experience convinced me to the contrary, and that I must choose which set I would retain and which cast off. My natural tendency was always to conservatism, and democracy, in the sense I now reject it, I never held. In politics, I always advocated, as I advocate now, a limited government indeed, but a strong and efficient government. Here is the sum total of my political changes. I never acknowledged allegiance to any party. From 1838 to 1843, I acted with the Democratic party, because during those years it contended for the public policy I approved; since then I have adhered to no party. No party, as such, ever had any right to count on me, and most likely none ever will have. I do not believe in the infallibility of political parties, and I always did and probably always shall hold myself free to support the men and measures of any party, or to oppose them, according to my own independent convictions of what is or is not for the common good of my country." To this comprehensive outline and self-justification of an active career, we may supply some of the details as furnished by Mr. Brownson's publications.

His first work, published in 1836, entitled, *New Views of Christian Society and the Church*, was written while he was minister of an Independent congregation at Boston, which was called "The Society for Christian Union and Progress." It was marked by French and German opinions, which the writer put forward without particular reference to the religious body of Unitarians to which he was then attached. At this period Mr. Brownson was a contributor to the *Christian Examiner*. A novel which he published in 1840, *Charles Elwood, or the Infidel Converted*, is a psychological sketch, in which the writer shows minutely the mental struggle through which his hero passed. The form of fiction is but a thin covering, and a slight impediment to, if it does not assist, a purely philosophical essay. It was about this time that Mr. Brownson commenced the course of independent periodical literature in which he has since been engaged. He published the *Boston Quarterly Review*, in five annual volumes, written from the commencement mostly by himself, from 1838 to 1842, when he merged the work in the *Democratic Review* at New York, to which he became a stated contributor. His articles "On the Origin and Ground of Government," "Democracy," and "Liberty," and similar topics, proved, however, to be of an unaccommodating character to the supporters of that journal, and Mr. Brownson withdrew from its pages to resume his independent *Review*, in which he could freely unfold his own sentiments and opinions without seeking to conciliate or being controlled by other interests. He then, in 1844, began at Boston the publication of the journal entitled *Brownson's Quarterly Review*, which has since been continued without interruption, although about 1855 he removed from Boston, and has since resided near New York city. In this, Mr. Brownson having become a devoted member of the Papal Church, maintains his new views of Catholicism, in the same fluent, commanding style, once so well adapted to the energy of Democracy and the schemes of Socialism.

Art. 6. 8. The Elder Question. Vol. ii. No. 1. Art. 1. 4. Paul's Preaching at Athens. Vol. ii. No. 4. Art. 1. 5. Thoughts upon the Priesthood of Christ. Vol. iii. No. 4. Art. 6. Philosophy of Religion (Review of Morrell). Vol. iii. No. 2. Art. 5. 7. Philosophy of Religion (Review of Morell). Vol. iii. No. 3. Art. 6. 8. Slavery and the Religious Instruction of the Colored Population. Vol. iv. No. 1. Art. 6. The substance of this article was also published as a Sermon on the Rights and Duties of Masters. 9. Dissertation on Miracles (Matt. xxii. 9). Vol. iv. No. 4. Art. 2. 10. Validity of Popish Baptism; a series of articles commenced in Vol. v. No. 1, and continued in successive numbers. 11. Report on Slavery. Vol. v. No. 8. Art. 3. To these may be added a Sermon on the occasion of the Death of the Hon. J. C. Calhoun, preached in the College Chapel, April, 1850. In 1871, his works were published in two octavo volumes, edited by Rev. John B. Adger, D.D.

A novel, *The Spirit Rapper*, treating of the subject of demoniac agency, was published in 1854. The style of Mr. Brownson is a remarkably felicitous one for the discussion of abstract topics; full, fluent, easily intelligible, meeting the philosophic requirements of the subject, at the same time preserving a popular interest, it was well adapted to enlist the popular ear. As a vehicle for the speculations of the scholar it still preserves its attraction to those who delight in mental gladiatorial exercises, or are curious to note the reconciliation of the "chartered libertine" in doctrine to the authoritative voice of the Church.

** His later works are: *The Convert, or Leaves from My Experience*, 1857; *Essays and Reviews, chiefly on Theology, Politics, and Socialism*, 1862; *The American Republic*, an examination of its constitution, tendencies, and destiny, 1866; *Conversation on Liberalism and the Church*, 1869.

NATHANAEL DEERING

Is a native of Portland, Maine, and the son of the late Mr. James Deering, an esteemed merchant of the city. He was educated at the Academy at Exeter and at Cambridge, where he was graduated at Harvard in 1810. He then studied law in the office of Chief-justice Whitman at Portland, and pursued the profession in the northern counties of his native state. He is now a resident of Portland.

Mr. Deering's literary productions are two five act tragedies—*Carabasset*, or *the Last of the Norridgewocks*, which was produced at the Portland Theatre in 1831, and *Bozzaris*. His miscellaneous writings, including numerous tales of humor of "Down East" life, have appeared from time to time in the journals of the day.

THE WRECK OF THE TWO POLLEYS.

A Ballad.

'Twas a starless night, with drifting clouds,
And angry heaved the seas;
Yet a pink-stern craft was under sail,
Her name was the "Two Polleys."

And she was built at Mount Desert,
And what might her cargo be?
She was for a long time on the Banks,
And while there was very lucky.

But darker and darker grew the night,
And loud did ocean roar;
So they two reefs in the mainsail took,
And one reef in the fore.

The Skipper Bond was at the helm,
Methinks I see him now—
The tobacco juice on his mouth and chin,
And the salt spray on his brow.

The other hand was Isaac Small,
And only one eye had he;
But that one eye kept a sharp look-out
For breakers under the lee.

All unconcerned was Skipper Bond.
For he was a seaman bold;
But he buttoned his fearnaught higher up,
And, said he, "'Tis getting cold."

"Odd's bloods! I must the main brace splice,
"So, Isaac, let us quaff—
"And as the wind's a shorter, mind
"And mix it half and half."

The Skipper raised it to his lips,
And soon the dipper drained:
A second and a third he took,
Nor of its strength complained.

"Shake out the reefs! haul aft fore sheet!
"I am not the man to flag,
"With a breeze like this, in the 'Two Polleys'—
"So give her every rag."

Aghast poor Isaac heard the call,
And tremblingly obeyed;
For he knew full well the Skipper was one
Who would not be gainsayed.

"Isaac, my lad, now go below,
"And speedily turn in;
"I'll call you when off Portland Light,
"We now are off Seguin."

The Skipper was alone on deck—
"Steady, my boys," he cried;
And hardly would the words escape,
When "steady 'tis," he replied.

"A plague on all our Congress men!
"Light-houses so thick I see—
"Odd's bloods! on such a darksome night
"They bother exceedingly."

'Twas a sad mistake; he saw but one,
And that was not Seguin;
But the Skipper's brain like the Light revolved
So he lost his reckoning.

And what of her, the "Two Polleys?"
She still did the helm obey;
Though her gunwales kissed the hissing surge,
And her deck was washed with the spray.

She neared the rocks, and the waves ran high,
But the Skipper heard not their roar;
His hand was clutched to the well-lashed helm,
But his head was on the floor.

The sun shone out on Richmond's Isle—
But what is that on the strand?
A broken mast and a tattered sail,
Half buried in the sand.

And there were heaps of old dun fish,
The fruits of many a haul,
But nothing was seen of the old Skipper,
Nor of one-eyed Isaac Small.

Three days had gone when a "homeward bound"
Was entering Casco Bay;
And Richmond's Isle bore Nor' Nor' West,
And for that her course she lay.

Yet scarcely three knots did she make,
For it was a cat's-paw breeze;
And the crew hung idly round her bows,
Watching the porpoises.

But there leans one on the quarter rail,
And a sudden sight he sees
Then floating past—'tis a smack's pink stern,
And on it—the "Two Polleys."

ALBERT G. GREENE,

The author of the popular ballad of "Old Grimes," a poet of cultivation, and an ardent prosecutor of the historical literature of Rhode Island, is a native of that state, where he was born at Providence, February 10, 1802. He is a graduate of Brown University, a lawyer by profession, and has for a number of years filled the offices of Clerk of the Municipal Court of the city of Providence, and Clerk of the Common Council.

Mr. Greene's fugitive poems have never been collected, and a portion of them, of which the reputation has got abroad, are still in manuscript.

Among these is a quaint comic poem, entitled *The Militia Muster*, a remarkable thesaurus of the Yankee dialect, and of the vulgarisms of New England. One of the longest of Mr. Greene's serious poems, a ballad entitled *Canonchet*, is published in Updike's *History of the Narragansett Church*.

Mr. Greene had been a curious collector of American poetry, of which he had a large library; and it is understood, contemplated a publication on the subject. He died at Cleveland, Ohio, January 3, 1868.

TO THE WEATHERCOCK ON OUR STEEPLE.

The dawn has broke, the morn is up,
Another day begun;
And there thy poised and gilded spear
Is flashing in the sun,
Upon that steep and lofty tower
Where thou thy watch hast kept,
A true and faithful sentinel,
While all around thee slept.

For years upon thee there has poured
The summer's noon-day heat,
And through the long, dark, starless night,
The winter storms have beat;
And yet thy duty has been done,
By day and night the same,
Still thou hast met and faced the storm,
Whichever way it came.

No chilling blast in wrath has swept
Along the distant heaven,
But thou hast watched its onward course
And instant warning given;
And when mid-summer's sultry beams
Oppress all living things,
Thou dost foretell each breeze that comes
With health upon its wings.

How oft I've seen, at early dawn,
Or twilight's quiet hour,
The swallows, in their joyous glee,
Come darting round thy tower,
As if, with thee, to hail the sun
And catch its earliest light,
And offer ye the morn's salute,
Or bid ye both—good night.

And when, around thee or above,
No breath of air has stirred,
Thou seem'st to watch the circling flight
Of each free, happy bird,
Till after twittering round thy head
In many a mazy track,
The whole delighted company
Have settled on thy back.

Then, if perchance amidst their mirth,
A gentle breeze has sprung,
And prompt to mark its first approach,
Thy eager form hath swung,
I've thought I almost heard thee say,
As far aloft they flew—

"Now all away!—here ends our play,
For I have work to do?"

Men slander thee, my honest friend,
And call thee in their pride,
An emblem of their fickleness,
Thou ever faithful guide.

Each weak, unstable human mind
A "weathercock" they call;
And thus, unthinkingly, mankind
Abuse thee, one and all.

They have no right to make thy name
A by-word for their deeds:—

They change their friends, their principles,
Their fashions, and their creeds;
Whilst thou hast ne'er, like them, been known
Thus causelessly to range;
But when thou *changest sides*, canst give
Good reason for the change.

Thou, like some lofty soul, whose course
The thoughtless oft condemn,
Art touched by many airs from heaven
Which never breathe on them,—
And moved by many impulses
Which they do never know,
Who, 'round their earth-bound circles, plod
The dusty paths below.

Through one more dark and cheerless night
Thou well hast kept thy trust,
And now in glory o'er thy head
The morning light has burst.
And unto Earth's true watcher, thus,
When his dark hours have passed,
Will come "the day-spring from on high,"
To cheer his path at last.

Bright symbol of *fidelity*,
Still may I think of thee;
And may the lesson thou dost teach
Be never lost on me;—
But still, in sun-shine or in storm,
Whatever task is mine,
May I be faithful to *my trust*
As thou hast been to *thine*.

THE BARON'S LAST BANQUET.

O'er a low couch the setting sun had thrown its
latest ray,
Where in his last strong agony a dying warrior lay,
The stern old Baron Rudiger, whose frame had ne'er
been bent
By wasting pain, till time and toil its iron strength
had spent.

"They come around me here, and say my days of
life are o'er,
That I shall mount my noble steed and lead my band
no more;
They come, and to my beard they dare tell me now,
that I,
Their own liege lord and master born,—that I, ha!
ha! must die.

And what is death? I've dared him oft before the
Paynim spear,—
Think ye he's entered at my gate, has come to seek
me here?
I've met him, faced him, scorned him, when the fight
was raging hot,—
I'll try his might—I'll brave his power; defy, and
fear him not.

Ho! sound the tocsin from my tower, and fire the
culverin,—
Bid each retainer arm with speed,—call every vas-
sal in,
Up with my banner on the wall,—the banquet board
prepare;
Throw wide the portal of my hall, and bring my
armor there!"

An hundred hands were busy then—the banquet
forth was spread—
And rung the heavy oaken floor with many a mar-
tial tread,
While from the rich, dark tracery along the vaulted
wall,
Lights gleamed on harness, plume, and spear, o'er the
proud old Gothic hall.

Fast hurrying through the outer gate the mailed retainers poured,
On through the portal's frowning arch, and thronged around the board.
While at its head, within his dark, carved oaken chair of state,
Armed cap-a-pie, stern Rudiger, with girded falchion, sat.

"Fill every beaker up, my men, pour forth the cheering wine,
There's life and strength in every drop,—thanksgiving to the vine!
Are ye all there, my vassals true?—mine eyes are waxing dim;
Fill round, my tried and fearless ones, each goblet to the brim.

"You're there, but yet I see ye not. Draw forth each trusty sword—
And let me hear your faithful steel clash once around my board:
I hear it faintly:—Louder yet!—What clogs my heavy breath?
Up all, and shout for Rudiger, 'Defiance unto Death!'"

Bowl rang to bowl—steel clang to steel—and rose a deafening cry
That made the torches flare around, and shook the flags on high:—
"Ho! cravens, do ye fear him?—Slaves, traitors! have ye flown?
Ho! cowards, have ye left me to meet him here alone!

But I defy him:—let him come!" Down rang the massy cup,
While from its sheath the ready blade came flashing half way up;
And with the black and heavy plumes scarce trembling on his head,
There in his dark, carved oaken chair, Old Rudiger sat, dead.

OLD GRIMES.

Old Grimes is dead; that good old man
We never shall see more:
He used to wear a long, black coat
All buttoned down before.

His heart was open as the day,
His feelings all were true;
His hair was some inclined to grey,
He wore it in a queue.

When'er he heard the voice of pain,
His breast with pity burned;
The large, round head upon his cane
From ivory was turned.

Kind words he ever had for all;
He knew no base design:
His eyes were dark and rather small,
His nose was aquiline.

He lived at peace with all mankind,
In friendship he was true:
His coat had pocket holes behind,
His pantaloons were blue.

Unharm'd, the sin which earth pollutes
He passed securely o'er,
And never wore a pair of boots
For thirty years or more.

But good old Grimes is now at rest,
Nor fears misfortune's frown;
He wore a double-breasted vest;
The stripes ran up and down.

He modest merit sought to find,
And pay it its desert;
He had no malice in his mind,
No ruffles on his shirt.

His neighbors he did not abuse,
Was sociable and gay;
He wore large buckles on his shoes,
And changed them every day.

His knowledge, hid from public gaze,
He did not bring to view,—
Nor make a noise, town-meeting days,
As many people do.

His worldly goods he never threw
In trust to fortune's chances;
But lived (as all his brothers do)
In easy circumstances.

Thus undisturbed by anxious cares,
His peaceful moments ran;
And every body said he was
A fine old gentleman.

EDWARD COATE PINKNEY.

THE lyric poet, was the son of the eminent lawyer and diplomatist of Maryland, William Pinkney, and was born in London, October, 1802, while his father was minister to the English Court. At the age of nine he was brought home with his parents to America, and was educated at the college at Baltimore. At fourteen he entered the navy as a midshipman, and remained nine years in the service, during which he became intimately acquainted with the classic scenes of the Mediterranean. After the death of his father in 1822, he resigned his appointment in the navy, married, and occupied himself with the law, which he pursued with some uncertainty.

The small volume of poems, sufficiently large to preserve his memory with all generous appreciators of true poetry as a writer of exquisite taste and susceptibility, appeared in Baltimore in 1825. It contained *Rodolph, a Fragment*, which had previously been printed anonymously for the author's friends. It is a powerful sketch of a broken life of passion and remorse, of a husband slain by the lover of his wife, of her early death in a convent, and of the paramour's wanderings and wild mental anticipations. Though a fragment, wanting in fulness of design and the last polish of execution, it is a poem of power and mark. There is an occasional inner music in the lines, demonstrative of the true poet. The imagery is happy and original, evidently derived from objects which the writer had seen in the impressible youth of his voyages in the navy. We follow the poem in a few of these similes. This is the striking opening.

The Summer's heir on land and sea
Had thrown his parting glance,
And Winter taken angrily
His waste inheritance.
The winds in stormy revelry
Sported beneath a frowning sky;
The chafing waves with hollow roar
Tumbled upon the shaken shore,
And sent their spray in upward shower
To Rodolph's proud ancestral tower,
Whose station from its mural crown
A regal look cast sternly down.

Here are the lady and her lover.

Like rarest porcelain were they,
Moulded of accidental clay :
She, loving, lovely, kind, and fair—
He, wise, and fortunate, and brave—
You'll easily suppose they were
A passionate and radiant pair,
Lighting the scenes else dark and cold,
As the sepulchral lamps of old,
A subterranean cave.
'Tis pity that their loves were vices,
And purchased at such painful prices ;
'Tis pity, and Delight deplores
That grief allays her golden stores.
Yet if all chance brought rapture here,
Life would become a ceaseless fear
To leave a world then rightly dear.
Two kindred mysteries are bright,*
And cloud-like, in the southern sky ;
A shadow and its sister-light,
Around the pole they float on high,
Linked in a strong though sightless chain,
The types of pleasure and of pain.

The sequel.

There was an age, they tell us, when
Eros and Anteros dwelt with men,
Ere selfishness had backward driven
The wrathful deities to heaven :
Then gods forsook their outshone skies,
For stars mistaking female eyes ;
Woman was true, and man, though free,
Was faithful in idolatry.
No dial needed they to measure
Unsigning being—Time was pleasure,
And lustres, never dimmed by tears,
Were not misnamed from lustrous years.
Alas ! that such a tale must seem
The fiction of a dreaming dream !—
Is it but fable?—has that age
Shone only on the poet's page,
Where earth, a luminous sphere portrayed,
Revolves not both in sun and shade?—
No !—happy love, too seldom known,
May make it for a while our own.

Yes, although fleeting rapidly,
It sometimes may be ours.
And he was glad as the bee,†
Which always sleeps in flowers.
Might this endure ?—her husband came
At an untimely tide,
But ere his tongue pronounced her shame,
Slain suddenly, he died.
'Twas whispered by whose hand he fell,
And Rodolph's prosperous loves were gone.
The lady sought a convent-cell,
And lived in penitence alone ;
Thrice blest, that she the waves among
Of ebbing pleasures staid not long,
To watch the sullen tide, and find
The hideous shapings left behind.
Such, sinking to its slimy bed,
Old Nile upon the antique land,
Where Time's inviolate temples stand,‡
Hath ne'er deposited.
Happy, the monster of that Nile,
The vast and vigorous crocodile ;
Happy, because his dying day
Is unpreceded by decay :
We perish slowly—loss of breath
Only completes our piecemeal death.

She ceased to smile back on the sun,
Their task the Destinies had done ;
And earth, which gave, resumed the charms,
Whose freshness withered in its arms :
But never walked upon its face,
Nor mouldered in its dull embrace,
A creature fitter to prepare
Sorrow, or social joy to share :
When her the latter life required,
A vital harmony expired ;
And in that melancholy hour,
Nature displayed its saddest power,
Subtracting from man's darkened eye
Beauties that seemed unmeant to die,
And claiming deeper sympathy
Than even when the wise or brave
Descend into an early grave.
We grieve when morning puts to flight
The pleasant visions of the night ;
And surely we shall have good leave,
When a fair woman dies, to grieve.
Whither have fled that shape and gleam
Of thought—the woman, and the dream ?—
Whither have fled that inner light,
And benefactress of our sight ?—

A second part describes the visions of Rodolph's
distempered mind. In it occurs this fine passage
on the prophetic sense of fear.

—Hearts are prophets still.
What though the fount of Castaly
Not now stains leaves with prophecy !
What though are of another age
Omens and Sybil's boding page ?—
Augurs and oracles resign
Their voices—fear can still divine :
Dreams and hand-writings on the wall
Need not foretell our fortune's fall ;
Domitian in his galleries,*
The soul all hostile advents sees,
As in the mirror-stone ;
Like shadows by a brilliant day
Cast down from falcons on their prey ;
Or watery demons, in strong light,
By haunted waves of fountains old,
Shown indistinctly to the sight
Of the inquisitive and bold.
The mind is capable to show
Thoughts of so dim a feature,
That consciousness can only know
Their presence, not their nature ;
Things which, like fleeting insect-mothers
Supply recording life to others,
And forthwith lose their own.

The remaining poems were brief, consisting of a
short poetical sketch, The Indian's Bride ; a Re-
miniscence of Italy ; an Occasional Prologue,
delivered at the Greek Benefit in Baltimore in
1823, and a number of passionate, sensuous songs,
dedicated to love and the fair.

The author did not long survive the publica-
tion of this volume. He died in Baltimore in
1828. An appreciative biographical notice of
him appeared the year previously, from the pen
of the late William Leggett, in the "Old Mirror,"
which speaks warmly of his shorter poems as
"rich in beauties of a peculiar nature, and not
surpassed by productions of a similar character in
the English language." The poem "On Italy,"
Leggett especially admired. He particularly notes
the power of the four lines beginning

* The Magellan clouds.
‡ The Pyramids.

† The Florisomna.

* Vide Suetonius.

The winds are awed, nor dare to breathe aloud ;
and the beauty of the portrait in "The Indian's
Bride."

Exchanging lustre with the sun,
A part of day she strays—
A glancing, living, human smile,
On nature's face she plays.

The poems of Pinkney were published in a second edition at Baltimore in 1838, and in 1844 appeared, with a brief introduction by Mr. N. P. Willis, in the series of the Mirror Library entitled "The Rococo."

ITALY.

Know'st thou the land which lovers ought to
choose ?

Like blessings there descend the sparkling dews ;
In gleaming streams the crystal rivers run,
The purple vintage clusters in the sun ;
Odors of flowers haunt the balmy breeze,
Rich fruits hang high upon the vernal trees ;
And vivid blossoms gem the shady groves,
Where bright-plumed birds discourse their careless
loves.

Beloved!—speed we from this sullen strand
Until thy light feet press that green shore's yellow
sand.

Look seaward thence, and naught shall meet thine
eye

But fairy isles, like paintings on the sky ;
And, flying fast and free before the gale,
The gaudy vessel with its glancing sail ;
And waters glittering in the glare of noon,
Or touched with silver by the stars and moon,
Or flecked with broken lines of crimson light
When the far fisher's fire affronts the night.
Lovely as loved ! towards that smiling shore
Bear we our household gods, to fix for evermore.

It looks a dimple on the face of earth,
The seal of beauty, and the shrine of mirth,
Nature is delicate and graceful there,
The place's genius, feminine and fair :
The winds are awed, nor dare to breathe aloud ;
The air seems never to have borne a cloud,
Save where volcanoes send to heaven their curled
And solemn smokes, like altars of the world.
Thrice beautiful !—to that delightful spot
Carry our married hearts, and be all pain forgot.

There Art too shows, when Nature's beauty palls,
Her sculptured marbles, and her pictured walls ;
And there are forms in which they both conspire
To whisper themes that know not how to tire :
The speaking ruins in that gentle clime
Have but been hallowed by the hand of Time,
And each can mutely prompt some thought of
flame—

The meanest stone is not without a name.
Then come, beloved !—hasten o'er the sea
To build our happy hearth in blooming Italy.

THE INDIAN'S BRIDE.

Why is that graceful female here
With yon red hunter of the deer ?
Of gentle mien and shape, she seems
For civil halls designed,
Yet with the stately savage walks
As she were of his kind.
Look on her leafy diadem,
Enriched with many a floral gem :
Those simple ornaments about
Her candid brow, disclose

The loitering Spring's last violet,
And Summer's earliest rose :
But not a flower lies breathing there,
Sweet as herself, or half so fair.
Exchanging lustre with the sun,
A part of day she strays—
A glancing, living, human smile,
On Nature's face she plays.
Can none instruct me what are these
Companions of the lofty trees ?—

Intent to blend with his her lot,
Fate formed her all that he was not ;
And, as by mere unlikeness thoughts

Associate we see,
Their hearts from very difference caught
A perfect sympathy.

The household goddess here to be
Of that one dusky votary,—

She left her pallid countrymen,
An earthling most divine,
And sought in this sequestered wood
A solitary shrine.

Behold them roaming hand in hand,
Like night and sleep, along the land ;
Observe their movements :—he for her

Restraints his active stride,
While she assumes a bolder gait
To ramble at his side ;

Thus, even as the steps they frame,
Their souls fast alter to the same.

The one forsakes ferocity,
And momentarily grows mild ;
The other tempers more and more
The artful with the wild.

She humanizes him, and he
Educates her to liberty.

Oh, say not they must soon be old,
Their limbs prove faint, their breasts feel cold !
Yet envy I that sylvan pair,

More than my words express,
The singular beauty of their lot,
And seeming happiness.

They have not been reduced to share
The painful pleasures of despair :
Their sun declines not in the sky,

Nor are their wishes cast,
Like shadows of the afternoon,
Repining towards the past :

With naught to dread, or to repent,
The present yields them full content.
In solitude there is no crime ;

Their actions are all free,
And passion lends their way of life
The only dignity ;

And how should they have any cares ?—
Whose interest contends with theirs ?

The world, or all they know of it,
Is theirs :—for them the stars are lit ;
For them the earth beneath is green,

The heavens above are bright ;
For them the moon doth wax and wane,
And decorate the night ;

For them the branches of those trees
Wave music in the vernal breeze ;
For them upon that dancing spray

The free bird sits and sings,
And glittering insects flit about
Upon delighted wings ;

For them that brook, the brakes among,
Murmurs its small and drowsy song ;
For them the many-colored clouds

Their shapes diversify,
And change at once, like smiles and frowns,
The expression of the sky.

For them, and by them, all is gay,
 And fresh and beautiful as they :
 The images their minds receive,
 Their minds assimilate,
 To outward forms imparting thus
 The glory of their state.
 Could aught be painted otherwise
 Than fair, seen through her star-bright eyes ?
 He too, because she fills his sight,
 Each object falsely sees ;
 The pleasure that he has in her,
 Makes all things seem to please.
 And this is love ;—and it is life
 They lead,—that Indian and his wife.

A PICTURE-SONG.

How may this little tablet feign the features of a
 face,
 Which o'er-informs with loveliness its proper share
 of space ;
 Or human hands on ivory enable us to see
 The charms that all must wonder at, thou work of
 gods, in thee !
 But yet, methinks, that sunny smile familiar stories
 tells,
 And I should know those placid eyes, two shaded
 crystal wells ;
 Nor can my soul the limner's art attesting with a
 sigh,
 Forget the blood that decked thy cheek, as rosy
 clouds the sky.

They could not seem what thou art, more excel-
 lent than fair,
 As soft as sleep or pity is, and pure as mountain
 air ;
 But here are common, earthly hues, to such an
 aspect wrought,
 That none, save thine, can seem so like the beauti-
 ful of thought.

The song I sing, thy likeness like, is painful mimicry
 Of something better, which is now a memory to me,
 Who have upon life's frozen sea arrived the icy spot,
 Where men's magnetic feelings show their guiding
 task forgot.

The sportive hopes, that used to chase their shifting
 shadows on,
 Like children playing in the sun, are gone—for ever
 gone ;
 And on a careless, sullen peace, my double-fronted
 mind,
 Like Janus when his gates were shut, looks forward
 and behind.

Apollo placed his harp, of old, awhile upon a stone,
 Which has resounded since, when struck, a break-
 ing harp-string's tone ;
 And thus my heart, though wholly now from early
 softness free,
 If touched, will yield the music yet, it first received
 of thee.

SONG.

I need not name thy thrilling name,
 Though now I drink to thee, my dear,
 Since all sounds shape that magic word,
 That fall upon my ear,—Mary ;
 And silence, with a wakeful voice,
 Speaks it in accents loudly free,
 As darkness bath a light that shows
 Thy gentle face to me,—Mary.

I pledge thee in the grape's pure soul,
 With scarce one hope, and many fears,
 Mixed, were I of a melting mood,
 With many bitter tears,—Mary—

I pledge thee, and the empty cup
 Emblems this hollow life of mine,
 To which, a gone enchantment, thou
 No more wilt be the wine,—Mary.

A HEALTH.

I fill this cup to one made up of loveliness alone,
 A woman, of her gentle sex the seeming paragon ;
 To whom the better elements and kindly stars have
 given

A form so fair, that, like the air, 'tis less of earth
 than heaven.

Her every tone is music's own, like those of morning
 birds,

And something more than melody dwells ever in
 her words ;

The coinage of her heart are they, and from her lips
 each flows

As one may see the burthened bee forth issue from
 the rose.

Affections are as thoughts to her, the measures of
 her hours ;

Her feelings have the fragrantcy, the freshness of
 young flowers ;

And lovely passions, changing oft, so fill her, she
 appears

The image of themselves by turns,—the idol of past
 years.

Of her bright face one glance will trace a picture
 on the brain,

And of her voice in echoing hearts a sound must
 long remain ;

But memory such as mine of her so very much en-
 dears,

When death is nigh my latest sigh will not be life's
 but hers.

I filled this cup to one made up of loveliness alone,
 A woman, of her gentle sex, the seeming paragon—

Her health ! and would on earth there stood some
 more of such a frame,

That life might be all poetry, and weariness a
 name.

BELA BATES EDWARDS.

THE successor, and previously the associate of
 Moses Stuart in his professorship at Andover,
 was the Rev. Bela B. Edwards, also prominently
 connected with the theological and educational
 literature of the country. He was born at South-
 ampton, Massachusetts, July 4, 1802. His family
 was one of the oldest in the country, boasting "a
 long line of godly progenitors," originally spring-
 ing from a Welsh stock, which contained among
 its descendants the two Jonathan Edwardses and
 President Dwight.* Mr. Edwards became a gra-
 duate of Amherst in 1824, and was subsequently
 for two years, from 1826 to 1828, a tutor in that
 college. He had previously, in 1825, entered the
 Andover Theological Seminary, where he con-
 tinued his studies and was licensed as a preacher
 in 1830. Though with many fine qualities in the
 pulpit, which his biographer, Professor Parks, has
 fondly traced, he lacked the ordinary essentials of
 voice and manner for that vocation. The main
 energies of his life were to be devoted to the cause
 of instruction through the press and the professor's
 chair.

While tutor at Amherst he conducted in part a

* At least Mr. Edwards was disposed to maintain this view
 of his genealogy. Memoir by Edwards A. Park, p. 9.

weekly journal, the *New England Inquirer*, and was afterwards occasionally employed in superintending the Boston Recorder.

As Assistant Secretary of the American Education Society, he conducted, from 1828 to 1842, the valuable statistical and historical *American Quarterly Register*, a herculean work as he worked upon it, a journal of fidelity and laborious research in the biography of the pulpit and the annals of American seats of learning, and generally all the special educational interests of the country.*

In July, 1833, he established the *American Quarterly Observer*, a journal of the order of the higher reviews; which, after three volumes were published, was united in 1835 with the *Biblical Repository*, which had been conducted by Professor Robinson. Edwards edited the combined work known as the *American Biblical Repository*, until January, 1838.

In 1844 he became engaged in the publication of the *Bibliotheca Sacra and Theological Review* at Andover, which had been established the previous year at New York by Professor Robinson. He was employed in the care of this work till 1852. In January, 1851, the *Biblical Repository* was united with the *Bibliotheca Sacra*. "He was thus," adds Professor Parks, "employed for twenty-three years in superintending our periodical literature; and with the aid of several associates, left thirty-one octavo volumes as the monuments of his enterprise and industry in this onerous department." Dr. Edwards's own contributions to these periodicals were criticisms on the books of the day, the discussion of the science of education, and the cultivation of biblical literature.

Dr. Edwards's Professorship of Hebrew in the Andover Seminary dated from 1837. In 1848, on the retirement of Professor Stuart, he was elected to the chair of Biblical Literature. He had previously, in 1846-47, travelled in Europe, where he made the study of religious institutions, the universities, and other liberal objects, subservient to his professional labors. Professor Parks, with characteristic animation, has given, in his notice of this tour, the following pleasing picture of the inspirations which wait upon the serious American student visiting Europe.*

And when he made the tour of Europe for his health, he did not forget his one idea. He revelled amid the treasures of the Bodleian Library, and the Royal Library at Paris; he sat as a learner at the feet of Montgomery, Wordsworth, Chalmers, Mezzofanti, Neander, the Geological Society of London, and the Oriental Society of Germany, and he bore away from all these scenes new helps for his own comprehensive science. He had translated a Biography of Melancthon, for the sake, in part, of qualifying himself to look upon the towers of Wittemberg; and he could scarcely keep his seat in the

rail-car, when he approached the city consecrated by the gentle Philip. He measured with his umbrella the cell of Luther at Erfurt, wrote his own name with ink from Luther's inkstand, read some of the notes which the monk had penned in the old Bible, gazed intently on the spot where the intrepid man had preached, and thus by the minutest observations he strove to imbue his mind with the hearty faith of the Reformer. So he might become the more profound and genial as a teacher. This was a ruling passion with him. He gleaned illustrations of divine truth, like Alpine flowers, along the borders of the Mer de Glace, and by the banks of "the troubled Arve," and at the foot of the Jungfrau. He drew pencil sketches of the battle-field at Waterloo, of Niebuhr's monument at Bonn, and of the cemetery where he surmised for a moment that perhaps he had found the burial-place of John Calvin. With the eye of a geologist, he investigated the phenomena of the Swiss glaciers, and with the spirit of a mental philosopher he analysed the causes of the impression made by the Valley of Chamouni. He wrote tasteful criticisms on the works of Salvator Rosa, Correggio, Titian, Murillo, Vandyke, Canova, Thorwaldsen; he trembled before the Transfiguration by Raphael, and the Last Judgment by Michael Angelo; he was refreshed with the Italian music, "unwinding the very soul of harmony;" he stood entranced before the colonnades and under the dome of St. Peter's, and on the walls of the Colosseum by moonlight, and amid the statues of the Vatican by torchlight, and on the roof of the St. John Lateran at sunset, "where," he says, "I beheld a prospect such as probably earth cannot elsewhere furnish;" he walked the Appian Way, exclaiming: "On this identical road,—the old pavements now existing in many places,—on these fields, over these hills, down these rivers and bays, Horace, Virgil, Cicero, Marius, and other distinguished Romans, walked, or wandered, or sailed; here, also, apostles and martyrs once journeyed, or were led to their scene of suffering; over a part of this very road there is no doubt that Paul travelled, when he went bound to Rome." He wrote sketches of all these scenes; and in such a style as proves his intention to regale his own mind with the remembrance of them, to adorn his lectures with descriptions of them, to enrich his commentaries with the images and the suggestions which his chaste fancy had drawn from them. But, alas! all these fragments of thought now sleep, like the broken statues of the Parthenon; and where is the power of genius that can restore the full meaning of these lines, and call back their lost charms! Where is that more than Promethean fire that can their light relume!

The remaining years of Edwards's life were spent in the duties of his Professorship at Andover, in which he taught both Greek and Hebrew. To perfect himself in German he took part in translating a volume of Selections from German Literature; and for a similar object engaged with President Barnes Sears, of the Newton Theological Institution, and Professor Felton of Harvard, in the preparation of the volume on classical studies entitled *Essays on Ancient Literature and Art, with the Biography and Correspondence of Eminent Philologists*.* Professor Edwards's portions of this interesting and stimulating work were the *Essays on the "Study of Greek Literature"* and of "Classical Antiquity," and the chapter on "the School of Philology in Holland."

* This periodical was established in 1827 and called the *Quarterly Journal of the American Education Society*. In 1829 it took the name of the *Quarterly Register and Journal of the American Education Society*. In 1830 its title became the *Quarterly Register of the American Education Society*. From 1831 it was called the *American Quarterly Register*. The Rev. Elias Cunniff was associated with Mr. Edwards in editing the first and second volumes; the Rev. Dr. Cogswell in editing the tenth, eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth; and the Rev. Samuel H. Riddell in editing the fourteenth volume.—Parks's *Memoir*, p. 76.

† *Memoir*, pp. 160-2.

* Published by Gould, Kendall, & Lincoln. 1848.

In 1844 Professor Edwards was associated with Mr. Samuel H. Taylor in translating the larger Greek Grammar of Dr. Kuhner, and in 1850 revising that work for a second edition.

While undergoing these toils and duties the health of the devoted student was broken and feeble. Symptoms of a pulmonary complaint had early appeared, and the overworked machine was now to yield before the labors imposed upon it. In the fall of 1845 Professor Edwards was compelled to visit Florida for his health, and the following spring, on his return to the north, sailed immediately for Europe, passing a year among the scholars and amidst the classic associations of England and the continent. He bestowed especial attention upon the colleges and libraries. In particular he visited the Red Cross Library in Cripplegate, London, founded by the Rev. Dr. Daniel Williams, an English Presbyterian Minister, who lived from 1644 to 1716. It is a collection of twenty thousand volumes, chiefly theological. The sight of this led Professor Edwards to propose a similar Puritan library to the Congregationalists of New England, which has been since, in part, carried out.*

He returned to Andover in May, 1847, resumed his studies, and while "yielding inch by inch to his insidious disease, with customary forethought, persisted in accumulating new materials for new commentaries." He prepared expositions of Habakkuk, Job, the Psalms, and the First Epistle to the Corinthians, and was engaged in other labors. In the autumn of 1851 he again visited the South fatally stricken, took up his residence in Athens, Georgia, and died at that place April 20, 1852, in the forty-ninth year of his age.

An honorable tribute to his memory was paid the following year in the publication, in Boston, of two volumes, *The Writings of Professor B. B. Edwards, with a Memoir by Edwards A. Park*. The selection contains sermons preached at Andover, and a series of essays, addresses, and lectures, not merely of scholastic but of general interest. The Memoir is a minute and thoughtful scholar's biography.

WILLIAM LEGGETT.

WILLIAM LEGGETT, an able and independent political writer, was born in the city of New York in the summer of 1802. He entered the college at Georgetown, in the district of Columbia, where he took a high scholastic rank, but in consequence of his father's failure in business, was withdrawn before the completion of his course, and in 1819 accompanied his father and family in their settlement on the then virgin soil of the Illinois prairies. The experience of western pioneer life thus acquired, was turned to good account in his subsequent literary career.

In 1822 he entered the navy, having obtained the appointment of midshipman. He resigned his commission in 1826, owing, it is said, to the harsh conduct of the commander under whom he sailed, and shortly after published a volume of verses, written at intervals during his naval ca-

reer, entitled *Leisure Hours at Sea*.* The poems show a ready command of language, a noticeable youthful facility in versification, and an intensity of feeling; beyond this they exhibit no peculiar merit, either of originality or scholarship. A single specimen will indicate their quality.

SONG.

Improbe amor, quid non mortalla pectora cogis!
ÆNEID, lib. 4.

The tear which thou upbraidest
Thy falsehood taught to flow;
The misery which thou madest
My cheek hath blighted so:
The charms, alas! that won me,
I never can forget,
Although thou hast undone me,
I own I love thee yet.

Go, seek the happier maiden
Who lured thy love from me;
My heart with sorrow laden
Is no more prized by thee:
Repeat the vows you made me,
Say, swear thy love is true;
Thy faithless vows betrayed me,
They may betray her too.

But no! may she ne'er languish
Like me in shame and woe;
Ne'er feel the throbbing anguish
That I am doomed to know!
The eye that once was beaming
A tale of love for thee,
Is now with sorrow streaming,
For thou art false to me.

He also wrote in the *Atlantic Souvenir*, one of the earliest of the American annuals, a prose tale,



Wm Leggett

The Rifle, in which he portrayed with spirit the scenes and incidents of western adventure. This

* *Leisure Hours at Sea*; being a few Miscellaneous Poems, by a Midshipman of the United States Navy—

Πας το σκευος εργον αγαθον.

'T is pleasant, sure, to see one's work in print;
A book's a book, although there's nothing in't.

BYRON.

New York: George C. Morgan, and E. Bliss and E. White.
1825. 18mo. pp. 148.

* Edwards's plan and arguments for the work are published in Professor Parks's Memoir.

met with such great success, from the novelty of its subject as well as its excellence of execution, that it was speedily followed by other tales of sea as well as land. These were subsequently collected under the titles of *Tales by a Country Schoolmaster*, and *Tales of the Sea*.

In 1828, Mr. Leggett married Miss Elmira Waring of New Rochelle, and in November of the same year commenced *The Critic*, a weekly literary periodical, in which the reviews, notices of the drama and the arts, the tales, essays, and entire contents, with the exception of a few poems, were from his own pen. Several of the last numbers were not only entirely written, but also set in type, and distributed to subscribers by himself. The editor displayed great ability as well as versatility, but the work was discontinued at the end of six months, for want of support, and united with the *Mirror*, to which its editor became a regular contributor.

In the summer of 1829 Leggett became, with Wm. C. Bryant, one of the editors of the *Evening Post*, a position which he retained until December, 1836. It is somewhat singular, that at the outset he stipulated that he should not be called upon for articles on political subjects, on which he had no settled opinions, and for which he had no taste. Before the year was out, however, adds his associate, Mr. Bryant, he found himself a zealous Democrat, and took decided ground in favor of free trade, against the United States Bank, and all connexion by the federal or state governments, with similar institutions, contending that banking, like other business operations, should be untrammelled by government aid or restriction. In 1835, during the riots, in which certain abolition meetings were attacked and dispersed with violence, he defended the right of liberty of speech with the same freedom with which he treated other questions. In October of this year he was attacked by a severe illness, that interrupted his editorial labors for a twelvemonth, which, in consequence of the absence in Europe of his associate, included the entire charge of the paper. Not long after his recovery he left the *Post*, which, it appeared after investigation on Mr. Bryant's return, had suffered in its finances, on account of his course on the abolition question, and the withdrawal of advertisers in consequence of the removal, by his order, from the notices of "houses for sale and to let," of the small pictorial representation of the article in question, for the sake of uniformity in the typographical appearance of the sheet.*

He then commenced a weekly paper, with the characteristic title of *The Plaindealer*. It was conducted with his usual ability, in its literary as well as political departments, and was widely circulated, but was involved in the failure of its publisher and discontinued at the expiration of ten months. Mr. Leggett did not afterwards engage in any new literary project, but passed the short remainder of his life, his health being greatly impaired, in retirement at his country place at New Rochelle, on Long Island Sound, which had been his home since his marriage.

In May, 1839, he was appointed by Mr. Van Buren Diplomatic Agent to the Republic of Gua-

temala, an event which gave pleasure to his friends, not only as a recognition of his public services, but from their hopes that a residence in a southern climate would be beneficial to his health. It was but a few days after, however, that the public were startled by the announcement of his death, in the midst of his preparations for departure, from a severe attack of bilious colic, on the evening of May 29, 1839.

Mr. Bryant has noted the peculiarities of Leggett in his published account of the *Evening Post*, and has dedicated a poetical tribute to his memory. In the first he speaks of him as "fond of study, and delighted to trace principles to their remotest consequences, whither he was always willing to follow them. The quality of courage existed in him almost to excess, and he took a sort of pleasure in bearding public opinion. He wrote with surprising fluency and often with eloquence, took broad views of the questions that came before him, and possessed the faculty of rapidly arranging the arguments which occurred to him in clear order, and stating them persuasively."

In the following the same pen expresses the sentiment inspired by these facts:—

IN MEMORY OF WILLIAM LEGGETT.

The earth may ring, from shore to shore,
With echoes of a glorious name,
But he, whose loss our tears deplore,
Has left behind him more than fame.

For when the death-frost came to lie
On Leggett's warm and mighty heart,
And quench his bold and friendly eye,
His spirit did not all depart.

The words of fire that from his pen
Were flung upon the fervid page,
Still move, still shake the hearts of men
Amid a cold and coward age.

His love of truth, too warm, too strong
For Hope or Fear to chain or chill,
His hate of tyranny and wrong,
Burn in the breasts he kindled still.

A collection of Leggett's political writings, in two volumes, edited by his friend Mr. Theodore Sedgwick, was published a few months after.

In person Mr. Leggett was of medium height, and compactly built, and possessed great powers of endurance.*

THE MAIN-TRUCK, OR A LEAP FOR LIFE.

Stand still! How fearful
And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low!

The marmoring surge,
That on th' unnumbered idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high—I'll look no more,
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong.—*Shakespeare*.

Among the many agreeable associates whom my different cruising and wanderings have brought me acquainted with, I can scarcely call to mind a more pleasant and companionable one than Tom Scupper. Poor fellow! he is dead and gone now—a victim to that code of false honor which has robbed the navy of too many of its choicest officers. Tom and I were messmates during a short and delightful cruise, and, for a good part of the time, we belonged to the same

* Bryant's History of the Evening Post.

* Memoir by Theodore Sedgwick in Griswold's Biographical Annual.

watch. He was a great hand to spin yarns, which, to do him justice, he sometimes told tolerably well; and many a long mid-watch has his fund of anecdote and sea stories caused to slip pleasantly away. We were lying, in the little schooner to which we were attached, in the open roadstead of Laguyra, at single anchor, when Tom told me the story which I am about to relate, as nearly as I can remember, in his own words. A vessel from Baltimore had come into Laguyra that day, and by her I had received letters from home, in one of which there was a piece of intelligence that weighed very heavily on my spirits. For some minutes after our watch commenced, Tom and I walked the deck in silence, which was soon, however, interrupted by my talkative companion, who, perceiving my depression, and wishing to divert my thoughts, began as follows:—

The last cruise I made in the Mediterranean was in Old Ironsides, as we used to call our gallant frigate. We had been backing and filling for several months on the western coast of Africa, from the Canaries down to Messurado, in search of slave-traders; and during that time we had some pretty heavy weather. When we reached the Straits, there was a spanking wind blowing from about west-south-west; so we squared away, and without coming to at the Rock, made a straight wake for old Mahon, the general rendezvous and place of refitting for our squadrons in the Mediterranean. Immediately on arriving there, we warped in alongside the Arsenal quay, where we stripped ship to a girtline, broke out the holds, tiers, and store-rooms, and gave her a regular-built overhauling from stem to stern. For a while, everybody was busy, and all seemed bustle and confusion. Orders and replies, in loud and dissimilar voices, the shrill pipings of the different boatswain's mates, each attending to separate duties, and the mingled clatter and noise of various kinds of work, all going on at the same time, gave something of the stir and animation of a dock-yard to the usually quiet arsenal of Mahon. The boatswain and his crew were engaged in fitting a new gang of rigging; the gunner in repairing his breechings and gun-tackles; the fo'castle-men in calking; the topmen in sending down the yards and upper spars; the holders and waiters in whitewashing and holystoning; and even the poor marines were kept busy, like beasts of burden, in carrying breakers of water on their backs. On the quay, near the ship, the smoke of the armorer's forge, which had been hoisted out and sent ashore, ascended in a thick black column through the clear blue sky; from one of the neighboring white stone warehouses the sound of saw and hammer told that the carpenters were at work; near by, a livelier rattling drew attention to the cooper, who in the open air was tightening the water-casks; and not far removed, under a temporary shed, formed of spare studding-sails and tarpaulins, sat the sailmaker and his assistants, repairing the sails, which had been rent by the many storms we had encountered.

Many hands, however, make light work, and in a very few days all was accomplished; the stays and shrouds were set up and new rattled down; the yards crossed, the running-rigging rove, and sails bent; and the old craft, fresh painted and all a-taunt-o, looked as fine as a midshipman on liberty. In place of the storm-stumps, which had been stowed away among the booms and other spare spars, amidships, we had sent up cap to'-gallant-masts and royal-poles, with a sheave for sky-sails, and hoist enough for sky-scrapers above them: so you may judge the old frigate looked pretty taunt. There was a Dutch line ship in the harbor; but though we only carried forty-four to her eighty, her main-truck would hard-

ly have reached to our royal-mast head. The side-boys, whose duty it was to lay aloft and furl the skysails, looked no bigger on the yard than a good sized duff for a midshipman's mess, and the main-truck seemed not half as large as the Turk's-head knot on the manropes of the accommodation ladder.

When we had got everything ship-shape and man-of-war fashion, we hauled out again, and took our berth about half-way between the Arsenal and Hospital island; and a pleasant view it gave us of the town and harbor of old Mahon, one of the safest and most tranquil places of anchorage in the world. The water of this beautiful inlet—which, though it makes about four miles into the land, is not much over a quarter of a mile in width—is scarcely ever ruffled by a storm; and on the delightful afternoon to which I now refer, it lay as still and motionless as a polished mirror, except when broken into momentary ripples by the paddles of some passing waterman. What little wind we had in the fore part of the day, died away at noon; and, though the first dog-watch was almost out, and the sun was near the horizon, not a breath of air had risen to disturb the deep serenity of the scene. The Dutch liner, which lay not far from us, was so clearly reflected in the glassy surface of the water, that there was not a rope about her from her main-stay to her signal-halliards, which the eye could not distinctly trace in her shadowy and inverted image. The buoy of our best bower floated abreast our larboard bow; and that, too, was so strongly imaged, that its entire bulk seemed to lie above the water, just resting on it, as if upborne on a sea of molten lead; except when now and then, the wringing of a swab, or the dashing of a bucket overboard from the head, broke up the shadow for a moment, and showed the substance but half its former apparent size. A small polacca craft had got under way from Mahon in the course of the forenoon, intending to stand over to Barcelona; but it fell dead calm just before she reached the chops of the harbor; and there she lay as motionless upon the blue surface, as if she were only part of a mimic scene, from the pencil of some accomplished painter. Her broad cotton lateen sails, as they hung drooping from the slanting and taper yards, shone with a glistening whiteness that contrasted beautifully with the dark flood in which they were reflected; and the distant sound of the guitar, which one of the sailors was listlessly playing on her deck, came sweetly over the water, and harmonized well with the quiet appearance of everything around. The whitewashed walls of the lazaretto, on a verdant headland at the mouth of the bay, glittered like silver in the slant rays of the sun; and some of its windows were burnished so brightly by the level beams, that it seemed as if the whole interior of the edifice were in flames. On the opposite side, the romantic and picturesque ruins of fort St. Philip, faintly seen, acquired double beauty from being tipped with the declining light; and the clusters of ancient looking windmills, which dot the green eminences along the bank, added, by the motionless state of their wings, to the effect of the unbroken tranquillity of the scene.

Even on board our vessel, a degree of stillness unusual for a man-of-war prevailed among the crew. It was the hour of their evening meal; and the low hum that came from the gun-deck had an indistinct and buzzing sound, which, like the tiny song of bees of a warm summer noon, rather heightened than diminished the charm of the surrounding quiet. The spar-deck was almost deserted. The quarter-master of the watch, with his spy-glass in his hand, and dressed in a frock and trowsers of snowy whiteness, stood aft upon the taffarel, erect and motionless as a

statue, keeping the usual lookout. A group of some half a dozen sailors had gathered together on the forecastle, where they were supinely lying under the shade of the bulwarks; and here and there, upon the gun-slides along the gangway, sat three or four others—one, with his clothes-bag beside him, overhauling his simple wardrobe; another working a set of clues for some favorite officer's hammock; and a third engaged, perhaps, in carving his name in rude letters upon the handle of a jack-knife, or in knotting a laniard by which to suspend it round his neck.

On the top of the boom-cover, and in the full glare of the level sun, lay black Jake, the jig-maker of the ship, and a striking specimen of African peculiarities, in whose single person they were all strongly developed. His flat nose was dilated to unusual width, and his ebony cheeks fairly glistened with delight, as he looked up at the gambols of a large monkey, which, clinging to the main-stay, just above Jake's woolly head, was chattering and grinning back at the negro, as if there existed some means of mutual intelligence between them. It was my watch on deck, and I had been standing several minutes leaning on the main fife-ail, amusing myself by observing the antics of the black and his congenial playmate; but at length, tiring of the rude mirth, had turned towards the taffarel, to gaze on the more agreeable features of that scene which I have feebly attempted to describe. Just at that moment a shout and a merry laugh burst upon my ear, and looking quickly round, to ascertain the cause of the unusual sound on a frigate's deck, I saw little Bob Stay (as we called our commodore's son) standing half-way up the main-hatch ladder, clapping his hands, and looking aloft at some object that seemed to inspire him with a deal of glee. A single glance to the main-yard explained the occasion of his merriment. He had been coming up from the gun-deck, when Jacko, perceiving him on the ladder, dropped suddenly down from the main-stay, and running along the boom cover, leaped upon Bob's shoulder, seized his cap from his head, and immediately darted up the main-topsail sheet, and thence to the bunt of the main-yard, where he now sat, picking threads from the tassel of his prize, and occasionally scratching his side and chattering, as if with exultation for the success of his mischief. But Bob was a sprightly, active little fellow; and though he could not climb quite as nimbly as a monkey, yet he had no mind to lose his cap without an effort to regain it. Perhaps he was more strongly incited to make chase after Jacko from noticing me to smile at his plight, or by the loud laugh of Jake, who seemed inexpressibly delighted at the occurrence, and endeavored to evince, by tumbling about the boom-cloth, shaking his huge misshapen head, and sundry other grotesque actions, the pleasure for which he had no words.

"Ha, you d—d rascal, Jacko, hab you no more respec' for de young officer, den to steal his cab? We bring you to de gangway, you black nigger, and gib you a dozen on de bare back for a tief."

The monkey looked down from his perch as if he understood the threat of the negro, and chattered a sort of defiance in answer.

"Ha, ha! Massa Stay, he say you mus' ketch him 'fore you flog him; and it's no so easy for a midshipman in boots to ketch a monkey barefoot."

A red spot mounted to the cheek of little Bob, as he cast one glance of offended pride at Jake, and then sprang across the deck to the Jacob's ladder. In an instant he was half-way up the rigging, running over the ratlines as lightly as if they were an easy flight of stairs, whilst the shrouds scarcely quivered

beneath his elastic motion. In a second more his hand was on the futtock.

"Massa Stay!" cried Jake, who sometimes, from being a favorite, ventured to take liberties with the younger officers, "Massa Stay, you best crawl through de lubber's hole—it take a sailor to climb the futtock shroud."

But he had scarcely time to utter his pretended caution before Bob was in the top. The monkey, in the meanwhile, had awaited his approach, until he had got nearly up the rigging, when it suddenly put the cap on its own head, and running along the yard to the opposite side of the top, sprang up a rope, and thence to the topmast backstay, up which it ran to the topmast cross-trees, where it again quietly seated itself, and resumed its work of picking the tassel to pieces. For several minutes I stood watching my little messmate follow Jacko from one piece of rigging to another, the monkey, all the while, seeming to exert only as much agility as was necessary to elude the pursuer, and pausing whenever the latter appeared to be growing weary of the chase. At last, by this kind of manœuvring, the mischievous animal succeeded in enticing Bob as high as the royal-mast-head, when springing suddenly on the royal stay, it ran nimbly down to the foretop-gallant-mast-head, thence down the rigging to the foretop, when leaping on the foreyard, it ran out to the yard-arm, and hung the cap on the end of the studding-sail boom, where, taking its seat, it raised a loud and exulting chattering. Bob by this time was completely tired out, and, perhaps, unwilling to return to the deck to be laughed at for his fruitless chase, he sat down in the royal cross-trees; while those who had been attracted by the sport, returned to their usual avocations or amusements. The monkey, no longer the object of pursuit or attention, remained but a little while on the yard-arm; but soon taking up the cap, returned in towards the slings, and dropped it down upon deck.

Some little piece of duty occurred at this moment to engage me, as soon as which was performed, I walked aft, and leaning my elbow on the taffarel, was quickly lost in the recollection of scenes very different from the small pantomime I had just been witnessing. Soothed by the low hum of the crew, and by the quiet loveliness of everything around, my thoughts had travelled far away from the realities of my situation, when I was suddenly startled by a cry from black Jake, which brought me on the instant back to consciousness. "My God! Massa Scupper," cried he, "Massa Stay is on de main-truck!"

A cold shudder ran through my veins as the word reached my ear. I cast my eyes up—it was too true! The adventurous boy, after resting on the royal cross-trees, had been seized with a wish to go still higher, and, impelled by one of those impulses by which men are sometimes instigated to place themselves in situations of imminent peril, without a possibility of good resulting from the exposure, he had climbed the sky-sail pole, and, at the moment of my looking up, was actually standing on the main-truck! a small circular piece of wood on the very summit of the loftiest mast, and at a height so great from the deck that my brain turned dizzy as I looked up at him. The reverse of Virgil's line was true in this instance. It was comparatively easy to ascend—but to descend—my head swam round, and my stomach felt sick at thought of the perils comprised in that one word. There was nothing above him or around him but the empty air—and beneath him, nothing but a point, a mere point—a small, unstable wheel, that seemed no bigger from the deck than the button on the end of a foil,

and the taper sky-sail pole itself scarcely larger than the blade. Dreadful temerity! If he should attempt to stoop, what could he take hold of to steady his descent? His feet quite covered up the small and fearful platform that he stood upon, and beneath that, a long, smooth, naked spar, which seemed to bend with his weight, was all that upheld him from destruction. An attempt to get down from "that bad eminence," would be almost certain death; he would inevitably lose his equilibrium, and be precipitated to the deck, a crushed and shapeless mass. Such was the nature of the thoughts that crowded through my mind as I first raised my eye, and saw the terrible truth of Jake's exclamation. What was to be done in the pressing and horrible exigency? To hail him, and inform him of his danger, would be but to insure his ruin. Indeed, I fancied that the rash boy already perceived the imminence of his peril; and I half thought that I could see his limbs begin to quiver, and his cheek turn deadly pale. Every moment I expected to see the dreadful catastrophe. I could not bear to look at him, and yet could not withdraw my gaze. A film came over my eyes, and a faintness over my heart. The atmosphere seemed to grow thick, and to tremble and waver like the heated air around a furnace; the mast appeared to totter, and the ship to pass from under my feet. I myself had the sensations of one about to fall from a great height, and making a strong effort to recover myself, like that of a dreamer who fancies he is shoved from a precipice, I staggered up against the bulwarks.

When my eyes were once turned from the dreadful object to which they had been riveted, my sense and consciousness came back. I looked around me—the deck was already crowded with people. The intelligence of poor Bob's temerity had spread through the ship like wild-fire—as such news always will—and the officers and crew were all crowding to the deck to behold the appalling—the heart-rending spectacle. Every one, as he looked up, turned pale, and his eye became fastened in silence on the truck—like that of a spectator of an execution on the gallows—with a steadfast, unblinking and intense, yet abhorrent gaze, as if momentarily expecting a fatal termination to the awful suspense. No one made a suggestion—no one spoke. Every feeling, every faculty seemed to be absorbed and swallowed up in one deep, intense emotion of agony. Once the first lieutenant seized the trumpet, as if to hail poor Bob, but he had scarce raised it to his lips, when his arm dropped again, and sank listlessly down beside him, as if from a sad consciousness of the utter inutilty of what he had been going to say. Every soul in the ship was now on the spar-deck, and every eye was turned to the main-truck.

At this moment there was a stir among the crew about the gangway, and directly after another face was added to those on the quarter-deck—it was that of the commodore, Bob's father. He had come alongside in a shore boat, without having been noticed by a single eye, so intense and universal was the interest that had fastened every gaze upon the spot where poor Bob stood trembling on the awful verge of fate. The commodore asked not a question, uttered not a syllable. He was a dark-faced, austere man, and it was thought by some of the midshipmen that he entertained but little affection for his son. However that might have been, it was certain that he treated him with precisely the same strict discipline that he did the other young officers, or if there was any difference at all, it was not in favor of Bob. Some who pretended to have studied his character closely, affirmed that he loved his boy too well to spoil him, and that, intending him for the arduous

profession in which he had himself risen to fame and eminence, he thought it would be of service to him to experience some of its privations and hardships at the outset.

The arrival of the commodore changed the direction of several eyes, which now turned on him to trace what emotions the danger of his son would occasion. But their scrutiny was foiled. By no outward sign did he show what was passing within. His eye still retained its severe expression, his brow the slight frown which it usually wore, and his lip its haughty curl. Immediately on reaching the deck, he had ordered a marine to hand him a musket, and with this stepping aft, and getting on the lookout-block, he raised it to his shoulder, and took a deliberate aim at his son, at the same time hailing him, without a trumpet, in his voice of thunder—

"Robert!" cried he, "jump! jump overboard! or I'll fire at you!"

The boy seemed to hesitate, and it was plain that he was tottering, for his arms were thrown out like those of one scarcely able to retain his balance. The commodore raised his voice again, and in a quicker and more energetic tone, cried,

"Jump! 'tis your only chance for life."

The words were scarcely out of his mouth, before the body was seen to leave the truck and spring out into the air. A sound, between a shriek and a groan, burst from many lips. The father spoke not—sighed not—indeed he did not seem to breathe. For a moment of intense agony a pin might have been heard to drop on deck. With a rush like that of a cannon ball, the body descended to the water, and before the waves closed over it, twenty stout fellows, among them several officers, had dived from the bulwarks. Another short period of bitter suspense ensued. It rose—he was alive! his arms were seen to move! he struck out towards the ship!—and despite the discipline of a man-of-war, three loud huzzas, an outburst of unfeigned and unrestrainable joy from the hearts of our crew of five hundred men, pealed through the air, and made the welkin ring. Till this moment the old commodore had stood unmoved. The eyes, that glistening with pleasure now sought his face, saw that it was ashy pale. He attempted to descend the horse-block, but his knees bent under him; he seemed to gasp for breath, and put up his hand, as if to tear open his vest; but before he accomplished his object, he staggered forward, and would have fallen on the deck, had he not been caught by old black Jake. He was borne into his cabin, where the surgeon attended him, whose utmost skill was required to restore his mind to its usual equability and self-command, in which he at last happily succeeded. As soon as he recovered from the dreadful shock, he sent for Bob, and had a long confidential conference with him; and it was noticed, when the little fellow left the cabin, that he was in tears. The next day we sent down our taut and dashing poles, and replaced them with the stump-to-gallant-masts; and on the third, we weighed anchor, and made sail for Gibraltar.

GEORGE P. MORRIS

Was born in Philadelphia in 1801. He came early in life to New York, and formed an association with the late Samuel Woodworth, with whom he commenced the publication of the *Mirror* in 1823.

Mr. Morris conducted this journal with distinguished success till the completion of its twentieth volume in 1842, when its publication was interrupted by the universally spread financial disasters of the times. During this period it was the

representative of the best literary, dramatic, and artistic interests of the day, having among its contributors, Bryant, Halleck, Paulding, Leggett, Hoffman, and numerous other writers of distinction, while Theodore S. Fay, Nathaniel P. Willis, William Cox, Epes Sargent, were more especially identified with its pages. It was, during the period for which it was published, one of the literary "institutions" of the country. In 1843 the periodical was revived, with the title *The New Mirror*, three volumes of which were published in the royal octavo form. Mr. Willis was again associated in the editorship with Mr. Morris, contributing some of his best sketches, while the earlier numbers were weekly illustrated by the pencil of the artist J. G. Chapman. The publication was successful, but an interpretation of the postage laws interfering with its circulation, Messrs. Morris and Willis projected a new enterprise in the *Evening Mirror*, a daily paper at New York, which was commenced in the autumn of 1844. The next editor of this journal, Mr. Hiram Fuller, soon became associated in this undertaking, which was conducted for more than two years by the three associates.



Geo. P. Morris.

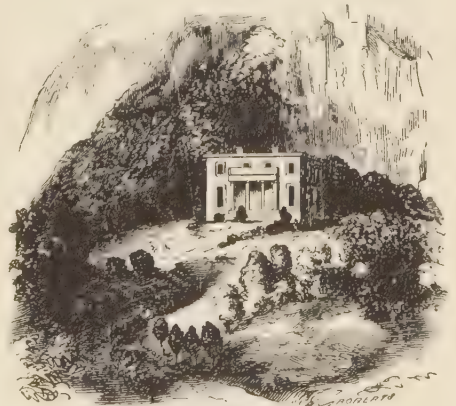
At the close of 1845, Mr. Morris commenced alone a new weekly, *The National Press*. It was carried on by him for nearly a year, when his former literary partner, Mr. Willis, became associated in the paper, the title of which was then changed to the *Home Journal*. Under the joint editorship it soon became firmly established, and a general favorite as a popular newspaper of the fashionable and belles-lettres interests of the day.*

We have thus presented in an uninterrupted

view Mr. Morris's series of newspaper enterprises, extending over a period of thirty years. The uniform success with which they have been attended is due to his editorial tact and judgment; his shrewd sense of the public requirements; and his provision for the more refined and permanently acceptable departments of literature. Good taste and delicacy have always presided over the journals conducted by Mr. Morris. The old *Mirror* was liberally connected with the arts of design, supplying a series of national portraits and views of scenery from originals by Leslie, Inman, Cole, Weir, engraved by Durand, Smillie, Casilear, and others, which have not since been surpassed in their department of illustration.

One of the earliest productions of Mr. Morris was his drama of *Brier Cliff*, which was produced at the Chatham Theatre, New York, in 1837, and acted for forty nights. It was constructed on incidents of the American Revolution. This remains unpublished. In 1842, he wrote the libretto of an opera, *The Maid of Saxony*, which was set to music by Mr. C. E. Horn, and performed for fourteen nights at the Park Theatre.

The songs of Mr. Morris have been produced at intervals during the whole term of his literary career. They have been successfully set to music, and popularly sung on both sides of the Atlantic. The themes include most varieties of situation, presenting the love ballad, the patriotic song, the expression of patriotism, of friendship, and numerous occasional topics.



Undercliff.

There have been several editions of the songs and ballads—from the press of Appleton, in 1840, with illustrations by Weir and Chapman; a miniature volume by Paine and Burgess, in 1846; and a costly illustrated octavo, *The Deserted Bride, and other productions*, from the press of Scribner, in 1853, accompanied by engravings from designs by Mr. Weir, who has also illustrated each stanza of the poem, *The Whip-poor-will*, in an earlier edition, printed from steel.

A collection of specimens of the *Song Writers of America*, of *National Melodies*, a joint composition with Mr. Willis of the *Prose and Poetry of Europe and America*, with a volume of prose sketches, *The Little Frenchman and his Water Lots*, in 1838, illustrated by the comic designer

* The first number of the New York Mirror and Ladies' Literary Gazette, was published in New York, Aug. 2, 1823; the last appeared Dec. 31, 1842. The "New Mirror" was published weekly, from April 8, 1843, to Sept. 23, 1844. The first number of the Evening Mirror appeared Oct. 7, 1844. The National Press became the Home Journal, with its forty-first number, Nov. 21, 1846.

Johnston, complete the list of Mr. Morris's publications.

THE WHIP-POOR-WILL.

The plaint of the wailing Whip-poor-will,
Who mourns unscen and ceaseless sings
Ever a note of wail and woe,
Till morning spreads her rosy wings,
And earth and sky in her glances glow.

J. R. DRAKE.

Why dost thou come at set of sun,
Those pensive words to say?
Why whip poor Will?—What has he done—
And who is Will, I pray?

Why come from yon leaf-shaded hill,
A suppliant at my door?—
Why ask of me to whip poor Will?
And is Will really poor?

If poverty's his crime, let mirth
From out his heart be driven;
That is the deadliest sin on earth,
And never is forgiven!

Art Will himself?—It must be so—
I learn it from thy moan,
For none can feel another's woe
As deeply as his own.

Yet wherefore strain thy tiny throat,
While other birds repose!
What means thy melancholy note?—
The mystery disclose?

Still "Whip poor Will!"—Art thou a sprite,
From unknown regions sent,
To wander in the gloom of night,
And ask for punishment?

Is thine a conscience sore beset
With guilt?—or, what is worse,
Hast thou to meet writs, duns, and debt—
No money in thy purse?

If this be thy hard fate indeed,
Ah! well mayst thou repine;
The sympathy I give, I need—
The poet's doom is thine!

Art thou a lover, Will?—Hast proved
The fairest can deceive?
Thine is the lot of all who've loved
Since Adam wedded Eve!

Hast trusted in a friend, and seen
No friend was he in need!
A common error—men still lean
Upon as frail a reed.

Hast thou, in seeking wealth or fame,
A crown of brambles won?
O'er all the earth 'tis just the same
With every mother's son!

Hast found the world a Babel wide,
Where man to Mammon stoops?
Where flourish Arrogance and Pride,
While modest merit droops?

What, none of these?—Then, whence thy pain?
To guess it who's the skill?
Pray have the kindness to explain
Why I should whip poor Will?

Dost merely ask thy just desert?
What, not another word?—
Back to the woods again, unhurt—
I will not harm thee, bird!

But use thee kindly—for my nerves,
Like thine, have penance done;
"Use every man as he deserves
Who shall 'scape whipping?"—none!

Farewell, poor Will!—not valueless
This lesson by thee given;
"Keep thine own counsel, and confess
Thyself alone to Heaven!"

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.

Woodman, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough!
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now.
'Twas my forefather's hand
That placed it near his cot:
There, woodman, let it stand,
Thy axe shall harm it not!

That old familiar tree,
Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea,
And wouldst thou hew it down?
Woodman, forbear thy stroke!
Cut not its earth-bound ties;
Oh, spare that aged oak,
Now towering to the skies!

When but an idle boy
I sought its grateful shade;
In all their gushing joy
Here too my sisters played.
My mother kissed me here;
My father pressed my hand—
Forgive this foolish tear,
But let that old oak stand!

My heart-strings round thee cling,
Close as thy bark, old friend!
Here shall the wild-bird sing,
And still thy branches bend.
Old tree! the storm still brave!
And, woodman, leave the spot:
While I've a hand to save,
Thy axe shall harm it not.

I'M WITH YOU ONCE AGAIN.

I'm with you once again, my friends,
No more my footsteps roam;
Where it began my journey ends,
Amid the scenes of home.
No other clime has skies so blue,
Or streams so broad and clear,
And where are hearts so warm and true
As those that meet me here?

Since last, with spirits wild and free,
I pressed my native strand,
I've wandered many miles at sea,
And many miles on land;
I've seen fair realms of the earth,
By rude commotion torn,
Which taught me how to prize the worth
Of that where I was born.

In other countries when I heard
The language of my own,
How fondly each familiar word
Awoke an answering tone!
But when our woodland songs were sung
Upon a foreign mart,
The vows that faltered on the tongue
With rapture thrilled the heart.

My native land! I turn to you,
With blessing and with prayer,
Where man is brave and woman true
And free as mountain air.
Long may our flag in triumph wave,
Against the world combined,
And friends a welcome—foes a grave,
Within our borders find.

A LEGEND OF THE MOHAWK.

In the days that are gone, by this sweet flowing
water,
Two lovers reclined in the shade of a tree;
She was the mountain-king's rosy-lipped daughter,
The brave warrior-chief of the valley was he.
Then all things around them, below and above,
Were basking as now in the sunshine of love—
In the days that are gone, by this sweet flowing
stream.

In the days that are gone, they were laid 'neath the
willow,
The maid in her beauty, the youth in his pride;
Both slain by the foeman who crossed the dark
billow,
And stole the broad lands where their children
reside:
Whose fathers, when dying, in fear looked above,
And trembled to think of that chief and his love,
In the days that are gone, by this sweet flowing
stream.

POETRY.

To me the world's an open book,
Of sweet and pleasant poetry;
I read it in the running brook
That sings its way towards the sea.
It whispers in the leaves of trees,
The swelling grain, the waving grass,
And in the cool, fresh evening breeze
That crisps the wavelets as they pass.

The flowers below, the stars above,
In all their bloom and brightness given,
Are, like the attributes of love,
The poetry of earth and heaven.
Thus Nature's volume, read aright,
Attunes the soul to minstrelsy,
Tinging life's clouds with rosy light
And all the world with poetry.

NEAR THE LAKE.

Near the lake where drooped the willow,
Long time ago!
Where the rock threw back the billow,
Brighter than snow;
Dwelt a maid, beloved and cherished
By high and low;
But with autumn's leaf she perished
Long time ago!
Rock, and tree, and flowing water,
Long time ago!
Bee, and bird, and blossom taught her
Love's spell to know!
While to my fond words she listened,
Murmuring low!
Tenderly her dove-eyes glistened,
Long time ago!
Mingled were our hearts for ever,
Long time ago!
Can I now forget her? Never!
No, lost one, no!

To her grave these tears are given,
Ever to flow;
She's the star I missed from heaven,
Long time ago!

THE CROTON ODE—WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF THE CORPORATION OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

Gushing from this living fountain,
Music pours a falling strain,
As the Goddess of the Mountain
Comes with all her sparkling train.
From her grotto-springs advancing,
Glittering in her feathery spray,
Woodland lays beside her dancing,
She pursues her winding way.

Gently o'er the rippling water,
In her coral-shallop bright,
Glides the rock-king's dove-eyed daughter,
Decked in robes of virgin white.
Nymphs and naiads, sweetly smiling,
Urge her bark with pearly hand.
Merrily the sylph beguiling
From the nooks of fairy-land.

Swimming on the snow-curved billow,
See the river spirits fair
Lay their cheeks, as on a pillow,
With the foam-beads in their hair.
Thus attended, hither wending,
Floats the lovely oread now,
Eden's arch of promise bending,
Over her translucent brow.

Hail the wanderer from a far land!
Bind her flowing tresses up!
Crown her with a fadeless garland,
And with crystal brim the cup,
From her haunts of deep seclusion,
Let Intemperance greet her too,
And the heat of his delusion
Sprinkle with this mountain-dew.

Water leaps as if delighted,
While her conquered foes retire!
Pale Contagion flies affrighted
With the baffled demon Fire!
Safety dwells in her dominions,
Health and Beauty with her move,
And entwine their circling pinnons,
In a sisterhood of love!

Water shouts a glad hosanna!
Bubbles up the earth to bless!
Cheers it like the precious manna
In the barren wilderness.
Here we wondering gaze, assembled
Like the grateful Hebrew band,
When the hidden fountain trembled,
And obeyed the Prophet's wand.

Round the Aqueducts of story,
As the mists of Lethe throng,
Croton's waves in all their glory,
Troop in melody along.
Ever sparkling, bright and single,
Will this rock-ribbed stream appear
When Posterity shall mingle
Like the gathered waters here.

MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.

This book is all that's left me now:—
Tears will unbidden start—
With faltering lip and throbbing brow,
I press it to my heart.

For many generations past

Here is our family tree:
My mother's hand this bible clasped;
She, dying, gave it me.

Ah! well do I remember those
Whose names these records bear;
Who round the hearth-stone used to close
After the evening prayer,
And speak of what these pages said,
In tones my heart would thrill!
Though they are with the silent dead,
Here are they living still!

My father read this holy book,
To brothers, sisters, dear;
How calm was my poor mother's look,
Who leaned God's word to hear.
Her angel face—I see it yet!
What thrilling memories come!
Again that little group is met
Within the halls of home!

Thou truest friend man ever knew,
Thy constancy I've tried,
When all were false I found thee true,
My counsellor and guide.
The mines of earth no treasures give
That could this volume buy;
In teaching me the way to live,
It taught me how to die.

George P. Morris died in his sixty-third year, in the city of New York, July 6, 1864. His health had been broken by a serious attack of paralysis, and his last years were mostly passed in retirement. A new and complete edition, the latest, of Morris's Poems, including the libretto of "The Maid of Saxony," was published by Scribner, in 1860. In the following year, General Morris contributed an introductory memoir to an enlarged collection of the poetical writings of his early friend and literary associate, Samuel Woodworth.

**** THE DISMISSED.**

"I suppose she was right in rejecting my suit,
But why did she kick me down stairs?"

HALLECK'S "Discarded."

The wing of my spirit is broken,
My day-star of hope has declined;
For a month not a word have I spoken
That's either polite or refined.
My mind's like the sky in bad weather,
When mist-clouds around us are curled:
And viewing myself altogether,
I'm the veriest wretch in the world!

I wander about like a vagrant—
I spend half my time in the street;
My conduct's improper and flagrant,
For I quarrel with all that I meet.
My dress, too, is wholly neglected,
My hat I pull over my brow,
And I look like a fellow suspected
Of wishing to kick up a row.

In vain I've endeavored to borrow
From friends "some material aid"—
For my landlady views me with sorrow,
When she thinks of the bill that's unpaid.
Abroad, my acquaintances flout me,
The ladies cry, "Bless us, look there!"
And the little boys cluster about me,
And sensible citizens stare.

One says, "He's a victim to cupid;"
Another, "His conduct's too bad;"
A third, "He is awfully stupid;"
A fourth, "He is perfectly mad!"—

And then I am watched like a bandit,
Mankind with me all are at strife:
By heaven, no longer I'll stand it,
But quick put an end to my life!

I've thought of the means—yet I shudder
At dagger or ratsbane or rope;
At drawing with lancet my blood, or
At razor without any soap!
Suppose I should fall in a duel,
And thus leave the stage with *éclat*?
But to die with a bullet is cruel—
Besides, 't would be breaking the law!

Yet one way remains: to the river
I'll fly from the goadings of care!—
But drown?—oh, the thought makes me shiver—
A terrible death, I declare!
Ah, no!—I'll once more see my Kitty,
And parry her cruel disdain—
Beseech her to take me in pity,
And never dismiss me again.

**** THE SWORD AND THE STAFF.**

The sword of the hero!
The staff of the sage!
Whose valor and wisdom
Are stamped on the age!
Time-hallowed mementoes
Of those who have riven
The sceptre from tyrants,
The lightning from heaven!

This weapon, O Freedom!
Was drawn by thy son,
And it never was sheathed
Till the battle was won!
No stain of dishonor
Upon it we see!
'Twas never surrendered
Except to the free!

While Fame claims the hero
And patriot sage,
Their names to emblazon
On History's page,
No holier relics
Will liberty hoard
Than FRANKLIN'S staff, guarded
By WASHINGTON'S sword!

GEORGE W. BURNAP,

A CLERGYMAN of the Unitarian Church, and author of numerous publications, chiefly of a devotional character, was born in Merrimack, New Hampshire, in 1802. His father, the Rev. Jacob Burnap, was for a long time pastor of a Congregational church in that town. The son was a graduate of Harvard of 1824, and in 1827 succeeded the Rev. Jared Sparks, in the charge of the First Independent Church of Baltimore, Md.

In 1835 he commenced author by publishing a volume of *Lectures on the Doctrines of Controversy between Unitarians and other Denominations of Christians*. In 1840 he published a volume of *Lectures to Young Men on the Cultivation of the Mind, the Formation of Character, and the Conduct of Life*; in the same year, a volume of *Lectures on the Sphere and Duties of Women*; and in 1824, *Lectures on the History of Christianity*. In 1844 he contributed to Sparks's "American Biography," a memoir of Leonard Calvert, first governor of Maryland. In 1845 he published *Expository Lectures on the Principal Texts of the Bible which relate to the*

Doctrine of the Trinity: a volume of Miscellanies; and a Biography of Henry T. Ingalls. In 1848 he published a small work entitled *Popular Objections to Unitarian Christianity Considered and Answered*; and in 1850, twenty discourses, *On the Rectitude of Human Nature.* He has been a contributor to the pages of *The Christian Examiner* since the year 1834.*

In 1855 he published a volume, entitled, *Christianity, its Essence and Evidence.* This work contains the results of his studies of the New Testament for twenty years, and may be looked upon probably as the most compendious statement of the biblical theology of the author's school of Unitarianism. He followed in the main the track of Andrews Norton; and with great boldness in animadverting upon some portions of the New Testament canon, he united the most earnest defence of the supernatural origin of Christianity. He was a laborious student, a close reasoner, a terse and instructive writer. In richness of imagery and persuasive rhetoric he was less gifted than in clear statement and logical force.

ISOLATION OF THE AMERICAN COLONIES. A PROMOTION OF DEMOCRACY.†

This leads me to speak of the next cause of the Democracy of the North American Colonies, which I shall mention — *their isolation.* Three thousand miles of ocean intervened between them and the old world. This circumstance was not without the most decisive and important effects. The people had their own way, because they could not be controlled by their old masters at the distance of three thousand miles. *Nobility never emigrated.* There was nothing to tempt it to quit its ancient home. It was a plant of such a peculiar structure, that it would not bear translation to another soil. Here it would have withered and died, amidst the rugged forests and stern climate of America. A nobleman is the creation of a local conventionalism. He flourishes only in an artificial atmosphere. He must be seen by gas-light. He is at home only in courts and palaces.

The pomp of courts, and the splendor of palaces, are the contrivances, not more of human pride than of far-sighted policy. They are intended to impose on the imagination of the multitude; to lead them to associate with the condition of their superiors, the ideas of providential and unattainable superiority, to which it is their destiny and their duty to submit. Take them away from the stage on which they choose to exhibit themselves; strip them of their dramatic costume; take away the overhanging chandelier and the glare of the foot lights, and let them mingle in the common crowd, and they become as other men, and the crowd begin to wonder how they could ever have looked up to them with so much reverence.

They gained likewise advantages from associating together. An English nobleman had a hereditary right to a seat in the House of Lords. He made a part of the national legislature. This privilege was independent of the popular will. It was real power, a possession so flattering to the pride of man. There was no reason, therefore, why such a man

should wish to leave his country. What could he find here congenial to his taste, or flattering to his pride, or tolerable to his habits of luxury and self-indulgence?

A rude village on the shore of the ocean, or on the banks of a stream, of a few log cabins, scattered here and there in the wilderness, was all the New World had to offer for many generations. Not many would emigrate to such a country, who had anything to leave behind. Much less was it to be expected, that those would come here, who had drawn the highest prizes in life at home. They could not seek a new organization of the social condition, in which they had nothing to gain and everything to lose. Here and there there might be an adventurer of condition, who came to this country to improve his broken fortunes; but then it was, as in all new countries, with a hope of returning to enjoy his gains in a country and a state of society, where refined enjoyment was possible.

And after all, beyond a limited circle, America was, at that time, very little known and very little regarded by the people of England. And it is very much so to the present hour. The best informed people, strange as it may seem, know little more of the Geography of this country than they do of the interior of Africa; and thousands and thousands who move in respectable society, are ignorant whether we are white or copper-colored, speak the English language or Choctaw.

America, then, grew up in neglect and by stealth. Unattractive to the higher classes, she drew to herself the people. Here came the people, the hard-handed and stout-hearted, and carved out a New World for themselves. They adapted their institutions to their wants, and before the Old World was aware, there had sprung up on this broad continent a gigantic Republic, ready to take her position among the nations of the earth.

The Rev. Dr. Burnap died at Baltimore, Maryland, of disease of the heart, in his fifty-seventh year, September 8, 1859. His writings have already been enumerated. We may add the brief summary of his character which appeared in the *New York Tribune*, with the notice of his death: "Dr. Burnap was indebted for the wide sphere of influence which he filled, more to the earnestness of his convictions and his force of expression than to any graces of manner or wealth of illustration. He was remarkable for his clearness of thought and statement, for the logical forms in which he loved to clothe his ideas, and for the vigorous and rather homely phraseology which characterized his style. In his personal bearing he was singularly frank, often, indeed, approaching to bluntness, and delighting to enforce his opinions by strength of argument, without aiming at suavity of manner. He was descended from the Puritan stock, and though professing a by no means Puritan theology, was a rare example, in recent times, of the virtues and defects of the Puritan character."

NICHOLAS MURRAY.

This writer, whose works have attracted a considerable share of attention from the Protestant community, was born in Ireland in 1802. There he was educated for the mercantile profession. He came to America in 1818, and was engaged for a short time in the printing-office of the Messrs. Harper, who were then laying the foundations for

* In this enumeration of Dr. Burnap's writings we are indebted to Mr. Redfield's publication, *The Men of the Time*, ed. 1852.

† From a Discourse, "Origin and Causes of Democracy in America," before the Maryland Society, Baltimore. 1838.

their large publishing establishment. This connexion has always been remembered with pleasure; and the Harpers have since published the numerous editions of the author's writings.

He entered Williams College, Mass., in 1822, and was graduated in due course in the front rank of his class. He then entered the Theological Seminary at Princeton in 1826, and left it in the spring of 1829, to take the pastorate of the church in Wilkesbarre, Pa., where he was ordained in November, 1829. In June, 1833, he was called as Pastor to the First Presbyterian Church of Elizabethtown, N. J. Here he has since remained, though frequently solicited to remove to New York, Brooklyn, Boston, Charleston, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Natchez, and to two theological professorships.

His first essay at writing for the public was, whilst in College. In Wilkesbarre, he wrote for the *Christian Advocate*, a monthly, edited by Dr. Ashbel Green, then ex-president of Princeton College. After his removal to Elizabethtown, he wrote for the papers, and a few articles for the *Literary and Theological Journal*, then edited by Dr. Woods. He also published a few occasional sermons. In 1844, he published a small volume, *Notes Historical and Biographical*, concerning Elizabethtown.

In 1847, appeared the first series of Controversial Letters to Bishop Hughes, by Kirwan, a *nom de plume* which soon became quite famous. In 1848, a second and third series of these Letters appeared. They have been translated into several languages.

In 1851, he published a pamphlet, *The Decline of Popery and its Causes*, in reply to one of Bishop Hughes. His *Romanism at Home*, which has passed through many editions, was published in 1852. In 1851, he made a tour in Europe, of which he published his observations in 1853, with the title *Men and Things as seen in Europe*. In 1854, appeared his *Parish Pencilling*, a sketch-book of clerical experiences.

The Rev. Dr. Murray died at his residence, at Elizabeth, N. J., February 4, 1861, in the fifty-ninth year of his age. An interesting narrative of his active career has been published in a volume of *Memoirs*, by Samuel Ireneus Prime. Though chiefly known to the public by his controversial writings against the Romanists, he carried his energy into various departments. Beside the care of his congregation at Elizabeth, in his indefatigable pastorate, he was very much employed as a popular lecturer through the country, was the author of several volumes, while his influence was exerted in promoting the cause of common-school education in New Jersey, in the formation of the Historical Society of the State, and the furtherance of other liberal objects. He was so diligent and systematic in the preparation of his sermons, to which he gave much attention, that at his death several recently prepared, which he had not preached, were found in his study. They were shortly after printed, with the title, *A Dying Legacy to the People of his Beloved Charge*. The last work which he carried through the press was a volume entitled *Preachers and Preaching*, intended to define and increase the influence of the pulpit.

CYNTHIA TAGGART.

THERE are few sadder stories in the whole range of literary biography than that of this lady, and on the other hand few which so happily exhibit the solace afforded in some instances by literary pursuits. Cynthia Taggart was the daughter of an old soldier of the Revolution. His father at the outset of the contest was possessed of a valuable farm at Middletown, six miles from Newport. During the British occupation of the neighborhood, he joined an expedition for the capture of the island. It was unsuccessful, and the British in revenge devastated his property. In the foray the son, afterwards the father of Cynthia, was taken prisoner and imprisoned at Newport jail. After a fortnight's incarceration, he made his escape through one of the cellar windows which were provided with wooden bars only, and getting clear of the town crossed to the mainland at Bristol ferry during the night on a rude raft formed of rails from the fences.

A like fate occurred to a small confiscated estate which was given to the father in consideration of his services and losses by the American authorities, so that the son, on the death of the father, succeeded to but a slender patrimony.

C. Taggart

His daughter, Cynthia Taggart, was born October 14, 1801. Owing to the humble, almost necessitous circumstances of the family, her educational advantages were confined to the instructions of the village school, and from these, owing to early ill health, she could only now and then profit. Although sickly from her birth, she enjoyed occasional intervals of health until her nineteenth year. The painful record of her subsequent career may be best left to her own simple recital.

Shortly after this period, I was seized with a more serious and alarming illness, than any with which I had hitherto been exercised, and in the progress of which my life was for many weeks despaired of. But after my being reduced to the brink of the grave, and enduring excruciating pain and excessive weakness for more than three months, it yielded to superior medical skill; and I so far recovered strength as to walk a few steps and frequently to ride abroad, though not without a great increase of pain an almost maddening agony of the brain, and a total deprivation of sleep for three or four nights and days successively.

From this time a complication of the most painful and debilitating chronic diseases ensued, and have continued to prey upon my frail system during the subsequent period of my life,—from which no permanent relief could be obtained, either through medicine or the most judicious regimen,—natural sleep having been withheld to an almost if not altogether unparalleled degree, from the first serious illness throughout the twelve subsequent years. This unnatural deprivation has caused the greatest debility, and an agonizing painfulness and susceptibility of the whole system, which I think can neither be described nor conceived. After the expiration of a little more than three years from the above mentioned illness, the greater part of which period I was

able to sit up two or three hours in a day, and frequently rode, supported in a carriage, a short distance, though, as before observed, not without great increase of pain, and a total watchfulness for many succeeding nights,—I was again attacked with a still more acutely painful and dangerous malady, from which recovery for several weeks seemed highly improbable, when this most alarming complaint again yielded to medical skill, and life continued, though strength has never more returned. And in what agony, in what excruciating tortures and restless languishing the greater part of the last nine years has been past, it is believed by my parents that language is inadequate to describe or the human mind to conceive. During both the former and latter period of these long-protracted and uncompromising diseases, every expedient that has been resorted to, with the blissful hope of recovery, has proved, not only ineffectual to produce the desired result, but has, invariably, greatly aggravated and increased my complicated complaints; from which it has been impossible to obtain the smallest degree of relief that could render life supportable, and preserve the scorching brain from phrensy, without the constant use of the most powerful anodynes.

Under these circumstances a number of poems were composed by her, and dictated to her father and sisters. One or two found their way to the Providence newspapers, others were read in manuscript by the physicians and clergyman who benevolently visited the poor invalid, and a small collection was finally published in 1833.

The pieces it contains are all of a melancholy cast. They are the meditations of the sick bed, unrelieved by any hope of recovery, the yearnings of a lover of nature for the liberty of woods and fields, of an active mind for food for thought. Considering the circumstances under which they were written they are noticeable productions.

The author lingered for several years after the publication of her volume, without any respite from illness until her death, on the twenty-third of March, 1849.

ON THE RETURN OF SPRING. 1825.

In vain, alas! are Nature's charms
To those whom sorrows share,
In vain the budding flowers appear
To misery's hopeless hair.
In vain, the glorious sun adorns
And gladdens the lengthened day,
When grief must share the tedious hours
That pass in long array;—
When stern disease with blighting power
Has nipt life's transient bloom,
And long incessant agonies
Unrespited consume.
How lost the glow that pleasure thrilled
Once through the raptured breast,
When, bright in every blooming sweet,
This beauteous earth was drest!
No joyous walk through flowery fields
Shall e'er again delight;
For sorrow veils those pleasing scenes
In deepest shades of night.
Now, worn with pain, oppressed with grief,
To wretchedness a prey,
The night returns, and day succeeds,
Without a cheering ray.

The room, with darkened windows sad,
A dungeon's semblance bears,—
And all about the silent bed
The face of misery wears:
Shut out from Nature's beauteous charms,
And breath of balmy air,
Ah! what can chase the hopeless gloom,
But Heaven,—but humble prayer!

ON A STORM. 1825.

The harsh, terrific, howling Storm,
With its wild, dreadful, dire alarm,
Turns pale the cheek of mirth;
And low it bows the lofty trees,
And their tall branches bend with ease
To kiss their parent earth.
The rain and hail in torrents pour;
The furious winds impetuous roar,—
In hollow murmurs clash.
The shore adjacent joins the sound
And angry surges deep resound,
And foaming billows dash.
Yet ocean doth no fear impart,
But soothes my anguish-swollen heart,
And calms my feverish brain.
It seems a sympathizing friend,
That doth with mine its troubles blend,
To mitigate my pain.
In all the varying shades of woe,
The night relief did ne'er bestow,
Nor have I respite seen;
Then welcome, Storm, loud, wild, and rude,
To me thou art more kind and good,
Than aught that is serene.

RUFUS DAWES.

THOMAS, the father of Rufus Dawes, and a Judge of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, was born in Boston in 1757, and died in July, 1825. He was the author of a poem entitled *The Law given on Mount Sinai*, published in Boston, in 1777, in a pamphlet.

Rufus Dawes, the youngest but one of a large family of sixteen, was born at Boston, January 26, 1803. He entered Harvard in 1820, but was refused a degree, in consequence of his supposed participation in a disturbance of the discipline of the institution, a charge afterwards found to be unjust. The incident furnished the occasion of his first published poem, a satire on the Harvard faculty. Mr. Dawes next studied law, was admitted, but never practised the profession. He contributed to the United States Literary Gazette, published at Cambridge, and conducted for a time at Baltimore, *The Emerald*, also a weekly paper. In 1830, he published *The Valley of the Nashaway* and *Other Poems*, and in 1839, *Geraldine*, *Athenia of Damascus*, and *Miscellaneous Poems*.

Mr. Dawes's chief poem, *Geraldine*, is a rambling composition of some three hundred and fifty stanzas, in the manner of Don Juan, and contains a series of episodic passages united by a somewhat extravagant plot. The tragedy is occupied with the siege of Damascus A. D. 634. Athenia, a noble lady, is beloved by Calous, the general in command of the city during the siege by the Turks. The latter, well nigh victorious, are about entering Damascus, when Calous receives private intelligence that succor will arrive on the morrow. To prevent the entrance of the Turks he feigns desertion, is thus received into

the camp of the enemy, and promising to betray the city, gains a day's delay. At the expiration of that interval, he enters with the Turkish leader, and then cutting his way through the hostile troops, rejoins his own forces, and succeeds in arresting their flight. He next meets Athenia, and presses his suit, but she, believing him a traitor, stabs him fatally. Her father enters and undeceives her. Meanwhile the expected reinforcement having been defeated, the Turks succeed, and the piece concludes with the death of Athenia, who falls beside her lover's body on the entrance of the victors. The language of the drama is smooth and elegant.

The miscellaneous poems which follow in the volume comprise descriptions of natural scenery, passages of reflection, several songs, an ode on the death of Sir Walter Scott, and similar compositions sung at the celebration of laying the corner-stone of the Bunker Hill monument, and at a Printers' Celebration, at Baltimore. In 1840, Mr. Dawes published *Nix's Mate*, a spirited and successful historical romance.

The later years of Mr. Dawes's life were passed as a clerk in one of the Government departments at Washington, in the District of Columbia. He died in that city, at the age of fifty-six, November 30, 1859.

Rufus Dawes

SUNRISE—FROM MOUNT WASHINGTON.

The laughing hours have chased away the night,
Plucking the stars out from her diadem:—
And now the blue-eyed Morn, with modest grace,
Looks through her half-drawn curtains in the east,
Blushing in smiles and glad as infancy.
And see, the foolish Moon, but now so vain
Of borrowed beauty, how she yields her charms,
And, pale with envy, steals herself away!
The clouds have put their gorgeous livery on,
Attendant on the day—the mountain tops
Have lit their beacons, and the vales below
Send up a welcoming;—no song of birds,
Warbling to charm the air with melody,
Floats on the frosty breeze; yet Nature hath
The very soul of music in her looks!
The sunshine and the shade of poetry.

I stand upon thy lofty pinnacle,
Temple of Nature! and look down with awe
On the wide world beneath us, dimly seen!
Around me crowd the giant sons of earth,
Fixed on their old foundations, unsubdued;
Firm as when first rebellion bade them rise
Unfitted to the Thunderer—now they seem
A family of mountains, clustering round
Their hoary patriarch, emulously watching
To meet the partial glances of the day.
Far in the glowing east the flickering light,
Mellowed by distance with the blue sky blending,
Questions the eye with ever-varying forms.

The sun comes up! away the shadows fling
From the broad hills—and, hurrying to the West,
Sport in the sunshine, till they die away.
The many beauteous mountain streams leap down
Out-welling from the clouds, and sparkling light
Dances along with their perennial flow.
And there is beauty in yon river's path,
The glad Connecticut! I know her well,
By the white veil she mantles o'er her charms;
At times, she litters by a ridge of hills,

Sportfully hiding—then again with glee,
Out-rushes from her wild-wood lurking place,
Far as the eye can bound, the ocean-waves,
And hills and rivers, mountains, lakes and woods,
And all that hold the faculty entranced,
Bathed in a flood of glory, float in air,
And sleep in the deep quietude of joy.

There is an awful stillness in this place,
A Presence, that forbids to break the spell,
Till the heart pour its agony in tears.
But I must drink the vision while it lasts;
For even now the curling vapours rise,
Wreathing their cloudy coronals, to grace
These towering summits—bidding me away;—
But often shall my heart turn back again,
Thou glorious eminence! and when oppressed,
And aching with the coldness of the world,
Find a sweet resting-place and home with thee.

THE POET.

A poet's heart is always young,
And flows with love's unceasing streams;
Oh, many are the lays unsung,
Yet treasured with his dreams!

The spirits of a thousand flowers,—
The loved,—the lost,—his heart enshrine;
The memory of blessed hours,
And impulses divine.

Like water in a crystal urn,
Sealed up for ever, as a gem,
That feels the sunbeams while they burn,
But never yields to them;—

His heart may fire—his fevered brain
May kindle with concentrate power,
But kind affections still remain
To gild his darkest hour.

The world may chide—the heartless sneer,—
And coldly pass the Poet by,
Who only sheds a sorrowing tear
O'er man's humanity.

From broken hearts and silent grief
From all unutterable scorn,
He draws the balm of sweet relief,
For sufferers yet unborn.

His lyre is strung with shattered strings—
The heart-strings of the silent dead—
Where memory hovers with her wings,
Where grief is canopied.

And yet his heart is always young,
And flows with love's unceasing streams;
Oh, many are the lays unsung,
And treasured with his dreams!

JACOB ABBOTT—JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

JACOB ABBOTT, who has acquired a high reputation as the author of a variety of works having for their object the moral and religious training, and the intellectual instruction of the young, is a native of Maine, where he was born in Hallowell in 1803. He was educated at Bowdoin, and at the Theological Seminary of Andover. He commenced

Jacob Abbott

his career as a writer with the books known as the "Young Christian" series, the first of which, bearing that title, appeared in Boston in 1825. It was followed in the series by three other volumes—*The Corner Stone*; *The Way to*

do Good; Hoaryhead and McDonner. When these were completed, in 1830 Mr. Abbott commenced the *Rollo* series of juvenile writings, which reached twenty-four volumes, consisting of the *Rollo Books* in fourteen volumes, the *Lucy Books* in six, and the *Jonas Books* in four. The *Marco Paul* series followed in six volumes, and subsequently the *Franconia Stories*, published in New York, in ten volumes. A series of Illustrated Histories, extending to some thirty volumes, was commenced with such ancient topics as Cyrus the Great, Xerxes, Romulus, Julius Cæsar, and including several from English history as Alfred the Great, William the Conqueror, Queen Elizabeth. These and others have appeared in rapid succession from the press of the Harpers, tastefully printed, and with the particular topic attractively set forth in a fluent, easy narrative. A new juvenile series of *Harper's Story Books* appeared in thirty-six monthly volumes. Mr. Abbott has great skill as a story-teller for the young. He avoids particularly all ambiguity and obscurity. His page is neither encumbered by superfluous matter, nor deficient in the necessary fulness of explanation.

** In later years, Jacob Abbott has written twelve series of attractive story books. These comprise: *Rollo's Tour in Europe*, ten volumes; *The Florence Stories*, and *The Harlie Stories*, each six; *John Gay—Work for Boys—* and *Mary Gay—Work for Girls*, four each; *Juno Stories*, four; *Rollo and Lucy Books of Poetry*, three; *The Rollo Story Books*, twelve; *Little Learner Series*, and *Rainbow and Lucky Series*, each five; and *Abbott's American History*, eight. The latter, beginning with Aboriginal America, clearly and connectedly traces the history of our country to the death of Washington. He has now in preparation a course of *Science for the Young*. Four volumes of this appeared in 1872—*Heat; Light; Water and Land; Force.*

JOHN S. C. ABBOTT, brother of the preceding, a graduate of Bowdoin (of 1825), and a Congregational clergyman, is also a writer for the young. He is the author of the series of *Kings and Queens, or Life in the Palace*, published by the Harpers, which is to include Josephine, Maria Louisa, Louis Philippe, Nicholas, Victoria, and other popular personages. He has written in a similar form brief lives of Josephine, Maria Antoinette, and Madame Roland. He is best known, however, by his *History of Napoleon Bonaparte*, first published in Harpers' Magazine, 1852-1854, and reissued in two octavo volumes in 1855. This is written in a popularly attractive style, with much success as a narrative; while it has provoked considerable opposition by its highly eulogistic view of the character and deeds of its subject.

** In addition to many of the *Abbotts' Illustrated Histories*, Rev. John Stevens Cabot Abbott is the author of nearly a dozen other contributions to European and American History, and various miscellaneous works. In the order of their publication, these are: *Napoleon at St. Helena*, 1855; *Confidential Correspondence of the Emperor Napoleon and the Empress Josephine*, 1856; *The French Revolution of 1789*, as

viewed in the Light of Republican Institutions, 1859—certainly one of his best books; *The Empire of Austria*, 1859; *The Empire of Russia*, 1860; *South and North, a trip to Cuba and the South*, 1860; *Practical Christianity*, 1862, a genial treatise for young men; *History of the Civil War in America*, two volumes, 1863-6; *Lives of the Presidents of the United States*, 1867; *Life of General U. S. Grant*, 1868; a laudatory *History of Napoleon III.*, 1868; *Romance of Spanish History*, 1869; *History of the Empire of Russia*, 1872; and *History of Frederick the Great*, 1872. In 1872-3 he had in preparation a series of volumes on *The Pioneer Patriots of America*, of which several have appeared.

**STORMING OF THE BASTILLE—FROM THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

The electors now ordered thirty thousand pikes to be manufactured. Every smith was immediately employed, every forge was glowing, and for thirty-six hours, day and night, without intermission, the anvils rang till the pikes were finished. All this day of Monday the people thought only of defending themselves, but night again came, another night of terror, tumult, and sleeplessness.

The Bastille was the great terror of Paris. While that remained in the hands of their enemies, with its impregnable walls and heavy guns commanding the city, there was no safety. As by an instinct, during the night of the 13th, the Parisians decided that the Bastille must be taken. With that fortress in their hands they could defend themselves and repel their foes. But how could the Bastille be taken? It was apparently as unassailable as Gibraltar's rock. Nothing could be more preposterous than the thought of storming the Bastille. "The idea," says Michelet, "was by no means reasonable. It was an act of faith."

The Bastille stood in the very heart of the Faubourg St. Antoine, enormous, massive, and blackened with age, the gloomy emblem of royal prerogative, exciting by its mysterious power and menace the terror and the execration of every one who passed beneath the shadow of its towers. Even the sports of childhood dare not approach the empisoned atmosphere with which it seemed to be enveloped.

M. de Launey was governor of the fortress. He was no soldier, but a mean, mercenary man, despised by the Parisians. He contrived to draw from the establishment, by every species of cruelty and extortion, an income of twenty-five thousand dollars a year. He reduced the amount of firewood to which the shivering inmates were entitled; made a great profit on the wretched wine which he furnished to those who were able to buy, and even let out the little garden within the inclosure, thus depriving those prisoners who were not in dungeon confinement of the privilege of a walk there, which they had a right to claim. De Launey was not merely detested as Governor of the Bastille, but he was personally execrated as a greedy, sordid, merciless man. Linguet's *Memoirs of the Bastille* had rendered De Launey's name infamous throughout Europe. Such men are usually cowards. De Launey was both spiritless and imbecile. Had he not been both, the Bastille could not have been taken.

Still the people had no guns. It was ascertained that there was a large supply at the Hôtel des Invalides, but how could they be taken without any weapons of attack? Sombriell, the governor,

was a firm and a fearless man, and, in addition to his ordinary force, amply sufficient for defense, he had recently obtained a strong detachment of artillery and several additional cannon, showing that he was ready to do battle. Within fifteen minutes march of the Invalides, Bensenval was encamped with several thousand Swiss and German troops in the highest state of discipline, and provided with all the most formidable implements of war. Every moment rumors passed through the streets that the troops from Versailles were on the march, headed by officers who were breathing threatenings and slaughter.

With electric speed the rumor passed through the streets that there was a large quantity of arms stored in the magazine of the Hotel of the Invalids. Before nine o'clock in the morning of the 14th, thirty thousand men were before the Invalides; some with pikes, pistols, or muskets, but most of them unarmed. The curate of St. Etienne led his parishioners in this conflict for freedom. As this intrepid man marched at the head of his flock he said to them, "My children, let us not forget that all men are brothers." The bells of alarm ringing from the steeples seemed to invest the movement with a religious character. Those sublime voices, accustomed to summon the multitude to prayer, now with their loudest utterance called them to the defense of their civil and religious rights.

Sombrueil perceived at once that the populace could only be repelled by enormous massacre, and that probably even that, in the phrensiad state of the public mind, would be ineffectual. He dared not assume the responsibility of firing without an order from the king, and he could get no answer to the messages he sent to Versailles. Though his cannon charged with grapeshot could have swept down thousands, he did not venture to give the fatal command to fire. The citizens, with a simultaneous rush in all directions, leaped the trenches, clambered over the low wall—for the hotel was not a fortress—and, like a resistless inundation, filled the vast building. They found in the armory thirty thousand muskets. Seizing these and six pieces of cannon they rushed, as by a common instinct, toward the Bastille to assail with these feeble means one of the strongest fortresses in the world—a fortress which an army under the great Conde had in vain besieged for three and twenty days!

De Launey, from the summit of his towers, had for many hours heard the roar of the insurgent city. As he now saw the black mass of countless thousands approaching, he turned pale and trembled. All the cannon, loaded with grapeshot, were thrust out of the port-holes, and several cart-loads of paving-stones, cannon-balls, and old iron had been conveyed to the tops of the towers to be thrown down to crush the assailants. Twelve large rampart guns, charged heavily with grape, guarded the only entrance. These were manned by thirty-two Swiss soldiers who would have no scruples in firing upon Frenchmen. The eighty-two French soldiers who composed the remainder of the garrison were placed upon the towers, and at distant posts, where they could act efficiently without being brought so immediately into conflict with the attacking party.

A man of very fearless and determined character, M. Thuriot, was sent by the electors at the Hotel de Ville to summon the Bastille to surrender. The draw-bridge was lowered, and he was ad-

mitted. The governor received him at the head of his staff.

"I summon you," said Thuriot, "in the name of the people, in the name of honor, and of our native land."

The governor, who was every moment expecting the arrival of troops to disperse the crowd, refused to surrender the fortress, but replied that he was ready to give his oath that he would not fire upon the people, if they did not fire upon him. After a long and exciting interview, Thuriot came forth to those at the Hotel de Ville who had sent him.

He had hardly emerged from the massive portals, and crossed the draw-bridge of the moat, which was immediately raised behind him, ere the people commenced the attack. A scene of confusion and uproar ensued which cannot be described. A hundred thousand men, filling all the streets and alleys which opened upon the Bastille, crowding all the windows and housetops of the adjacent buildings, kept up an incessant firing, harmlessly flattening their bullets against walls of stone forty feet thick and one hundred feet high.

The French soldiers within the garrison were reluctant to fire upon their relatives and friends. But the Swiss, obedient to authority, opened a deadly fire of bullets and grapeshot upon the crowd. While the battle was raging an intercepted letter was brought to the Hotel de Ville, in which Bensenval, commandant of the troops in the Field of Mars, exhorted De Launey to remain firm, assuring him that he would soon come with succor. But, fortunately for the people, even these foreign troops refused to march for the protection of the Bastille.

The French Guards now broke from their barracks, and, led by their subaltern officers, came with two pieces of artillery in formidable array to join the people. They were received with thunders of applause which drowned even the roar of the battle. Energetically they opened their batteries upon the fortress, but their balls rebounded harmless from the impregnable rock.

Apparently the whole of Paris, with one united will, was combined against the great bulwark of tyranny. Men, women, and boys were mingled in the fight. Priests, nobles, wealthy citizens, and the ragged and emaciated victims of famine were pressing in the phrensiad assault side by side. The French soldiers were now anxious to surrender, but the Swiss, sheltered from all chance of harm, shot down with deliberate and unerring aim whosoever they would. Four hours of the battle had now passed, and though but one man had been hurt within the fortress, a hundred and seventy-one of the citizens had been either killed or wounded. The French soldiers now raised a flag of truce upon the towers, while the Swiss continued firing below. This movement plunged De Launey into despair. One hundred thousand men were beleaguering his fortress. The king sent no troops to his aid; and three-fourths of his garrison had abandoned him and were already opening communications with his assailants. He knew that the people could never pardon him for the blood of their fathers and brothers with which he had crimsoned their streets—that death was his inevitable doom. In a state almost of delirium he seized a match from a cannon and rushed toward the magazine, determined to blow up the citadel. There were a hundred and thirty-five barrels of gunpowder in the vaults. The explosion would have thrown the Bastille into the air,

buried one hundred thousand people beneath its ruins, and have demolished one-third of Paris. Two subaltern officers crossed their bayonets before him and prevented the accomplishment of this horrible design.

Some wretches seized upon a young lady whom they believed to be the governor's daughter, and wished, by the threat of burning her within view of her father upon the towers, to compel him to surrender. But the citizens promptly rescued her from their hands and conveyed her to a place of safety. It was now five o'clock, and the assault had commenced at twelve o'clock at noon. The French soldiers within made white flags of napkins, attached them to bayonets, and waved them from the walls. Gradually the flags of truce were seen through the smoke; the firing ceased, and the cry resounded through the crowd and was echoed along the streets of Paris, "The Bastille surrenders." This fortress, which Louis XIV. and Turenne had pronounced impregnable, surrendered not to the arms of its assailants, for they had produced no impression upon it. It was conquered by that public opinion which pervaded Paris and which vanquished its garrison.

The massive portals were thrown open, and the vast multitude, a living deluge, plunging headlong, rushed in. They clambered the towers, penetrated the cells, and descended into the dungeons and oubliettes. Appalled they gazed upon the instruments of torture with which former victims of oppression had been torn and broken. Excited as they were by the strife, and exasperated by the shedding of blood, but one man in the fortress, a Swiss soldier, fell a victim to their rage.

The victorious people now set out in a tumultuous procession to convey their prisoners, the governor and the soldiers, to the Hotel de Ville. Those of the populace whose relatives had perished in the strife were roused to fury, and called loudly for the blood of De Launey. Two very powerful men placed themselves on each side of him for his protection. But the clamor increased, the pressure became more resistless, and just as they were entering the Place de Greve the protectors of the governor were overpowered—he was struck down, his head severed by a sabre stroke, and raised a bloody and ghastly trophy into the air upon a pike.

In the midst of the great commotion two of the Swiss soldiers of the Bastille, whom the populace supposed to have been active in the cannonade, were seized, notwithstanding the most strenuous efforts to save them, and hung to a lamp-post. A rumor passed through the crowd that a letter had been found from the mayor, Flesselles, who was already strongly suspected of treachery, directed to De Launey, in which he said,

"I am amusing the Parisians with cockades and promises. Hold out till the evening and you shall be relieved."

Loud murmurs rose from the crowd which filled and surrounded the hall. Some one proposed that Flesselles should be taken to the Palais Royal to be tried by the people. The clamor was increasing and his peril imminent. Pallid with fear he descended from the platform, and, accompanied by a vast throng, set out for the Palais Royal. At the turning of the first street an unknown man approached, and with a pistol shot him dead. Infuriated wretches immediately cut off his head, and it was borne upon a pike in savage triumph through the streets.

The French Guards, with the great body of the

people, did what they could to repress these bloody acts. The French and Swiss soldiers took the oath of fidelity to the nation, and under the protection of the French Guard were marched to places of safety where they were supplied with lodgings and food. Thus terminated this eventful day. The fall of the Bastille broke the right arm of the monarchy, paralyzed its nerves of action, and struck it a death blow. The monarch of France, from his palace at Versailles, heard the distant thunders of the cannonade, and yet inscribed upon his puerile journal "*Nothing!*"

** LYMAN ABBOTT.

LYMAN ABBOTT, third son of Jacob Abbott, the well-known author, was born in Roxbury, Massachusetts, December 18, 1835. The home of his boyhood was in Farmington, Maine, where he was taught at a school kept by an uncle, Samuel Abbott, passing afterwards under the tuition of another uncle, Charles E. Abbott, then residing at Norwich, and later at Hartford, Connecticut. He entered the New York University at the age of thirteen, and graduated the fourth in his class in 1853.

Mr. Abbott devoted the earlier years of his manhood to the law, forming a partnership with his two older brothers, under the name of Abbott Brothers. During his connection with the firm several law works were published. The most important of these were *Abbott's Practice Reports* and *Abbott's New York Digest*. Under the *nom-de-plume* of Benauly (*Benjamin V., Au-stin, Ly-man*), the brothers also issued two novels, *Cone-Cut Corners* and *Matthew Caraby*, which met with fair success. In 1859 Lyman Abbott retired from the firm, to begin a course of theological studies preparatory to entering the Congregational ministry. The other members continued their legal publications, and subsequently the elder, Benjamin V. Abbott, was appointed by President Grant one of three commissioners to revise the statutes of the United States, a position which he still holds (1873).

For five years Lyman Abbott ministered to a Congregational church in Terre Haute, Indiana. In 1865 he accepted the general secretaryship of the American Union Commission, a society organized to aid in the work of civil restoration in the South. This was subsequently merged with the Freedmen's Commission, wherein he held a similar post under the presidency of Mr. Chief-Justice Chase, till its dissolution. In this period he edited *The Freedman*, a monthly periodical representing the interests of the various Freedmen's societies, and also prepared *A Report on the Results of Emancipation*, for presentation to the International Anti-Slavery Conference, held in Paris at the time of the French Exposition.

In 1867 Mr. Abbott accepted the pastorate of the New England (Congregational) Church in New York city, but was led two years later, by the engrossing nature of his literary labors, to resign his pastorate and devote himself entirely to literature, although still retaining his ministerial connection with that denomination. He was married in 1857, to Miss Abby F. Hamlin, a niece of Dr. Cyrus Hamlin. President of

Robert College, Constantinople. His residence, winter and summer, is at Cornwall-on-the-Hudson, about five miles north of West Point.

In addition to frequent contributions to the popular periodicals, especially *Harper's Magazine*, and to the religious press, chiefly the *Independent*, *Congregationalist*, *Advance*, and the *Christian Union*, Mr. Lyman Abbott is the author and editor of a series of works which have commended themselves to the Christian public not less by their wealth of thought and culture than by the graces of a style natural and picturesque. In 1868 he edited, in two volumes, *Sermons by Rev. Henry Ward Beecher: Selected from Published and Unpublished Discourses, and Revised by their Author*. Two sentences from his introductory note describe their character: "The diversity of method and unity of truth which he (Mr. Beecher) combines in a rare degree, I have endeavored to illustrate in these volumes. . . . These sermons have been selected in the spirit in which they were preached, with reference not so much to the demands of theological scholarship as to the wants of the popular heart." *Jesus of Nazareth: His Life and Teachings*, appeared in 1870. It is one of the most attractive Scriptural biographies of the present prolific decade, founded, as it has a right to claim, "on the Four Gospels, and illustrated by reference to the manners, customs, religious beliefs, and political institutions of His times." It was followed by *Old Testament Shadows of New Testament Truths*, 1870; *Morning and Evening Exercises*, 1871, a series of selections from the published and unpublished writings of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, with a prefatory text to each reading, and with poetic extracts; *Laius; or, the Experiences of a Layman in a Country Parish*, 1872, based on a series of contributions to *The Christian Union*, entitled, "Letters from a Layman,"—a story of wise suggestions for Christians of this present generation.

At the invitation of the American Tract Society, Mr. Abbott accepted the editorship of *The Illustrated Christian Weekly*, which began its issue in April, 1871. It has already won a high rank by its broad evangelical spirit and artistic illustrations. He is now (1873) engaged in carrying through the press of Harper & Brothers a Popular Dictionary of Religious Knowledge, in an illustrated volume of about 1,200 pages. A Commentary on the New Testament for lay students is also in preparation.

*THE TEMPTATION—FROM JESUS OF NAZARETH.

Temptations most frequently present themselves first in forms seemingly innocent. So it was with Jesus. Exhausted nature reasserted her long-denied claims. Christ was an hungered. The body, no longer subject to the supremacy of the spirit, demanded food. Jesus was far from human habitations. The few wild fruits of the desolate wilderness were utterly inadequate to supply his needs. But already he felt within himself the mysterious endowment of miraculous power. A word from him, and the stone beneath his feet would be bread in his hand. Should he speak it, and save himself from perishing from hunger? Why, rather, should he not?

He had come to live the life of man among men. He not only took upon himself the form of a servant, he was made in the condition of man.

To employ his supernatural power for his own sustenance was to destroy the significance of his mission at the outset. That miraculous power he would not exert for himself. They that taunted him on the cross, "He saved others, himself he cannot save," bore an unconscious testimony to the unselfishness of his spirit, and the thoroughness with which he took upon himself the life of common humanity. He that fed five thousand in the wilderness from two small loaves and five little fishes would not supply himself, except by ordinary means, with one.

A subtler temptation assailed him. "Go," so the whispered suggestion was uttered to his soul, "go to Jerusalem; assert your Messiahship; invite an expectant people to acknowledge you their king; demonstrate your claim by a miracle wrought in the presence of a multitude; cast yourself down, unhurt, from the pinnacle of the Temple; so, by one bold master-stroke, assert your right, and secure from a wondering nation their allegiance, while your own doubts of your divine authority and mission shall be thus effectually settled forever."

No! Not thus can Jesus's mission be accomplished; not the wonder of the people, but their love, he has come to awaken; not to be enthroned in their palaces, but in their hearts; not by a miracle that appeals to their senses, but by a miracle of love and mercy, must he conquer his kingdom. Sublime is the work which he has undertaken. Long, slow, weary, is the path which he must traverse in accomplishing it. And if his own mind is sometimes darkened by doubts—if the consciousness of his divinity burns not yet clear in his own bosom—if the whispered skepticism, "If thou be the Son of God," finds momentary lodgment there, this is not the way to banish it. Not by a trial of his supernatural powers, but by the longer, harder trial of his patience and his love, will he attest his Messiahship alike to himself and to mankind.

Once more the tempter assails him. "The devil taketh him up into an exceeding high mountain, and sheweth him all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them; and saith unto him, 'All these things will I give thee if thou wilt fall down and worship me.'"

It is impossible to interpret this literally. It is impossible to suppose that from any mountain Jesus could gain a view of all the kingdoms of the world. It is impossible but that Jesus should have known the devil was promising what he could not perform. It is impossible that the suggestion of literal worship to a bodily fiend could offer any temptation; we will not say to Jesus—to any one of ordinary purity of heart and strength of conscience. In the entire narration of the Gospel biographies, we have in graphic form the outlines only of a picture—mere touches, that indicate an experience which can only thus be portrayed. This last temptation was subtlest, and, therefore, most dangerous of all. Let the reader in imagination conceive of Jesus, for the moment, unendowed with the divine strength which belonged to the Son of God; let him conceive for a moment the issue as it might have presented itself to a young man full of the buoyant hope, and fire of zeal, and enthusiasm of imagination of ardent youth; thus he may best conceive what the temptation would have been to the humanity in Christ.

In the midst of a ruined world, then, stands Jesus, the mournful spectator of its woes. His pure soul is disgusted by the heartless ritualism

of a degenerate religion. His patriotism is wounded and grieved by his nation's present decay and impending doom. He feels the weight of the Roman yoke. He shudders at the impiety of the Roman polytheism. He loathes and detests the odious oppression which is wearing out the life of his people. He has felt himself irresistibly called to be the ransom, first of his own nation, then of all the oppressed nationalities of the earth. He has purposed within himself to found a kingdom whose law shall be liberty, whose fruit shall be peace.

He recognizes that in the Jewish nation and in the Jewish religion are the elements out of which this kingdom is to be constructed. The Jews possess the fundamental principles of the true state. They possess the knowledge of the true God. Salvation is of the Jews. Christianity is to grow out of the ruins of Judaism, as the rose of spring is the resurrection of the faded leaves that lie at its roots and nourish its life. He comes, not to destroy the law and the prophets, but to fulfill. He finds about him the remnants of the ancient Church; the descendants of the authorized priesthood; the degenerate scions of the lost prophetic order. He finds a religious party, expectant of a Messiah, anxious for a Messiah, and ready to cast the whole weight of their prestige and influence in with any one who gives promise of restoring to the nation its ancient glory, and will suffer them to be sharers in it. For the establishment of such a kingdom Christ had many advantages. He had the grace which attracts men, the eloquence which arouses, the courage which inspirits. If he would but ally himself with the Church party; if he would but pass by unexposed their veneer of virtue; if he would put himself at their head; if he would, in short, study how to maintain and increase his influence among the influential, the kingdom of Judea might be his. He might realize the dream which Herod had sought in vain to realize. He might re-establish the throne of David; reinstate the sceptre of Shiloh; reform the degenerate worship; restore the prophetic order; reordain a holy priesthood. A picture of a nation long enslaved, now disenthralled, redeemed, restored, reformed, purified by his power—this is the picture the wily tempter presents to his imagination.

Nor this alone. Alexander, going forth from the little kingdom of Macedon, had vanquished the world. Already Greece had lost its vitality; already the power of Rome was passing away, though its apparent dominion was at its height. To a devoutly unkindled imagination it would not seem impossible that the conditions of the present might be reversed in the future. The kingdoms of the earth might yet be made subject to a redeemed and ransomed Israel. The Jewish people expected it. The prophets seemed to most of their readers to promise it. The kingdoms of the earth and all their glory were seen as in a vision. And the seductive promise was whispered in the ear of Jesus, "This victory shall be thine. Only yield something of your religious zeal; only consent to join hands with the priestly aristocracy of Judea; only consent to look in silence on their sins; only compromise a little with conscience; only employ the arts of policy and the methods of state diplomacy, by which, always and everywhere, men mount to power. Be not righteous overmuch, for why shouldst thou destroy thyself?"

Something such was the picture Satan drew. It disclosed the artist; it ended the conflict. The

issue was plain. Between a life of self-sacrifice, ending in a shameful death, and a career of self-seeking ambition, there was no alternative. In choosing there was no hesitation. Instantly and indignantly Jesus repels the suggestion. It finds no lodgment in his heart. "Get thee behind me, Satan, for it is written, 'Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve,'" is his decisive answer. It is not difficult to conceive with what power of eloquence, inspired by that moment, Christ later preached, "Ye cannot serve God and mammon."

The battle was fought. The victory gained by Satan in the Garden of Eden was wrested from him in the wilderness. The cross, with all its shame and suffering, with all its bright but unseen glory too, was chosen. And from the dark valley, where evil spirits hover, and dark suggestions of sin fill the reluctant ear and torment the oppressed spirit, Jesus emerged into an experience of light, while angels came to minister unto him.

*MY FIRST BIBLE-SCHOLAR—FROM LAICUS.

We lawyers learn to study the faces of our witnesses, to form quick judgments, and to act upon them. If I did not mistake my man the directest method was the best, and I employed it.

"Mr. Gear," said I, "I have come to ask you to join my Bible class."

"Me!" said Mr. Gear, unmistakably surprised. "I don't believe in the Bible."

"So I have heard," I said quietly. "And that's the reason I came to you first. In fact I do not want you to join my Bible class. I have not got any Bible class as yet; I want you to join me in getting one up."

Mr. Gear smiled incredulously. "You had better get Deacon Goodsole," said he,—"or," and the smile changed from a goodnatured to a sarcastic one, "or Mr. Hardcap."

"I have no doubt they would either of them join me," said I. "But they believe substantially as I have been taught to believe about the Bible. They have learned to look at it through creeds, and catechisms, and orthodox preaching. I want to get a fresh look at it. I want to come to it as I would come to any other book, and to find out what it means, not what it seems to mean to a man who has been bred to believe that it is only the flesh and blood of which the dry bones are the Westminster Assembly's Catechism."

"Mr. Laicus," said Mr. Gear, "I thank you for the honor you do me. But I don't believe in the Bible. I don't believe it's the word of God any more than Homer or Tacitus. I don't believe those old Hebrews knew any more than we do—nor half so much. It says the world was made in six days. I think it more likely it was six millions of years in making."

"So do I," said I.

"It says God rested on the Sabbath day. I believe He always works, day and night, summer and winter, in every blazing fire, in every gathering storm, in every rushing river, in every growing flower, in every falling leaf."

He rose as he spoke and stood, now leaning against the mantelpiece, now standing erect, his dark eyes flashing, his great forehead seeming to expand with great thoughts, his soul all enkindled with his own eloquence; for eloquent he really was, and all unconscious of it.

"Your Bible," said he "shuts God up in a Temple, and in an ark in that, and hides him behind curtains where the High priest can find him but

once a year. My God is everywhere. There is no church that can hold him. The heavens are his home; the earth is his footstool. All this bright and beautiful world is his temple. He is in every mountain, in every cloud, in every winter wind and every summer breeze."

He looked so handsome in his earnest eloquence that I had no heart to interrupt him. And yet I waited and watched for any opening he might give me, and thought of Jennie, and her prayers at home, and declared to myself by God's help I would not let this man go till I had caught him and brought him to know the love that now he knew not.

"Your Bible, Mr. Laicus," said he, "sets apart one day for the Lord and gives all the rest to the world, the flesh, and the devil. I believe all days are divine, all days are the Lord's, all hours are sacred hours and all ground is holy ground."

I wanted to tell him that my Bible did no such thing. But I had fully considered what I would do before I had sought this interview. I had resolved that nothing should tempt me into a contradiction or an argument. I had studied Jennie's method, and I reserved my fire.

"Your Bible tells me," said he, "that God wrote his laws with his finger on two tables of stone; that he tried to preserve them from destruction by bidding them be kept in a sacred ark; and that despite his care they were broken in pieces before Moses got down from the mountain top. I believe he writes them impartially in nature and in our hearts, that science interprets them, and that no Moses astonished out of his presence of mind can harm them or break the tablets on which they are engraven."

So true, yet oh so false. Oh God! help me to teach him what my Bible really is and what its glorious teachings are.

"I don't believe the Bible is the Word of God. I can't believe it. I don't believe the laws of Moses are any more inspired than the laws of Solon, or the books of Samuel and Kings than the history of Tacitus, or the Psalms of David than the *Paradise Lost* of Milton, or—you'll think me bold indeed to say so Mr. Laicus," (he was cooler now and spoke more slowly), "the words of Jesus, than the precepts of Confucius or the dialogues of Plato."

In that sentence he gave to me my clue. I seized it instantly, and never lost it from that moment. Never case in court so thrilled me with excitement as I too arose and leaned against the mantelpiece. And never was I, in tone and manner, calmer.

"As much so?" I asked, carelessly.

"Yes . . ." said he, hesitatingly, "yes . . . as much so I suppose."

"The ten commandments have been before the world for over three thousand years," said I. "The number that have learned them and accepted them as a guide, and found in them a practical help is to be counted by millions. There is hardly a child in Wheat hedge that does not know something of them, and has not been made better for them; and hardly a man who knows Solon even by name. We can hardly doubt that the one is as well worth studying as the other, Mr. Gear."

"No," said Mr. Gear. "I don't deny that they are worth studying. But I do deny that they are inspired."

"The Psalms of David have supplied the Christian church with its best psalmody for nearly three thousand years," continued I. "They con-

stitute the reservoir from which Luther, and Watts, and Wesley, and Doddridge, and a host of other singers have drawn their inspiration, and in which myriads untold have found the expression of their highest and holiest experiences, myriads who never heard of Homer. They are surely as well worth studying as his noble epics."

"I don't deny they are worth studying," said Mr. Gear. "I only assert that they ought to be studied as any other books of noble thoughts, intermingled with grossest errors, should be studied."

"The words of Jesus," I continued more slowly than before "have changed the life and character of more than half the world, that half which alone possesses modern civilization, that half with which you and I, Mr. Gear, are most concerned. There was wonderful power in the doctrines of Buddha. But Buddhism has relapsed everywhere into the grossest of idolatries. There is a wonderful wealth of moral truth in the ethics of Confucius. But the ethics of Confucius have not saved the Chinese nation from stagnation and death. There is wonderful life-awakening power in the writings of Plato. But they are hid from the common people in a dead language, and when a Prof. Jowett gives them glorious resurrection in our vernacular, they are still hid from the common people by their subtlety. Every philosopher ought to study Plato. Every scholar may profitably study Buddha and Confucius. But every intelligent American ought to study the life and words of Jesus of Nazareth."

"I do," said Mr. Gear. "I do not disesteem Jesus of Nazareth. I honor him as first among men. I revere his noble life, his sublime death, and his incomparable teachings. I have read his life in the Gospels; I have read it as Strauss gives it; and as Renan gives it; and now I am devoting my Sunday afternoons to reading it as Pressense gives it. You see I am an impartial student. I read all sides."

"You think Christ's life and teaching worth your study then?" I said, inquiringly.

"Worth my study? Of course I do," said he. "I am an infidel, Mr. Laicus; at least people commonly call me so, and think it very dreadful. But I do not mean to be ignorant of the Bible or of Christianity as Jesus Christ gave it to us. It needs winnowing. We have grown wiser and know better about many things since then. But it is well worth the studying and will be for many years to come."

"All I ask of you," said I, "is to let me to study it with you."

He made no answer; but looked me steadily in the eye as if to try and fathom some occult design.

"No," said I, "that is not all. As I came by Joe Poole's I saw half-a-dozen of the men from your shop lounging about the door. They could spend the afternoon to better purpose, Mr. Gear, in studying the life and words of Jesus."

"I know they could," he said. "No man can say that any word or influence of mine helped carry them to Joe Poole's bar."

"Will you lend your word and influence with mine to summon them away?" said I.

He made no answer.

"I saw a dozen others engaged at a game of ball upon the green as I passed by."

"A harmless sport, Mr. Laicus, and as well done on Sunday as on any other holiday."

"Perhaps," said I. "But an hour and a half from their Sunday in studying the life and words

of Jesus would do them no harm, and detract nothing from their holiday. They do not study so hard throughout the week that the brain labor would be injurious."

Mr. Gear smiled.

"There is not a man in your shop, Mr. Gear, that would not be made a better workman, husband, father, citizen, for studying that life and these teachings one hour a week."

"It is true," said he.

"You organized a Shakspeare club last winter to keep them from Joe Poole's," said I. "Was it a good thing?"

"Worked capitally," said Mr. Gear.

"Won't you join me in organizing a Bible club for Sunday afternoons this winter for the same purpose?"

"There is so little in common between us," said he; and he looked me through and through with his sharp black eyes. What a lawyer he would have made! what a cross-examination he could conduct!

"You believe in the literal inspiration of the New Testament Scripture. I believe it is a book half legend, half history. You believe in the miracles. I believe they are mythical addition of a later date. You believe that Jesus Christ was conceived of the Holy Ghost and born of the Virgin Mary. I believe his birth was as natural as his death was cruel and untimely. You believe that—he was divine. I believe he was a man of like passions as we ourselves are,—a Son of God only as every noble spirit is a spark struck off from the heavenly Original. You believe that he bears our sins upon a tree. I believe that every soul must bear its own burdens. What is there in common between us? What good could it do to you or to me to take Sunday afternoon for a weekly tournament, with the young men from the shop for arbitrators?"

"None," said I calmly.

"What would you have then?" said he.

"When you organized that Shakspeare club last winter," said I, "did you occupy your time in discussions of the text? Did you compare manuscripts? Did you investigate the canonicity of Shakspeare's various plays? Did you ransack the past to know the value of the latest theory that there never was a Will. Shakspeare save as a *nom de plume* for Lord Bacon? Did you inquire into the origin of his several plots, and study to know how much of his work was really his own and how much was borrowed from foreign sources? Or did you leave that all to the critics, and take the Shakspeare of to-day, and gather what instruction you might therefrom?"

Mr. Gear nodded his head slowly, and thoughtfully, as if he partially perceived the meaning of my answer. But he made no other response.

"There is much in common between us, Mr. Gear," I continued earnestly, "though much, very much that is not. We can find plenty of subject for fruitless debate, no doubt. Can we find none for agreement and mutual helpfulness? Jesus of Nazareth you honor as first among men. You revere His noble life, His sublime death, His incomparable teachings. So do I. That noble life we can read together, Mr. Gear, and together we may emulate His example without a fruitless debate whether it be divine or no. Those incomparable teachings we can study together, that together we may catch the spirit that dictated them, without a theological controversy as to their authority. And even that sublime death I should hope we might contemplate together, without contention, though

in the suffering Christ you see only a martyr, and I behold my Saviour and my God."

He made no answer, still stood silent. But he no longer looked at me with his sharp eyes. They had retired beneath his shaggy eyebrows as though he would search his own soul through and through, and read its verdict. He told me afterwards the story of his battle; I guessed it even then.

"We may not agree on the Gospel of John, Mr. Gear," said I, "but we shall not quarrel about the Golden Rule and the Sermon on the Mount."

"Mr. Laicus," said Mr. Gear at length, very slowly, "I thank you for coming to me, I thank you for speaking plainly and frankly as you have; I thank you for the respect which you have shown to my convictions. They are honest, and were not arrived at without a struggle and some self-sacrifice. You are the first Christian," he added, bitterly, "that ever paid them the regard of a respectful hearing. I will join you in that Bible class for this winter, and I will prove to you, infidel that I am, that I as well as a Christian, can respect convictions widely different from my own. If we quarrel it shall not be my fault."

"I believe you, Mr. Gear," said I. "God helping me it shall not be mine, and there's my hand upon it."

**THE CITIES OF THE PLAIN—FROM OLD TESTAMENT SHADOWS.

Until the vision of Ezekiel is fulfilled, and the sacred waters flowing from God's holy hill, heal the waters of the Salt Sea and give life again to this valley of death—until mercy shall conquer justice in nature as it already has in human experience, this scene of desolation will remain, a terrible witness to the reality of God's justice, and the fearfulness of his judgments.

Nor does it merely testify to the truth of the Scripture narrative. The briny waters of the Salt Sea, the upheaved rocks scored with fire, the mountain of solid salt, the masses of bitumen, the extinct crater of a neighboring volcano, the other innumerable traces of volcanic action, all remain, not only to attest that a remarkable convulsion of nature has taken place in the past, but also to indicate the nature of the phenomenon, and the character of the forces which operated to produce it.

In the southeast corner of Palestine, in a basin scooped out of a solid rock by some extraordinary pre-historic convulsion, lie the waters of what is fitly called the Dead Sea. The barren rocks which environ it crowd close to the water's edge. The almost impassable pathway which leads down their precipitous sides has no parallel even among the dangerous passes of the Alps and the Apennines. From the surface of this singular lake there perpetually arises a misty exhalation, as though it were steam from a vast caldron, kept at boiling point by infernal fires below. No fish play in these deadly waters. When now and then one ventures hither from the Jordan, he pays for his temerity with his life. No birds make here their nests. No fruits flourish along these inhospitable shores, save the apples of Sodom, fair to the eye, but turning to dust and ashes in the hand of him that plucks them. The few miserable men that still make their home in this accursed valley are dwarfed, and stunted, and sickly, as those that live in the shadowy border land that separates life from death.

Yet this sterile scene possesses a ghastly, corpse-like beauty, even in death, which indi-

ates what its living beauty must have been. Here and there, along its shores, are a few oases, whose fertile soil, abundant vegetation, and luxuriant growth, point us back to the morning when Abraham and Lot stood on the neighboring hill-top, and "beheld all the plain of Jordan, that it was well watered every where, even as the garden of the Lord." For once the southern extremity of the Dead Sea was doubtless a fertile plain. Magnificent mountains encircled it in their arms. The streams that irrigated its surface outnumbered all that were to be found in all the rest of Palestine. A tropical sun drew from a fertile soil a most luxuriant vegetation. The waters of the neighboring lake, then fresh and sweet, were dotted with many a sail, and alive with innumerable fish. A mountain of salt at the southern extremity of the plain supplied the Holy Land with an article even more essential to the Hebrews than to us. Vast veins of bitumen, interwoven in the texture of the soil, supplied them with fuel, with brick, and with a substitute for pitch and tar, and brought to the vale of Siddim a profitable commerce. Kings fought for the possession of this second Eden. Flourishing cities, embowered in all the bloom and verdure of tropical gardens, sprang up in this "Valley of Fields." The fabled glories of Damascus were surpassed by the realities of this terrestrial paradise. The busy hum of industry resounded where now reigns the unbroken stillness of the grave. The fragrance of many gardens loaded the air now heavy with the exhalations of this salty sea. Where now is utter loneliness and hopeless desolation was once a lake country, teeming with life, and exquisite in all the horticultural beauty of an Asiatic garden—the fairest nook in all the fair land of Canaan.

Yet even then death lurked unseen in the midst of this prolific life. Volcanic fires slumbered beneath the carpeted fields. The veins of bitumen only awaited the torch of the Lord to enkindle farm and city in one universal conflagration. The mound of salt was made ready to mingle its properties with the water of the neighboring lake, and turn it from a fount of life to a sea of death.

WILLIAM POST HAWES,

AN essayist of an original sentiment and talent at description, was the son of Peter Hawes, a member of the bar in New York, and was born in that city February 4, 1803. He was educated at Columbia College, where he received his degree in 1821, when he became a student in the law-office of Mr. John Anthon,* and a practitioner after the usual course of three years' study. He thenceforth devoted himself with success to his profession till his early death.

The writings of Mr. Hawes consisted of several series of fugitive articles and essays, contributed to the newspapers, weekly periodicals, and magazines of the day. He wrote for the New York Mirror on *Quail*, and other matters; for the American Monthly Magazine, conducted by Mr. H.

W. Herbert, and subsequently by Mr. Park Benjamin, the brilliant sporting sketches, full of dramatic life and rollicking fun, the *Fire Island Ana*, or a *Week at the Fire Islands*; several legends of Long Island wreckers and pirates; and the fine-hearted, humorous essay on some of the changes in the church-going associations of New York, a sketch worthy the genius of Charles Lamb, entitled *Hymn Tunes and Grave Yards*. To the Spirit of the Times and Turf Register, he contributed frequently, taking the signature of "Cypress, Jr.," a sure indication to the reader of a pleasant, ingenious vein of speculation on the favorite topics of the sportsman, mingled with personal humors of the writer's own. His *Classic Rhapsodies*, *Random Reminiscences* of his school-fellows, and other miscellanies, were all in mirth and good feeling. In his *Bank Melodies* he ventured a set of poetical parodies on the politicians of the day, somewhat in the style of the Croakers. His pen was often employed on political topics.

A collection of Hawes's writings was published in 1842, shortly after his death; two genial volumes, *Sporting Scenes*, and *Sundry Sketches*, being the *Miscellaneous Writings of J. Cypress, Jr.*, edited with a preliminary memoir by the author's friend, Mr. Henry William Herbert, a tribute warm, kindly, appreciative, such as one true disciple of Izaak Walton should render to another.

SOME OBSERVATIONS CONCERNING QUAIL.

October has arrived, and has entered into the kingdom prepared for him by his summery brethren departed. A kingdom, truly, within a republic, but mild, magnificent, *pro bono publico*, and full of good fruits; so that not a democrat, after strictest set of St. Tammany, but bows the knee. Hail! O king! His accomplished artists are preparing royal palaces among the woods and fields, and on the hill sides, painting the mountains and arching the streams with glories copied from the latest fashion of rainbows. His keen morning winds and cool evening moons, assiduous servants, are dropping diamonds upon the fading grass and tree-tops, and are driving in the feathery tenants of his marshes, bays, and brakes. Thrice happy land and water lord! See how they streak the early sky, piercing the heavy clouds with the accurate wedge of their marshalled cohorts, shouting *pæans* as they go—and how they plunge into well remembered waters, with an exulting sound, drinking in rest and hearty breakfasts! These be seges of herons, herds of cranes, droppings of sheldrakes, springs of teals, trips of wigons, coverts of cootes, gaggles of geese, sutes of mallards, and baldlynges of ducks; all of which the profane and uninitiated, miserable herd, call flocks of fowl, not knowing discrimination! Meadow and upland are made harmonious and beautiful with congregations of plovers, flights of doves, walks of snipes, exaltations of larks, coveys of partridges, and bebies of quail.* For all these vouchsafed comforts may we be duly grateful! but chiefly, thousun-burned, frost-browed monarch, do we thank thee that thou especially bringest to vigorous maturity and swift strength, our own bird of our heart, our family chicken, *tetrao columrix*.

The quail is peculiarly a domestic bird, and is attached to his birth-place and the home of his forefathers. The various members of the anatic families educate their children in the cool summer of the far north, and bathe their warm bosoms in July in the iced-

* Mr. Anthon was an eminent practitioner at the bar, a good scholar, and a man of general reading, sharing in the literary activities of his brothers, Professor Charles Anthon of Columbia College, and the Rev. Dr. Henry Anthon, the Rector of St. Mark's Church in New York. Mr. John Anthon was the author of a volume of "Reports of Cases determined at Nisi Prius in the Supreme Court of the State of New York, 1820," and of "An Analytical Abridgment of the Commentaries of Blackstone," with a prefatory "Essay on the Study of the Law." He died in New York city, March 5, 1863.

water of Hudson's Bay; but when Boreas scatters the rushes where they builded their bedchambers, they desert their fatherland, and fly to disport in the sunny waters of the south. They are cosmopolites entirely, seeking their fortunes with the sun. So, too, heavy-eyed, wise Master Scolopax fixes his place of abode, not among the hearths and altars where his infancy was nurtured, but he goeth a *skaaiping* where best he may run his long bill into the mud, tracking the warm brookside of juxta-campicorinal latitudes. The songsters of the woodland, when their customary crops of insects and berries are cut off in the fall, gather themselves together to renew their loves, and get married in more genial climates. Even black-gowned Mr. Corvus,—otherwise called Jim Crow,—in autumnal fasts contemplateth Australian carcasses. Presently, the groves so vocal, and the sky so full, shall be silent and barren. The "melancholy days" will soon be here. Only thou, dear Bob White—not of the Manhattan—wilt remain. Thy cousin, *tetrao umbellus*, will be not far off, it is true; but he is mountainous and precipitous, and lives in solitary places, courting rocky glens and craggy gorges, misandronist. Where the secure deer crops the young mosses of the mountain stream, and the bear steals wild honey, there drums the ruffed strutter on his ancient hemlock log. Ice cools not his blood, nor the deep snow-drift, whence he, startled, whirrs impetuous to the solemn pines, and his hiding-places of laurel and tangled rhododendron, laughing at cheated dogs and wearied sportsmen. A bird to set traps for. Unfamiliar, rough, rugged hermit. Dry meat. I like him not.

The quail is the bird for me. He is no rover, no emigrant. He stays at home, and is identified with the soil. Where the farmer works, he lives, and loves, and whistles. In budding spring time, and in scorching summer—in bounteous autumn, and in barren winter, his voice is heard from the same bushy hedge fence, and from his customary cedars. Cupidity and cruelty may drive him to the woods, and to seek more quiet seats; but be merciful and kind to him, and he will visit your barn-yard, and sing for you upon the boughs of the apple-tree by your gateway. But when warm May first woos the young flowers to open and receive her breath, then begin the loves, and jealousies, and duels of the heroes of the bevy. Duels, too often, alas! bloody and fatal! for there liveth not an individual of the gallinaceous order, braver, bolder, more enduring than a cock quail, fighting for his ladye-love. Arms, too, he wieldeth, such as give no vain blows, rightly used. His mandible serves for other purposes than mere biting of grass-hoppers and picking up Indian corn. While the dire affray rages, Miss Quailina looketh on, from her safe perch on a limb, above the combatants, impartial spectatress, holding her love under her left wing, patiently; and when the vanquished craven finally bites the dust, descends and rewards the conquering hero with her heart and hand.

Now begin the cares and responsibilities of wedded life. Away fly the happy pair to seek some grassy tussock, where, safe from the eye of the hawk, and the nose of the fox, they may rear their expected brood in peace, provident, and not doubting that their *espousals* will be blessed with a numerous offspring. Oats harvest arrives, and the fields are waving with yellow grain. Now, be wary, oh kind-hearted cradler, and tread not into those pure white eggs ready to burst with life! Soon there is a peeping sound heard, and lo! a proud mother walketh magnificently in the midst of her children, scratching and picking, and teaching them how to swallow. Happy she, if she may be permitted to

bring them up to maturity, and uncompelled to renew her joys in another nest.

The assiduities of a mother have a beauty and a sacredness about them that command respect and reverence in all animal nature, human or inhuman—what a lie does that word carry—except, perhaps, in monsters, insects, and fish. I never yet heard of the parental tenderness of a trout, eating up his little baby, nor of the filial gratitude of a spider, nipping the life out of his grey-headed father, and usurping his web. But if you would see the purest, the sincerest, the most affecting piety of a parent's love, startle a young family of quails, and watch the conduct of the mother. She will not leave you. No, not she. But she will fall at your feet, uttering a noise which none but a distressed mother can make, and she will run, and flutter, and seem to try to be caught, and cheat your outstretched hand, and affect to be wing-broken, and wounded, and yet have just strength to tumble along, until she has drawn you, fatigued, a safe distance from her threatened children, and the young hopes of her heart; and then will she mount, whirling with glad strength, and away through the maze of trees you have not seen before, like a close-shot bullet, fly to her skulking infants. Listen now. Do you hear those three half-plaintive notes, quickly and clearly poured out? She is calling the boys and girls together. She sings not now "Bob White!" nor "Ah! Bob White!" That is her husband's love-call, or his trumpet-blast of defiance. But she calls sweetly and softly for her lost children. Hear them "peep! peep! peep!" at the welcome voice of their mother's love! They are coming together. Soon the whole family will meet again. It is a foul sin to disturb them; but retreat your devious way, and let her hear your coming footsteps, breaking down the briers, as you renew the danger. She is quiet. Not a word is passed between the fearful fugitives. Now, if you have the heart to do it, lie low, keep still, and imitate the call of the hen-quail. O, mother! mother! how your heart would die if you could witness the deception! The little ones raise up their trembling heads, and catch comfort and imagined safety from the sound. "Peep! peep!" they come to you, straining their little eyes, and clustering together, and answering, seem to say, "Where is she? Mother! mother! we are here!"

I knew an Ethiopian once—he lives yet in a hovel, on the brush plains of Matowacs—who called a whole bevy together in that way. He first shot the parent bird; and when the murderous villain had ranged them in close company, while they were looking over each other's necks, and mingling their doubts, and hopes, and distresses, in a little circle, he levelled his cursed musket at their unhappy breasts, and butchered—"What! all my pretty ones! Did you say all?" He did; and he lives yet! O, let me not meet that nigger six miles north of Patchogue, in a place where the scrub oaks cover with cavernous gloom a sudden precipice, at whose bottom lies a deep lake, unknown but to the Kwaek, and the lost deer hunter. For my soul's sake, let me not encounter him in the grim ravines of the Callicoon, in Sullivan, where the everlasting darkness of the hemlock forests would sanctify virtuous murder!

HYMN TUNES AND GRAVE-YARDS.

I went to church one night last week,

Idam forte via sacra,—

as Horace has it; and into what shrino of shrines should my sinful feet be led, but into that freshly hallowed tabernacle of the new free chapel. It was

Carnival week among the Presbyterians, the season of Calvinistic Pentecost; and one of the missionary societies in the celebration of its blessed triumphs, *bulged out*, on that night, from the windows of the gigantic meeting-house, like the golden glories of thickly crowded wheat-sheafs from the granary of a heaven-prospered garnerer. Not, however, did the zeal of a Crusader against the Paynim, nor the expected rehearsal of the victories of the Christian soldier, draw me, unaccustomed, upon holy ground. Wherefore did I, just now, pricked by conscience, stop short in the middle of that line from Flaccus. I could not add

—sicut meus est mos.

"*Meus mos*" stuck in my throat. It was no good grace of mine. *Non nobis*. Reader, I confess to thee that I was charmed into the Tabernacle by a hymn tune.

Now, before I ask for absolution, let me declare, that my late unrequited visitation of the church is to be attributed to no lack of disposition for faithful duty, but to the new-fangled notions and fashions of the elders and preachers, and to my dislike for the new church music.

It had been an unhappy day with me. My note lay over in the Manhattan; and I had ascertained that some "regulated" suburban "building lots," which I had bought a few days before, unsight unseen, upon the assurance of a "truly sincere friend," were lands covered with water, green mud, and blackberry bushes, in the bottom of a deep valley, untraversable and impenetrable as a Florida hammock. Abstracted, in uncomfortable meditation, I threaded my unconscious pathway homeward, the jargon of the confused noises of Broadway falling upon my tympanum utterly unheard. In this entranced condition, I came abreast of the steps of the covered entrance to the Tabernacle. Here was done a work of speedy disenchantment. A strain of music came floating down the avenue. It was an old and fondly remembered hymn. It was the favorite tune of my boyhood. It was the first tune I ever learned. It was what I loved to sing with my old nurse and little sisters, when I used to pray. It was the tune that even now always makes my heart swell, and brings tears into my eyes. It was OLD HUNDRETH.

Fellow-sinner, peradventure, thou hast never sung Old Hundredth. Thou wert not blessed with pious parents. The star of the Reformation hath not shone upon thee. Thou hast not been moved and exalted by the solemn ecstasy of Martin Luther. Perhaps thou hast had eunuchs and opera-singers to do thy vicarious devotions, in recitative, and elaborate cantatas; scaling Heaven by appoggiaturas upon the rungs of a metrical ladder. Lay down this discourse. Such as thou cannot—yet I bethink me now how I shall teach thee to comprehend and feel. Thou hast seen and heard Der Freischütz? I know that thou hast. Be not ashamed to confess it before these good people. They play it at the play-house, it is true; but what of that; what else is it than a German camp-meeting sermon set to music? It is a solemn drama, showing, terribly, the certain and awful fate of the wicked. There is a single strain of an anthem in that operatic homily—worth all the rest of the piece;—dost thou not remember the harmony of the early matin hymn unexpectedly springing from the choir in the neighboring village church, which, faintly beginning, swells upon your ear, and upon poor Caspar's, too, pleading with his irresolute soul, just as the old head-ranger has almost persuaded the unhappy boy to renounce the devil, and to become good? Dost thou not remember, as the

tune grows upon his ear, the strong resolution suddenly taken, the subdued joy, the meek rapture that illumine the face of the penitent; and how, with head bowed down and humble feet, he follows his old friend to the fountain of pardon and to the altar of reconciliation? I see that thou rememberest, and—thou art moved;—"Be these tears wet?"

Here I am happy to receive the congratulations of the reader, that the similarity of Caspar's case and my own is at an end. Poetical justice required that Von Weber's Zamiel should carry off repenting Caspar from the very entrance to the sanctuary;—the civil sexton of the Tabernacle asked me to walk in, and showed me to a seat.

The hymn went up like the fragrance of a magnificent sacrifice. Every voice in that crowded house was uplifted, and swelled the choral harmony. The various parts fell into each other like mingling water, and made one magnificent stream of music; but yet you could recognise the constituent melodies of which the harmonious whole was made up; you could distinguish the deep voice of manhood; the shrill pipe of boys, and the confident treble of the maiden communicant,—all singing with earnestness and strength, and just as God and religion taught them to sing, directly from the heart. To me, one of the best recommendations of Old Hundredth is, that every Protestant knows it, and can sing it. You cannot sing it wrong. There is no fugue, nor *da capo*, nor place to rest and place to begin, nor place to shake, nor any other meretricious affectation about it. The most ingenious chorister—and the church is cursed with some who are skilful to a wonder in dampening people's piety, by tearing God's praises to tatters—cannot find a place in Old Hundredth where he can introduce a flourish or a shake. *Deo gratias* for the comfortable triumph over vainglory. It would be as easy for a school-master to introduce a new letter into the alphabet; and old Hundredth may be said, in some sense, once to have been the alphabet of Christian psalmody. I remember a time when it was a sort of A B C for Protestant children learning to sing. It was the universal psalm of family worship. But its day has gone by. It is not a fashionable tune. You seldom hear it except in the country churches, and in those not noted for high-priced pews and "good society."

There is much solemn effect in the accompaniment of vocal music by a discreetly played organ; but in my ears Old Hundredth suffers by the assistance. The hired organist and bellows-blower have each his quota of duty to perform, and they generally do it with so much zeal, that the more excellent music of the human voice is utterly drowned. And then there is a prelude, and a running up and down of keys, which takes off your attention, and makes you think of the flippancy of the player's fingers, and that your business is to listen and not to sing. No; if you would hear, and sing Old Hundredth aright, go into one of the Presbyterian meeting-houses that has retained somewhat of the simplicity and humility of the early church; or into the solemn aisles of the temples which the Creator hath builded in the woods for the Methodists to go out and worship in. There you may enjoy the tune in its original, incorrupt excellence, and join in a universal song of devotion from the whole assembled people.

To Martin Luther is ascribed the honor of writing Old Hundredth. But the tune was older than he. It took its birth with the Christian Church. It was born in the tone and inflection of voice with which the early Christians spoke their Saviour's praise. Martin Luther never did more than to catch the floating religion of the hymn, and write it in musi-

cal letters. It was such music that the poor of the world, out of whom the church was chosen, used to sing for their consolation amid the persecutions of their Pagán masters. It was such simple music that Paul and Silas sang, at midnight, in the prison-house. It was such that afterwards rang from crag to crag in the mountain fastnesses of Scotland, when the hunted Covenanters saluted the dawning Sabbath. Such simple music was heard at nightfall in the tents of the Christian soldiery, that prevailed, by the help of the God of battles, at Naseby and Marston Moor. Such sang our Puritan fathers, when, in distress for their forlorn condition, they gave themselves, first to God and then to one another. Such sang they on the shore of Holland, when, with prayers and tears, their holy community divided itself, and when the first American pilgrims trod, with fearful feet, the deck of the precious-freighted May-flower.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard and the sea!
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free!

* * * * *

Where are all the old hymn tunes that the churches used to sing? Where are "Majesty," and "Wells," and "Windham," and "Jordan," and "Devizes," and other tunes,—not all great compositions, but dear to us because our fathers sang them?

The old-fashioned church music has been pushed from its stool by two sets of innovators. First, from the rich, sleepy churches, it has been expelled by the chorists, who seem to prefer to set a tune which only themselves can warble, as if the better to show forth their clear *alto* voices and splendid power of execution. No objection is made to this monopoly of the musical part of the devotion of the congregations; for it is getting to be the fashion to believe that it is not polite to sing in church. Secondly, from the new-light conventicles, the expulsion has been effected by those reformers of the reformation, who have compelled Dr. Watts, not pious enough, forsooth, to stand aside for their own more spiritual performances. The old hymn tunes will not suit these precious compositions. But with genuine good taste in their adaptation of melodies to words, they have made a ludicrous enough collection of musical fancies, of all varieties, of tragedy and farce. Some of their ecstasies are intended to strike sinners down by wild whoopings copied from the incantations of Indian "medicine feasts," bringing present hell before the victim, and of which his frightened or crazed, but not converted nor convinced soul, has an antetaste in the howling of the discord. Of this sort of composition there is one which ought to be handed over to the Shaking Quakers to be sung with clapping of hands and dancing; I mean that abortion of some fanatic brain which is adapted to the horrid words of

O! there will be walling,
Walling, walling, walling,
O! there will be walling! &c.

Some preachers have thought it would be a good plan to circumvent the devil by stealing some of his song tunes; as though profane music could win souls to love piety better than the hymns of the saints; and accordingly they have introduced into their flocks such melodies as "Auld Lang Syne," and "Home, sweet Home!" O! could it be permitted to John Robinson, the pastor of the New England pilgrims; to John Cotton, he who, in the language of his biographer, was "one of those olive trees which afford a singular measure of oil for the illumination of the sanctuary"—to John Fisk, who for "twenty years did shine in the golden candle-

stick of Chelmsford"—to Brewster—to Mather—to any of those fathers of the American church, to revisit this world, what would they not lament of the descendants of the Pilgrims!

A SHARK STORY—FROM FIRE ISLAND AND A.

"Well, gentlemen," said Locus, in reply to a unanimous call for a story—the relics of supper having been removed, all to the big stone medicine jug,— "I'll go ahead, if you say so. Here's the story. It is true, upon my honor, from beginning to end—every word of it. I once crossed over to Faulkner's island, to fish for *tautangs*, as the north side people call black fish, on the reefs hard by, in the Long Island Sound. Tim Titus,—who died of the dropsy down at Shinnecock point, last spring,—lived there then. Tim was a right good fellow, only he drank rather too much.

"It was during the latter part of July; the sharks and the dog-fish had just begun to spoil sport. When Tim told me about the sharks, I resolved to go prepared to entertain these aquatic savages with all becoming attention and regard, if there should chance to be any interloping about our fishing ground. So we rigged out a set of extra large hooks, and shipped some rope-yarn and steel chain, an axe, a couple of clubs, and an old harpoon, in addition to our ordinary equipments, and off we started. We threw out our anchor at half ebb tide, and took some thumping large fish;—two of them weighed thirteen pounds—so you may judge. The reef where we lay, was about half a mile from the island, and, perhaps, a mile from the Connecticut shore. We floated there very quietly, throwing out and hauling in, until the breaking of my line, with a sudden and severe jerk, informed us that the sea attorneys were in waiting, down stairs; and we accordingly prepared to give them a retainer. A salt pork cloak upon one of our magnum hooks, forthwith engaged one of the gentlemen in our service. We got him alongside, and by dint of piercing, and thrusting, and banging, we accomplished a most exciting and merry murder. We had business enough of the kind to keep us employed until near low water. By this time, the sharks had all cleared out, and the black fish were biting again; the rock began to make its appearance above the water, and in a little while its hard bald head was entirely dry. Tim now proposed to set me out upon the rock, while he rowed ashore to get the jug, which, strange to say, we had left at the house. I assented to this proposition; first, because I began to feel the effects of the sun upon my tongue, and needed something to take, by way of medicine; and secondly, because the rock was a favorite spot for a rod and reel, and famous for luck; so I took my *traps*, and a box of bait, and jumped upon my new station. Tim made for the island.

Not many men would willingly have been left upon a little barren reef, that was covered by every flow of the tide, in the midst of a waste of waters, at such a distance from the shore, even with an assurance from a companion more to be depended upon than mine, to return immediately, and lie by to take him off. But somehow or other, the excitement of my sport was so high, and the romance of the situation was so delightful, that I thought of nothing else but the prosecution of my fun, and the contemplation of the novelty and beauty of the scene. It was a mild pleasant afternoon in harvest time. The sky was clear and pure. The deep blue Sound, heaving all around me, was studded with craft of all descriptions and dimensions, from the dipping sail-boat to the rolling merchantman, sinking and rising like sea-birds sporting with their white wings in the surge. The grain and grass, on the neighboring farms, were

gold and green, and gracefully they bent obeisance to a gentle breathing southwester. Farther off, the high upland and the distant coast gave a dim relief to the prominent features of the landscape, and seemed the rich but dusky frame of a brilliant fairy picture. Then, how still it was! not a sound could be heard, except the occasional rustling of my own motion, and the water beating against the sides, or gurgling in the fissures of the rock, or except now and then the cry of a solitary saucy gull, who would come out of his way in the firmament, to see what I was doing without a boat, all alone, in the middle of the Sound; and who would hover, and cry, and chatter, and make two or three circling swoops and dashes at me, and then, after having satisfied his curiosity, glide away in search of some other fool to scream at.

I soon became half indolent, and quite indifferent about fishing; so I stretched myself out, at full length, upon the rock, and gave myself up to the luxury of looking and thinking. The divine exercise soon put me fast asleep. I dreamed away a couple of hours, and longer might have dreamed, but for a tired fish-hawk, who chose to make my head his resting place, and who waked and started me to my feet.

"Where is Tim Titus?" I muttered to myself, as I strained my eyes over the now darkened water. But none was near me, to answer that interesting question, and nothing was to be seen of either Tim or his boat. "He should have been here long ere this," thought I, "and he promised faithfully not to stay long—could he have forgotten? or has he paid too much devotion to the jug?"

I began to feel uneasy, for the tide was rising fast, and soon would cover the top of the rock, and high water mark was at least a foot above my head. I buttoned up my coat, for either the coming coolness of the evening, or else my growing apprehensions, had set me trembling and chattering most painfully. I braced my nerves, and set my teeth, and tried to hum "begone dull care," keeping time with my fists upon my thighs. But what music! what melancholy merriment! I started and shuddered at the doleful sound of my own voice. I am not naturally a coward, but I should like to know the man who would not, in such a situation, be alarmed. It is a cruel death to die, to be merely drowned, and to go through the ordinary common-places of suffocation, but to see your death gradually rising to your eyes, to feel the water mounting, inch by inch, upon your shivering sides, and to anticipate the certainly coming, choking struggle for your last breath, when, with the gurgling sound of an overflowing brook taking a new direction, the cold brine pours into mouth, ears, and nostrils, usurping the seat and avenues of health and life, and with gradual flow, stifling—smothering—suffocating!—It were better to die a thousand common deaths.

This is one of the instances, in which, it must be admitted, salt water is not a pleasant subject of contemplation. However, the rock was not yet covered, and hope, blessed hope, stuck faithfully by me. To beguile, if possible, the weary time, I put on a bait, and threw out for a fish. I was sooner successful than I could have wished to be, for hardly had my line struck the water, before the hook was swallowed, and my rod was bent with the dead hard pull of a twelve foot shark. I let it run about fifty yards, and then reeled up. He appeared not at all alarmed, and I could scarcely feel him bear upon my fine hair line. He followed the pull gently, and unresisting, came up to the rock, laid his nose upon its side, and looked up into my face, not as if utterly unconcerned, but with a sort of quizzical impudence,

as though he perfectly understood the precarious nature of my situation. The conduct of my captive renewed and increased my alarm. And well it might; for the tide was now running over a corner of the rock behind me, and a small stream rushed through a cleft, or fissure, by my side, and formed a puddle at my very feet. I broke my hook out of the monster's mouth, and leaned upon my rod for support.

"Where is Tim Titus?"—I cried aloud—"Curse on the drunken vagabond! will he never come?"

My ejaculations did no good. No Timothy appeared. It became evident, that I must prepare for drowning, or for action. The reef was completely covered, and the water was above the soles of my feet. I was not much of a swimmer, and as to ever reaching the Island, I could not even hope for that. However, there was no alternative, and I tried to encourage myself, by reflecting that necessity was the mother of invention and that desperation will sometimes insure success. Besides, too, I considered and took comfort, from the thought that I could wait for Tim, so long as I had a foothold, and then commit myself to the uncertain strength of my arms and legs, for salvation. So I turned my bait box upside down, and mounting upon that, endeavored to comfort my spirits, and be courageous, but submissive to my fate. I thought of death, and what it might bring with it, and I tried to repent of the multiplied iniquities of my almost wasted life; but I found that that was no place for a sinner to settle his accounts. Wretched soul! pray, I could not.

The water had now got above my ankles, when, to my inexpressible joy, I saw a sloop bending down towards me, with the evident intention of picking me up. No man can imagine what were the sensations of gratitude which filled my bosom at that moment.

When she got within a hundred yards of the reef, I sung out to the man at the helm to luff up, and lie by, and lower the boat; but to my amazement, I could get no reply, nor no notice of my request. I entreated them for the love of heaven to take me off, and I promised, I know not what rewards, that were entirely beyond my power of bestowal. But the brutal wretch of a captain, muttering something to the effect of "that he hadn't time to stop," and giving me the kind and sensible advice to pull off my coat, and swim ashore, put the helm hard down, and away bore the sloop on the other tack.

"Heartless villain!"—I shrieked out in the torture of my disappointment; "may God reward your inhumanity." The crew answered my prayer with a coarse, loud laugh, and the cook asked me through a speaking trumpet, "If I wasn't afraid of catching cold,"—the black rascal!

It was now time to strip; for my knees felt the cold tide, and the wind, dying away, left a heavy swell, that swayed and shook the box upon which I was mounted, so that I had occasionally to stoop, and paddle with my hands, against the water, in order to preserve my perpendicular. The setting sun sent his almost horizontal streams of fire across the dark waters, making them gloomy and terrific, by the contrast of his amber and purple glories.

Something glided by me in the water, and then made a sudden halt. I looked upon the black mass, and, as my eye ran along its dark outline, I saw, with horror, it was a shark; the identical monster, out of whose mouth I had just broken my hook. He was fishing, now, for me, and was evidently only waiting for the tide to rise high enough above the rock, to glut at once his hunger and revenge. As the water continued to mount above my knees, he seemed to grow more hungry and familiar. At last, he

made a desperate dash, and approached within an inch of my legs, turned upon his back, and opened his huge jaws for an attack. With desperate strength, I thrust the end of my rod violently at his mouth; and the brass head, ringing against his teeth, threw him back into the deep current, and I lost sight of him entirely. This, however, was but a momentary repulse; for in the next minute, he was close behind my back, and pulling at the skirts of my fustian coat, which hung dipping into the water. I leaned forward hastily, and endeavored to extricate myself from the dangerous grasp, but the monster's teeth were too firmly set, and his immense strength nearly drew me over. So, down flew my rod, and off went my jacket, devoted peace-offerings to my voracious visitor.

In an instant, the waves all around me were lashed into froth and foam. No sooner was my poor old sporting friend drawn under the surface, than it was fought for by at least a dozen enormous combatants! The battle raged upon every side. High, black fins rushed now here, now there, and long, strong tails scattered sleet and froth, and the brine was thrown up in jets, and eddied, and curled, and fell, and swelled, like a whirlpool in Hell-gate.

Of no long duration, however, was this fishy tourney. It seemed soon to be discovered that the prize contended for, contained nothing edible but cheese and crackers, and no flesh, and as its mutilated fragments rose to the surface, the waves subsided into their former smooth condition. Not till then did I experience the real terrors of my situation. As I looked around me to see what had become of the robbers, I counted one, two, three, yes, up to twelve, successively of the largest sharks I ever saw, floating in a circle around me, like divergent rays, all mathematically equidistant from the rock, and from each other; each perfectly motionless, and with his gloating, fiery eye fixed full and fierce upon me. Basilisks and rattle-snakes! how the fire of their steady eyes entered into my heart! I was the centre of a circle, whose radii were sharks! I was the unsprung, or rather *uncheered* game, at which a pack of hunting sea-dogs was making a dead point!

There was one old fellow, that kept within the circumference of the circle. He seemed to be a sort of captain, or leader of the band; or, rather, he acted as the coroner for the other twelve of the inquisition, that were summoned to sit on, and eat up my body. He glided around and about, and every now and then would stop, and touch his nose against some of his comrades, and seem to consult, or to give instructions as to the time and mode of operation. Occasionally, he would scull himself up towards me, and examine the condition of my flesh, and then again glide back, and rejoin the troupe, and flap his tail, and have another confabulation. The old rascal had, no doubt, been out into the highways and bye-ways, and collected this company of his friends and kin-fish, and invited them to supper. I must confess, that horribly as I felt, I could not help but think of a tea party of demure old maids, sitting in a solemn circle, with their skinny hands in their laps, licking their expecting lips, while their hostess bustles about in the important functions of her preparations. With what an eye have I seen such apertunances of humanity survey the location and adjustment of some especial condiment, which is about to be submitted to criticism and consumption.

My sensations began to be, now, most exquisite indeed; but I will not attempt to describe them. I was neither hot nor cold, frightened nor composed; but I had a combination of all kinds of feelings and emotions. The present, past, future, heaven, earth,

my father and mother, a little girl I knew once, and the sharks, were all confusedly mixed up together, and swelled my crazy brain almost to bursting. I cried, and laughed, and shouted, and screamed for Tim Titus. In a fit of most wise madness, I opened my broad-bladed fishing knife, and waved it around my head, with an air of defiance. As the tide continued to rise, my extravagance of madness mounted. At one time, I became persuaded that my tide-waiters were reasonable beings, who might be talked into mercy and humanity, if a body could only hit upon the right text. So, I bowed, and gesticulated, and threw out my hands, and talked to them, as friends and brothers, members of my family, cousins, uncles, aunts, people waiting to have their bills paid;—I scolded them as my servants; I abused them as duns; I implored them as jurymen sitting on the question of my life; I congratulated and flattered them as my comrades upon some glorious enterprise; I sung and ranted to them, now as an actor in a play-house, and now as an elder at a camp-meeting; in one moment, roaring

On this cold flinty rock, I will lay down my head,

and in the next, giving out to my attentive hearers for singing, the hymn of Dr. Watts so admirably appropriate to the occasion,

On slippery rocks I see them stand,
While fiery billows roll below.

In the meantime, the water had got well up towards my shoulders, and while I was shaking and vibrating upon my uncertain foothold, I felt the cold nose of the captain of the band snubbing against my side. Desperately, and without a definite object, I struck my knife at one of his eyes, and by some singular fortune cut it clean out from the socket. The shark darted back, and halted. In an instant hope and reason came to my relief; and it occurred to me, that if I could only blind the monster, I might yet escape. Accordingly, I stood ready for the next attack. The loss of an eye did not seem to affect him much, for, after shaking his head once or twice, he came up to me again, and when he was about half an inch off, turned upon his back. This was the critical moment. With a most unaccountable presence of mind, I laid hold of his nose with my left hand, and with my right, I scooped out his remaining organ of vision. He opened his big mouth, and champed his long teeth at me, in despair. But it was all over with him. I raised my right foot and gave him a hard shove, and he glided off into deep water, and went to the bottom.

Well, gentlemen, I suppose you'll think it a hard story, but it is none the less a fact, that I served every remaining one of those nineteen sharks in the same fashion. They all came up to me, one by one, regularly, and in order; and I scooped their eyes out, and gave them a shove, and they went off into deep water, just like so many lambs. By the time I had scooped out and blinded a couple of dozen of them, they began to seem so scarce, that I thought I would swim for the island, and fight the rest for fun, on the way; but just then, Tim Titus hove in sight, and it had got to be almost dark, and I concluded to get aboard, and rest myself.

ALEXANDER SLIDELL MACKENZIE.

COMMANDER MACKENZIE, of the Navy, and the author of the *Year in Spain* and other popular works, was born in New York on the 6th of April, 1803. His father was John Slidell, a highly esteemed merchant of the city. His mother, Margery or May, as she was called, Mackenzie, was a

native of the Highlands of Scotland, who came to America when she was quite a child. Mr. Slidell was a man of great intelligence and of a high moral and religious character. He was fond of books, and passed his evenings in reading aloud to his family, a trait which his son continued. There are no anecdotes of the early years of the latter preserved; but he has been heard to say that as a child he was no student and not at all precocious. He was at boarding-school until his early entrance into the Navy, January 1, 1815, at an age which precluded many opportunities of education; but the deficiency of which his indomitable habits of application in the study of literature and the sciences connected with his profession, and his strong natural powers of observation, fully supplied. His letters written at sixteen and seventeen, when he was on board of the Macedonian in the Pacific, exhibit thus early his settled habits of study, and his earnest sense of what was going on around him. At nineteen he took command of a merchant vessel to improve himself in his profession. In 1824 he was on duty in the brig *Terrier* on the West India station, seeking for pirates, when a second attack of yellow fever led to his return home; and in the autumn of 1825, the year of his appointment to a lieutenancy, he visited Europe, on leave of absence, for the benefit of his health. He spent a year in France, mostly in study, and then commenced the tour in Spain, the incidents of which he subsequently gave to the world in his publication, the *Year in Spain*, which first appeared in Boston in 1829 and about the same time in London. Washington Irving was in Spain at the time of Slidell's visit, engaged in writing his life of Columbus, and the two friends passed their time in intimacy. It is to Slidell that Irving alludes in a note to his work on Columbus where he says, "the author of this work is indebted for the able examination of the route of Columbus to an officer of the Navy of the United States, whose name he regrets not being at liberty to mention. He has been greatly benefited in various parts of this history by nautical information from the same intelligent source." The *Year in Spain* was received with great favor, and took its rank in England and America among the first productions of its class. It was reviewed in the *Quarterly*, the *Monthly Review*, and other influential publications in London, with many commendations on its spirit and interest, and the fund of information which the author had collected in familiar intercourse with the people; so that Washington Irving then in England, writing home, remarked, "It is quite the fashionable book of the day, and spoken of in the highest terms in the highest circles. If the Lieutenant were in London at present he would be quite a lion." It had the honor of a translation into the Swedish language.

In the years 1830-31-32, Mr. Slidell was on duty in the Mediterranean, in the *Brandywine*, Commodore Biddle. Upon his return home in 1833 he published a volume of *Popular Essays on Naval Subjects*, and projected a two years' course of travelling in Great Britain. He passed some time in England, made a short visit to Spain, and returned to finish his tour in England and Ireland, but was induced by the threatened conflict between the United States and France to return to

America to resume, if necessary, the active duties of his profession. There being no probability of war he prepared at home his book, *The American in England*, and shortly after the two volumes of *Spain Revisited*. At this time, in 1836, he published a revised and enlarged edition of the *Year in Spain*, in New York. In 1837 he was ordered to the Independence as First Lieutenant, and filled the duties of executive officer to Commodore Nicholson. It was in the winter of this year that, in accordance with the request of a maternal uncle, he added, by an Act of the New York Legislature, his mother's name to his own. The Independence conveyed Mr. Dallas, the Minister to Russia, to St. Petersburg, which gave Lieutenant Slidell an opportunity to write home a description of the visit of the Emperor to the ship at Cronstadt. From Cronstadt the Independence proceeded to Brazil, where Lieutenant Slidell was placed in command of the *Dolphin*. His cruise in this vessel was of much interest. He was at Bahia during the siege of that place, and at its surrender, and was an eyewitness of many of the political events of the Rio de la Plata at that period, an account of some of which he published in a pamphlet at the time. General Rosas was his warm friend, and continued in correspondence with him for many years after. The American merchants of Rio Janeiro expressed their approval of his course. He returned from the Brazil station in 1839.



Mr. Lucius Mure Bergen

Whilst in Boston, previously to the sailing of the Independence, he was requested by Mr. Sparks to contribute a life of Paul Jones to the series of *American Biography*. He anticipated writing this at sea, but his duties prevented. He commenced it on his return, and it was published in Boston in 1841.

He had a love of country life, not unusual with men who pass much of their lives upon the sea, and now established his home (he had married, in 1835, a daughter of the late Morris Robinson of New York) at a farm on the Hudson, midway between Sing Sing and Tarrytown. Here he afterwards passed his time when not occupied in his profession, to which, notwithstanding his success in literature, he always continued

warmly attached as his first duty. In the summer of 1840, at the request of Dr. Grant Perry, he wrote the life of his father Commodore Oliver Perry. In 1841 he received his rank of Commander, and took charge of the Missouri Steamer till his command of the Brig Somers in May, 1842, then used as a school-ship and manned by apprentices. In this he was able to further his favorite plan of the improvement of the character of the service in the education of the sailor. He took with him on his first cruise to Porto Rico a young student of divinity to hold the services of the Episcopal church, a practice which he always observed in every vessel which he commanded. He sailed again with despatches for the squadron on the African coast in September of the same year. On the return voyage Midshipman Spencer was arrested, with a number of the crew, on a charge of mutiny. A council of officers decided that the execution of the three chief persons accused was a necessary measure, and the decision was carried into effect at the yard-arm. The Somers came into New York in December, when a Court of Enquiry of the three senior officers of the Navy, Commodores Stewart, Jacob Jones, and Dallas, justified the act. To remove any further grounds of complaint, at Commander Mackenzie's own request, a court-martial was held at New York in February, of which Commodore Downes was President, and eleven of his brother officers, his seniors or equals in rank, members. He was again acquitted, and the congratulations of large and influential bodies of his fellow citizens in New York, Philadelphia, and Boston, tendered to him. The citizens of Boston requested his bust, which was executed by Dexter and has been placed in the Athenæum. He remained at home till 1846, occupying himself in writing the *Life of Commodore Decatur*, which was published in the summer of that year. In May, 1846, he was sent by the President on a private mission to Cuba and thence sailed to Mexico. He was ordnance officer with Commodore Perry in the Mississippi at Vera Cruz, whence he returned in 1847. The next year he had command of the Mississippi. His health was now much impaired. He died at home September 13, 1848.

His literary characteristics are readily noted. Whatever he took in hand, whether the narrative of his own adventures, or the story of the lives of others, was pursued with diligence, a skill which he seems to have owed as much to nature as to art, and in a full equable style. His American lives of Paul Jones, Perry, and Decatur, are happy instances of biographical talent, and are productions which, no less by their treatment than their subject matter, will continue to be received with favor. His descriptions of travel are remarkable for their truthfulness and happy fidelity to nature, and the unaffected interest which they exhibit in whatever is going on about him. There is also a fertile vein of good humor which illustrates the old remark, that a book which it is a pleasure to read it has been also a pleasure to write. Greatly as Americans have excelled in this species of writing, the country has never probably had a better representative abroad describing the scenes which he visits. Spain, always a theme fruitful in the picturesque, loses nothing of its peculiar attractiveness in his hands. He travels as Irving, In-

glis, Ford, and many others have done, with a constant eye to Gil Blas and Don Quixote. It is in a similar vein that he visits England, and doubtless his still unpublished *Tour in Ireland* presents the same attractive qualities. He appears always to have had this descriptive talent. A series of letters from his early years, written from different parts of the world, which we have seen, are graphic, minute, and faithful. He was always a conscientious student of life and nature as of books, and his pen was the ready chronicler of his observations. The style in this, as in most cases, marks the man. Though reserved in his manners, and somewhat silent, there was great gentleness and refinement in his disposition. His exactness in discipline and inflexible performance of duty as an officer, and his strict sense of religious no less than of patriotic obligations, while they gained him the respect, were not at the loss of the affection of his companions. The unforced humor and ease of his writings are easily read indications of his amiable character. In person Commander Mackenzie was well formed, graceful, with a fine observant eye, and animated expression of countenance.

ZARAGOZA—FROM SPAIN REVISITED.

On entering the gate of the Ebro I found myself within the famous old city of Zaragoza; renowned, in chronicles and ballads, for the achievements of its sons: the capital, moreover, of that glorious kingdom of Aragon, so illustrious for its ancient laws and liberties, for its conquests and extirpation of the Moors, and for the wisdom and prowess of its kings; but, above all, glorious now and for ever, for her resistance to a treacherous and powerful foe; a resistance undertaken in a frantic spirit of patriotism, pausing for no reflection and admitting of no reasoning, and which was continued in defiance of all the havoc occasioned in a place wholly indefensible, according to the arts of war, until, wasted by assaults, by conflagrations, by famine, by pestilence, and every horror, Zaragoza at length yielded only in ceasing to exist.

A few steps from the gate brought me to the great square. It was crowded with a vast concourse of people, consisting at once of the busy and the idle of a population of near sixty thousand souls; the busy brought there for the transaction of their affairs, and the idle in search of occupation, or for the retail and exchange of gossip. The arcades and the interior of the square were everywhere filled with such as sold bread, meat, vegetables, and all the necessities of life, together with such rude fabrics as come within the compass of Spanish ingenuity. Beggars proclaimed their poverty and misfortune, and the compensation which Jesus and Mary would give, in another world, to such charitable souls as bestowed alms on the wretched in this; and blind men chanted a rude ballad which recounted the sad fate of a young woman forced to marry a man whom she did not love; or offered for sale verses, such as were suited for a gallant to sing beneath the balcony of his mistress. Trains of heavily-laden mules entered and disappeared again; and carts and wagons slowly lumbered through, creaking and groaning at every step. Here was every variety of dress peculiar to the different provinces of Spain. A few had wandered to this distant mart from the sunny land of Andalusia; but there were more from Catalonia, Valencia, and Biscay, Zaragoza being the great connecting thoroughfare between those industrious and commercial provinces. The scene was noisy, tumultuous, and

full of vivacity and animation; and I felt that pleasure in contemplating it, which an arrival in a city of some importance never fails to afford, after the quiet and monotony of small villages.

Catching a distant view of the renowned Church of the Pillar on the left, and of the Aragonese Giralda, the new tower, on the opposite hand, I came into a street which seemed to be consecrated to learning. On either hand were bookshops, filled with antique tomes, bound in parchment, with clasps of copper, and having a monkish and conventual smell; while, seated upon the pavement at the sunny side, were scores of cloaked students, conning ragged volumes, and passing an apparent interval in the academic hours in preparation for rehearsal, and in storing up a stock of heat to carry them safely through the frigid atmosphere of some Gothic hall, in which the light of science was wooed with a pious exclusion of the assistance of the sun. Other students were more agreeably employed in gambling in the dirt for a few cuartos. One of them, who had been looking over the game, and had probably lost, followed me, holding out the greasy tatters of a broken cocked hat, and supplicating a little alms to pursue his studies. He had on a cloak which hung in tatters, a pair of black worsted stockings, foxy and faded, and possibly a pair of trousers, while a stock, streaked with violet, showed that he was a candidate for the church: a mass of uncombed and matted hair hung about his forehead; his teeth were stained, like his fingers, with the oil from the paper cigars; and his complexion and whole appearance indicated a person nourished from day to day on unwholesome food, irregularly and precariously procured. He followed me for some distance, whining forth his petition. At length I said to him, somewhat briefly—"Perdon usted amigo! no hay nada!"—and he happening to catch sight, at the same moment, of a half-smoked fragment of a cigar, stopped short, picked it up, and proceeded to prepare it for further fumigation.

Tracing our way through narrow, winding, and ill-paved alleys, we at length approached the southern portion of the city, and entered the spacious street called the Coso, which lies in the modern part of Zaragoza. It was on this side that the chief attack of the French was directed. They approached by a level plain, demolishing convents, churches, and dwellings; battering with their cannon, discharging bombs, and springing mines, until this whole district was reduced to a wide-extended heap of ruins. A few walls of convents, half demolished, arches yawning, and threatening to crush at each instant whoever may venture below, and a superb façade, standing in lonely grandeur, to attest the magnificence of the temple of which it originally formed part, still remain to testify to the heroic obstinacy with which Zaragoza resisted. Some modern houses have arisen in this neighborhood. They are of neat and tasteful construction, and form a singular contrast with the antiquated and crowded district through which I had just passed, not less than with the monastic ruins which frown upon and threaten to crush them, for their sacrilegious intrusion upon consecrated ground.

From the Coso a wide avenue extends to the gate of Madrid, and owes its opening and enlargement to the batteries of the French. Its origin is connected with a dreadful catastrophe, but its present uses are of the most peaceful kind. It is now a public walk, planted with trees, and enlivened by fountains; and the Zaragoza of our day now coquets and flourishes her fan, and plays off the whole battery of her charms, on the very spot where her father or her grandfather, or haply an ancestor of her own

sex, poured forth their life's blood in defence of their country.

LODGINGS IN MADRID AND A LANDLADY—FROM THE SAME.

I was far too uncomfortable in my wretched inn to think of remaining there during the whole time I proposed to stay in Madrid. Florencia, who promised to find me a place, if possible, in her own neighborhood, said that there was no want of hired apartments about the Gate of the Sun; but there was some difficulty in finding such as were in all respects unexceptionable, since many establishments of this sort were kept by persons of somewhat equivocal character, who enticed young men into their houses with a view of fascinating and leading them astray. Nevertheless, at the end of a day or two, passed in diligent search, she sent me word to take possession of an apartment which she had retained for me in the street of Carmel, and which, though the entrance was in a different street, had its front just where I wanted it, on the street of Montera, and the balcony next to her own.

Immediately within the doorway, giving admission to a passage in itself sufficiently narrow, was a modest little moveable shop, which came and went, I knew not whither, morning and night, and which disappeared altogether on feast and bullfight days. It was kept by a thin, monastic-looking individual, who sold waxen tapers, arms, legs, eyes, ears, and babies, all religious objects connected with funeral ceremonies, or charms to offer at the shrine of some celebrated saint, for a happy delivery, or for the recovery of an afflicted member of the easily disordered tenement, in which our nobler part is shut up.

Having traversed this first passage opening on the street, I found myself on a crooked serpentine stairway, which turned to the right and to the left without reason or ceremony, and in almost utter darkness. Doors were scattered about on either hand, and I rang at half a dozen, saluted by the barking of dogs, the growling of Spaniards interrupted in the enjoyment of the siesta and torpid state which follow the repletion of a greasy dinner, or by the sharp and angry tones of scolding females, ere I at length found myself at the right one. Nor did I ever get used to the eccentricities of this most involved entrance. Coming home, night after night, at the dead hour of two or three, having patrolled the streets with a drawn dagger under my cloak, to defend myself against the robberies that were of constant occurrence, I used to get into the outer door by the aid of the double key which I carried, and reaching the end of the passage, I would commence ascending without any geometrical principle to guide me. When I should have turned to the left I would turn to the right, dislocating my foot against a wall, or else keep straight on until violently arrested, and in serious danger of damaging or distorting my nose. Sometimes I stepped up when I should have stepped down, and shook my whole frame to its centre. And thus I have more than once passed half an hour, moving about, like a troubled spirit, from the ground floor to the garret, fitting my key into strange doors, to the terror of the inmates, who, dreaming of robbery and murder, would begin to rattle sabres or bawl for assistance.

But to return to my new landlady. I must confess that I was not particularly disposed to be pleased either with her or her habitation, when I at length rang at the right door, and she admitted me. On entering the apartment designed for me, however, I found that it was far better than its approaches had foretold, being matted and furnished

with more than usual neatness. The alcove, concealed by nice white curtains, contained a bed of inviting cleanliness, and the brasier and other articles of furniture, susceptible of receiving a polish, shone with the lustre of consummate house-wifery.

When I got before the broad light of the balcony, which enjoyed the sunny exposure so essential, where artificial heat of a wholesome kind is not to be procured, I had an opportunity of examining the person of my patrona; and I saw at a glance that Florencia had taken effectual means to protect me against every temptation of the devil. Doña Lucretia, whose present, rather than whose past history, doubtless rendered her name an appropriate one, was a hale, happy old lady, of five-and-fifty or more, still struggling to keep young. She was plump and well conditioned, with, however, a neat little foot, which she had somehow managed to keep within the dimensions of a small shoe, though her good keeping hastened to show itself above, in a fat and unconstrained ankle. Her eye, too, had some remains of lustre, and the long habit of leering and casting love-glances had left about it a certain lurking expression of roguery.

She was a native of Zamora, and had never married; not, by her account, for want of offers, for she had received many; but having seen that her father and mother had lived unhappily together, and her earliest recollections being of domestic disturbances, when the time arrived to think of this matter, and occasion called upon her to determine, for she told me, and I believed her, that she had been very handsome, she asked herself the question, "Shall I make the misery of my parents my own? or shall I not rather live singly blessed?" Having well weighed all these considerations, she, after mature deliberation, determined on philosophic principles for a life of liberty, since, though she admitted that men were a very good and useful race of animals, she said she never yet had seen one whom she was willing to erect into a permanent lord and master.

Her present pastimes were suited to her age; a little gossip each morning with a toothless old dame, who came to tell the parish news, of births, deaths, marriages, and murders, occupied the hour succeeding the domestic duties of the day, and went on without interruption, as the pipkin simmered with the daily puchero; on a feast-day, fan in hand, and mantilla duly adjusted, she would go in state to mass, taking the key of the door, and followed by the stout maid of all work, in the character of a dueña: at the bullfight she never fails to attend, for she was a zealous *aficionada*; and almost nightly she went off to a *teatro casero*, a reunion for private theatricals, held in the inelegant barrier of the Lavapiés. The man who brushed my clothes and cleaned my boots, and between whom and the old lady there was a friendship of many years' standing, was one of the principal actors. I went for curiosity to see one performance, and was astonished, not only at the very tolerable style of the acting, but also at the singularity of the whole circumstance, of people in an humble sphere of life, instead of spending the little superfluity of their earnings in getting drunk, or congregating together in places from which the other sex was excluded, thus combining to fit up, and paint with the greatest taste, a little theatre, where they not only played farces and danced the bolero, but even commenced regularly, as at the great theatres, by going through a solemn didactic piece. On this occasion they played the *Telos* de Meneses, an old Spanish tragedy of the cloak and sword, filled with the most exaggerated and nobly extravagant sentiments.

A LONDON COFFEE-ROOM AT DINNER TIME—FROM THE AMERICAN IN ENGLAND.

The coffee-room, into which I now entered, was a spacious apartment of oblong form, having two chimneys with coal fires. The walls were of a dusky orange; the windows at either extremity were hung with red curtains, and the whole sufficiently well illuminated by means of several gas chandeliers. I hastened to appropriate to myself a vacant table by the side of the chimney, in order that I might have some company besides my own musing, and be able, for want of better, to commune with the fire. The waiter brought me the *carte*, the list of which did not present any very attractive variety. It struck me as very insulting to the pride of the Frenchman, whom I had caught a glimpse of on entering, not to say extremely cruel, to tear him from the joys and pastimes of his belle France, and conduct him to this land of fogs, of rain, and gloomy Sundays, only to roast sirloins and boil legs of mutton.

The waiter, who stood beside me in attendance, very respectfully suggested that the gravy-soup was exceedingly good; that there was some fresh sole, and a particularly nice piece of roast-beef. Being very indifferent as to what I ate, or whether I ate anything, and moreover quite willing to be relieved from the embarrassment of selecting from such an unattractive bill of fare, I laid aside the *carte*, not however before I had read, with some curiosity, the following singular though very sensible admonition, "Gentlemen are particularly requested not to miscarve the joints."

I amused myself with the soup, sipped a little wine, and trifled with the fish. At length I found myself face to face with the enormous sirloin. There was something at least in the encounter which conveyed the idea of society; and society of any sort is better than absolute solitude.

I was not long in discovering that the different personages scattered about the room in such an unsocial and misanthropic manner, instead of being collected about the same board, as in France or my own country, and, in the spirit of good fellowship and of boon companions, relieving each other of their mutual ennui, though they did not speak a word to each other, by which they might hereafter be compromised and socially ruined, by discovering that they had made the acquaintance of an individual several grades below them in the scale of rank, or haply as disagreeably undeceived by the abstraction of a pocket-book, still kept up a certain interchange of sentiment, by occasional glances and mutual observation. Man, after all, is by nature gregarious and social; and though the extreme limit to which civilization has attained in this highly artificial country may have instructed people how to meet together in public places of this description without intermixture of classes or mutual contamination, yet they cannot, for the life of them, be wholly indifferent to each other. Though there was no interchange of sentiments by words then, yet there was no want of mutual observation, sedulously concealed indeed, but still revealing itself in a range of the eye, as if to ask a question of the clock, and in furtive glances over a book or a newspaper.

In the new predicament in which I was now placed, the sirloin was then exceedingly useful. It formed a most excellent line of defence, an unsailable breastwork, behind which I lay most completely entrenched, and defended at all points from the sharp-shooting of the surrounding observers. The moment I found myself thus entrenched, I began to recover my equanimity, and presently took courage—bearing in mind always the injunction of the bill of fare, not to miscarve the joints—to open an

embrasure through the tender-loin. Through this I sent my eyes sharp-shooting towards the guests at the other end of the room, and will, if the reader pleases, now furnish him with the result of my observations.

In the remote corner of the coffee-room sat a party of three. They had finished their dinner, and were sipping their wine. Their conversation was carried on in a loud tone, and ran upon lords and ladies, suits in chancery, crim. con. cases, and marriage settlements. I did not hear the word dollar once; but the grander and nobler expression of thousand pounds occurred perpetually. Moreover, they interlarded their discourse abundantly with foreign reminiscences and French words, coarsely pronounced, and awfully anglicised. I drew the conclusion from this, as well as from certain cant phrases and vulgarisms of expression in the use of their own tongue, such as "regularly done"—"completely floored"—"split the difference," that they were not the distinguished people of which they labored to convey the impression.

In the corner opposite this party of three, who were at the cost of all the conversation of the coffee-room, sat a long-faced, straight-featured individual, with thin hair and whiskers, and a bald head. There was a bluish tinge about his cheek-bones and nose, and he had, on the whole, a somewhat used look. He appeared to be reading a book which he held before him, and which he occasionally put aside to glance at a newspaper that lay on his lap, casting, from time to time, furtive glances over book or newspaper at the colloquial party before him, whose conversation, though he endeavored to conceal it, evidently occupied him more than his book.

Halfway down the room, on the same side, sat a very tall, rosy young man, of six-and-twenty or more; he was sleek, fair-faced, with auburn hair, and, on the whole, decidedly handsome, though his appearance could not be qualified as distinguished. He sat quietly and contentedly, with an air of the most thoroughly vacant bonhomme, never moving limb or muscle, except when, from time to time, he lifted to his mouth a fragment of thin biscuit, or replenished his glass from the decanter of black-looking wine beside him. I fancied, from his air of excellent health, that he must be a country gentleman, whose luxuriant growth had been nurtured at a distance from the gloom and condensation of cities. I could not determine whether his perfect air of quiescence and repose were the effect of consummate breeding, or simply a negative quality, and that he was not fidgety only because troubled by no thoughts, no ideas, and no sensations.

There was only one table between his and mine. It was occupied by a tall, thin, dignified-looking man, with a very grave and noble cast of countenance. I was more pleased with him than with any other in the room, from the quiet, musing, self-forgetfulness of his air, and the mild and civil manner in which he addressed the servants. These were only two in number, though a dozen or more tables were spread around, each capable of seating four persons. They were well-dressed, decent-looking men, who came and went quickly, yet quietly, and without confusion, at each call for George or Thomas. The patience of the guests seemed unbounded, and the object of each to destroy as much time as possible. The scene, dull as it was, furnished a most favourable contrast to that which is exhibited at the ordinaries of our great inns, or in the saloons of our magnificent steamers.

Having completed my observations under cover of the sirloin, I deposited my knife and fork, and the watchful waiter hastened to bear away the formi-

dable bulwark by whose aid I had been enabled to reconnoitre the inmates of the coffee-room. A tart and some cheese followed, and then some dried fruits and thin wine biscuits completed my repast. Having endeavored ineffectually to rouse myself from the stupefaction into which I was falling, by a cup of indifferent coffee, I wheeled my capacious arm-chair round, and took refuge from surrounding objects by gazing in the fire.

The loquacious party had disappeared on their way to Drury Lane, having decided, after some discussion, that the hour for half price had arrived. The saving of money is an excellent thing; without economy, indeed, there can scarcely be any honesty. But, as a question of good taste, discussions about money matters should be carried on in a quiet and under tone in the presence of strangers. When they had departed, a deathlike stillness pervaded the scene. Occasionally, the newspaper of the thin gentleman might be heard to rattle as he laid it aside or resumed it; or the rosy gentleman from the country awoke the awful stillness by snapping a fragment of biscuit, or depositing his wine-glass upon the table. Then all was again silent, save when the crust of the sea-coal fire fell in as it consumed, and the sleepy, snoring note in which the teakettle, placed by the grate in readiness either for tea or toddy, sang on perpetually.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

Was born in Boston some time about the year 1803. His father was a Unitarian clergyman, and the son was educated for the pulpit of the sect. After taking his degree at Harvard, in 1821 he studied divinity, and took charge of a congregation in Boston, as the colleague of Henry Ware, jun.; but soon becoming independent of the control of set regulations of religious worship, retired to Concord, where, in 1835, he purchased the house in which he has since resided. It has become identified as the seat of his solitary musings, with some of the most subtle, airy, eloquent, spiritual productions of American literature. Mr. Emerson first attracted public attention as a speaker, by his college orations. In 1837 he delivered a Phi-Beta-Kappa oration, *Man Thinking*; in 1838, his address to the senior class of the Divinity College, Cambridge, and *Literary Ethics, an Oration*. His volume, *Nature*, the key-note of his subsequent productions, appeared in 1839. It treated of freedom, beauty, culture in the life of the individual, to which outward natural objects were made subservient. *The Dial: a Magazine for Literature, Philosophy, and Religion*, of which Mr. Emerson was one of the original editors and chief supporters, was commenced in July, 1840. It was given to what was called transcendental literature, and many of its papers affecting a purely philosophical expression had the obscurity, if not the profundity, of abstract metaphysics. The orphic sayings of Mr. A. Bronson Alcott helped materially to support this character, and others wrote hardly less intelligibly, but it contained many acute and original papers of a critical character. In its religious views it had little respect for commonly received creeds.

The conduct of the work passed into the hands of Margaret Fuller, while Mr. Emerson remained a contributor through its four annual volumes. His chief articles were publications of the *Lec-*

tures on the Times, and similar compositions, which he had delivered. The duties of periodical literature were too restricted and exacting for his temperament, and his powers gained nothing by the demand for their display in this form. The style of composition which has proved to have the firmest hold upon him, in drawing out his thoughts for the public, is a peculiar species of lecture, in which he combines the ease and familiar turn of the essay with the philosophical dogmatism of the orator and modern oracle.



R. W. Emerson

The collections of his *Essays* and *Lectures* commenced with the publication in 1841 of a first series, followed by a second in 1844. His volume of *Poems* was issued in 1847. In 1848 he travelled in England, delivering a course of lectures in London on *The Mind and Manners of the Nineteenth Century*, including such topics as Relation of Intellect to Science; Duties of Men of Thought; Politics and Socialism; Poetry and Eloquence; Natural Aristocracy. He also lectured on the *Superlative in Manners and Literature*, and delivered lectures in other parts of England, in which country his writings have been received with great favor.

After his return he delivered a lecture on *English Character and Manners*, and has since visited the chief northern cities and literary institutions, delivering several courses of lectures on *Power, Wealth, the Conduct of Life*, and other topics, which, without obtruding his early metaphysics, tend more and more to the illustration of the practical advantages of life.

In 1850 appeared his volume *Representative Men*: including portraits of Plato, Swedenborg, Montaigne, Shakespeare, Napoleon, Goethe. His notices of Margaret Fuller form an independent portion of her *Memoirs*, published in 1852.

The characteristics of Emerson are, in the subject matter of his discourses, a reliance on individual consciousness and energy, independent of creeds, institutions, and tradition; an acute intel-

lectual analysis of passions and principles, through which the results are calmly exhibited, with a species of philosophical indifferentism tending to license in practice, which in the conduct of life he would be the last to avail himself of. His style is brief, pithy, neglecting ordinary links of association, occasionally obscure from dealing with vague and unknown quantities, but always refined; while in his lectures it arrests attention in the deep, pure tone of the orator, and is not unfrequently, especially in his latter discourses, relieved by turns of practical sagacity and shrewd New England humor. It is a style, too, in which there is a considerable infusion of the poetical vision, bringing to light remote events and illustrations; but its prominent quality is wit, dazzling by brief and acute analysis and the juxtaposition of striking objects. In his poems, apart from their obscurity, Emerson is sometimes bare and didactic; at others, his musical utterance is sweet and powerful.

Mr. Emerson's pursuits being those of the author and philosopher, he has taken little part in the public affairs of the day, except in the matter of the slavery question, on which he has delivered several orations, in opposition to that institution.

The early death of a younger brother of Emerson, CHARLES CHAUNCY EMERSON, is remembered by those who knew him at Cambridge, with regret. He died May 9, 1836. A lecture which he delivered on Socrates is spoken of with admiration. Holmes, who was his companion in college, in his metrical essay on poetry, has given a few lines to his memory, at Harvard, where his name is on the catalogue of graduates for 1828.

Thou calm, chaste scholar! I can see thee now,
The first young laurels on thy pallid brow,
O'er thy slight figure floating lightly down,
In graceful folds the academic gown,
On thy curled lip the classic lines, that taught
How nice the mind that sculptured them with
thought,
And triumph glistening in the clear blue eye,
Too bright to live,—but oh, too fair to die.

THE PROBLEM.

I like a church; I like a cowl:
I love a prophet of the soul;
And on my heart monastic aisles
Fall like sweet strains, or pensive smiles;
Yet not for all his faith can see
Would I that cowed churchman be.

Why should the vest on him allure,
Which I could not on me endure?

Not from a vain or shallow thought
His awful Jove young Phidias brought;
Never from lips of cunning fell
The thrilling Delphic oracle;
Out from the heart of nature rolled
The burdens of the Bible old;
The litany of nations came,
Like the volcano's tongue of flame,
Up from the burning core below,—
The canticles of love and woe;
The hand that rounded Peter's dome,
And groined the aisles of Christian Rome,
Wrought in a sad sincerity;
Himself from God he could not free;

He builded better than he knew ;—
 The conscious stone to beauty grew.
 Know'st thou what wove yon woodbird's nest
 Of leaves, and feathers from her breast?
 Or how the fish outbuilt her shell,
 Painting with morn each annual cell?
 Or how the sacred pine-tree adds
 To her old leaves new myriads?
 Such and so grew these holy piles,
 Whilst love and terror laid the tiles,
 Earth proudly wears the Parthenon,
 As the best gem upon her zone;
 And Morning opes with haste her lids,
 To gaze upon the Pyramids;
 O'er England's abbeys bends the sky,
 As on its friends, with kindred eye;
 For, out of Thought's interior sphere,
 These wonders rose to upper air;
 And Nature gladly gave them place,
 Adopted them into her race,
 And granted them an equal date
 With Andes and with Arrarat.

These temples grew as grows the grass;
 Art might obey, but not surpass.
 The passive Master lent his hand
 To the vast soul that o'er him planned;
 And the same power that reared the shrine,
 Bestrode the tribes that knelt within.
 Ever the fiery Pentecost
 Girds with one flame the countless host,
 Trances the heart through chanting choirs,
 And through the priest the mind inspires.
 The word unto the prophet spoken
 Was writ on tables yet unbroken;
 The word by seers or sibyls told,
 In groves of oak, or fanes of gold,
 Still floats upon the morning wind,
 Still whispers to the willing mind.
 One accent of the Holy Ghost
 The heedless world hath never lost.
 I know what say the fathers wise,—
 The Book itself before me lies,
 Old Chrysostom, best Augustine,
 And he who blent both in his line,
 The younger Golden Lips or mines,
 Taylor, the Shakspeare of divines.
 His words are music in my ear,
 I see his cowed portrait dear;
 And yet, for all his faith could see,
 I would not the good bishop be.

TACT.

What boots it, thy virtue,
 What profit thy parts,
 While one thing thou lackest,—
 The art of all arts?

The only credentials,
 Passport to success;
 Opens castle and parlor,—
 Address, man, Address.

The maiden in danger
 Was saved by the swain;
 His stout arm restored her
 To Broadway again.

The maid would reward him,—
 Gay company come;
 They laugh, she laughs with them;
 He is moonstruck and dumb.

This clinches the bargain;
 Sails out of the bay;
 Gets the vote in the senate,
 Spite of Webster and Clay;

Has for genius no mercy,
 For speeches no heed,
 It lurks in the eyebeam,
 It leaps to its deed.
 Church, market, and tavern,
 Bed and board, it will sway.
 It has no to-morrow;
 It ends with to-day.

GOOD-BYE.

Good-bye, proud world! I'm going home:
 Thou art not my friend, and I'm not thine.
 Long through thy weary crowds I roam;
 A river-ark on the ocean's brine,
 Long I've been tossed like the driven foam;
 But now, proud world! I'm going home.

Good-bye to Flattery's fawning face;
 To Grandeur with his wise grimace;
 To upstart Wealth's averted eye;
 To supple Office, low and high;
 To crowded halls, to court and street;
 To frozen hearts and hasting feet;
 To those who go, and those who come;
 Good-bye, proud world! I'm going home.

I am going to my own hearth-stone,
 Bosomed in yon green hills alone,—
 A secret nook in a pleasant land,
 Whose groves the frolic fairies planned;
 Where arches green, the live-long day,
 Echo the blackbird's roundelay,
 And vulgar feet have never trod
 A spot that is sacred to thought and God.

O, when I am safe in my sylvan home,
 I tread on the pride of Greece and Rome;
 And when I am stretched beneath the pines,
 Where the evening star so holy shines,
 I laugh at the lore and the pride of man,
 At the sophist schools, and the learned clan;
 For what are they all, in their high conceit,
 When man in the bush with God may meet!

THE HUMBLE-BEE.

Burly, dozing, humble-bee,
 Where thou art is clime for me.
 Let them sail for Porto Rique,
 Far-off heats through seas to seek;
 I will follow thee alone,
 Thou animated torrid zone!
 Zigzag steerer, desert cheerer,
 Let me chase thy waving lines;
 Keep me nearer, me thy hearer,
 Singing over shrubs and vines.

Insect lover of the sun,
 Joy of thy dominion!
 Sailor of the atmosphere;
 Swimmer through the waves of air;
 Voyager of light and noon;
 Epicurean of June;
 Wait, I prithee, till I come
 Within earshot of thy hum,—
 All without is martyrdom.

When the south wind, in May days,
 With a net of shining haze
 Silvers the horizon wall,
 And, with softness touching all,
 Tints the human countenance
 With a color of romance,
 And, infusing subtle heats,
 Turns the sod to violets,
 Thou, in sunny solitudes,
 Rover of the underwoods,

The green silence dost displace
With thy mellow, breezy bass.

Hot midsummer's petted crone,
Sweet to me thy drowsy tone
Tells of countless sunny hours,
Long days, and solid banks of flowers;
Of gulfs of sweetness without bound
In Indian wildernesses found;
Of Syrian peace, immortal leisure,
Firmest cheer, and bird-like pleasure.

Aught unsavory or unclean
Hath my insect never seen;
But violets and bilberry bells,
Maple sap, and daffodils,
Grass with green flag half-mast high,
Succory to match the sky,
Columbine with horn of honey,
Scented fern, and agrimony,
Clover, catchfly, adder's tongue,
And brier roses, dwelt among;
All beside was unknown waste,
All was picture as he passed.

Wiser far than human seer,
Yellow-breeched philosopher!
Seeing only what is fair,
Sipping only what is sweet,
Thou dost mock at fate and care,
Leave the chaff, and take the wheat.
When the fierce north-western blast
Cools sea and land so far and fast,
Thou already slumberest deep;
Woe and want thou canst outsleep;
Want and woe, which torture us,
Thy sleep makes ridiculous.

THE APOLOGY.

Think me not unkind and rude
That I walk alone in grove and glen,
I go to the god of the wood,
To fetch his word to man.

Tax not my sloth that I
Fold my arms beside the brook;
Each cloud that floated in the sky,
Writes a letter in my book.

Chide me not, laborious band,
For the idle flowers I brought,
Every aster in my hand
Goes home loaded with a thought.

There was never mystery
But 'tis figured in the flowers;
Was never secret history
But birds tell it in the bowers.

One harvest from thy field
Homeward brought the oxen strong:
A second crop thine acres yield,
Whilst I gather in a song.

BEAUTY—FROM NATURE.

For better consideration, we may distribute the aspects of Beauty in a threefold manner.

1. First, the simple perception of natural forms is a delight. The influence of the forms and actions in nature is so needful to man, that, in its lowest functions, it seems to lie on the confines of commodity and beauty. To the body and mind which have been cramped by noxious work or company, nature is medicinal and restores their tone. The tradesman, the attorney comes out of the din and craft of the street, and sees the sky and the woods, and is a man again. In their eternal calm, he finds himself. The health of the eye seems to demand a horizon. We are never tired, so long as we can see far enough.

But in other hours, Nature satisfies by its loveliness, and without any mixture of corporeal benefit. I see the spectacle of morning from the hill-top over against my house, from day-break to sun-rise, with emotions which an angel might share. The long slender bars of cloud float like fishes in the sea of crimson light. From the earth, as a shore, I look out into that silent sea. I seem to partake its rapid transformations: the active enchantment reaches my dust, and I dilate and conspire with the morning wind. How does Nature deify us with a few and cheap elements! Give me health and a day, and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous. The dawn is my Assyria; the sun-set and moon-rise my Paphos, and unimaginable realms of faerie; broad noon shall be my England of the senses and the understanding; the night shall be my Germany of mystic philosophy and dreams.

Not less excellent, except for our less susceptibility in the afternoon, was the charm, last evening, of a January sunset. The western clouds divided and subdivided themselves into pink flakes modulated with tints of unspeakable softness; and the air had so much life and sweetness, that it was a pain to come within doors. What was it that nature would say? Was there no meaning in the live repose of the valley behind the mill, and which Homer or Shakspeare could not re-form for me in words? The leafless trees become spires of flame in the sunset, with the blue east for their background, and the stars of the dead calices of flowers, and every withered stem and stubble rimed with frost, contribute something to the mute music.

The inhabitants of cities suppose that the country landscape is pleasant only half the year. I please myself with the graces of the winter scenery, and believe that we are as much touched by it as by the genial influences of summer. To the attentive eye, each moment of the year has its own beauty, and in the same field, it beholds, every hour, a picture which was never seen before, and which shall never be seen again. The heavens change every moment, and reflect their glory or gloom on the plains beneath. The state of the crop in the surrounding farms alters the expression of the earth from week to week. The succession of native plants in the pastures and roadsides, which makes the silent clock by which time tells the summer hours, will make even the divisions of the day sensible to a keen observer. The tribes of birds and insects, like the plants punctual to their time, follow each other, and the year has room for all. By water-courses, the variety is greater. In July, the blue pontederia or pickerel-weed blooms in large beds in the shallow parts of our present river, and swarms with yellow butterflies in continual motion. Art cannot rival this pomp of purple and gold. Indeed the river is a perpetual gala, and boasts each month a new ornament.

But this beauty of Nature which is seen and felt as beauty, is the least part. The shows of day, the dewy morning, the rainbow, mountains, orchards in blossom, stars, moonlight, shadows in still water, and the like, if too eagerly hunted, become shows merely, and mock us with their unreality. Go out of the house to see the moon, and 't is mere tinsel; it will not please us when its light shines upon your necessary journey. The beauty that shimmers in the yellow afternoons of October, who ever could clutch it? Go forth to find it, and it is gone: 't is only a mirage as you look from the windows of a diligence.

2. The presence of a higher, namely, of the spiritual element is essential to its perfection. The high and divine beauty which can be loved without

effeminacy, is that which is found in combination with the human will. Beauty is the mark God sets upon virtue. Every natural action is graceful. Every heroic act is also decent, and causes the place and the bystanders to shine. We are taught by great actions that the universe is the property of every individual in it. Every rational creature has all nature for his dowry and estate. It is his, if he will. He may divest himself of it; he may creep into a corner, and abdicate his kingdom, as most men do, but he is entitled to the world by his constitution. In proportion to the energy of his thought and will, he takes up the world into himself. "All those things for which men plough, build, or sail, obey virtue," said Sallust. "The winds and waves," said Gibbon, "are always on the side of the ablest navigators." So are the sun and moon and all the stars of heaven. When a noble act is done,—perchance in a scene of great natural beauty; when Leonidas and his three hundred martyrs consume one day in dying, and the sun and moon come each and look at them once in the steep defile of Thermopylæ; when Arnold Winkelried, in the high Alps, under the shadow of the avalanche, gathers in his side a sheaf of Austrian spears to break the line for his comrades; are not these heroes entitled to add the beauty of the scene to the beauty of the deed? When the bark of Columbus nears the shores of America;—before it, the beach lined with savages, fleeing out of all their huts of cane; the sea behind; and the purple mountains of the Indian Archipelago around, can we separate the man from the living picture? Does not the New World clothe his form with her palm groves and savannahs as fit drapery? Ever does natural beauty steal in like air, and envelope great actions. When Sir Harry Vane was dragged up the Tower-hill, sitting on a sled, to suffer death, as the champion of the English laws, one of the multitude cried out to him, "You never sate on so glorious a seat." Charles II., to intimidate the citizens of London, caused the patriot Lord Russell to be drawn in an open coach, through the principal streets of the city, on his way to the scaffold. "But," his biographer says, "the multitude imagined they saw liberty and virtue sitting by his side." In private places, among sordid objects, an act of truth or heroism seems at once to draw to itself the sky as its temple, the sun as its candle. Nature stretcheth out her arms to embrace man, only let his thoughts be of equal greatness. Willingly does she follow his steps with the rose and the violet, and bend her lines of grandeur and grace to the decoration of her darling child. Only let his thoughts be of equal scope, and the frame will suit the picture. A virtuous man is in unison with her works, and makes the central figure of the visible sphere. Homer, Pindar, Socrates, Phocian, associate themselves fitly in our memory with the geography and climate of Greece. The visible heavens and earth sympathize with Jesus. And in common life, whosoever has seen a person of powerful character and happy genius, will have remarked how easily he took all things along with him,—the persons, the opinions, and the day, and nature became ancillary to a man.

3. There is still another aspect under which the beauty of the world may be viewed, namely, as it becomes an object of the intellect. Beside the relation of things to virtue, they have a relation to thought. The intellect searches out the absolute order of things as they stand in the mind of God, and without the colors of affection. The intellectual and the active powers seem to succeed each other, and the exclusive activity of the one generates the exclusive activity of the other. There is

something unfriendly in each to the other, but they are like the alternate periods of feeding and working in animals; each prepares and will be followed by the other. Therefore does beauty, which, in relation to actions, as we have seen, comes unsought, and comes because it is unsought, remain for the apprehension and pursuit of the intellect; and then again, in its turn, of the active power. Nothing divine dies. All good is eternally reproductive. The beauty of nature reforms itself in the mind, and not for barren contemplation, but for new creation.

All men are in some degree impressed by the face of the world; some men even to delight. This love of beauty is Taste. Others have the same love in such excess, that, not content with admiring, they seek to embody it in new forms. The creation of beauty is Art.

The production of a work of art throws a light upon the mystery of humanity. A work of art is an abstract or epitome of the world. It is the result or expression of nature, in miniature. For, although the works of nature are innumerable and all different, the result or the expression of them all is similar and single. Nature is a sea of forms radically alike and even unique. A leaf, a sunbeam, a landscape, the ocean, make an analogous impression on the mind. What is common to them all,—that perfectness and harmony, is beauty. The standard of beauty is the entire circuit of natural forms,—the totality of nature; which the Italians expressed by defining beauty "*il piu nell' uno.*" Nothing is quite beautiful alone; nothing but is beautiful in the whole. A single object is only so far beautiful as it suggests this universal grace. The poet, the painter, the sculptor, the musician, the architect, seek each to concentrate this radiance of the world on one point, and each in his several work to satisfy the love of beauty which stimulates him to produce. Thus is Art, a nature passed through the alembic of man. Thus, in art, does nature work through the will of a man filled with the beauty of her first works.

The world thus exists to the soul to satisfy the desire of beauty. This element I call an ultimate end. No reason can be asked or given why the soul seeks beauty. Beauty, in its largest and profoundest sense, is one expression for the universe. God is the all-fair. Truth, and goodness, and beauty, are but different faces of the same All. But beauty in nature is not ultimate. It is the herald of inward and eternal beauty, and is not alone a solid and satisfactory good. It must stand as a part, and not as yet the last or highest expression of the final cause of Nature.

LOVE—FROM THE ESSAYS.

Every soul is a celestial Venus to every other soul. The heart has its Sabbaths and jubilees, in which the world appears as a hymeneal feast, and all natural sounds and the circle of the seasons are erotic odes and dances. Love is omnipresent in nature as motive and reward. Love is our highest word, and the synonym of God. Every promise of the soul has innumerable fulfillments; each of its joys ripens into a new want. Nature, uncontainable, flowing, fore-looking, in the first sentiment of kindness anticipates already a benevolence which shall lose all particular regards in its general light. The introduction to this felicity is in private and tender relation of one to one, which is the enchantment of human life; which, like a certain divine rage and enthusiasm, seizes on man at one period, and works a revolution in his mind and body; unites him to his race, pledges him

to the domestic and civic relations, carries him with new sympathy into nature, enhances the power of the senses, opens the imagination, adds to his character heroic and sacred attributes, establishes marriage, and gives permanence to human society.

The natural association of the sentiment of love with the heyday of the blood, seems to require that in order to portray it in vivid tints which every youth and maid should confess to be true to their throbbing experience, one must not be too old. The delicious fancies of youth reject the least savor of a mature philosophy, as chilling with age and pedantry their purple bloom. And, therefore, I know I incur the imputation of unnecessary hardness and stoicism from those who compose the Court and Parliament of Love. But from these formidable censors I shall appeal to my seniors. For, it is to be considered that this passion of which we speak, though it begin with the young, yet forsakes not the old, or rather suffers no one who is truly its servant to grow old, but makes the aged participators of it, not less than the tender maiden, though in a different and nobler sort. For, it is a fire that kindling its first embers in the narrow nook of a private bosom, caught from a wandering spark out of another private heart, glows and enlarges until it warms and beams upon multitudes of men and women, upon the universal heart of all, and so lights up the whole world and all nature with its generous flames. It matters not, therefore, whether we attempt to describe the passion at twenty, at thirty, or at eighty years. He who paints it at the first period, will lose some of its later; he who paints it at the last, some of its earlier traits. Only it is to be hoped that by patience and the muses' aid, we may attain to that inward view of the law, which shall describe a truth ever young, ever beautiful, so central that it shall commend itself to the eye at whatever angle beholden.

And the first condition is, that we must leave a too close and lingering adherence to the actual, to facts, and study the sentiment as it appeared in hope and not in history. For, each man sees his own life defaced and disfigured, as the life of man is not, to his imagination. Each man sees over his own experience a certain slime of error, whilst that of other men looks fair and ideal. Let any man go back to those delicious relations which make the beauty of his life, which have given him sincerest instruction and nourishment, he will shrink and shrink. Alas! I know not why, but infinite compunctions embitter in mature life all the remembrances of budding sentiment, and cover every beloved name. Everything is beautiful seen from the point of the intellect, or as truth. But all is sour, if seen as experience. Details are always melancholy; the plan is seemly and noble. It is strange how painful is the actual world,—the painful kingdom of time and place. There dwells care and canker and fear. With thought, with the ideal, is immortal hilarity, the rose of joy. Round it all the muses sing. But with names and persons and the partial interests of to-day and yesterday, is grief.

The strong bent of nature is seen in the proportion which this topic of personal relations usurps in the conversation of society. What do we wish to know of any worthy person so much as how he has sped in the history of this sentiment? What books in the circulating libraries circulate? How we glow over these novels of passion, when the story is told with any spark of truth and nature! And what fastens attention, in the intercourse of life, like any passage betraying affection between two parties? Perhaps we never saw them before, and never shall meet them again. But we see them exchange a glance, or betray a deep emotion, and we are no longer strangers.

We understand them, and take the warmest interest in the development of the romance. All mankind love a lover. The earliest demonstrations of complacency and kindness are nature's most winning pictures. It is the dawn of civility and grace in the coarse and rustic. The rude village boy teases the girls about the school-house door;—but to-day he comes running into the entry, and meets one fair child arranging her satchel; he holds her books to help her, and instantly it seems to him as if she removed herself from him infinitely, and was a sacred precinct. Among the throng of girls he runs rudely enough, but one alone distances him: and these two little neighbors that were so close just now, have learned to respect each other's personality. Or who can avert his eyes from the engaging, half-artful, half-artless ways of school girls who go into the country shops to buy a skein of silk or a sheet of paper, and talk half an hour about nothing, with the broad-faced, good-natured shop-boy. In the village, they are on a perfect equality, which love delights in, and without any coquetry the happy, affectionate nature of woman flows out in this pretty gossip. The girls may have little beauty, yet plainly do they establish between them and the good boy the most agreeable, confiding relations, what with their fun and their earnest, about Edgar, and Jonas, and Almira, and who was invited to the party, and who danced at the dancing-school, and when the singing-school would begin, and other nothings concerning which the parties cooed. By-and-by that boy wants a wife, and very truly and heartily will he know where to find a sincere and true mate, without any risk such as Milton deploras as incident to scholars and great men.

I have been told that my philosophy is unsocial, and that, in public discourses, my reverence for the intellect makes me unjustly cold to the personal relations. But now I almost shrink at the remembrance of such disparaging words. For persons are love's world, and the coldest philosopher cannot recount the debt of the young soul wandering here in nature to the power of love, without being tempted to unsay, as treasonable to nature, aught derogatory to the social instincts. For, though the celestial rapture falling out of heaven seizes only upon those of tender age, and although a beauty overpowering all analysis or comparison, and putting us quite beside ourselves, we can seldom see after thirty years, yet the remembrance of these visions outlasts all other remembrances, and is a wreath of flowers on the oldest brows. But here is a strange fact; it may seem to many men in revising their experience, that they have no fairer page in their life's book than the delicious memory of some passages wherein affection contrived to give a witchcraft surpassing the deep attraction of its own truth to a parcel of accidental and trivial circumstances. In looking backward, they may find that several things which were not the charm, have more reality to this groping memory than the charm itself which embalmed them. But be our experience in particulars what it may, no man ever forgot the visitations of that power to his heart and brain, which created all things new; which was the dawn in him of music, poetry, and art; which made the face of nature radiant with purple light, the morning and the night varied enchantments; when a single tone of one voice could make the heart beat, and the most trivial circumstance associated with one form is put in the amber of memory; when we became all eye when one was present, and all memory when one was gone; when the youth becomes a watcher of windows, and studious of a glove, a veil, a ribbon, or the wheels of a carriage; when no place is too solitary, and lone

too silent for him who has richer company and sweeter conversation in his new thoughts, than any old friends, though best and purest, can give him; for, the figures, the motions, the words of the beloved object are not like other images written in water, but, as Plutarch said, "enamelled in fire," and make the study of midnight.

Thou art not gone being gone, where'er thou art,
Thou leav'st in him thy watchful eyes, in him thy loving heart.

In the noon and the afternoon of life, we still throb at the recollection of days when happiness was not happy enough, but must be drugged with the relish of pain and fear; for he touched the secret of the matter, who said of love,

All other pleasures are not worth its pains,

and when the day was not long enough, but the night too must be consumed in keen recollections; when the head boiled all night on the pillow with the generous deed it resolved on: when the moonlight was a pleasing fever, and the stars were letters, and the flowers ciphers, and the air was coined into song; when all business seemed an impertinence, and all the men and women running to and fro in the streets, mere pictures.

The passion re-makes the world for the youth. It makes all things alive and significant. Nature grows conscious. Every bird on the boughs of the tree sings now to his heart and soul. Almost the notes are articulate. The clouds have faces, as he looks on them. The trees of the forest, the waving grass and the peeping flowers have grown intelligent; and almost he fears to trust them with the secret which they seem to invite. Yet nature soothes and sympathizes. In the green solitude he finds a dearer home than with men.

Fountain heads and pathless groves,
Places which pale passion loves,
Moonlight walks, when all the fowls
Are safely housed, save bats and owls,
A midnight bell, a passing groan,
These are the sounds we feed upon.

Behold there in the wood the fine madman! He is a palace of sweet sounds and sights; he dilates; he is twice a man; he walks with arms akimbo; he soliloquizes; he accosts the grass and the trees; he feels the blood of the violet, the clover, and the lily in his veins; and he talks with the brook that wets his foot.

The causes that have sharpened his perceptions of natural beauty, have made him love music and verse. It is a fact often observed, that men have written good verses under the inspiration of passion, who cannot write well under any other circumstances.

The like force has the passion over all his nature. It expands the sentiment; it makes the clown gentle, and gives the coward heart. Into the most pitiful and abject it will infuse a heart and courage to defy the world, so only it have the countenance of the beloved object. In giving him to another, it still more gives him to himself. He is a new man, with new perceptions, new and keener purposes, and a religious solemnity of character and aims. He does not longer appertain to his family and society. He is somewhat. He is a person. He is a soul.

MONTAIGNE—FROM REPRESENTATIVE MEN.

A single odd volume of Cotton's translation of the Essays remained to me from my father's library, when a boy. It lay long neglected, until, after many years, when I was newly escaped from college, I read the book, and procured the remaining volumes. I remember the delight and wonder in which I lived with it. It seemed to me as if I had myself written the book, in some former life, so sincerely it spoke to

my thought and experience. It happened, when in Paris, in 1833, that in the cemetery of Père la Chaise, I came to a tomb of Auguste Collignon, who died in 1830, aged sixty-eight years, and who, said the monument, "lived to do right, and had formed himself to virtue on the Essays of Montaigne." Some years later, I became acquainted with an accomplished English poet, John Sterling; and, in prosecuting my correspondence, I found that, from a love of Montaigne, he had made a pilgrimage to his chateau, still standing near Castellan, in Perigord, and, after two hundred and fifty years, had copied from the walls of his library the inscriptions which Montaigne had written there. That Journal of Mr. Sterling's, published in the Westminster Review, Mr. Hazlitt has reprinted in the *Prolegomena* to his edition of the Essays. I heard with pleasure that one of the newly-discovered autographs of William Shakespeare was in a copy of Florio's translation of Montaigne. It is the only book which we certainly know to have been in the poet's library. And, oddly enough, the duplicate copy of Florio, which the British Museum purchased, with a view of protecting the Shakespeare autograph (as I was informed in the Museum), turned out to have the autograph of Ben Jonson in the fly-leaf. Leigh Hunt relates of Lord Byron, that Montaigne was the only great writer of past times whom he read with avowed satisfaction. Other coincidences, not needful to be mentioned here, concurred to make this old Gascon still new and immortal for me.

In 1571, on the death of his father, Montaigne, then thirty-eight years old, retired from the practice of law at Bordeaux, and settled himself on his estate. Though he had been a man of pleasure, and sometimes a courtier, his studious habits now grew on him, and he loved the compass, staidness, and independence of the country gentleman's life. He took up his economy in good earnest, and made his farms yield the most. Downright and plain-dealing, and abhorring to be deceived or to deceive, he was esteemed in the country for his sense and probity. In the civil wars of the League, which converted every house into a fort, Montaigne kept his gates open, and his house without defence. All parties freely came and went, his courage and honor being universally esteemed. The neighboring lords and gentry brought jewels and papers to him for safe-keeping. Gibbon reckons, in these bigoted times, but two men of liberality in France,—Henry IV. and Montaigne.

Montaigne is the frankest and honestest of all writers. His French freedom runs into grossness; but he has anticipated all censure by the bounty of his own confessions. In his times, books were written to one sex only, and almost all were written in Latin; so that, in a humorist, a certain nakedness of statement was permitted, which our manners, of a literature addressed equally to both sexes, do not allow. But, though a biblical plainness, coupled with a most uncanonical levity, may shut his pages to many sensitive readers, yet the offence is superficial. He parades it: he makes the most of it; nobody can think or say worse of him than he does. He pretends to most of the vices; and, if there be any virtue in him, he says, it got in by stealth. There is no man, in his opinion, who has not deserved hanging five or six times; and he pretends no exception in his own behalf. "Five or six as ridiculous stories," too, he says, "can be told of me, as of any man living." But, with all this really superfluous frankness, the opinion of an invincible probity grows into every reader's mind.

"When I the most strictly and religiously confess myself, I find that the best virtue I have has in it

some tincture of vice: and I am afraid that Plato, in his purest virtue (I, who am as sincere and perfect a lover of virtue of that stamp as any other whatever), if he had listened, and laid his ear close to himself, would have heard some jarring sound of human mixture; but faint and remote, and only to be perceived by himself."

Here is an impatience and fastidiousness at color or pretence of any kind. He has been in courts so long as to have conceived a furious disgust at appearances; he will indulge himself with a little cursing and swearing; he will talk with sailors and gipsies, use flash and street ballads: he has stayed in-doors till he is deadly sick; he will to the open air, though it rain bullets. He has seen too much of gentlemen of the long robe, until he wishes for cannibals; and is so nervous, by factitious life, that he thinks, the more barbarous man is, the better he is. He likes his saddle. You may read theology, and grammar, and metaphysics elsewhere. Whatever you get here, shall smack of the earth and of real life, sweet, or smart, or stinging. He makes no hesitation to entertain you with the records of his disease; and his journey to Italy is quite full of that matter. He took and kept this position of equilibrium. Over his name, he drew an emblematic pair of scales, and wrote *Que sais-je?* under it. As I look at his effigy opposite the title-page, I seem to hear him say, 'You may play old Pozz, if you will; you may rail and exaggerate,—I stand here for truth, and will not, for all the states, and churches, and revenues, and personal reputations of Europe, overstate the dry fact, as I see it; I will rather mumble and prose about what I certainly know,—my house and barns; my father, my wife, and my tenants; my old lean bald pate; my knives and forks; what meats I eat, and what drinks I prefer; and a hundred straws just as ridiculous,—than I will write, with a fine crow-quill, a fine romance. I like gray days, and autumn and winter weather. I am gray and autumnal myself, and think an undress, and old shoes that do not pinch my feet, and old friends who do not constrain me, and plain topics where I do not need to strain myself and pump my brains, the most suitable. Our condition as men is risky and ticklish enough. One cannot be sure of himself and his fortune an hour, but he may be whisked off into some pitiable or ridiculous plight. Why should I vapor and play the philosopher, instead of ballasting, the best I can, this dancing balloon? So, at least, I live within compass, keep myself ready for action, and can shoot the gulf, at last, with decency. If there be anything farcical in such a life, the blame is not mine; let it lie at fate's and nature's door."

The Essays, therefore, are an entertaining soliloquy on every random topic that comes into his head; treating everything without ceremony, yet with masculine sense. There have been men with deeper insight; but, one would say, never a man with such abundance of thoughts; he is never dull, never insincere, and has the genius to make the reader care for all that he cares for.

The sincerity and marrow of the man reaches to his sentences. I know not anywhere the book that seems less written. It is the language of conversation transferred to a book. Cut these words, and they would bleed; they are vascular and alive. One has the same pleasure in it that we have in listening to the necessary speech of men about their work, when any unusual circumstance gives momentary importance to the dialogue. For blacksmiths and teamsters do not trip in their speech; it is a shower of bullets. It is Cambridge men who correct themselves, and begin again at every half sentence, and, moreover, will pun, and refine too much, and

swerve from the matter to the expression. Montaigne talks with shrewdness, knows the world, and books, and himself, and uses the positive degree, never shrieks, or protests, or prays; no weakness, no convulsion, no superlative: does not wish to jump out of his skin, or play any antics, or annihilate space or time; but is stout and solid; tastes every moment of the day; likes pain, because it makes him feel himself, and realize things; as we pinch ourselves to know that we are awake. He keeps the plain; he rarely mounts or sinks; likes to feel solid ground, and the stones underneath. His writing has no enthusiasms, no aspiration; contented, self-respecting, and keeping the middle of the road. There is but one exception,—in his love for Socrates. In speaking of him, for once his cheek flushes, and his style rises to passion.

Montaigne died of a quinsy, at the age of sixty, in 1592. When he came to die, he caused the mass to be celebrated in his chamber. At the age of thirty-three, he had been married. "But," he says, "might I have had my own will, I would not have married Wisdom herself, if she would have had me: but 'tis not to much purpose to evade it, the common custom and use of life will have it so. Most of my actions are guided by example, not choice." In the hour of death, he gave the same weight to custom. *Que sais-je?* What do I know?

This book of Montaigne the world has endorsed, by translating it into all tongues, and printing seventy-five editions of it in Europe; and that too, a circulation somewhat chosen, namely, among courtiers, soldiers, princes, men of the world, and men of wit and generosity.

Shall we say that Montaigne has spoken wisely, and given the right and permanent expression of the human mind, on the conduct of life?

Mr. Emerson has added in later years other volumes to the series of his writings. The first of these productions, bearing the simple title, *English Traits*, appeared in 1856. It is a book both of observation and reflection, with occasional anecdotes of a traveller's tour, introduced, however, rather for the purpose of criticism than narrative. The author, in fact, employs the manners and customs of England as the tests or illustrations of his previously formed philosophic opinions—a proceeding which by no means detracts from the animation or vitality of his pictures. Content to take man as he finds him, fully satisfied whenever he can find something substantial and real, he writes with enthusiasm of the strong qualities of race, aristocracy, education, wealth, morals, and manners, which have given the English nation its distinctive position in the affairs of the world. With the virtues of the race and its social organization, he sees also its corresponding defects, marking both with cool philosophical discrimination; but his picture, on the whole, is a genial one. The sharp, earnest tone, the novelty given to familiar facts by the author's insight and classification, the shrewdness of the deductions, and the pervading dry, intellectual humor, render this a book which cannot be taken up without delight and profit. Like all Mr. Emerson's writings, it stirs the mind, and, one of the rarest benefits to the reader at the present day, vitalizes important circumstances in danger of being lost to us as commonplace. *English Traits* is the bright suggestive book of a

traveller of the school of old Montaigne, with a like speculative tone and keen appreciation of facts, and perhaps less personal warmth of feeling—a cooler shade of egotism.

Mr. Emerson's other publication in 1860, *The Conduct of Life*, is a series of essays of a more metaphysical cast on such topics as fate, wealth, culture, behavior, worship, beauty. On these threads of speculation, fully exhibiting the author's power of analysis, are strung various anecdotes of life, shrewdly picked, in a utilitarian, humorous, and sometimes satirical vein, from the doings of men. Each discourse is introduced by a brief passage of verse, a harmonious prelude to the philosophical discussion.

In addition to these volumes Mr. Emerson has, of late, written various articles for the *Atlantic Monthly*, and has been, from time to time, engaged in the delivery of new courses of lectures. Of his occasional addresses we may mention an eloquent and characteristic speech on *Farmers and Farming*, at the annual celebration of the Agricultural Fair in Middlesex County, Massachusetts, in October, 1858. An address delivered at Concord, Massachusetts, on the *Death of President Lincoln*, in 1865, in point and characterization, is one of the happiest productions of the many elicited by the occasion.

** In 1867 appeared *May-Day and Other Pieces*, a modest title for a volume of meditative and suggestive poems, some of whose minor articles exhibit the best traits of Mr. Emerson's individuality of genius. The first, which gives the title to the volume, is the longest and most elaborate, reaching to over seven hundred lines. It contemplates and compares the influence of the spring days of the year and of youth. "The Adirondacks" is "a journal dedicated to my fellow-travellers in August, 1858, who made a tour through the wild recesses of that attractive and perilous region." Then follow a series of "Occasional and Miscellaneous Pieces," fifteen in all, on Nature, Life, Elements, Experience, Compensation, Politics, Heroism, Character, Culture, Friendship, Beauty, Manners, Art, Spiritual Laws, Unity, and Worship. The concluding "Quatrains" could scarcely be excelled in compression of thought, point, and exact diction.

Society and Solitude was issued two years later. In its twelve chapters or essays the author discourses, in his thought-weighty and inspiring style, on some of the leading social and moral aspects of life. In the opening paper, he contrasts the diverse necessities of "Society and Solitude" for the thinker, comes to the philosophic conclusion that the latter is impracticable and the former fatal, and makes the practical deduction: "We must keep our head in the one and our hands in the other." In like manner he examines with keen insight into the varied aspects of Civilization, Art, Eloquence, Domestic Life, Farming, Works and Days, Books, Clubs, Courage, Success, and Old Age, and lays bare their social bearings.

This book was followed in 1870 by a new issue of his *Prose Works*, in two volumes. In the

same year Mr. Emerson contributed an appreciative Introduction to a new and standard edition of *Plutarch's Morals*.*

Poetry and Criticism, a new volume of Essays, was in press in the spring of 1873.

** LOVE AND THOUGHT—FROM MAY DAY.

Two well-assorted travellers use
The highway, Eros and the Muse,
From the twins is nothing hidden,
To the pair is naught forbidden;
Hand in hand the comrades go,
Every work of nature through:
Each for other they were born,
Each can other best adorn;
They know one only mortal grief
Past all balsam or relief,
When, by false companions crossed,
The pilgrims have each other lost.

** NATURE.

I.

Winters know
Easily to shed the snow,
And the untaught spring is wise
In cowslips and anemones.
Nature, hating art and pains,
Baulks and baffles plotting brains;
Casualty and Surprise
Are the apples of her eyes;
But she dearly loves the poor,
And, by marvel of her own,
Strikes the loud pretender down.
For Nature listens in the rose,
And hearkens in the berry's bell,
To help her friends, to plague her foes,
And like wise God she judges well.
Yet doth much her love excel
To the souls that never fell,
To swains that live in happiness,
And do well because they please,
Who walk in ways that are unfamed,
And feats achieve before they're named.

II.

She is gamesome and good,
But of mutable mood,—
No dreary repeater now and again,
She will be all things to all men.
She who is old, but nowise feeble,
Pours her power into the people,
Merry and manifold without bar,
Makes and moulds them what they are,
And what they call their city way
Is not their way but hers,
And what they say they made to-day,
They learned of the oaks and firs.
She spawneth men as mallows fresh,
Hero and maiden, flesh of her flesh;
She drugs her water and her wheat
With the flavors she finds meet,
And gives them what to drink and eat;
And having thus their bread and growth,
They do her bidding, nothing loath.
What's most theirs is not their own,
But borrowed in atoms from iron and stone,
And in their vaunted works of Art
The master-stroke is still her part.

* Plutarch's Morals; From the Greek, by Several Hands. Collected and Revised by Wm. W. Goodwin, Professor of Greek Literature in Harvard, 5 vols., 1870.

** EXPERIENCE.

The lords of life, the lords of life, —
 I saw them pass,
 In their own guise,
 Like and unlike,
 Portly and grim, —
 Use and Surprise,
 Surface and Dream,
 Succession swift and spectral Wrong,
 Temperament without a tongue,
 And the inventor of the game
 Omnipresent without name; —
 Some to see, some to be guessed,
 They marched from east to west:
 Little man, least of all,
 Among the legs of his guardians tall,
 Walked about with puzzled look,
 Him by the hand dear Nature took,
 Dearest Nature, strong and kind,
 Whispered, 'Darling, never mind!
 To-morrow they will wear another face,
 The founder thou; these are thy race!'

** HEROISM.

Ruby wine is drunk by knaves,
 Sugar spends to fatten slaves,
 Rose and vine-leaf deck buffoons;
 Thunder-clouds are Jove's festoons,
 Drooping oft in wreaths of dread,
 Lightning-knotted round his head;
 The hero is not fed on sweets,
 Daily his own heart he eats;
 Chambers of the great are jails,
 And head-winds right for royal sails.

** QUATRAINS.

SUUM CUIQUE.*

Wilt thou seal up the avenues of ill?
 Pay every debt, as if God wrote the bill.

HUSH.

Every thought is public,
 Every nook is wide;
 The gossips spread each whisper,
 And the gods from side to side.

POET.

To clothe the fiery thought
 In simple words succeeds,
 For still the craft of genius is
 To mask a king in weeds.

BORROWING—FROM THE FRENCH.

Some of your hurts you have cured,
 And the sharpest you still have survived,
 But what torments of grief you endured
 From evils which never arrived.

** BOOKS—FROM SOCIETY AND SOLITUDE.

It is easy to accuse books, and bad ones are easily found; and the best are but records, and not the things recorded; and certainly there is dilettanteism enough, and books that are merely neutral and do nothing for us. In Plato's "Gorgias," Socrates says: "The shipmaster walks in a modest garb near the sea, after bringing his passengers from Ægina or from Pontus, not thinking he has done anything extraordinary, and certainly knowing that his passengers are the same, and in no respect better than when he took them

on board." So is it with books, for the most part: they work no redemption in us. The bookseller might certainly know that his customers are in no respect better for the purchase and consumption of his wares. The volume is dear at a dollar, and, after reading to weariness the lettered backs, we leave the shop with a sigh, and learn, as I did, without surprise, of a surly bank director, that in bank parlors they estimate all stocks of this kind as rubbish.

But it is not less true that there are books which are of that importance in a man's private experience, as to verify for him the fables of Cornelius Agrippa, of Michael Scott, or of the old Orpheus of Thrace,—books which take rank in our life with parents and lovers and passionate experiences, so medicinal, so stringent, so revolutionary, so authoritative,—books which are the work and the proof of faculties so comprehensive, so nearly equal to the world which they paint, that, though one shuts them with meaner ones, he feels his exclusion from them to accuse his way of living.

Consider what you have in the smallest chosen library. A company of the wisest and wittiest men that could be picked out of all civil countries, in a thousand years, have set in best order the results of their learning and wisdom. The men themselves were hid and inaccessible, solitary, impatient of interruption, fenced by etiquette; but the thought which they did not uncover to their bosom friend is here written out in transparent words to us, the strangers of another age.

We owe to books those general benefits which come from high intellectual action. Thus, I think, we often owe to them the perception of immortality. They impart sympathetic activity to the moral power. Go with mean people, and you think life is mean. Then read Plutarch, and the world is a proud place, peopled with men of positive quality, with heroes and demigods standing around us, who will not let us sleep. Then they address the imagination: only poetry inspires poetry. They become the organic culture of the time. College education is the reading of certain books which the common sense of all scholars agrees will represent the science already accumulated. If you know that,—for instance in geometry, if you have read Euclid and Laplace,—your opinion has some value; if you do not know these, you are not entitled to give any opinion on the subject. Whenever any sceptic or bigot claims to be heard on the questions of intellect and morals, we ask if he is familiar with the books of Plato, where all his pert objections have once for all been disposed of. If not, he has no right to our time. Let him go and find himself answered there.

Meantime the colleges, whilst they provide us with libraries, furnish no professor of books; and, I think, no chair is so much wanted. In a library we are surrounded by many hundreds of dear friends, but they are imprisoned by an enchanter in these paper and leathern boxes; and though they know us, and have been waiting two, ten, or twenty centuries for us,—some of them,—and are eager to give us a sign, and unbosom themselves, it is the law of their limbo that they must not speak until spoken to; and as the enchanter has dressed them, like battalions of infantry, in coat and jacket of one cut, by the thousand and ten thousand, your chance of hitting on the right one is to be computed by the arithmetical rule of Permutation and Combination,—not a choice out of three caskets, but out of half a million caskets

* Let each have his due.

all alike. But it happens in our experience, that in this lottery there are at least fifty or a hundred blanks to a prize. It seems, then, as if some charitable soul, after losing a great deal of time among the false books, and alighting upon a few true ones which made him happy and wise, would do a right act in naming those which have been bridges or ships to carry him safely over dark morasses and barren oceans, into the heart of sacred cities, into palaces and temples. This would be best done by those great masters of books who from time to time appear,—the Fabricii, the Seldens, Magliabecchis, Scaligers, Mirandolas, Bayles, Johnsons, whose eyes sweep the whole horizon of learning. But private readers, reading purely for love of the book, would serve us by leaving each the shortest note of what he found.

There are books; and it is practicable to read them, because they are so few. We look over with a sigh the monumental libraries of Paris, of the Vatican, and the British Museum. In 1858, the number of printed books in the Imperial Library at Paris was estimated at eight hundred thousand volumes, with an annual increase of twelve thousand volumes; so that the number of printed books extant to-day may easily exceed a million. It is easy to count the number of pages which a diligent man can read in a day, and the number of years which human life in favorable circumstances allows to reading; and to demonstrate that, though he should read from dawn till dark, for sixty years, he must die in the first alcoves. But nothing can be more deceptive than this arithmetic, where none but a natural method is really pertinent. I visit occasionally the Cambridge Library, and I can seldom go there without renewing the conviction that the best of it all is already within the four walls of my study at home. The inspection of the catalogue brings me continually back to the few standard writers who are on every private shelf; and to these it can afford only the most slight and casual additions. The crowds and centuries of books are only commentary and elucidation, echoes and weakeners of these few great voices of Time.

The best rule of reading will be a method from nature, and not a mechanical one of hours and pages. It holds each student to a pursuit of his native aim, instead of a desultory miscellany. Let him read what is proper to him, and not waste his memory on a crowd of mediocrities. As whole nations have derived their culture from a single book,—as the Bible has been the literature as well as the religion of large portions of Europe,—as Hæfiz was the eminent genius of the Persians, Confucius of the Chinese, Cervantes of the Spaniards; so, perhaps, the human mind would be a gainer, if all the secondary writers were lost,—say, in England, all but Shakspeare, Milton, and Bacon,—through the profounder study so drawn to those wonderful minds. With this pilot of his own genius, let the student read one, or let him read many, he will read advantageously. Dr. Johnson said: "Whilst you stand deliberating which book your son shall read first, another boy has read both: read anything five hours a day, and you will soon be learned."

Nature is much our friend in this matter. Nature is always clarifying her water and her wine. No filtration can be so perfect. She does the same thing by books as by her gases and plants. There is always a selection in writers, and then a selection from the selection. In the first place, all

books that get fairly into the vital air of the world were written by the successful class, by the affirming and advancing class, who utter what tens of thousands feel, though they cannot say. There has already been a scrutiny and choice from many hundreds of young pens, before the pamphlet or political chapter which you read in a fugitive journal comes to your eye. All these are young adventurers, who produce their performance to the wise ear of Time, who sits and weighs, and, ten years hence, out of a million of pages reprints one. Again it is judged, it is winnowed by all the winds of opinion, and what terrific selection has not passed on it before it can be reprinted after twenty years,—and reprinted after a century!—it is as if Minos and Rhadamanthus had indorsed the writing. 'Tis therefore an economy of time to read old and famed books. Nothing can be preserved which is not good; and I know beforehand that Pindar, Martial, Terence, Galen, Kepler, Galileo, Bacon, Erasmus, More, will be superior to the average intellect. In contemporaries, it is not so easy to distinguish betwixt notoriety and fame.

Be sure, then, to read no mean books. Shun the spawn of the press on the gossip of the hour. Do not read what you shall learn, without asking, in the street and the train. Dr. Johnson said, "he always went into stately shops;" and good travellers stop at the best hotels; for, though they cost more, they do not cost much more, and there is the good company and the best information. In like manner, the scholar knows that the famed books contain, first and last, the best thoughts and facts. Now and then, by rarest luck, in some foolish Grub Street is the gem we want. But in the best circles is the best information. If you should transfer the amount of your reading day by day from the newspaper to the standard authors

— But who dare speak of such a thing?

The three practical rules, then, which I have to offer, are,—1. Never read any book that is not a year old. 2. Never read any but famed books. 3. Never read any but what you like; or, in Shakspeare's phrase,

"No profit goes where is no pleasure ta'en;
In brief, sir, study what you most affect."

Montaigne says, "Books are a languid pleasure;" but I find certain books vital and spermatic, not leaving the reader what he was: he shuts the book a richer man. I would never willingly read any others than such.

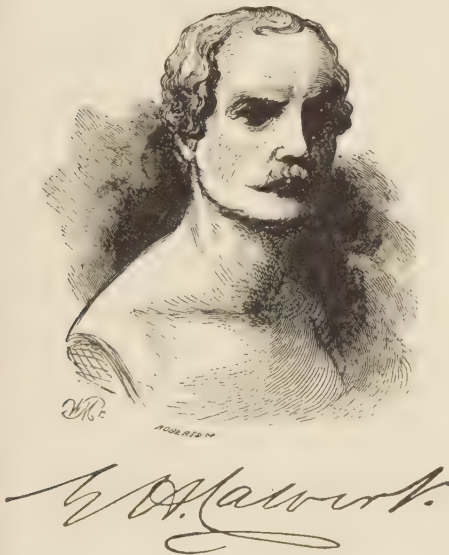
GEORGE HENRY CALVERT

WAS born at Baltimore, in Maryland, in 1803. His grandfather, Benedict Calvert of Mount Airy, Prince George's county, was a son of Lord Baltimore, and an intimate friend of General Washington. After the resignation of his commission at Annapolis, Washington passed the first night of his journey homeward at Mount Airy with the tory Benedict Calvert,—a circumstance severely commented on by the political enemies of the great Patriot.* The father of Calvert was George Calvert of Riverdale, an estate near Washington, now held and occupied by an eminent agriculturist, the brother of our author, Charles Calvert,

* In Sparks's Correspondence of Washington there is a letter to Benedict Calvert relative to a projected marriage between his daughter and a member of Washington's family.

and a favorite resort of Henry Clay, an intimate friend of the family. George Calvert, the parent, married Rosalie Eugenia Stier d'Artrelaer of Antwerp, a lineal descendant of Rubens, of a family of rank and antiquity. The chateau d'Artrelaer, a castellated mansion of the thirteenth or fourteenth century, is still in the possession of the family. Calvert's maternal grandfather came to America about the close of the last century, with his daughter, to escape the spoliations of the French emperor. Napoleonism is not one of his descendant's traits. Few writers have hit that assumption of power with more severity than our author in many of his philosophical reflections.

The birth of Calvert thus ascends in an honorable lineage in both the colonial and European



series of *Scenes and Thoughts in Europe*, in which Hydropathy, the system of Fourier, and other favorite topics, were ably discussed; followed by a second in 1852.

With an episode of foreign travel in 1850, the fine spirit of which is chronicled in the last mentioned production, Mr. Calvert has been since 1843 a resident of Newport, Rhode Island, where, on the revival of its charter, he became the first mayor of the city in 1853. When the fortieth anniversary of the battle of Lake Erie was celebrated in that city the same year, he delivered the oration on the occasion—a graphic historical sketch of the battle. Mr. Calvert has also been a contributor to the *New York Review*, the *North American*, the *New York Quarterly*, and other publications.

The literary productions of Mr. Calvert are marked by their nice philosophical speculation, their sense of honor and of beauty, and their pure scholastic qualities. There is a certain fastidiousness and reserve of the retired thinker in the manner, with a fondness for the aphorism; though there is nothing of the selfish isolation of the scholar in the matter. The thought is original, strongly conceived, and uttered with firmness. The topics are frequently of every-day life, it being the author's motive to affect the public welfare by his practical suggestions from the laws of health, philosophy, and art. Of these he is at once a bold and delicate expounder, a subtle and philosophical critic.

WASHINGTON—FROM ARNOLD AND ANDRÉ.

Washington
Doth know no other language than the one
We speak: and never did an English tongue
Give voice unto a larger, wiser mind.
You'll task your judgment vainly to point out
Through all this desperate conflict, in his plans
A flaw, or fault in execution. He
In spirit is unconquerable, as
In genius perfect. Side by side I fought
With him in that disastrous enterprise,
Where rash young Braddock fell; and there I
marked
The veteran's skill contend for mastery
With youthful courage in his wondrous deeds.
Well might the bloody Indian warrior pause,
Amid his massacre confounded, and
His baffled rifle's aim, till then unerring,
Turn from "that tall young man," and deem in
awe
That the Great Spirit hovered over him;
For he, of all our mounted officers,
Alone came out unscathed from that dread carnage
To guard our shattered army's swift retreat.
For years did his majestic form hold place
Upon my mind, stamp'd in that perilous hour,
In th' image of a strong armed friend, until
I met him next, as a resistless foe.
'Twas at the fight near Princeton. In quick march,
Victorious o'er his van, onward we pressed;
When, moving with firm pace, led by the Chief
Himself, the central force encountered us.
One moment paused th' opposing hosts—and then
The rattling volley hid the death it bore:
Another—and the sudden cloud, unrolled,
Displayed, midway between the adverse lines,
His drawn sword gleaming high, the Chief—as
though
That crash of deadly music, and the burst
Of sulphurous vapor, had from out the earth

field. He was educated at Harvard and at Göttingen, where he became thoroughly imbued with German literature. On his return to Maryland he was for several years the editor of the *Baltimore American*, at that time a neutral paper. While thus engaged he published in 1832 a volume, *Illustrations of Phrenology*, a collection of passages from the Edinburgh Phrenological Journal, with an introduction giving an analysis of the system. It is noticeable as the first book published in America on the subject. The same distinction belongs to his notice of the water cure, which he announced to his countrymen in a letter from Boppert, on the Rhine, August, 1843, which was published in the *Baltimore American*. His *Volume from the Life of Herbert Barclay* was published at Baltimore in 1833; a translation of Schiller's *Don Carlos*, in 1836; *Count Julian*, an original tragedy, in 1840; *Arnold and André*, a dramatic fragment; and two cantos of *Cabiro*, a poem in the Don Juan stanza, with a better earnestness, in the same year. In 1845 he published a translation in New York of a portion of the *Goethe and Schiller Correspondence*; in 1846, on his return from a tour abroad, a first

Summoned the God of war. Doubly exposed
 He stood unharmed. Like eagles tempest-borne
 Rushed to his side his men; and had our souls
 And arms with two-fold strength been braced, we
 yet
 Had not withstood that onset. Thus does he
 Keep ever with occasion even step,—
 Now, warily before our eager speed
 Retreating, tempting us with battle's promise,
 Only to toil us with a vain pursuit—
 Now, wheeling rapidly about our flanks,
 Starting our ears with sudden peal of war,
 And fronting in the thickest of the fight
 The common soldier's death, stirring the blood
 Of faintest hearts to deeds of bravery
 By his great presence,—and his every act,
 Of heady onslaught as of backward march,
 From thoughtful judgment first inferred.

ALFIERI AND DANTE.

Alfieri tells, that he betook himself to writing, because in his miserable age and land he had no scope for action; and that he remained single because he would not be a breeder of slaves. He utters the despair, to passionate tears, which he felt, when young, and deeply moved by the traits of greatness related by Plutarch, to find himself in times and in a country where no great thing could be either said or acted. The feelings here implied are the breath of his dramas. In them, a clear nervous understanding gives rapid utterance to wrath, pride, and impetuous passion. Though great within his sphere, his nature was not ample and complex enough for the highest tragedy. In his composition there was too much of passion and too little of high emotion. Fully to feel and perceive the awful and pathetic in human conjunctions, a deep fund of sentiment is needed. A condensed tale of passion is not of itself a tragedy. To dark feelings, resolves, deeds, emotion must give breadth, and depth, and relief. Passion furnishes crimes, but cannot furnish the kind and degree of horror which should accompany their commission. To give Tragedy the grand compass and sublime significance whereof it is susceptible, it is not enough that through the storm is visible the majestic figure of Justice: the blackest clouds must be fringed with the light of Hope and Pity; while through them Religion gives vistas into the Infinite, Beauty keeping watch to repel what is partial or deformed. In Alfieri, these great gifts are not commensurate with his power of intellect and passion. Hence, like the French classic dramatists, he is obliged to bind his personages into too narrow a circle. They have not enough of moral liberty. They are not swayed merely, they are tyrannized over by the passions. Hence they want elasticity and color. They are like hard engravings.

Alfieri does not cut deep into character: he gives a clean outline, but broad flat surfaces without finish of parts. It is this throbbing movement in details, which imparts buoyancy and expression. Wanting in Alfieri is mostly hard. The effect of the whole is imposing, but does not invite or bear close inspection. Hence, though he is clear and rapid, and tells a story vividly, his tragedies are not life-like. In Alfieri there is vigorous rhetoric, sustained vivacity, fervent passion; but no depth of sentiment, no play of a fleet rejoicing imagination, nothing "visionary," and none of the "golden cadence of poetry." But his heart was full of nobleness. He was a proud, lofty man, severe, but truth-loving and scornful of littleness. He delighted to depict characters that are manly and energetic. He makes them wrathful against tyranny, hardy, urgent for freedom, reclaiming with burning words the lost rights of man, pro-

testing fiercely against oppression. There is in Alfieri a stern virility that contrasts strongly with Italian effeminateness. An indignant frown sits ever on his brow, as if rebuking the passivity of his countrymen. His verse is swollen with wrath. It has the clangor of a trumpet that would shame the soft piping of flutes.

Above Alfieri, far above him and all other Italian greatness, solitary in the earliness of his rise, ere the modern mind had worked itself open, and still as solitary amidst the after splendors of Italy's fruitfulness is Dante. Take away any other great poet or artist, and in the broad shining rampart wherewith genius has beautified and fortified Italy, there would be a mournful chasm. Take away Dante, and you level the Citadel itself, under whose shelter the whole compact cineture has grown into strength and beauty.

Three hundred years before Shakespeare, in 1265, was Dante born. His social position secured to him the best schooling. He was taught and eagerly learnt all the crude knowledge of his day. Through the precocious susceptibility of the poetic temperament, he was in love at the age of nine years. This love, as will be with such natures, was wrought into his heart, expanding his young being with beautiful visions and hopes, and making tuneful the poetry within him. It endured with his life, and spiritualized his latest inspirations. Soberly he afterwards married another, and was the father of a numerous family. In the stirring days of the Guelfs and Ghibellines, he became a public leader, made a campaign, was for a while one of the chief magistrates of Florence, her ambassador abroad more than once, and at the age of thirty-six closed his public career in the common Florentine way at that period, namely, by exile. Refusing to be recalled on condition of unmanly concessions, he never again saw his home. For twenty years he was an impoverished, wandering exile, and in his fifty-sixth year breathed his last at Ravenna.

But Dante's life is his poem. Therein is the spirit of the mighty man incarnated. The life after earthly death is his theme. What a mould for the thoughts and sympathies of a poet, and what a poet, to fill all the chambers of such a mould! Man's whole nature claims interpretation: his powers, wants, vices, aspirations, basenesses, grandeurs. The imagination of semi-Christian Italy had strained itself to bring before the sensuous mind of the South an image of the future home of the soul. The supermundane thoughts, fears, hopes of his time, Dante condensed into one vast picture—a picture cut as upon adamant with diamond. To enrich Hell, and Purgatory, and Paradise, he coined his own soul. His very body became transfigured, purged of its flesh, by the intensity of fiery thought. Gaunt, pale, stern, rapt, his "visionary" eyes glaring under his deep furrowed brow, as he walked the streets of Verona, he heard the people whisper, "That is he who has been down into Hell." Down into the depths of his fervent nature he had been, and kept himself lean by brooding over his passions, emotions, hopes, and transmuting the essence of them into everlasting song.

Conceive the statuesque grand imagination of Michael Angelo united to the vivid homely particularity of Defoe, making pictures out of materials drawn from a heart whose rapturous sympathies ranged with Orphean power through the whole gamut of human feeling, from the blackest hate up to the brightest love, and you will understand what is meant by the term *Dantesque*. In the epitaph for himself, written by Dante and inscribed on his tomb at Ravenna, he says:—"I have sung, while traversing them, the abode of God, Phlegethon and the

foul pits." Traversing must be taken literally. Dante almost believed that he had traversed them, and so does his reader too, such is the control the poet gains over the reader through his burning intensity and graphic picturesqueness. Like the mark of the fierce jagged lightning upon the black night-cloud are some of his touches, as awful, as fearfully distinct, but not as momentary.

In the face of the contrary judgment of such critics as Shelley and Carlyle, I concur in the common opinion, which gives preference to the *Inferno* over the *Purgatorio* and *Paradiso*. Dante's rich nature included the highest and lowest in humanity. With the pure, the calm, the tender, the ethereal, his sympathy was as lively as with the turbulent, the passionate, the gross. But the hot contentions of the time, and especially their effect upon himself,—through them an outcast and proud mendicant,—forced the latter upon his heart as his unavoidable familiars. All about and within him were plots, ambitions, wraths, chagrins, jealousies, miseries. The times and his own distresses darkened his mood to the lurid hue of Hell. Moreover, the happiness of Heaven, the rewards of the spirit, its empyreal joys, can be but faintly pictured by visual corporeal images, the only ones the earthly poet possesses. The thwarted imagination loses itself in a vague, dazzling, golden mist. On the contrary, the trials and agonies of the spirit in Purgatory and Hell, are by such images suitably, forcibly, definitely set forth. The sufferings of the wicked while in the flesh are thereby typified. And this suggests to me, that one bent, as many are, upon detecting Allegory in Dante, might regard the whole poem as one grand Allegory, wherein, under the guise of a picture of the future world, the poet has represented the effect of the feelings in this; the pangs, for example, of the murderer and glutton in Hell, being but a portraiture, poetically colored, of the actual torments on earth of those who commit murder and gluttony. Finally, in this there is evidence—and is it not conclusive?—of the superiority of the Book of Hell, that in that book occur the two most celebrated passages in the poem,—passages, in which with unsurpassed felicity of diction and versification, the pathetic and terrible are rounded by the spirit of poetry into pictures, where simplicity, expression, beauty, combine to produce effects unrivalled in this kind in the pages of literature. I refer of course to the stories of Francesca and Ugolino.

Dante's work is untranslatable. Not merely because the style, form, and rhythm of every great poem, being the incarnation of inspired thought, you cannot but lacerate the thought in disembodiment; but because, moreover, much of the elements of its body, the words namely in which the spirit made itself visible, have passed away. To get a faithful English transcript of the great Florentine, we should need a diction of the fourteenth century, moulded by a more fiery and potent genius than Chaucer. Not the thoughts solely, as in every true poem, are so often virgin thoughts; the words, too, many of them, are virgin words. Their freshness and unworn vigor are there alone in Dante's Italian. Of the modern intellectual movement, Dante was the majestic herald. In his poem are the mysterious shadows, the glow, the fragrance, the young life-promising splendors of the dawn. The broad day has its strength and its blessings; but it can give only a faint image of the glories of its birth.

The bitter woes of Dante, hard and bitter to the shortening of his life, cannot but give a pang to the reader whom his genius has exalted and delighted. He was a life-long sufferer. Early disappointed in love; not blest, it would seem, in his marriage;

foiled as a statesman; misjudged and relentlessly proscribed by the Florentines, upon whom from the pits of Hell his wrath wreaked itself in a damning line, calling them, "Gente avara, invida, e superba;" a homeless wanderer; a dependant at courts where, though honored, he could not be valued; obliged to consort there with buffoons and parasites, he whose great heart was full of honor, and nobleness, and tenderness; and at last, all his political plans and hopes baffled, closing his mournful days far, far away from home and kin, wasted, sorrow-stricken, broken-hearted. Most sharp, most cruel were his woes. Yet to them perhaps we owe his poem. Had he not been discomfited and exiled, who can say that the mood or the leisure would have been found for such poetry? His vicissitudes and woes were the soil to feed and ripen his conceptions. They steeped him in dark experiences, intensified his passions, enriching the imagination that was tasked to people Hell and Purgatory; while from his own pains he turned with keener joy and lightened pen to the beatitudes of Heaven. But for his sorrows, in his soul would not have been kindled so fierce a fire. Out of the seething gloom of his sublime heart shot forth forked lightnings which still glow, a perennial illumination—to the eyes of men, a beauty, a marvel, a terror. Poor indeed he was in purse; but what wealth had he not in his bosom! True, he was a father parted from his children, a proud warm man, eating the bread of cold strangers; but had he not his genius and its bounding offspring for company, and would not a day of such heavenly labor as his outweigh a month, aye, a year of crushed pride? What though by the world he was misused, received from it little, his own even wrested from him; was he not the giver, the conscious giver, to the world of riches fineness? Not six men, since men were, have been blest with such a power of giving.

THE NUN.

From amidst the town flights of steps led me, on a Sunday morning, up a steep height, about two hundred feet, to the palace of the Grand Duke. Begilded and bedamasked rooms, empty of paintings or sculpture, were all that there was to see, so I soon passed from the palace to the terrace in front of it.

A landscape looks best on Sunday. With the repose of man Nature sympathizes, and in the inward stillness, imparted unconsciously to every spirit by the general calm, outward beauty is more faithfully imaged.

From the landscape my mind was soon withdrawn, to an object beneath me. Glancing over the terracing almost into the chimneys of the houses below, my eyes fell on a female figure in black, pacing round a small garden inclosed by high walls. From the privileged spot where I stood, the walls were no defence, at least against masculine vision. The garden was that of a convent, and the figure walking in it was a nun, upon whose privacy I was thus involuntarily intruding. Never once raising her eyes from her book, she walked round and round the inclosure in the Sabbath stillness. But what to her was this weekly rest? She is herself an incessant sabbath, her existence is a continuous stillness. She has set herself apart from her fellows; she would no more know their work-day doings; she is a voluntary somnambulist, sleeping while awake; she walks on the earth a flesh-and-blood phantom. What a fountain of life and love is there dried up! To cease to be a woman! The warm currents that gush from a woman's heart, all turned back upon their source! What an agony!—And yet, could my eyes, that follow the quiet nun in her circumscribed

walk, see through her prison into the street behind it, there they might, perchance at this very moment, fall on a sister going freely whither she listeth, and yet, inclosed within a circle more circumscribed a thousand fold than any that stones can build—the circle built by public reprobation. Not with downcast lids doth she walk, but with a bold stare that would out-look the scorn she awaits. No Sabbath stillness is for her—her life is a continuous orgie. No cold phantom is she—she has smothered her soul in its flesh. Not arrested and stagnant are the currents of her woman's heart—infected at their spring, they flow foul and fast. Not apart has she set herself from her fellows—she is thrust out from among them. Her mother knows her no more, nor her father, nor her brother, nor her sister. In exchange for the joys of daughter, wife, mother, woman, she has shame and lust. Great God! What a tragedy she is. To her agony all that the poor nun has suffered is beatitude.—Follow now, in your thought, the two back to their childhood, their sweet chirping innocence. Two dewy buds are they, exhalng from their folded hearts a richer perfume with each maturing month,—two beaming cherubs, that have left their wings behind them, eager to bless and to be blessed, and with power to replume themselves from the joys and bounties of an earthly life. In a few short years what a distortion! The one is a withered, fruitless, branchless stem; the other, an unsexed monster, whose touch is poisonous. Can such things be, and men still smile and make merry? To many of its members, society is a Saturn that eats his children—a fiend, that scourges men out of their humanity, and then mocks at their fall.

A nun, like a suicide, is a reproach to Christianity—a harlot is a judgment on civilization.

BONAPARTE.

Bonaparte was behind his age; he was a man of the past. The value of the great modern instruments and the modern heart and growth he did not discern. He went groping in the mediæval times to find the lustreless sceptre of Charlemagne, and he saw not the paramount potency there now is in that of Faust. He was a great cannoneer, not a great builder. In the centre of Europe, from amidst the most advanced, scientific nation on earth, after nineteen centuries of Christianity, not to perceive that lead in the form of type is far more puissant than in the form of bullets; not to feel that for the head of the French nation to desire an imperial crown was as unmanly as it was disloyal, that a rivalry of rotten Austria and barbaric Russia was a despicable vanity; not to have yet learned how much stronger ideas are than blows, principles than edicts—to be blind to all this, was to want vision, insight, wisdom. Bonaparte was not the original genius he has been vaunted; he was a vulgar copyist, and Alexander of Macedon and Frederick of Prussia were his models. Force was his means, despotism his aim; war was his occupation, pomp his relaxation. For him the world was divided into two—his will, and those who opposed it. He acknowledged no duty, he respected no right, he flouted at integrity, he despised truth. He had no belief in man, no trust in God. In his wants he was ignoble, in his methods ignorant. He was possessed by the lust of isolated, irresponsible, boundless, heartless power, and he believed that he could found it with the sword and bind it with lies; and so, ere he began to grow old, what he had founded had already toppled, and what he had bound was loosed. He fell, and as if history would register his disgrace with a more instructive emphasis, he fell twice; and exhausted France, be-

leaguered by a million of armed foes, had to accept the restored imbecile Bourbons.

MOLIERE AND RACHEL.

At the *Théâtre Français*, I saw Molière and Rachel. It is no disparagement of Molière to call him a truncated Shakespeare. The naturalness, vigor, common sense, practical insight and scenic life of Shakespeare he has; without Shakespeare's purple glow, his reach of imagination and mighty intellectual grasp, which latter supreme qualities shoot light down into the former subordinate ones, and thus impart to Shakespeare's comic and lowest personages a poetic soul, which raises and refines them, the want whereof in Molière makes his low characters border on farce and his highest prosaic.

Rachel is wonderful. She is on the stage an embodied radiance. Her body seems inwardly illuminated. Conceive a Greek statue endued with speech and mobility, for the purpose of giving utterance to a profound soul stirred to its depths, and you have an image of the magic union in her personations of fervor and grace. Till I heard her, I never fully valued the might of elocution. She goes right to the heart by dint of intonation; just as, with his arm ever steady, the fencer deals or parries death by the mere motion of his wrist. Phrases, words, syllables, grow plastic, swell or contract, come pulsing with life, as they issue from her lips. Her head is superb; oval, full, large, compact, powerful. She cannot be said to have beauty of face or figure; yet the most beautiful woman were powerless to divert from her the eyes of the spectator. Her spiritual beauty is there more bewitching than can be the corporeal. When in the *Horaces* she utters the curse, it is as though the whole electricity of a tempest played through her arteries. It is not Corneille's *Camille*, or Racine's *Hermione*, solely that you behold, it is a dazzling incarnation of a human soul.

In 1856, Mr. Calvert published *An Introduction to Social Science, a Discourse in three parts*. In this work the author gives a succinct exposition of the doctrines of Fourier, and advocates with much feeling and faith the amelioration of mankind by fraternal co-operation and wise use of the resources of nature. Originally delivered as lectures, the style and sentiment of the author gave this little treatise much interest, even among those who did not agree with his theories. Another new publication by Mr. Calvert is a volume entitled *The Gentleman* (Boston, Ticknor & Fields, 1863). This is a discriminating and forcible essay on the character which that familiar word truly designates. Counterfeits of the true gentleman are admirably exposed, and ancient and modern history, fiction, and society, are felicitously drawn upon for illustration. The tone of the work is high, and the insight just, while the style is terse and often impressive. In *Cabiro* (Little & Brown, 1864), Mr. Calvert has added two cantos to his early poem of that title, carrying on its vein of narrative, humor, and argument through other scenes of social life, much after the manner of Beppo in familiar blending of rhyme and reason.

Mr. Calvert has also published new and revised editions (Little, Brown & Co., Boston, 1863-5), of his *Scenes and Thoughts in Europe*, and his early historical drama, *Arnold and Andre*. The latter, a version of Arnold's treason, the fragment of a play rather than a complete work,

has much beauty and dramatic emphasis, and brings out the idea of Washington with effect, without introducing him personally on the stage. The two volumes of *Scenes and Thoughts in Europe* are not, in the ordinary sense, books of travel, but discriminative and philosophical essays on topics suggested by nature, art, and society abroad, interspersed with passages of animated and vivid description.

** Mr. Calvert published *First Years in Europe* in 1867, a companion volume to his books of travel. It was followed in 1872 by *Goethe: His Life and Works, an Essay*, an elaborate and artistic delineation of that master-writer in German literature.

*** ACROSS THE SIMPLON INTO ITALY—FROM SCENES
AND THOUGHTS IN EUROPE.

At Brieg, whilst we were getting ready to start in the morning, the master of the hotel, whose son or son-in-law had the furnishing of horses, came to inform me that I should have to take six for the ascent. I represented to him that for a carriage like mine four would be as sufficient as six, and that it would be unreasonable, unjust, and contrary to his own printed regulations to impose the additional two upon me. The man insisting, I objected, then remonstrated, then protested. All to no purpose. I then sought out the burgomaster of the town, to whom with suitable emphasis I represented the case. He could not deny that the letter of the law was on my side. Whether or not he had the power to overrule the burgomaster I don't know, but at all events my appeal to him had no practical result; the carriage came to the door with six horses. I had the poor satisfaction of letting the innkeeper hear his conduct worded in strong terms, and of threatening him with public exposure in the guide-books as an extortioner, which threat acted most unpleasantly upon his feelings, and I hoped kept him uncomfortable for some hours.

What a contrast between the irritations and the indignations of the morning and the calm awed feelings of the day! It would be worth while for an army to be put into a towering passion at the base of the Simplon, just to have all anger quelled by the subduing sublimities of its sides and summit. As we went up the broad smooth road of Napoleon, the gigantic mountains opened wider and wider their grandeurs, heaving up their mighty shoulders out of the abysses, at first dark with firs, and later, as we neared the top of the pass, shining far, far above us in snow that the sun had been bleaching for thousands of years. We crossed the path of an avalanche, a hundred feet wide, that had come down in the spring, making as clean a swarth through the big trees as a mower's scythe does in a wheatfield. We passed under solid arches, built, or cut through the rocks, to shield travellers against these opaque whirlwinds, these congealed hurricanes, this bounding brood of the white giantess, begotten on her vast icy flanks by the near sun. On the summit of the pass, the snowy peaks still high above us, we came to the *Hospice*, and then, descending gently on the southern side a couple of miles, reached about sunset the village of Simplon. At the quiet inn we were greeted by two huge dogs of the St. Bernard breed, who, with waggings of tail and canine smiles, seemed doing the hospitalities of the mountain. Here we met

two English travellers, and spent a cheerful evening as the close to such a day. After a sound sleep under thick blankets, we set off early the next morning. Ere noon we were to be in Italy, and the way to it was through the gorges of the Simplon.

With wheel locked, we went off at a brisk trot. The road on the Italian side is much more confined than on the northern. Yesterday, we had the broad splendors, the expanded grandeurs, of the scene; to-day, its condensed intenser sublimities. We soon found ourselves in a tunnel cut through a rock; then sweeping down deeper and deeper into what seemed an endless abyss, close on one side of us a black wall of rock, overhanging hundreds, thousands, of feet, and darkening the narrow path; as close on the other a foaming torrent, leaping down, as it were a wild creature rushing by us to head our track. Over dark chasms, under beetling precipices, across the deafening rush of waters, the smooth road carried us without a suggestion of danger, the wonders of the sublime pass all exhibited as freely as to the winged eagle's gaze; as though Nature rejoiced in being thus mastered by Art. On we went, downward, downward. At last the descent slackens, the stream that had bounded and leapt beside us runs among the huge rocky fragments, the gorge expands to a valley, the fresh foliage of chestnut trees shadows the road, the valley widens, the mountain is behind us, a broad even landscape before us, the air is soft, the sun shines hotly on fields where swarthy men are at work—we are in Italy! It was a passage from sublimity to beauty. We were soon among vines and strong vegetation. This then is Italy. How rich and warm it looks. We entered Duomo d'Ossola, the first town; it was solid and time-beaten. In a public square hard by, where we stopped for a few minutes, was a plentiful show of vegetables and fruit, juicy peaches, and heavy bunches of grapes. At a rapid pace we went forward towards Lake Maggiore. These are the "twice-glorified fields of Italy." This is beautiful, passionate Italy, the land of so much genius, and so much vice, and so much glory. This is the land for centuries the centre of the world, that in boyhood and in manhood is so mixed in our thoughts, with its double column of shining names familiar to Christendom.

*** FAUST—FROM GOETHE.

Through scenes of magical *diablerie*, enacted by Mephisto according to the popular legend, at his first interview with Faust, there peep subtle satiric meanings. Finally Faust makes his compact with Mephistopheles. The reader may scarcely be aware how close this comes to himself. In Faust is only presented with the ingenuity and the richness of invention, and the breadth, beauty, and power of a great poet, what we are all of us doing in a greater or less degree, namely, selling ourselves to the Devil.

A man who tries to reach contentment and happiness by giving the reins to his greeds and his lusts, is attempting as possible a thing as he who would make a torch out of an icicle. Every time the glittering spear is thrust into the flame to be lighted, some of its substance is melted off; and the hotter the flame, the less will the icicle become a torch, and the more rapid will be the dissolution. Faust, under the fascination of Mephistopheles, makes the futile attempt; but he, through inward higher resources, recovers in time to save himself, as, in the first scene between

the Lord and Mephistopheles, it was declared he would. Faust sows his wild oats with a sublime prodigality.

But many people, of less passionate and powerful natures than Faust, do not recover on earth, but, through habitual, even petty, selfishness, go down to the grave (for with them it is a going down) under the grip of Mephistopheles. Others are so fascinated by the promises of desire and selfishness, which are the deceitful devil within us, that they prostitute themselves to indulgence and active egotism their whole earth-life long; while Mephisto, with the heartless irony for which he is noted, makes them follow on foot through the mire, he sitting on his fearful steed with that careless security so well given by Retch in his outline of the ride of Faust and Mephistopheles.

Whenever a man tries to help himself at the cost of another; whenever he heaps within himself sensual and worldly fruition; whenever he postpones the needs of the soul to the luxuries of the senses; whenever, in short, he strives to make a torch of an icicle, he has sold himself, in so far, to the Devil. In this compact there is one clause certain to be fulfilled, and that is the forfeiture exacted by the Devil for his services; in other words, the unfeeling loss of so much spiritual power, the sinking of the higher flame, for every excess of sensual or selfish gratification. So that those who keep on selling themselves, from day to day and year to year until Death seizes them, get into such unmanly, unheavenly habits on earth, that in the sphere beyond they have to serve a lengthened term of purgatorial disinfection before they can find heaven there.

This is the deep moral of Faust masked behind a mediæval legend set forth with the glittering, gorgeous pomp of superlative poetry. . . .

Faust is to be saved through activity, through a high activity, and finally a disinterested activity. This busy career carries Faust along all the broad highways of life, the political, the æsthetic, the scientific,—Art, Nature, History. What Goethe had witnessed, participated in, practiced, mastered, meditated on for sixty years, here is the stage (a far broader stage than in the First Part) to present it all, compressed, and moulded into poetic forms.

The Second Part of *Faust* is at bottom a commentary on life, civilized life, in its divers phases, its multifarious aspects, shapes, expressions, conformations, and a commentary by one who had lived in and through more of these phases and forms, and more thoroughly, than any other man of his time or of any time; and he at once a practical worker and a ceaseless thinker, and, to crown all, a sovereign poet.

Faust and Mephistopheles are the pegs on which to hang this commentary. We of course wish to know how Faust is saved, but it is more for the sake of learning Goethe's philosophy of life than from interest in Faust. Indeed, Faust loses what little individuality he had, and he and Mephisto, who is still occasionally sparkling, are both become mere mouthpieces—mouthpieces, to be sure, with musical voices of a precious quality. . . .

The Second Part of *Faust* is to the First what the reflex of a rainbow is to the primitive, grand, beautiful phenomenon. It has the same colors, and the same arch hung between earth and heaven, but it is comparatively pale and indistinct, having only a reflected, not a primary life. Feeling being the matrix in which and out of

which poetry is moulded, it becomes a law of æsthetics that feeling must, in poetry, generate the thought, not thought the feeling. Feeling is the soft, deep moisture, acting upon which genius makes the rainbow spring. Out of a dry atmosphere the most potent sun can evoke no bow in the heavens; nor with the juiceless materials of the intellect can the greatest poet produce thorough poetry. Some admixture of feeling there must be; and in the most effective poetry feeling is paramount. In the Second Part of *Faust* the intellect tries to be the poetic creator, instead of being the coöperative agent. In all symbolism the intellect is primary and sovereign, and mimics poetic production. In the Second Part of *Faust* symbolic personages represent ideas and purposes political, artistic, scientific, and through them the attempt is made to give the life and discipline of Faust. Suppose that Faust had been subjected to earthly, flesh-and-blood struggles with fellow-workers, competitors in the pursuit and practice of Art, Science, Politics, and that groups in life-like complications had been drawn, with various characterization, such as Goethe the Poet, and the genial worker in all these provinces, had at command,—an apprenticeship like that Wilhelm Meister went through, only Faust's would be deeper and on a more poetic plane: then we should have had vivid, passion-stirred pictures and personages, instead of the spectral forms which now provoke our curiosity without awakening our sympathy. As it is, Faust himself is become a shadow among shadows.

In the First *Faust* the principal personages and scenes are *passionately* real and present; in the Second they are *intellectually* real, and therefore not so present. In the First the personages represent themselves; in the Second they represent something else. They are not beings pulsating with their own hearts' beat, but abstractions, symbols; and thence, not having primitive passions and affections, we cannot lay hold of them with our passions and affections.

This taking up the Greek mythology for prolonged, minute manipulation, is second-hand work, intellectually curious; clothing the figures with symbolical drapery is ingenious; the whole procedure exhibits a vast amount of knowledge, great mastery of the resources and machinery of Art, and little inspiration. The attention is fixed on what the figures mean, not on themselves. This is wearisome. One remove from prose through poetic exaltation and transfiguration is enough, as much as the reader's mind can follow and keep its poise; and when to this is added allegory and symbolism, the poetry evaporates in the allegory, and the substance in the two. In the Second Part of *Faust* one is irritated with an unending intellectual hunt-the-slipper. The shell is often glancing with light, but the kernel, when found, hardly pays the search. The personages are reflex, remote, mostly thin, and even cold. When Goethe spins threads out of his brain (and only Shakespeare has spun more and stronger ones) we seize them with joy and follow them to the end, sure of a prize; but the seizing, if one can seize them, of filaments fine as gossamer, brings no adequate reward.

SUMNER LINCOLN FAIRFIELD.

SUMNER LINCOLN, the son of Dr. Abner Fairfield, a physician of Warwick, Massachusetts, was born in that town on the twenty-fifth of June, 1808.

In 1806 his father, who had previously removed to Athens, a village on the Hudson, died, leaving a widow and two children in humble circumstances. The family retired to the home of the mother's father, a farm-house in Western Massachusetts, where Fairfield remained until his twelfth year. After a twelvemonth passed at school he entered Brown University. Here he studied so unremittingly, that, after a few months, he was attacked by a severe fit of sickness. On his recovery he endeavored to eke out his support by teaching, but failing in this was forced to leave college and seek a living as a tutor at the south. He passed two years in this occupation, and in preparation for the ministry, but in consequence of the death of his friend and instructor, the Rev. Mr. Cranston of Savannah, he changed his plan of life and returned to the north. He had during this period published "two pamphlets of rhymes," which, as we are informed in his biography by his widow "he ever after shrunk from reading," were probably of indifferent merit.

Sumner L. Fairfield

He returned to the north with the determination to pursue a literary life, and in December, 1825, sailed for London. He carried letters of introduction to the conductors of periodicals, and obtained engagements as a writer. His poem, *The Cities of the Plain*, a description of the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah, appeared in the Oriental Herald, edited by J. S. Buckingham, the traveller and lecturer. He was received in France by La Fayette, and wrote his *Père la Chaise* and *Westminster Abbey*, at Versailles. He also wrote letters descriptive of his tour to the New York Literary Gazette, edited by James G. Brooks. He returned home in July, 1826, and soon after published a volume of poems, entitled *The Sisters of Saint Clara, a tale of Portugal*, which was followed in 1830 by *Abaddon, the Spirit of Destruction, and other Poems*, another volume of poetry.

The next event in his life was his marriage to Miss Jane Frazee. He removed with his wife to Elizabethtown, with the intention of forming a classical school, but before the honeymoon was over the sheriff levied on their furniture and they were set adrift. They afterwards resided at Boston, Harper's Ferry, and Philadelphia, the husband gaining a precarious subsistence by writing for the press, and becoming somewhat soured by want of success. In 1828 he republished in a volume *The Cities of the Plain*, with a few miscellaneous pieces. A few months after, by the influence of his Philadelphia friends, he was placed at the head of Newtown Academy, about thirty miles from that city. The situation pleased him, and his affairs went on with unwonted serenity until one July afternoon a favorite pupil, while bathing with him in the river, was unfortunately drowned. The event caused a temporary disarrangement of the duties of the school, and threw such a gloom over the mind of the teacher that he insisted upon leaving his situation and removing to New York. By the exertions of his wife, in personally soliciting subscriptions, the means

were secured, principally in Boston, whither the pair resorted in 1829, for the publication of a new poem, *The Last Night of Pompeii*, which appeared on their return to New York in 1832. It was maintained by Mr. Fairfield that he had anticipated in this poem the leading material of Bulwer's novel, bearing a similar title, published in London in 1834. His next enterprise was a monthly periodical. His wife was again his canvasser, and the North American Magazine was started in Philadelphia in 1833. He continued to edit it for five years, when, the enterprise proving unproductive, he disposed of the property to Rev. Nathan C. Brooks of Baltimore.

The poet now became completely disheartened, fell into irregularities, and with a family of five children was often straitened in his finances. His health rapidly failed, and in the fall of 1843 he left Philadelphia with his mother for New Orleans. He arrived in the following spring, and was cheered by meeting with his old friend Mr. George D. Prentice. He died soon after, on the 6th of March, 1844.

His wife had for some time previously been engaged in obtaining subscriptions for a complete edition of his poems. The first of two contemplated volumes, but the only one published, appeared in 1841. In 1846 Mrs. Fairfield issued a small volume containing a life of her husband, from her pen, and a few of his poems.*

Mr. Fairfield possessed an ardent poetical temperament, with many of the qualities commonly assigned to the man of genius. He always maintained a certain heat of enthusiasm, but the flame burnt too rapidly for genuine inspiration. He was frequently common-place and turgid. His imagination was active but undisciplined, and led him to undertake comprehensive and powerful themes which required greater judgment than he had to bestow. He possessed various accomplishments, and particularly excelled as an instructor in his favorite historical and belles-lettres departments.

PERE LA CHAISE.

Beautiful city of the dead! thou stand'st
Ever amid the bloom of sunny skies
And blush of odors, and the stars of heaven
Look, with a mild and holy eloquence,
Upon thee, realm of silence! Diamond dew
And vernal rain and sunlight and sweet airs
For ever visit thee; and morn and eve
Dawn first and linger longest on thy tombs
Crowned with their wreaths of love and rendering
back
From their wrought columns all the glorious beams,
That herald morn or bathe in trembling light
The calm and holy brow of shadowy eve.
Empire of pallid shades! though thou art near
The noisy traffic and thronged intercourse
Of man, yet stillness sleeps, with drooping eyes
And meditative brow, for ever round
Thy bright and sunny borders; and the trees,
That shadow thy fair monuments, are green
Like hope that watches o'er the dead, or love
That crowns their memories; and lonely birds

* In addition to the titles of Fairfield's separate publications, already given, we may add the *Siege of Constantinople*, Charleston, S. C., 1822; *Lays of Melpomene*, Portland, 1824; *Mina, a Dramatic Sketch*, with other Poems, Baltimore, 1825; *The Heir of the World and Lesser Poems*, Philadelphia, 1829.

Lift up their simple songs amid the boughs,
And with a gentle voice, wail o'er the lost,
The gifted and the beautiful, as they
Were parted spirits hovering o'er dead forms
Till judgment summons earth to its account.

Here 'tis a bliss to wander when the clouds
Paint the pale azure, scattering o'er the scene
Sunlight and shadow, mingled yet distinct,
And the broad olive leaves, like human sighs,
Answer the whispering zephyr, and soft buds
Unfold their hearts to the sweet west wind's kiss,
And Nature dwells in solitude, like all
Who sleep in silence here, their names and deeds
Living in sorrow's verdant memory.
Let me forsake the cold and crushing world
And hold communion with the dead! then thought,
The silent angel language heaven doth hear,
Pervades the universe of things and gives
To earth the deathless hues of happier climes.

All, who repose undreaming here, were laid
In their last rest with many prayers and tears,
The humblest as the proudest was bewailed,
Though few were near to give the burial pomp.
Lone watchings have been here, and sighs have risen
Oft o'er the grave of love, and many hearts
Gone forth to meet the world's smile desolate.

The saint, with scrip and staff, and scallop-shell
And crucifix, hath closed his wanderings here;
The subtle schoolman, weighing thistle-down
In the great balance of the universe,
Sleeps in the oblivion which his folios earned;
The sage, to whom the earth, the sea and sky
Revealed their sacred secrets, in the dust,
Unknown unto himself, lies cold and still;
The dark eyes and the rosy lips of love,
That basked in passion's blaze till madness came,
Have mouldered in the darkness of the ground;
The lover, and the soldier, and the bard—
The brightness, and the beauty, and the pride
Have vanished—and the grave's great heart is still!

Alas! that sculptured pyramid outlives
The name it should perpetuate! alas!
That obelisk and temple should but mock
With effigies the form that breathes no more.
The cypress, the acacia, and the yew
Mourn with a deep low sigh o'er buried power
And mouldered loveliness and soaring mind,
Yet whisper, "Faith surmounts the storm of death!"

Beautiful city of the dead! to sleep
Amid thy shadowed solitudes, thy flowers,
Thy greenness and thy beauty, where the voice,
Alone heard, whispers love—and greenwood choirs
Sing 'mid the stirring leaves—were very bliss
Unto the weary heart and wasted mind,
Broken in the world's warfare, yet still doomed
To bear a brow undaunted! Oh, it were
A tranquil and a holy dwelling-place
To those who deeply love but love in vain,
To disappointed hopes and baffled aims
And persecuted youth. How sweet the sleep
Of such as dream not—wake not—feel not here
Beneath the starlight skies and flowery earth,
'Mid the green solitudes of Père La Chaise!

ROBERT M. BIRD,

THE author of several successful plays and novels, was born at Newcastle, Delaware, in 1803. He was educated in Philadelphia, where he became a physician. His literary career commenced in 1828 by the publication, in the Philadelphia Monthly Magazine, of three tales entitled *The Ice Island*, *The Spirit of the Reeds*, and *The Phantom*

Players, and a poem, *Saul's Last Day*. His tragedy of *The Gladiator* was soon after produced by Edwin Forrest, who enacted the principal character. The play still keeps possession of the stage as a favorite among his personations.



Robert M. Bird.

Spartacus was followed by *Oralloosa*, a tragedy whose scene is laid in Peru at the time of its conquest by the Spaniards. It was well received on its first presentation, but has since been laid aside.

The Broker of Bogota, the most finished of the author's dramatic compositions, was next produced, like its two predecessors, by Mr. Forrest, but has not obtained the permanent popularity of the *Gladiator*.*

In 1834 Dr. Bird published *Calavar, or the Knight of the Conquest, a Romance of Mexico*, in which he has presented a glowing and carefully prepared historical picture.

The Infidel, or the Fall of Mexico, a second historical novel on the same picturesque period, and introducing several of the personages of the previous tale, appeared in 1835.

In 1836 *Sheppard Lee*, a novel, was published anonymously, but has been generally attributed to the author of *Calavar*. It is a fanciful story of a farmer who, discontented with his position of moderate wealth and independence, falls into a swoon, and in that state undergoes a series of transmigrations into the bodies of several persons, whose circumstances in life he has heretofore deemed happier than his own. He finally returns with a thankful and contented heart to his pristine condition.

In 1837 the author's most successful work, *Nick of the Woods or the Jibbenainosay*, appeared. The scene of this spirited romance is laid in Kentucky soon after the close of the Revolutionary war. The characters are all the strongly individualized men of pioneer life, and the Indians are portrayed from the point of view of the settler as

* Mr. Rees, in his *Dramatic Authors of America*, mentions another dramatic production of Dr. Bird, hitherto unpublished, entitled *Pelopidas*.

vindictive and merciless savages, unrelieved by any atmosphere of poetry or sentiment, and are probably more true to life than those of Cooper.

In 1838 Dr. Bird published *Peter Pilgrim, or a Rambler's Recollections*, a collection of magazine papers, including an account of the Mammoth Cave, of which he was one of the early explorers, and the first to describe with any degree of minuteness.

This work was followed in 1839 by *The Adventures of Robin Day*, a novel of romantic adventure, in which the hero, cast an unknown orphan on the shore of Barnegat, and brought up among the rude wreckers of the beach, works his way through many interesting and surprising adventures, in which marine risks and the Florida war contribute an exciting quota, to a fair degree of repose and prosperity. The interest of an involved plot in this, as in Dr. Bird's other fictions, is maintained with much skill, though with some sacrifice of the probabilities from the outset to the close.

After the publication of this work Dr. Bird devoted himself for several years almost exclusively to the cultivation of a farm. He returned to Philadelphia to edit the *North American Gazette*, of which he became one of the proprietors, and died in that city of a brain fever in January, 1854.

Dr. Bird's fictions possess great animation in the progress and development of the story. The conversational portions show the practised hand of the dramatist. The incidents of the story are also managed with a view to stage effect; and a proof of these dramatic qualities has been afforded in the success which has attended an adaptation of Nick of the Woods for the theatre, in every part of the country.

THE BEECH-TREE.

There's a hill by the Schuylkill, the river of hearts,
And a beech-tree that grows on its side,
In a nook that is lovely when sunshine departs.
And twilight creeps over the tide:
How sweet, at that moment, to steal through the
grove,
In the shade of that beech to recline,
And dream of the maiden who gave it her love,
And left it thus hallowed in mine.
Here's the rock that she sat on, the spray that she
held,
When she bent round its grey trunk with me;
And smiled, as with soft, timid eyes, she beheld
The name I had carved on the tree;—
So carved that the letters should look to the west,
As well their dear magic became,
So that when the dim sunshine was sinking to rest
The last ray should fall on her name.
The singing-thrush moans on that beech-tree at morn;
The winds through the laurel-bush sigh,
And afar comes the sound of the waterman's horn,
And the hum of the water-fall nigh.
No echoes there wake but are magical, each,
Like words, on my spirit they fall;
They speak of the hours when we came to the beech,
And listened together to all.
And oh, when the shadows creep out from the wood,
When the breeze stirs no more on the spray,
And the surbeam of autumn that plays on the flood,
Is melting, each moment, away;

How dear, at that moment, to steal through the
grove,

In the shade of that beech to recline,
And dream of the maiden who gave it her love,
And left it thus hallowed in mine.

A RESCUE—FROM NICK OF THE WOODS.

With these words, having first examined his own and Roland's arms, to see that all were in proper battle condition, and then directed little Peter to ensconce in a bush, wherein little Peter straightway bestowed himself, Bloody Nathan, with an alacrity of motion and ardor of look that indicated anything rather than distaste to the murderous work in hand, led the way along the ridge, until he had reached the place where it dipped down to the valley, covered with the bushes through which he expected to advance to a desirable position undiscovered.

But a better auxiliary even than the bushes was soon discovered by the two friends. A deep gully, washed in the side of the hill by the rains, was here found running obliquely from its top to the bottom affording a covered way, by which, as they saw at a glance, they could approach within twenty or thirty yards of the foe untirely unseen; and, to add to its advantages, it was the bed of a little water-course, whose murmurs, as it leaped from rock to rock, assured them they could as certainly approach unheard.

"Truly," muttered Nathan, with a grim chuckle, as he looked, first at the friendly ravine, and then at the savages below, "the Philistine rascals is in our hands, and we will smite them hip and thigh!"

With this inspiring assurance he crept into the ravine; and Roland following, they were soon in possession of a post commanding, not only the spot occupied by the enemy, but the whole valley.

Peeping through the fringe of shrubs that rose, a verdant parapet, on the brink of the gully, they looked down upon the savage party, now less than forty paces from the muzzles of their guns, and wholly unaware of the fate preparing for them. The scene of diversion and torment was over: the prisoner, a man of powerful frame but squalid appearance, whose hat,—a thing of shreds and patches,—adorned the shorn pate of one of the Indians, while his coat, equally rusty and tattered, hung from the shoulders of a second, lay bound under a tree, but so nigh that they could mark the laborious heavings of his chest. Two of the Indians sat near him on the grass, keeping watch, their hatchets in their hands, their guns resting within reach against the trunk of a tree overthrown by some hurricane of former years, and now mouldering away. A third was engaged with his tomahawk, lopping away the few dry boughs that remained on the trunk. Squatting at the fire, which the third was thus laboring to replenish with fuel, were the two remaining savages; who, holding their rifles in their hands, divided their attention betwixt a shoulder of venison roasting on a stick in the fire, and the captive, whom they seemed to regard as destined to be sooner or later disposed of in a similar manner.

The position of the parties precluded the hope Nathan had ventured to entertain of getting them in a cluster, and so doing double execution with each bullet; but the disappointment neither chilled his ardor nor embarrassed his plans. His scheme of attack had been framed to embrace all contingencies; and he wasted no further time in deliberation. A few whispered words conveyed his last instructions to the soldier; who, reflecting that he was fighting in the cause of humanity, remembering his own heavy wrongs, and marking the fiery eagerness that flamed from Nathan's visage, banished from his mind

whatever disinclination he might have felt at beginning the fray in a mode so seemingly treacherous and ignoble. He laid his axe on the brink of the gully at his side, together with his foraging cap; and then, thrusting his rifle through the bushes, took aim at one of the savages at the fire, Nathan directing his piece against the other. Both of them presented the fairest marks, as they sat wholly unconscious of their danger, enjoying in imagination the tortures yet to be inflicted on the prisoner. But a noise in the gully,—the falling of a stone loosened by the soldier's foot, or a louder than usual splash of water—suddenly roused them from their dreams: they started up, and turned their eyes towards the hill.—“Now, friend!” whispered Nathan;—“if thee misses, thee loses thee maiden and thee life into the bargain.—Is thee ready?”

“Ready,” was the reply.

“Right, then, through the dog's brain,—fire!”

The crash of the pieces, and the fall of the two victims, both marked by a fatal aim, and both pierced through the brain, were the first announcement of peril to their companions; who, springing up, with yells of fear and astonishment, and snatching at their arms, looked wildly around them for the unseen foe. The prisoner also, astounded out of his despair, raised his head from the grass, and glared around. The wreaths of smoke curling over the bushes on the hill-side, betrayed the lurking-place of the assailants; and savages and prisoner turning together, they all beheld at once the spectacle of two human heads,—or, to speak more correctly, two human caps, for the heads were far below them,—rising in the smoke, and peering over the bushes, as if to mark the result of the volley. Loud, furious, and exulting were the screams of the Indians, as with the speed of thought, seduced by a stratagem often practised among the wild heroes of the border, they raised and discharged their pieces against the imaginary foes so incautiously exposed to their vengeance. The caps fell, and with them the rifles that had been employed to raise them; and the voice of Nathan thundered through the glen, as he grasped his tomahawk and sprang from the ditch.—“Now, friend! up with thee axe, and do thee duty.”

With these words, the two assailants at once leaped into view, and with a bold hurrah, and bolder hearts, rushed towards the fire, where lay the undischarged rifles of their first victims. The savages yelled also in reply, and two of them bounded forward to dispute the prize. The third, staggered into momentary inaction by the suddenness and amazement of the attack, rushed forward but a step; but a whoop of exultation was on his lips, as he raised the rifle which he had not yet discharged, full against the breast of bloody Nathan. But his triumph was short-lived; so fatal as it must have proved to the life of Nathan, it was averted by an unexpected incident. The prisoner, near whom he stood, putting all his vigor into one tremendous effort, burst his bonds, and, with a yell ten times louder and fiercer than had yet been uttered, added himself to the combatants. With a furious cry of encouragement to his rescuers,—“Hurrah for Kentucky!—give it to 'em good!” he threw himself upon the savage, beat the gun from his hands, and grasping him in his brawny arms, hurled him to the earth, where, rolling over and over in mortal struggle, growling and whooping, and rending one another like wild beasts, the two, still locked in furious embrace, suddenly tumbled down the banks of the brook, there high and steep, and were immediately lost to sight.

Before this catastrophe occurred, the other Indians and the assailants met at the fire; and each singling

out his opponent, and thinking no more of the rifles, they met as men whose only business was to kill or to die. With his axe flourished over his head, Nathan rushed against the tallest and foremost enemy, who, as he advanced, swung his tomahawk, in the act of throwing it. Their weapons parted from their hands at the same moment, and with perhaps equal accuracy of aim; but meeting with a crash in the air, they fell together to the earth, doing no harm to either. The Indian stooped to recover his weapon; but it was too late: the hand of Nathan was already upon his shoulder: a single effort of his vast strength sufficed to stretch the savage at his feet, and holding him down with knee and hand, Nathan snatched up the nearest axe. “If the life of thee tribe was in thee bosom,” he cried with a look of unrelenting fury, of hatred deep and ineffaceable, “thee should die the dog's death, as thee does!” And with a blow furiously struck, and thrice repeated, he despatched the struggling savage as he lay.

He rose, brandishing the bloody hatchet, and looked for his companion. He found him upon the earth, lying upon the breast of his antagonist, whom it had been his good fortune to overmaster. Both had thrown their hatchets, and both without effect, Roland because skill was wanting, and the Shawnee because, in the act of throwing, he had stumbled over the body of one of his comrades, so as to disorder his aim, and even to deprive him of his footing. Before he could recover himself, Roland imitated Nathan's example, and threw himself upon the unlucky Indian—a youth, as it appeared, whose strength, perhaps at no moment equal to his own, had been reduced by recent wounds,—and found that he had him entirely at his mercy. This circumstance, and the knowledge that the other Indians were now overpowered, softened the soldier's wrath; and when Nathan, rushing to assist him, cried aloud to him to move aside, that he might ‘knock the assassin knave's brains out,’ Roland replied by begging Nathan to spare his life. “I have disarmed him,” he cried,—“he resists no more—don't kill him.”

“To the last man of his tribe!” cried Nathan with unexampled ferocity; and, without another word, drove the hatchet into the wretch's brain.

The victors now leaping to their feet, looked round for the fifth savage and the prisoner; and directed by a horrible din under the bank of the stream, which was resounding with curses, groans, heavy blows, and the plashing of water, ran to the spot, where the last incident of battle was revealed to them in a spectacle as novel as it was shocking. The Indian lay on his back suffocating in mire and water; while astride his body sat the late prisoner, covered from head to foot with mud and gore, furiously plying his fists, for he had no other weapons, about the head and face of his foe, his blows falling like sledge-hammers or battering-rams, with such strength and fury that it seemed impossible any one of them could fail to crush the skull to atoms; and all the while garnishing them with a running accompaniment of oaths and maledictions little less emphatic and overwhelming. “You switches gentlemen, do you, you exfunktified, perditioned rascal? Ar'n't you got it, you nigger-in-law to old Satan? you 'tarnal half-imp, you? H'yar's for you, you dog, and thar's for you, you dog's dog! H'yar's the way I pay you in a small-change of sogdologers!”

And thus he cried, until Roland and Nathan seizing him by the shoulders, dragged him by main force from the Indian, whom, as was found when they came to examine the body afterwards, he had actually pommelled to death, the skull having been beaten in as with bludgeons.—The victor sprang

upon his feet, and roared his triumph aloud:—
 "Ar'n't I lick'd him handsome!—Hurrah for Kentucky and old Salt—Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

And with that, turning to his deliverers, he displayed to their astonished eyes, though disfigured by blood and mire, the never-to-be-forgotten features of the captain of horse-thieves, Roaring Ralph Stackpole.

WILLIAM BINGHAM TAPPAN,

THE author of several volumes of pleasing occasional poems, was born in Beverly, Massachusetts, October 29, 1794. He published a volume of poems in Philadelphia in 1819, a portion of which he included in a larger collection in 1822. Another followed in 1834, and an additional volume, *The Poems of William B. Tappan, not contained in a former volume*, in 1836. A complete collection was formed in 1849, in five volumes, entitled, *Poetry of the Heart; Sacred and Miscellaneous Poems; Poetry of Life; The Sunday School, and other Poems; Late and Early Poems*.

These productions are all brief, and on topics suggested in many instances by the clerical profession of their author. One of the longest is on the Sunday School, and amongst the most spirited, *A Sapphic for Thanksgiving*. We cite the opening stanzas—

When the old Fathers of New England sought to
 Honor the Heavens with substance and with first
 fruits,

They, with their blessings—all uncounted—summed
 up

Their undeservings.

They praised Jehovah for the wheat sheaves
 gathered:

For corn and cattle, and the thrifty orchards;
 Blessings of basket, storehouse, homestead, hamlet;
 Of land and water.

They praised Jehovah for the Depth of Riches
 Opened and lavished to a world of penury;
 Mines—whose red ore, unpriced, unbought, is poured
 from

Veins unexhausted.

They made confession of their open errors;
 Honestly told God of their secret follies;
 Afresh their service as true vassals pledged him,
 And then were merry.

Strong was their purpose; Nature made them
 nobles;

Religion made them kings, to reign for ever!
 Hymns of Thanksgiving were their happy faces,
 Beaming in music.

The author was a resolute advocate of total abstinence, and an opponent of slavery. The picturesque incidents of the missionary career, the hazards of a sailor's life ashore as well as afloat, the joys and sorrows of the fireside, and the inspiring themes of Christian faith, are also frequently and variously dwelt upon. The verses are uniformly smooth, musical, and in excellent taste. He died at West Needham, Mass., June 18, 1849.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.*

"Takes care of the Children!"—there's many
 To sneer at a mission so small;
 Thank God, in earth's famine, for any
 Cheap crumbs of his mercy that fall!
 For the crying-out wide desolations,
 In Zion a table is spread;—
 Coming up are the hungry by nations;
 But where shall the Children be fed?

'T is noble—sublimity's in it,
 When Charity maketh her proof,
 And "speech," "resolution," and "minute,"
 Stirs arches of Exeter-roof;
 By gold, and a word, are at pleasure
 The Cross and the Lion unfurled,
 To take of Idolatry measure,
 And vanquish for Jesus the world.

To contest, so brilliant and pleasant,
 Let princes and emperors lead;—
 Be liegwards of noblemen present,
 And prelates and baronets bleed;
 We ask not, we wish not to battle
 With them; but our disciplined band
 Marshal onwards, and where the shots rattle
 Behold us! the Infantry stand!

In the plebeian suburbs of Glos'ter,
 More glory and royalty meet
 Round him, who was eager to foster
 The children that troubled the street;—
 Aye, nobler, sublimer, and better
 Her office and honors, we see,
 Who, patiently, letter by letter,
 Here teaches the child at the knee.

"Takes care of the Children!"—where growing
 In August are vintage and corn,
 Who gazes and thinks of the sowing
 Of sweet little April with scorn?

"Small things" may be jeered by the scoffer,
 Yet drops that in buttercups sleep,
 Make showers;—and what would he offer
 But sand, as a wall for the deep?

"Takes care of the Children?"—nor wasted
 Is care on the weakest of these;
 The culturer the product has tased,
 And found it the palate to please.
 There are sheaves pushing higher and faster,
 And Age has more branches and roots,—
 But dearer are none to the Master
 Than Childhood, in blossoms and fruits!

Our life is no "dream"—we began it
 In tears, and on Time's narrow brink,
 'Till farewells we wave to this planet,
 We must wake up and labor and think,—
 And effort concentrate, not scatter,
 On objects all worthy of us;
 Where and how, we perceive is no matter,
 Only blessing fix deep for the curse.

Yet, as choice in the vineyard's permitted,
 Where labor is never in vain,
 And patience and prayer, unremitted,
 At last yield the harvest of grain—
 In a world where the brambles oft sting us,
 'T is well to choose pleasantest bowers;—
 "Taking care of the Children" will bring us
 The nearest to Heaven and Flowers!

* "A young German philanthropist, in seeking to carry out a favorite plan of benevolence towards the rising race, applied to the American Sunday School Union for help, because it is 'The Society that takes care of the Children.'"—*Twenty-third Annual Report*.

JOHN K. MITCHELL.

A PHYSICIAN of Philadelphia, and a contributor of professional literature to the American Medical and Physical Journal, is also the author of a volume, *Indecision, a Tale of the Far West, and other Poems*, published by Carey and Hart in 1839.

Dr. Mitchell was born at Shepardstown, Virginia, in 1798. His family was from Scotland; and on the death of his father, he was sent to be educated in Ayr and at Edinburgh. Returning to America, he studied medicine with Dr. Chapman at Philadelphia. In 1841, he was chosen professor of the Practice of Medicine in the Philadelphia Jefferson Medical College, and held that position till his death, April 4, 1858.

In addition to the writings alluded to, Dr. Mitchell published in 1821, a poem entitled *St. Helena, by a Yankee*.

Indecision, his longest production, is a didactic poem, "intended," says his friend, the late Joseph C. Neal, in a biographical notice in *Graham's Magazine*,* "to convey a moral of the most useful character, by proving—

That Indecision marks its path with tears;
That want of candor darkens future years;
That perfect truth is virtue's safest friend,
And that to shun the wrong is better than to mend.

And the poet has carried out the idea in a story of romantic incident, somewhat unequal and hasty at times, in its construction, but, on the whole, marked with power, and calculated deeply to interest the reader."

The following spirited lyric was written in 1820.

THE BRILLIANT NOR' WEST.

Let Araby boast of her soft spicy gale,
And Persia her breeze from the rose-scented vale;
Let orange-trees scatter in wildness their balm,
Where sweet summer islands lie fragrant and calm;
Give me the cold blast of my country again,
Careering o'er snow-covered mountain and plain,
And coming, though scentless, yet pure, to my breast,
With vigor and health from the cloudless Nor' West.

I languish where suns in the tropic sky glow,
And gem-studded waters on golden sands flow,
Where shrubs, blossom-laden, bright birds and sweet trees

With odors and music encumber the breeze;
I languish to catch but a breathing of thee,
To hear thy wild winter-notes, brilliant and free,
To feel thy cool touch on my heart-strings oppress,
And gather a tone from the bracing Nor' West.

Mists melt at thy coming, clouds flee from thy wrath,
The marsh and its vapors are sealed on thy path,
For spotless and pure as the snow-covered North,
Their cold icy cradle, thy tempests come forth.
The blue robe is borrowed from clearest of skies,
Thy snows were made where the driven snow lies,
And stars, seldom seen in this low world, are blest
To shine in thy coronet—brilliant Nor' West.

For ever, for ever, be thine, purest wind,
The lakes and the streams of my country to bind;
And oh! though afar I am fated to roam,
Still kindle the hearths and the hearts of my home!
While blows from the polar skies holy and pure
Thy trumpet of freedom, the land shall endure,

As snow in thy pathway, and stars on thy crest,
Unsullied and beautiful—glorious Nor' West.

THE NEW AND THE OLD SONG.

A new song should be sweetly sung,
It goes but to the ear;
A new song should be sweetly sung,
For it touches no one near:
But an old song may be roughly sung;
The ear forgets its art,
As comes upon the rudest tongue,
The tribute to the heart.

A new song should be sweetly sung,
For memory gilds it not;
It brings not back the strains that rung
Through childhood's sunny cot.
But an old song may be roughly sung,
It tells of days of glee,
When the boy to his mother clung,
Or danced on his father's knee.

On tented fields 'tis welcome still;
'Tis sweet in the stormy sea,
In forest wild, on rocky hill,
And away on the prairie lea:—
But dearer far the old song,
When friends we love are nigh,
And well known voices, clear and strong,
Unite in the chorus cry

Of the old song, the old song,
The song of the days of glee,
When the boy to his mother clung,
Or danced on his father's knee!
Oh, the old song—the old song!
The song of the days of glee,
The new song may be better sung,
But the good old song for me!

RICHARD PENN SMITH

Was born in Philadelphia, and was educated as a lawyer. His father, William Moore Smith, who transmitted a taste for literature to his son, is spoken of as a poetical writer of reputation. The first appearance of Richard Penn Smith as an author was in the contribution of a series of Essays entitled "The Plagiary" to the Union. He was for five years, from 1822, the proprietor and editor of the *Aurora*, in which he succeeded Duane. He then returned to his profession of the law, still pursuing his literary tastes. In 1831 he published a novel of the American Revolution, *The Forsaken*. He is also the author of two volumes of short stories, *The Actress of Padua* and *other Tales*. He was a frequent writer of poetical pieces for the newspapers; but chiefly known as a ready writer of dramatic pieces for the stage. His tragedy of *Caius Marius*, written for Edwin Forrest, was brought out by the latter on the stage. He wrote numerous other successful plays, some of the titles of which are, *Quite Correct*, *The Eighth of January*, *The Sentinels*, *William Penn*, *the Water Witch*, *Is she a Brigand?* &c. Rees, in his *Dramatic Authors*, enumerates these, and tells an anecdote illustrating his equanimity while turning off these hasty productions for ready money. Leaving the theatre one night at the close of the performance of a piece of his composing, he met an old schoolfellow who, ignorant of his friend's share in it, saluted him. "Well, this is really the most insufferable trash that I have witnessed for some time."

* August, 1845. In 1859 was published a posthumous volume—*Five Essays on the Cryptogamous Origin of Malarious and Epidemic Fevers*, etc. Edited by S. Weir Mitchell, M. D.

"True," replied Smith, "but as they give me a benefit to-morrow night as the author, I hope to have the pleasure of seeing you here again."

He died at his residence on the Schuylkill, August 12, 1854. He had ceased to write for some years before his death, having suffered from a dropsical affection.*

MRS. LOUISA J. HALL.

LOUISA JANE, the daughter of Dr. John Park, of Newburyport, was born in that place, February 7, 1802. Her father, in 1811, opened a school for young ladies in Boston, at which the daughter received a thorough education. She commenced writing at an early age, and a few of her poems appeared anonymously in the newspapers when she was about twenty.

In 1825, the first half of her dramatic poem of *Miriam* was read at a literary party in Boston; the author, unknown as such to the company, was present, and so much encouraged by the commendations the work received, that she completed it soon after. It was not published until 1837.

In 1831, she removed with her father to Worcester, where she was afflicted for four or five years with almost total blindness. Her deprivation was partially relieved by her father's kindness, who read to her for hours daily from his well stocked library, and assisted her in the preparation of two prose compositions, which she afterwards published, *Joanna of Naples*, a tale, and a life of Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, the learned friend of Dr. Johnson.

In 1840, Miss Park was married to the Rev. Edward B. Hall, a Unitarian clergyman of Providence, Rhode Island.

The scene of *Miriam* is laid in Rome, in the early ages of the Christian church. The characters of the piece are few, and the action confined entirely to the antagonism between the dominant idolatry and the yet persecuted Faith.

Miriam, a young Christian maiden, is summoned by her father and brother to attend the burial rites of one of their persecuted sect. Her refusal excites their surprise, but they depart on their errand. Paulus, the son of Piso, "a noble Roman, a persecutor of the Christians," enters. Unable to change his faith, she has remained behind for a farewell interview. While they are together, her brother Euphas returns, reproaches her for what he deems her immorality, and brings intelligence that the assembly had been surprised, and her father, with others, led to prison to be condemned to death. Euphas summons other Christians, who surround Paulus; and departs to propose to Piso, who is devotedly attached to his only son, an exchange of prisoners. The next scene introduces the merciless Roman ruler. Euphas is in despair, when Miriam enters. Her resemblance to her deceased mother powerfully affects Piso, who, years ago, a soldier in Syria, had wooed the latter when a maiden, and now discovers the rival who became her husband within his power. Finding he can save his son's life only by the release of all the captives, he promises that they shall return at the appointed time, the break of the following day. To this, and its first locality,

the scene changes. The brother and sister return with the promise, and are soon followed by the mockery of its fulfilment. The Christian captives are introduced, bearing with them the aged Thraseno, stretched dead upon a bier, having been strangled in prison by order of his old rival. Miriam sinks under this accumulated misery. She rallies a moment as her lover proclaims that henceforth his part and lot are with those about him, and craves, as a sincere convert, the rite of baptism; but while the funeral dirge rises around the body of her father, her gentle spirit passes from earth.

We quote the concluding scene of the drama :—

Christians enter, and the group opening, displays the body of Thraseno on a bier.

Paulus. (Springing forward.) Oh foul and bloody deed!—and wretched son!

That knows too well whose treachery hath done this!

An aged Christian. Thus saith the man of blood,

"My word is kept.

I send you him I promised. Have ye kept

Your faith with me? If so, there is naught more

Between us three. Bury your dead,—and fly!"

First Christian. A ruffian's strangling hand hath grasped this throat!

And on the purple lip convulsion still

Lingers with awful tale of violence.

Oh, fearful was the strife from which arose

Our brother's spirit to its peaceful home!

Let grief, let wrath, let each unquiet thought

Be still, and round the just man's dust ascend

The voice of pray'r.

Paulus.

Not yet! oh! not quite yet!

Hear me, ye pale and horror-stricken throng!

Hear me, thou sobbing boy! My Miriam, turn—

Turn back thy face from the dim world of death,

And hear thy lover's voice!—What seest thou

In the blue heav'n's with fixed and eager gaze?

Miriam. Angels are gathering in the eastern sky—

The wind is playing 'mid their glittering plumes—

The sunbeams dance upon their golden harps—

Welcome is on their fair and glorious brows!

Hath not a holy spirit passed from earth,

Whom ye come forth to meet, seraphic forms?

Oh, fade not, fade not yet!—or take me too,

For earth grows dark beneath my dazzled eye!

Paulus. Miriam! in mercy spread not yet thy wings!

Spurn me not from the gate that opes for thee!

Miriam. In which world do I stand! A voice there was

Of prayer and woe. *That must have rung on earth!* Say on.

Paulus. Christians! I must indeed say on

Or my full heart will break!—No heathen is't

On whom ye gaze with low'ring, angry eyes.

My father's blood—his name, his faith, his gods—

I here abjure; and only ask your prayers,

The purifying water on my brow,

And words of hope to soothe my penitence—

Ere I atone my father's crimes with blood.

[*Silence.*

And will none speak? Am I indeed cast off—

Rejected utterly? Will no one teach

The sinner how to frame the Christian's prayer,

Help me to know the Christian's God aright,

Wash from my brow the deep-red stains of guilt?

Must I then die in ignorance and sin?

Miriam. O earth! be not so busy with my soul!

Paulus! what wouldst thou?

Paulus.

The rite that binds

New converts to your peaceful faith.

* Rees's Dramatic Authors of America.

Miriam. Good brethren,
Hear ye his prayer! Search ye the penitent,
Bear him forth with you in your pilgrimage,
And when his soul in earnest hath drunk in
The spirit of Christ's law, seal him for Heaven—
And now—would that my chains were broke! Half-
freed

My spirit struggles 'neath the dust that lies
So heavy on her wings!—Paulus, we part.
But oh, how different is the parting hour
From that which crushed my hopeless spirit erst!
Joy—joy and triumph now—

Paulus. Oh, never not joy.
Miriam. Why not? If but one ray of light from
Heaven

Hath reached thy soul, I may indeed rejoice!
Ev'n thus, in coming days, from martyrs' blood
Shall earnest saints arise to do God's work.
And thus with slow, sure, silent step shall Truth
Tread the dark earth, and scatter Light abroad,
Till Peace and Righteousness awake, and lead
Triumphant, in the bright and joyous blaze,
Their happy myriads up to yonder skies!

Euphas. Sister! with such a calm and sunny
brow

Stand'st thou beside our murdered father's bier?

Miriam. Euphas, thy hand!—Aye, clasp thy brother's hand!

Ye fair and young apostles! go ye forth—
Go side by side beneath the sun and storm,
A dying sister's blessing on your toils!
When ye have poured the oil of Christian peace
On passions rude and wild—when ye have won
Dark, sullen souls from wrath and sin to God—
Whene'er ye kneel to bear upon your prayers
Repentant sinners up to yonder heaven,
Be it in palace—dungeon—open air—
'Mid friends—'mid raging foes—in joy—in grief—
Deem not ye pray alone,—man never doth!
A sister spirit, ling'ring near, shall fill
The silent air around you with her prayers,
Waiting till ye too lay your fetters down,
And come to your reward!—Go fearless forth;
For glorious truth wars with you, and shall reign.

[*Seeing the bier.*]

My father! sleepest thou?—Aye, a sound sleep.
Dreams have been there—oh, horrid dreams!—but
now,

The silver beard heaves not upon thy breast,
The hand I press is dead, the hand cold,
And thou wilt dream, wilt never suffer, more.
Why gaze I on this clay! It was not this—
Not this I revered and loved!—

My friends,

Raise ye the dirge; and though I hide my face
In my dead father's robe, think not I weep.
I would not have the sight of those I love
Too well,—ev'n at this solemn hour, too well,—
Disturb my soul's communion with the blest!
My brother,—sob not so!

DIRGE.

Shed not the wild and hopeless tear
Upon our parted brother's bier;
With heart subdued and steadfast eye,
Oh, raise each thought to yonder sky!

Aching brow and throbbing breast
In the silent grave shall rest;
But the clinging dust in vain
Weaves around the soul its chain.

Spirit, quit this land of tears,
Hear the song of rolling spheres;
Shall our wild and selfish prayers
Call thee back to mortal cares?

Sainted spirit! fare thee well!
More than mortal tongue can tell
Is the joy that even now
Crowns our blessed martyr's brow!

Euphas. Paulus, arise!
We must away. Thy father's wrath—

Paulus. Oh, peace!
My *Miriam*,—speak to us!—she doth not stir!

Euphas. Methought I saw her ringlets move!
First Christian. Alas!

'Twas but the breeze that lifted those dark locks!
They never will wave more.

Euphas. It cannot be!
Let me but look upon her face!—Oh, God!
Death sits in that glazed eye!

First Christian. Aye, while we sung
Her father's dirge—across the young and fair
I saw death's shudder pass. Nay, turn not pale.
Borne on the solemn strain, her spirit soared
Most peacefully on high.—

Chastened ye are
And bound by sorrow to your holy task.

Arise,—and in your youthful memories
Treasure the end of innocence.—Away,
Beneath far other skies, weep—if ye can—
The gain of those ye loved.

Euphas. Lift this fair dust.—
My brother! speechless, tearless grief for her
Who listeneth for thy prayers?

Paulus. My mind is dark.
The faith which she bequeathed must lighten it.
Come forth, and I will learn.—Oh, *Miriam*!
Can thy bright faith e'er comfort grief like mine!

MARIA J. MCINTOSH.

MISS MCINTOSH, the author of a series of fictions, characterized by their truthfulness and happy style, is the descendant of a Scottish family, which came among the first settlers to Georgia. Her ancestors in Scotland were distinguished by the handling of the sword rather than the pen, though an uncle of her grandfather, Brigadier-General William McIntosh, who led the Highland troops in the rising of 1715, during a fifteen years' imprisonment in the Castle of Edinburgh, where he died, wrote a treatise on "Inclosing, Fallowing, and Planting in Scotland." With fortunes greatly diminished by the adherence of his family to the Stuarts, her great-grandfather, Capt. John More McIntosh, with one hundred adherents, sailed from Inverness, in 1735, for the colony of Georgia, and landing on the banks of the Alamaha, named the place at which they settled New Inverness, now Darien, in the county which still retains the name of McIntosh. This John More McIntosh was the same who originated and was the first signer of the protest made by the colonists to the Board of Trustees in England, against the introduction of African slaves into Georgia. Of his sons and grandsons, seven bore commissions in the American Army of the Revolution. Of these, Major Lachlan McIntosh was the father of our author. He combined the dissimilar professions of the law and of arms. His standing as a lawyer was high in his native state, and after the war of the Revolution, political honors were often thrust upon him, and his pen was often employed in defence of the measures of his party. He was admired for his social qualities, and his warm heart and conversational talents are still remembered. He was married to an accom-

plished lady, who united great energy of character to purely feminine traits. Major McIntosh resided after the Revolution in the village of Sunbury, forty miles south of Savannah, on the sea-coast of Georgia, where our author was born. In a reminiscence of this spot she thus records her impressions of its scenery. "Sunbury was beautifully situated about five miles from the ocean, on a bold frith or arm of the sea, stretching up between St. Catherine's Island on the one side and the main land on the other, forming, apparently, the horns of a crescent, at the base of which the town stood. It was a beautiful spot, carpeted with the short-leaved Bermuda grass, and shaded with oak, cedar, locust, and a flowering tree the Pride of India. It was then the summer resort of all the neighboring gentry, who went thither for the sea air. Within the last twenty years it has lost its character for health, and is now a desolate ruin; yet the hearts of those who grew up in its shades still cling to the memory of its loveliness; a recollection which



Maria J. McIntosh

exists as a bond of union between them, which no distance can wholly sever. Its sod, still green and beautiful as ever, is occasionally visited by a solitary pilgrim, who goes thither with something of the tender reverence with which he would visit the grave of a beloved friend."

In Sunbury, at an academy, which dispensed its favors to pupils of both sexes, Miss McIntosh received all of her education for which she was indebted to schools;* and there the first twenty

years of her life were spent. After that time her home having been broken up by the death of her mother, she passed much of her time with a married sister, who resided in New York, and afterwards with her brother, Capt. James M. McIntosh of the U. S. navy, whose family had also removed to that city. In 1835, Miss McIntosh was induced to sell her property in Georgia, and invest the proceeds in New York. The investment proving injudicious, she was dependent on her friends or her pen. She characteristically chose the independence and intellectual development of the latter. Her first thought was to translate from the French. A friend advised her to attempt a juvenile series of publications, which should take the place in moral science which the popular "Peter Parley" books had taken in matters of fact, and suggested "Aunt Kitty" as a *nom de plume*. The story of *Blind Alice* was accordingly written in 1838, but did not find a publisher till 1841. Its success led to a second, *Jessie Grahame*, which was followed in quick succession by *Florence Arnott*, *Grace and Clara*, and *Ellen Leslie*. Each of these little works was designed for the inculcation and illustration of some moral sentiment. In *Blind Alice* it was the happiness springing from the exercise of benevolence; in *Jessie Grahame*, the love of truth; in *Florence Arnott*, the distinction between true generosity and its counterfeit; in *Grace and Clara*, the value of the homely quality of justice; and in *Ellen Leslie*, the influence of temper on domestic happiness. In 1844, *Conquest and Self-Conquest*, and *Woman an Enigma*, were published by the Harpers. In 1845, the same publishers brought out *Praise and Principle*, and a child's tale called *The Cousins*. Her next work, *To Seem and to Be*, was published in 1846 by the Appletons, who, in 1847, republished Aunt Kitty's Tales, collected from the previous editions into a single volume. In 1848, the same

order, "I was in labors more abundant." As a teacher he was unsurpassed. Taught in the niceties of his own language and of the dead languages, as few American scholars of that day were, he seemed especially gifted for the communication of knowledge to others. On his first arrival in this country he had resided in Alexandria, and had taught in the family of General Washington, as he was proud of remembering. When he came to Georgia he married:—there he continued to live, and there he died at a very advanced age, nearly, if not quite, a hundred. Even to the last year of his life he would have detected an imperfect concord or false prosody. When he was a teacher, the barbarous age of the rod and the ferule still continued, and the boys of his school sometimes complained that they were made to expiate by their application, not their own faults only, but also those of their fair companions, who were of course exempted from such punishments. To those who showed any interest in study, he was kind and indulgent. To myself he scarcely offered any constraint, permitting me often to choose my studies and prescribe my own lessons. The natural dislike of a vivacious girl to plod ever and ever in one beaten track, while boys, who were not always brighter than herself, were leaving her to penetrate into the higher mysteries of science, he stimulated rather than repressed, producing thus an emulation, which gave a healthy impulse to both parties. I remember often to have heard Dr. McWhir—for this was the name of the master—say, that this rivalry had done more for his school than a dozen rods, and I am quite sure that with it there mingled no bitterness, for some of those lads have been among the best friends of my life. The peculiar training of such a school must of course have exercised no small influence on the mental characteristics. It perhaps enabled me to exercise more readily the self-reliance necessary when thrown on my own resources,—yet it never inclined me for a moment to the vagaries of those who stand forth as the champions of women's rights. He who best understood the nature He had formed, assigned to woman a position of subjection and dependence, and I consider the noblest right to be, the right intelligently to obey His laws. In that obedience is found, doubtless, the highest honor of man or woman."

* A few notes before us, from the pen of Miss McIntosh, contain a *souvenir* to the memory of this head master of Sunbury. "He was an *Irish Gentleman*—an epithet which he marked as quite distinct from that of a *Gentleman from Ireland*. He was a graduate of the University of Antrim;—a Presbyterian divine, yet not in early life after a very strict model. He would indeed, then, have answered Addison's demands well, being quite willing to avail himself of the eloquence of the classics of the pulpit, while he could take a hand readily, either in backgammon—Sir Roger de Coverley's special requisition—or in whist. In his latter years, however, for he has passed away from earth, he became an earnest and sincere Christian minister, and might have said to many of his

house published *Charms and Counter Charms*, and the next year, *Donaldson Manor*, a collection of articles written at various times for magazines, and strung together by a slight thread. In 1850, was brought out *Woman in America*, the only purely didactic work the author has published. In 1853, appeared *The Lofly and the Lonely*, a picture of the life of the slave and the master, in the southern portion of the United States.

In England, Miss McIntosh's books have enjoyed a good reputation, with a large popular sale. They were first introduced by the eminent tragedian, Mr. Macready, who, having obtained Aunt Kitty's Tales in this country to take home to his children, read them himself on the voyage, as he afterwards wrote to a friend in this city, with such pleasure, that soon after his arrival in London he placed them in the hands of a publisher, who reproduced them there. The author's other books have been published in England as they made their appearance in America. Her later works are: *Emily Herbert*, 1855; *Rose and Lillie Stankope*; *Violet, or the Cross and the Crown*, 1856; *Meta Gray*, 1858; *Two Pictures*, 1863.

THE BROTHERS; OR, IN THE FASHION AND ABOVE THE FASHION.*

"Some men are born to greatness—some achieve greatness—and some have greatness thrust upon them." Henry Manning belonged to the second of these three great classes. The son of a mercantile adventurer, who won and lost a fortune by speculation, he found himself at sixteen years of age called on to choose between the life of a Western farmer, with its vigorous action, stirring incident, and rough usage—and the life of a clerk in one of the most noted establishments in Broadway, the great source and centre of fashion in New York. Mr. Morgan, the brother of Mrs. Manning, who had been recalled from the distant West by the death of her husband, and the embarrassments into which that event had plunged her, had obtained the offer of the latter situation for one of his two nephews, and would take the other with him to his prairie-home.

"I do not ask you to go with me, Matilda," he said to his sister, "because our life is yet too wild and rough to suit a delicate woman, reared, as you have been, in the midst of luxurious refinements. The difficulties and privations of life in the West fall most heavily upon woman, while she has little of that sustaining power which man's more adventurous spirit finds in overcoming difficulty and coping with danger. But let me have one of your boys, and by the time he has arrived at manhood, he will be able, I doubt not, to offer you in his home all the comforts, if not all the elegances of your present abode."

Mrs. Manning consented; and now the question was, which of her sons should remain with her, and which should accompany Mr. Morgan. To Henry Manning, older by two years than his brother George, the choice of situations was submitted. He went with his uncle to the Broadway establishment, heard the duties which would be demanded from him, the salary which would be given, saw the grace with which the *élégants* behind the counter displayed their silks, and satins, and velvets, to the *élégantes* before the counter, and the decision with which they promulgated the decrees of fashion; and with that just sense of his own powers which is the

accompaniment of true genius, he decided at once that there lay his vocation. George, who had not been without difficulty kept quiet while his brother was forming his decision, as soon as it was announced, sprang forward with a whoop that would have suited a Western forest better than a New York drawing-room, threw the Horace he was reading across the table, clasped first his mother and then his uncle in his arms, and exclaimed, "I am the boy for the West. I will help you to fell forests and build cities there, uncle. Why should not we build cities as well as Romulus and Remus?"

"I will supply your cities with all their silks, and satins, and velvets, and laces, and charge them nothing, George," said Henry Manning with that air of superiority with which the worldly-wise often look on the sallies of the enthusiast.

"You make my head ache, my son," complained Mrs. Manning, shrinking from his boisterous gratulation;—but Mr. Morgan returned his hearty embrace, and as he gazed into his bold, bright face, with an eye as bright as his own, replied to his burst of enthusiasm, "You are the very boy for the West, George. It is out of such brave stuff that pioneers and city-builders are always made."

Henry Manning soon bowed himself into the favor of the ladies who formed the principal customers of his employer. By his careful and really correct habits, and his elegant taste in the selection and arrangement of goods, he became also a favorite with his employers themselves. They needed an agent for the selection of goods abroad, and they sent him. He purchased cloths for them in England and silks in France, and came home with the reputation of a travelled man. Having persuaded his mother to advance a capital for him by selling out the bank stock in which Mr. Morgan had funded her little fortune, at twenty-four years of age he commenced business for himself as a French importer. Leaving a partner to attend to the sales at home, he went abroad for the selection of goods, and the further enhancement of his social reputation. He returned in two years with a fashionable figure, a most *recherché* style of dress, moustachios of the most approved cut, and whiskers of faultless curl—a finished gentleman in his own conceit. With such attractions, the *prestige* which he derived from his reported travels and long residence abroad, and the *savoir faire* of one who had made the conventional arrangements of society his study, he quickly rose to the summit of his wishes, to the point which it had been his life's ambition to attain. He became the umpire of taste, and his word was received as the fiat of fashion. He continued to reside with his mother, and paid great attention to her style of dress, and the arrangements of her house, for it was important that his mother should appear properly. Poor Mrs. Manning! she sometimes thought that proud title dearly purchased by listening to his daily criticisms on appearance, language, manners, which had been esteemed stylish enough in their day.

George Manning had visited his mother only once since he left her with all the bright imaginings and boundless confidence of fourteen, and then Henry was in Europe. It was during the first winter after his return, and when the brothers had been separated for nearly twelve years, that Mrs. Manning informed him she had received a letter from George, announcing his intention to be in New York in December, and to remain with them through most, if not all the winter. Henry Manning was evidently annoyed at the announcement.

"I wish," he said, "that George had chosen to make his visit in the summer, when most of the peo-

* From the *Evenings* at Donaldson Manor.

ple to whom I should hesitate to introduce him would have been absent. I should be sorry to hurt his feelings, but really, to introduce a Western farmer into polished society—" Henry Manning shuddered and was silent. "And then to choose this winter of all winters for his visit, and to come in December, just at the very time that I heard yesterday Miss Harcourt was coming from Washington to spend a few weeks with her friend, Mrs. Duffield!"

"And what has Miss Harcourt's visit to Mrs. Duffield to do with George's visit to us?" asked Mrs. Manning.

"A great deal—at least it has a great deal to do with my regret that he should come just now. I told you how I became acquainted with Emma Harcourt in Europe, and what a splendid creature she is. Even in Paris she bore the palm for wit and beauty—and fashion too—that is in English and American society. But I did not tell you that she received me with such distinguished favor, and evinced so much pretty consciousness at my attentions, that had not her father, having been chosen one of the electors of President and Vice-President, hurried from Paris in order to be in this country in time for his vote, I should probably have been induced to marry her. Her father is in Congress this year, and you see, she no sooner learns that I am here, than she comes to spend part of the winter with a friend in New York."

Henry arose at this, walked to a glass, surveyed his elegant figure, and continuing to cast occasional glances at it as he walked backwards and forwards through the room, resumed the conversation, or rather his own communication.

"All this is very encouraging, doubtless; but Emma Harcourt is so perfectly elegant, so thoroughly refined, that I dread the effect upon her of any *outré* association—by the by, mother, if I obtain her permission to introduce you to her, you will not wear that brown hat in visiting her—a brown hat is my aversion—it is positively vulgar. But to return to George—how can I introduce him, with his rough, boisterous, Western manner, to this courtly lady?—the very thought chills me"—and Henry Manning shivered—"and yet how can I avoid it, if we should be engaged?"

With December came the beautiful Emma Harcourt, and Mrs. Duffield's house was thronged with her admirers. Her's was the form and movement of the Huntress Queen rather than of one trained in the halls of fashion. There was a joyous freedom in her air, her step, her glance, which, had she been less beautiful, less talented, less fortunate in social position or in wealth, would have placed her under the ban of fashion; but, as it was, she commanded fashion, and even Henry Manning, the very slave of conventionalism, had no criticism for her. He had been among the first to call on her, and the blush that flitted across her cheek, the smile that played upon her lips, as he was announced, might well have flattered one even of less vanity.

The very next day, before Henry had had time to improve these symptoms of her favor, on returning home, at five o'clock to his dinner, he found a stranger in the parlor with his mother. The gentleman arose on his entrance, and he had scarcely time to glance at the tall, manly form, the lofty air, the commanding brow, ere he found himself clasped in his arms, with the exclamation, "Dear Henry! how rejoiced I am to see you again."

In George Manning the physical and intellectual man had been developed in rare harmony. He was taller and larger every way than his brother Henry, and the self-reliance which the latter had labori-

ously attained from the mastery of all conventional rules, was his by virtue of a courageous soul, which held itself above all rules but those prescribed by its own high sense of the right. There was a singular contrast, rendered yet more striking by some points of resemblance, between the pupil of society and the child of the forest—between the Parisian elegance of Henry, and the proud, free grace of George. His were the step and bearing which we have seen in an Indian chief; but thought had left its impress on his brow, and there was in his countenance that indescribable air of refinement which marks a polished mind. In a very few minutes Henry became reconciled to his brother's arrival, and satisfied with him in all respects but one—his dress. This was of the finest cloth, but made into large, loose trousers, and a species of hunting-shirt, trimmed with fur, belted around the waist, and descending to the knee, instead of the tight pantaloons and closely fitting body coat prescribed by fashion. The little party lingered long over the table—it was seven o'clock before they arose from it.

"Dear mother," said George Manning, "I am sorry to leave you this evening, but I will make you rich amends to-morrow by introducing to you the friend I am going to visit, if you will permit me. Henry, it is so long since I was in New York that I need some direction in finding my way—must I turn up or down Broadway for Number —, in going from this street?"

"Number —," exclaimed Henry in surprise; "you must be mistaken—that is Mrs. Duffield's."

"Then I am quite right; for it is at Mrs. Duffield's that I expect to meet my friend this evening."

With some curiosity to know what friend of George could have so completely the *entree* of the fashionable Mrs. Duffield's house as to make an appointment there, Henry proposed to go with him and show him the way. There was a momentary hesitation in George's manner before he replied; "Very well, I shall be obliged to you."

"But—excuse me, George—you are not surely going in that dress—this is one of Mrs. Duffield's reception evenings, and, early as it is, you will find company there."

George laughed as he replied; "They must take me as I am, Henry. We do not receive our fashions from Paris at the West."

Henry almost repented his offer to accompany his brother, but it was too late to withdraw; for George, unconscious of this feeling, had taken his cloak and cap, and was awaiting his escort. As they approached Mrs. Duffield's house, George, who had hitherto led the conversation, became silent, or answered his brother only in monosyllables, and then not always to the purpose. As they entered the hall, the hats and cloaks displayed there showed that, as Henry supposed, they were not the earliest visitors. George paused for a moment, and said, "You must go in without me, Henry. Show me to a room where there is no company," he continued, turning to a servant—"and take this card in to Mrs. Duffield—be sure to give it to Mrs. Duffield herself."

The servant bowed low to the commanding stranger; and Henry, almost mechanically, obeyed his direction, muttering to himself, "Free and easy, upon my honor." He had scarcely entered the usual reception-room, and made his bow to Mrs. Duffield, when the servant presented his brother's card. He watched her closely, and saw a smile playing over her lips as her eyes rested on it. She glanced anxiously at Miss Harcourt, and crossing the room to a group in which she stood, she drew her aside. After a few whispered words, Mrs. Duffield placed

the card in Miss Harcourt's hand. A sudden flash of joy irradiated every feature of her beautiful face, and Henry Manning saw that, but for Mrs. Duffield's restraining hand, she would have rushed from the room. Recalled thus to a recollection of others, she looked around her, and her eyes met his. In an instant her face was covered with blushes, and she drew back with embarrassed consciousness—almost immediately, however, she raised her head with a proud, bright expression, and though she did not look at Henry Manning, he felt that she was conscious of his observation, as she passed with a composed yet joyous step from the room.

Henry Manning was awaking from a dream. It was not a very pleasant awakening; but as his vanity rather than his heart was touched, he was able to conceal his chagrin, and appear as interesting and agreeable as usual. He now expected, with some impatience, the *dénouement* of the comedy. An hour passed away, and Mrs. Duffield's eye began to consult the marble clock on her mantel-piece. The chime for another half hour rang out; and she left the room and returned in a few minutes, leaning on the arm of George Manning.

"Who is that?—What noble-looking man is that?" were questions Henry Manning heard from many—from a very few only the exclamation, "How oddly he is dressed!" Before the evening was over Henry began to feel that he was eclipsed on his own theatre—that George, if not *in the fashion*, was yet more *the fashion* than he.

Following the proud happy glance of his brother's eye, a quarter of an hour later, Henry saw Miss Harcourt entering the room in an opposite direction from that in which he had lately come. If this were a *ruse* on her part to veil the connexion between their movements, it was a fruitless caution. None who had seen her before could fail now to observe the softened character of her beauty, and those who saw

A thousand blushing apparitions start
Into her face—

whenever his eyes rested on her, could scarcely doubt his influence over her.

The next morning George Manning brought Miss Harcourt to visit his mother; and Mrs. Manning rose greatly in her son Henry's estimation when he saw the affectionate deference evinced towards her by the proud beauty.

"How strange my manner must have seemed to you sometimes!" said Miss Harcourt to Henry one day. "I was engaged to George long before I met you in Europe; and though I never had courage to mention him to you, I wondered a little that you never spoke of him. I never doubted for a moment that you were acquainted with our engagement."

"I do not even yet understand where and how you and George met."

"We met at home—my father was governor of the territory—State now—in which your uncle lives; our homes were very near each other's, and so we met almost daily while I was still a child. We have had all sorts of adventures together; for George was a great favorite with my father, and I was permitted to go with him anywhere. He has saved my life twice—once at the imminent peril of his own, when with the wilfulness of a spoiled child I would ride a horse which he told me I could not manage. Oh! you know not half his nobleness," and tears moistened the bright eyes of the happy girl.

Henry Manning was touched through all his conventionalism, yet the moment after he said, "George is a fine fellow, certainly; but I wish you could persuade him to dress a little more like other people."

"I would not if I could," exclaimed Emma Harcourt, while the blood rushed to her temples; "fashions and all such conventional regulations are made for those who have no innate perception of the right, the noble, the beautiful—not for such as he—he is above fashion."

What Emma would not ask, she yet did not fail to recognise as another proof of correct judgment, when George Manning laid aside his Western costume and assumed one less remarkable.

Henry Manning had received a new idea—that there are those who are above the fashion. Allied to this was another thought, which in time found entrance to his mind, that it would be at least as profitable to devote our energies to the acquisition of true nobility of soul, pure and high thought and refined taste, as to the study of those conventionalisms which are but their outer garment, and can at best only conceal, for a short time, their absence.

LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

THE maiden name of Mrs. Child was Francis. She was born in Massachusetts, but passed a portion of her earlier career in Maine, where her father removed shortly after her birth.

In the year 1824 she published her first work, *Hobomok*, a tale founded upon the early history of New England. The story told by Dr. Griswold in relation to this commencement of a long literary career is a curious one. While on a visit to her brother, the Rev. Convers Francis, minister in Watertown, Massachusetts, she accidentally met with the recent number of the North American Review and read an article on Yamoyden by Dr. Palfrey, in which the field offered by early New England history for the purposes of the novelist is dwelt upon. She took pen in hand and wrote off the first chapter of *Hobomok*. Her brother's commendation encouraged her to proceed, and in six weeks the story was completed. In the following year she published *The Rebels*, a tale of the Revolution. Like *Hobomok* it introduces the most prominent historical personages of its scene and time to the reader, and with such effect that a speech put in the mouth of James Otis is often quoted as having been actually pronounced by the statesman.

L. Maria Child,

In 1826 she married Mr. David L. Child, and in 1827 commenced *The Juvenile Miscellany*, a monthly magazine. She next issued *The Frugal Housewife*, a work on domestic economy and culinary matters, designed for families of limited means. In 1831 she published *The Mother's Book*, a volume of good counsel on the training of children, and in 1832 *The Girl's Book*, a work of somewhat similar nature. Her *Lives of Madame de Staël, Madame Roland, Lady Russell, and Madame Guyon*, were published about the same time in two volumes of the Ladies' Family Library, a series of books edited by her, for which she also prepared the *Biographies of Good Wives*, in one volume, and the *History of the Condition of Women in all Ages*, in two volumes.

In 1833 she published *The Coronet*, a collection of miscellanies in prose and verse, which she had previously contributed to various annuals, and in the same year *An Appeal for that Class of Ame-*

ricans called Africans, a vigorous work which created a great sensation. Dr. Channing is said to have walked from Boston to Roxbury to see and thank the author, personally a stranger to him.

In 1835, *Philothea*, a classical romance of the days of Pericles and Aspasia, appeared. It is the most elaborate and successful of the author's productions, and is in close and artistic keeping with the classic age it portrays. Most of the statesmen and philosophers of the time are introduced in its pages with a generally close adherence to history, though in the character of Plato she has departed in a measure from this rule by dwelling on the mystical doctrines of the philosopher to the exclusion of his practical traits of character. The female characters, *Philothea*, *Eudora*, and the celebrated *Aspasia*, are portrayed with great beauty and delicacy.

In 1841 Mrs. Child and her husband, removing to New York, became the editors of the *National Anti-Slavery Standard*. In the same year she commenced a series of letters for the *Boston Courier*, which were afterwards republished in two volumes with the title of *Letters from New York*, a pleasant series of descriptions of the every-day life of the metropolis, abounding to the observant and appreciative eye in picturesque incident and suggestion for far-reaching thought. McDonald Clarke forms the subject of one of these letters. Others are occupied by the humanitarian institutions of the city, others by flowers and markets. The peripatetic trades come in for their share of notice, nor are the pathetic narratives of want, temptation, and misery, the annals of the cellar and garret, omitted. Occasional excursions to the picturesque and historic villages of the Hudson, Staten Island, and other near at hand rural retreats, give an additional charm to these delightful volumes.

In 1846 Mrs. Child published a collection of her magazine stories under the title of *Fact and Fiction*. In 1855 she issued a work in three volumes, one of the most elaborate which she has undertaken, entitled *The Progress of Religious Ideas*, embracing a view of every form of belief "from the most ancient Hindoo records to the complete establishment of the Catholic Church."

OLE BUL—FROM LETTERS FROM NEW YORK.

Welcome to thee, Ole Bul!

A welcome, warm and free!

For heart and memory are full
Of thy rich minstrelsy.

'Tis music for the tuneful rills
To flow to from the verdant hills;
Music such as first on earth
Gave to the Aurora birth.

Music for the leaves to dance to;
Music such as sunbeams glance to;
Treble to the ocean's roar,
On some old resounding shore.

Silvery showers from the fountains;
Mists unrolling from the mountains;
Lightning flashing through a cloud,
When the winds are piping loud.

Music full of warbling graces,
Like to birds in forest places,
Gushing, trilling, whirring round,
Mid the pine trees' murm'ring sound.

The martin scolding at the wren,
Which sharply answers back again,
Till across the angry song
Strains of laughter run along.

Now leaps the bow, with airy bound,
Like dancer springing from the ground,
And now like autumn wind comes sighing,
Over leaves and blossoms dying.

The lark now singeth from afar,
Her carol to the morning star,
A clear soprano rising high,
Ascending to the inmost sky.

And now the scattered tones are flying,
Like sparks in midnight darkness dying,
Gems from rockets in the sky,
Falling—falling—gracefully.

Now wreathed and twined—but still evolving
Harmonious oneness is revolving;
Departing with the faintest sigh,
Like ghost of some sweet melody.

As on a harp with golden strings,
All nature breathes through thee,
And with her thousand voices sings
The infinite and free.

Of beauty she is lavish ever;
Her urn is always full;
But to our earth she giveth never
Another Ole Bul.

OLD AGE—FROM LETTERS FROM NEW YORK

Childhood itself is scarcely more lovely than a cheerful, kind, sunshiny old age.

How I love the mellow sage,
Smiling through the veil of age!
And when'er this man of years
In the dance of joy appears,
Age is on his temples hung,
But his heart—his heart is young!

Here is the great secret of a bright and green old age. When Titihous asked for an eternal life in the body, and found, to his sorrow, that immortal youth was not included in the bargain, it surely was because he forgot to ask the perpetual gift of loving and sympathizing.

Next to this, is an intense affection for nature, and for all simple things. A human heart can never grow old, if it takes a lively interest in the pairing of birds, the re-production of flowers, and the changing tints of autumn-ferns. Nature, unlike other friends, has an exhaustless meaning, which one sees and hears more distinctly, the more they are enamoured of her. Blessed are they who hear it; for through tones come the most inward perceptions of the spirit. Into the ear of the soul, which reverently listens, Nature whispers, speaks, or warbles, most heavenly arcanæ.

And even they who seek her only through science, receive a portion of her own tranquillity, and perpetual youth. The happiest old man I ever saw, was one who knew how the mason-bee builds his cell, and how every bird lines her nest; who found pleasure in a sea-shore pebble, as boys do in new marbles; and who placed every glittering mineral in a focus of light, under a kaleidoscope of his own construction. The effect was like the imagined riches of fairy land; and when an admiring group of happy young people gathered round it, the heart of the good old man leapt like the heart of a child. The laws of nature, as manifested in her infinitely various operations, were to him a perennial fountain of delight; and, like her, he offered the joy to all. Here was no admixture of the bad excitement attendant upon ambition or controversy; but all was serenely

happy, as are an angel's thoughts, or an infant's dreams.

Age, in its outward senses, returns again to childhood; and thus should it do spiritually. The little child enters a rich man's house, and loves to play with the things that are new and pretty, but he thinks not of their market value, nor does he pride himself that another child cannot play with the same. The farmer's home will probably delight him more; for he will love living squirrels better than marble greyhounds, and the merry bob o'lincoln better than stuffed birds from Araby the blest; for *they* cannot sing into his heart. What *he* wants is life and love — the power of giving and receiving joy. To this estimate of things, wisdom returns, after the intuitions of childhood are lost. Virtue is but innocence on a higher plane, to be attained only through severe conflict. Thus life completes its circle; but it is a circle that *rises* while it revolves; for the path of spirit is ever spiral, containing all of truth and love in each revolution, yet ever tending upward. The virtue which brings us back to innocence, on a higher plane of wisdom, may be the childhood of another state of existence; and through successive conflicts, we may again complete the ascending circle, and find it holiness.

The ages, too, are rising spirally; each containing all, yet ever ascending. Hence, all our new things are old, and yet they are new. Some truth known to the ancients meets us on a higher plane, and we do not recognise it, because it is like a child of earth, which has passed upward and become an angel. Nothing of true beauty ever passes away. The youth of the world, which Greece embodied in immortal marble, will return in the circling Ages, as innocence comes back in virtue; but it shall return filled with a higher life; and that, too, shall point upward. Thus shall the Arts be glorified. Beethoven's music prophesies all this, and struggles after it continually; therefore, whosoever hears it, (with the *inward*, as well as the *outward* ear,) feels his soul spread its strong pinions, eager to pass "the flaming bounds of time and space," and circle all the infinite.

THE BROTHERS.

Three pure heavens opened, beaming in three pure hearts, and nothing was in them but God, love, and joy, and the little tear-drop of earth which hangs upon all our flowers.—*Richter.*

Few know how to estimate the precious gem of friendship at its real worth; few guard it with the tender care which its rarity and excellence deserve. Love, like the beautiful opal, is a clouded gem, which carries a spark of fire in its bosom; but true friendship, like a diamond, radiates steadily from its transparent heart.

This sentiment was never experienced in greater depth and purity than by David and Jonathan True-man, brothers of nearly the same age. Their friendship was not indeed of that exciting and refreshing character, which is the result of a perfect accord of very different endowments. It was unison, not harmony. In person, habits, and manners, they were as much alike as two leaves of the same tree. They were both hereditary members of the Society of Friends, and remained so from choice. They were acquainted in the same circle, and engaged in similar pursuits. "Their souls wore exactly the same frockcoat and morning-dress of life; I mean two bodies with the same cuffs and collars, of the same color, button-holes, trimmings, and cut."

Jonathan was a little less sedate than his older brother; he indulged a little more in the quiet, elderly sort of humor of the "Cheeryble Brothers." But it was merely the difference between the same

lake perfectly calm, or faintly rippled by the slightest breeze. They were so constantly seen together, that they were called the Siamese Twins. Unfortunately, this similarity extended to a sentiment which does not admit of partnership. They both loved the same maiden.

Deborah Winslow was the only daughter of one of those substantial Quakers, who a discriminating observer would know, at first sight, was "well to do in the world," for the fine broadcloth coat and glossy hat spoke that fact with even less certainty than the perfectly comfortable expression of countenance. His petted child was like a blossom planted in sunny places, and shielded from every rude wind. All her little-lady-like whims were indulged. If the drab-colored silk was not exactly the right shade, or the Braithwaite muslin was not sufficiently fine and transparent, orders must be sent to London, that her daintiness might be satisfied. Her countenance was a true index of life passed without strong emotions. The mouth was like a babe's, the blue eyes were mild and innocent, and the oval face was unvarying in the delicate tint of the sweet pea blossom. Her hair never straggled into ringlets, or played with the breeze; its silky bands were always like molasses-candy, moulded to yellowish whiteness, and laid in glossy braids.

There is much to be said in favor of this unvarying serenity; for it saves a vast amount of suffering. But all natures cannot thus glide through an untroubled existence. Deborah's quiet temperament made no resistance to its uniform environment; but had I been trained in her exact sect, I should inevitably have boiled over and melted the moulds.

She had always been acquainted with the True-man brothers. They all attended the same school, and they sat in sight of each other at the same meeting; though Quaker custom, ever careful to dam up human nature within safe limits, ordained that they should be seated on different sides of the house, and pass out by different doors. They visited the same neighbors, and walked home in company. She probably never knew, with positive certainty, which of the brothers she preferred; she had always been in the habit of loving them both; but Jonathan happened to ask first, whether she loved him.

It was during an evening walk, that he first mentioned the subject to David; and he could not see how his lips trembled, and his face flushed. The emotion, though strong and painful, was soon suppressed; and in a voice but slightly constrained, he inquired, "Does Deborah love thee, brother?"

The young man replied that he thought so, and he intended to ask her, as soon as the way opened.

David likewise thought, that Deborah was attached to him; and he had invited her to ride the next day, for the express purpose of ascertaining the point. Never had his peaceful soul been in such a tumult. Sometimes he thought it would be right and honorable to tell Deborah that they both loved her, and ask her to name her choice. "But then if she should prefer *me*," he said to himself, "it will make dear Jonathan very unhappy; and if she should choose *him*, it will be a damper on her happiness, to know that I am disappointed. If she accepts him, I will keep my secret to myself. It is a heavy cross to take up; but William Penn says, 'no cross, no crown.' In this case, I would be willing to give up the crown, if I could get rid of the cross. But then if I lay it down, poor Jonathan must bear it. I have always found that it brought great peace of mind to conquer selfishness, and I will strive to do so now. As my brother's wife, she will still be a

near and dear friend; and their children will seem almost like my own."

A current of counter thoughts rushed through his mind. He rose quickly and walked the room, with a feverish agitation he had never before experienced. But through all the conflict, the idea of saving his brother from suffering remained paramount to his own pain.

The promised ride could not be avoided, but it proved a temptation almost too strong for the good unselfish man. Deborah's sweet face looked so pretty under the shadow of her plain bonnet; her soft hand remained in his so confidently, when she was about to enter the chaise, and turned to speak to her mother; she smiled on him so affectionately, and called him Friend David, in such winning tones, that it required all his strength to avoid uttering the question, which for ever trembled on his lips: "Dost thou love me, Deborah?" But always there rose between them the image of that dear brother, who slept in his arms in childhood, and shared the same apartment now. "Let him have the first chance," he said to himself. "If he is accepted, I will be resigned, and will be to them both a true friend through life." A very slight pressure of the hand alone betrayed his agitation, when he opened the door of her house, and said, "Farewell, Deborah."

In a few days, Jonathan informed him that he was betrothed; and the magnanimous brother wished him joy with a sincere heart, concealing that it was a sad one. His first impulse was to go away, that he might not be daily reminded of what he had lost; but the fear of marring their happiness enabled him to choose the wiser part of making at once the effort that must be made. No one suspected the sacrifice he laid on the altar of friendship. When the young couple were married, he taxed his ingenuity to furnish whatever he thought would please the bride, by its peculiar neatness and elegance. At first, he found it very hard to leave them by their cozy pleasant fireside, and go to his own solitary apartment, where he never before had dwelt alone; and when the bride and bridegroom looked at each other tenderly, the glance went through his heart like an arrow of fire. But when Deborah, with gentle playfulness, apologized for having taken his brother away from him, he replied, with a quiet smile, "Nay, my friend, I have not lost a brother, I have only gained a sister." His self-denial seemed so easy, that the worldly might have thought it cost him little effort, and deserved no praise; but the angels loved him for it.

By degrees he resumed his wonted serenity, and became the almost constant inmate of their house. A stranger might almost have doubted which was the husband; so completely were the three united in all their affections, habits, and pursuits. A little son and daughter came to strengthen the bond; and the affectionate uncle found his heart almost as much cheered by them, as if they had been his own. Many an agreeable young Friend would have willingly superintended a household for David; but there was a natural refinement in his character, which rendered it impossible to make a marriage of convenience. He felt more deeply than was apparent, that there was something wanting in his earthly lot; but he could not marry, unless he found a woman whom he loved as dearly as he had loved Deborah; and such a one never again came to him.

Their years flowed on with quiet regularity, disturbed with few of the ills humanity is heir to. In all the small daily affairs of life, each preferred the other's good, and thus secured the happiness of the

whole. Abroad, their benevolence fell with the noiseless liberality of dew. The brothers both prospered in business, and Jonathan inherited a large portion of his father-in-law's handsome property. Never were a family so pillowed and cushioned on the carriage-road to heaven. But they were so simply and naturally virtuous, that the smooth path was less dangerous to them than to others.

Reverses came at last in Jonathan's affairs. The failure of others, less careful than himself, involved him in their disasters. But David was rich, and the idea of a separate purse was unknown between them; therefore the gentle Deborah knew no change in her household comforts and elegancies, and felt no necessity of diminishing their large liberality to the poor.

At sixty-three years old, the younger brother departed this life, in the arms of his constant friend. The widow, who had herself counted sixty winters, had been for some time gradually declining in health. When the estate was settled, the property was found insufficient to pay debts. But the kind friend, with the same delicate disinterestedness which had always characterized him, carefully concealed this fact. He settled a handsome fortune upon the widow, which she always supposed to be a portion of her husband's estate. Being executor, he managed affairs as he liked. He borrowed his own capital; and every quarter, he gravely paid her interest on his own money. In the refinement of his generosity, he was not satisfied to support her in the abundance to which she had been accustomed; he wished to have her totally unconscious of obligation, and perfectly free to dispose of the funds as she pleased.

His goodness was not limited to his own household. If a poor seamstress was declining in health, for want of exercise and variety of scene, David Trueman was sure to invite her to Niagara, or the Springs, as a particular favor to him, because he needed company. If there was a lone widow, peculiarly friendless, his carriage was always at her service. If there was a maiden lady uncommonly homely, his arm was always ready as an escort to public places. Without talking at all upon the subject, he practically devoted himself to the mission of attending upon the poor, the unattractive, and the neglected.

Thus the good old bachelor prevents his sympathies from congealing, and his heart from rusting out. The sunlight was taken away from his landscape of life; but little birds sleep in their nests, and sweet flowers breathe their fragrance lovingly through the bright moonlight of his tranquil existence.

** Since 1857 Mrs. Child has written *Autumnal Leaves: Tales and Sketches in Prose and Rhyme*, followed in 1860 by *The Right Way the Safe Way*, proved by *Emancipation in the British West Indies and Elsewhere*. To these succeeded, *Looking Towards Sunset*, 1864, a series of extracts relating to old age, and the *Freedmen's Book*, 1865, a collection of plain stories and sketches. In 1867, *Miria: A Romance of the Republic*, narrated the hardships of quadroom life in ante-war times, while *Fred, Maria, and Me* told an attractive story of child-life, and *Married Women*, in 1871, gave the biographies of Good Wives.

EDMUND D. GRIFFIN.

EDMUND D. GRIFFIN, the second son of George Griffin, a leading member of the New York bar, and the author of a volume published in 1850,

entitled *The Gospel its own Advocate*, was born at Wyoming, Pennsylvania, September 10, 1804. He was a grandson, on the mother's side, of Colonel Zebulon Butler, who defended the valley against the British attack which terminated in the memorable massacre of 1778. When two years old Edmund Griffin removed with his family to New York. He revisited Wyoming with his father in his thirteenth year, and attending religious service on the Sunday after their arrival, Mr. Griffin was requested in consequence of the absence of the clergyman to read a sermon. Not being very well he asked his son to read in his place, a request with which the boy, accustomed to obedience, after a moment's modest hesitation, complied.

After passing through various schools young Griffin was prepared for college by Mr. Nelson, the celebrated blind teacher of New York. He entered Columbia in 1819, and maintained throughout his course a position at the head of his class. After a few months passed in a law office in 1823, he resolved to engage in the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church, soon after commenced his studies in the General Theological Seminary, and was ordained deacon by Bishop Hobart in August, 1826. The two following years were passed in the active discharge of professional duty as assistant minister of St. James's church, Hamilton Square, near New York, and of Christ church in the city, when he was compelled by a threatened affection of the lungs to abandon the labors of the church and the study. By this relaxation, combined with the invigorating effects of a three months' tour, his health was restored, but, by the advice of his friends, instead of recommencing preaching he sailed for Europe. After a tour through England and the Continent he returned to New York on the 17th of April, 1830. Within a week afterwards he was called upon to complete a course of lectures on the History of Literature, commenced by Professor McVickar at Columbia College, and necessarily abandoned at the time from illness. He complied with the request, and at once entered upon its execution, delivering within the months of May and June a course on Roman and Italian literature, with that of England to the time of Charles the Second. These lectures, though prepared almost contemporaneously with their delivery, were so acceptable by their warm appreciation of the subject and scholar's enthusiasm, not only to the students but also the trustees of the college, that the plan of an independent professorship of literature, for Mr. Griffin, was proposed.

The early part of the ensuing college vacation was spent in visits to his friends, and plans of study and future usefulness in his sacred profession. After a Saturday morning passed at the college with Professor Anthon in planning a course of study of the German language, to which he proposed to devote a portion of his remaining leisure, he employed the afternoon in a walk with his brother at Hoboken. He was taken ill on his return home with an attack of inflammation, sank rapidly, and died on the following Tuesday, August 31, 1830.

The news of his decease reached Bishop Hobart at Auburn, where he too was lying in a sickness which was to prove, within a few days

afterwards, mortal. It is a fact of interest in the history of that eminent prelate, as well as in the present connexion, that the last letter written by him was one of condolence with the father of Mr. Griffin on their joint bereavement.

Mr. Griffin's Literary Remains were collected by his brother, and published with a memoir, written with characteristic feeling and taste, by his friend Professor McVickar, in two large octavo volumes. They include his poems, several of which are in the Latin language, and written at an early age; a tour through Italy and Switzerland in 1829, with extracts from a journal of a tour through France, England, and Scotland in the years 1828, '29, and '30; extracts from lectures on Roman, Italian, and English literature; and dissertations, written while the author was a student at the Theological Seminary. These were selected from manuscripts, which, if published in full, would have filled six octavo volumes. By far the greater portion of those printed, the journals and lectures, were necessarily written in great haste, and probably without any anticipation that they were to appear in print. The journals are the simple itinerary of a traveller, making no pretensions to any further literary merit; the lectures are more elaborate performances and possess much merit; the poems are few in number.

LINES ON LEAVING ITALY.

Deh! fossi tu men bella, o almen plu forte.—*Filicaita*.

Would that thou wert more strong, at least less fair,
Land of the orange grove and myrtle bower!
To hail whose strand, to breathe whose genial air,
Is bliss to all who feel of bliss the power.
To look upon whose mountains in the hour
When thy sun sinks in glory, and a veil
Of purple flows around them, would restore
The sense of beauty when all else might fail.

Would that thou wert more strong, at least less fair,
Parent of fruits, alas! no more of men!
Where springs the olive e'en from mountains bare,
The yellow harvest loads the scarce tilled plain,
Spontaneous shoots the vine, in rich festoon
From tree to tree depending, and the flowers
Wreath with their chaplets, sweet though fading
soon,
E'en fallen columns and decaying towers.

Would that thou wert more strong, at least less fair,
Home of the beautiful, but not the brave!
Where noble form, bold outline, princely air,
Distinguished e'en the peasant and the slave:
Where, like the goddess sprung from ocean's wave,
Her mortal sisters boast immortal grace,
Nor spoil those charms which partial nature gave,
By art's weak aids or fashion's vain grimace.

Would that thou wert more strong, at least less fair,
Thou nurse of every art, save one alone,
The art of self-defence! Thy fostering care
Brings out a nobler life from senseless stone,
And bids e'en canvass speak; thy magic tone,
Infused in music, now constrains the soul
With tears the power of melody to own,
And now with passionate throbs that spurn control.

Would that thou wert less fair, at least more strong,
Grave of the mighty dead, the living mean!
Can nothing rouse ye both? no tyrant's wrong,
No memory of the brave, of what has been?

Yon broken arch once spoke of triumph, then
 That mouldering wall too spoke of brave defence—
 Shades of departed heroes, rise again!
 Italians, rise, and thrust the oppressors hence!
 Oh, Italy! my country, fare thee well!
 For art thou not my country, at whose breast
 Were nurtured those whose thoughts within me
 dwell,
 The fathers of my mind? whose fame imprest,
 E'en on my infant fancy, bade it rest
 With patriot fondness on thy hills and streams,
 E'er yet thou didst receive me as a guest,
 Lovelier than I had seen thee in my dreams?
 Then fare thee well, my country, loved and lost:
 Too early lost, alas! when once so dear;
 I turn in sorrow from thy glorious coast,
 And urge the feet forbid to linger here.
 But must I rove by Arno's current clear,
 And hear the rush of Tiber's yellow flood,
 And wander on the mount, now waste and drear,
 Where Cæsar's palace in its glory stood;
 And see again Parthenope's loved bay,
 And Paestum's shrines, and Baia's classic shore,
 And mount the bark, and listen to the lay
 That floats by night through Venice—never more!
 Far off I seem to hear the Atlantic roar—
 It washes not thy feet, that envious sea,
 But waits, with outstretched arms, to waft me o'er
 To other lands, far, far, alas! from thee.
 Fare, fare thee well once more. I love thee not
 As other things inanimate. Thou art
 The cherished mistress of my youth; forgot
 Thou never canst be while I have a heart.
 Lanced on those waters, wild with storm and wind,
 I know not, ask not, what may be my lot;
 For, torn from thee, no fear can touch my mind,
 Brooding in gloom on that one bitter thought.

JOHN HENRY HOPKINS.

JOHN HENRY HOPKINS, the son of a merchant of Dublin, was born in that city January 30, 1792. He was brought by his parents to this country in 1800. After receiving a classical education at school, he passed a twelvemonth in a counting-house in Philadelphia; assisted Wilson, the ornithologist, in the preparation of the plates to the first four volumes of his work; and was afterwards engaged for several years in the manufacture of iron. Mr. Hopkins married in 1816, and in 1817 was admitted to the bar at Pittsburg. He practised with great success until November, 1823, when he abandoned the profession to enter the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church. After his ordination as deacon, in December, 1823, by Bishop White, by whom he was also admitted to the priesthood in 1824, he became Rector of Trinity Church, Pittsburg, where he remained until 1831, when he removed to Boston as assistant minister of Trinity Church. In October, 1832, he was consecrated the first bishop of the diocese of Vermont, and since that time resided at Burlington till his death, January 9, 1868.

Bishop Hopkins is the author of several volumes on the evidences of Christianity, the primitive church, and the distinctive principles of Episcopacy,* all of which exhibit research, and are

written in a forcible and animated style. He has also published a number of separate sermons and pamphlets.† *The Life of the late Rt. Rev. John Henry Hopkins, First Bishop of Vermont, and Seventh Presiding Bishop, by One of his Sons*, appeared in 1873.

containing sixteen discourses on the Apostles' Creed, for popular use—the second part containing a dissertation on the testimony of the early councils and the fathers, with observations on certain theological errors of the present day. Published by the same, 1834.

The Primitive Church, compared with the Protestant Episcopal Church of the present day, being an examination of the ordinary objections against the church in doctrine, worship, and government, designed for popular use, with a dissertation on sundry points of theology and practice. Published by V. Harrington at Burlington, Vt., 1835. A second edition, revised and improved, was printed the following year.

Essay on Gothic Architecture, with various plans and drawings for churches, designed chiefly for the use of the clergy. Royal quarto. Published by Smith & Harrington, Burlington, 1836.

The Church of Rome in her Primitive Purity, compared with the Church of Rome at the present day, addressed to the Roman Hierarchy. 12mo. Published by V. Harrington, Burlington, 1837. Republished, with an introduction by Rev. Henry Melvill, B.D., at London, in 1839.

The Novelties which Disturb our Peace. 12mo. Published by Herman Hooker, Philadelphia, 1844.

Sixteen Lectures on the Causes, Principles, and Results of the British Reformation. Phila., 1844.

The History of the Confessional. 12mo. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York, 1850.

The End of Controversy, Controverted: a Refutation of Milner's End of Controversy, in a series of letters addressed to the Roman Archbishop of Baltimore. 2 vols. 12mo. Published by Putney & Russell, — Stanford & Swords, New York, in 1854.

The American Citizen: His Rights and Duties According to the Spirit of the Constitution. New York, 1857.

A Scriptural, Ecclesiastical, and Historical View of Slavery. New York, 1863.

The Law of Ritualism. New York, 1866.

History of the Church in Verse. New York, 1866.

Candid Examination whether the Pope is the Great Antichrist of Scripture. New York, 1869.

† Sermon, preached by request before the Howard Benevolent Society, Boston, 1832.

Sermon, preached by request before the Church Scholarship Society at Hartford, Conn., 1832.

Sermon, preached by request, at Burlington, on the doctrine of Atonement, 1841.

Scripture and Tradition, Sermon preached at the Ordination of Deacons. New York, 1841.

Charge to the Clergy of Vermont. 1842.

Letter to the Right Rev. F. P. Kenrick, Roman Bishop of Philadelphia. 1842.

Second Letter to the same, 1843, of which there were two editions.

Two Discourses on the Second Advent, of which there were four editions.

Humble but Earnest Address to the Bishops, Clergy, and Laity, on the Progress of Tractarianism. Published 1846.

Pastoral Letter and Correspondence with Rev. Wm. Henry Hoit.

Sermon before the General Convention of 1847.

Sermon on Episcopal Government, preached at the consecration of Bishop Potter, of Pennsylvania, 1845.

Letter to Rev. Dr. Seabury, on Tractarianism, 1847.

Two Discourses, preached by request in the Cathedral of Quebec, on the Religious Education of the Poor. Published 1835.

Lecture on the Defect of the Principle of Religious Authority in Modern Education, delivered by request before the American Institute of Instruction, at Montpelier, about the year 1846 or 1847.

Discourse on Fraternal Unity, delivered by appointment before the Missionary Board, at the General Convention of 1850, in Cincinnati.

Address, delivered by request of the Selectmen of St. Alban's, on the death of General Taylor, President of the United States, 1850.

Address, by request, before the Prot. Ep. Historical Society, New York, 1851.

Lecture on Slavery—its religious sanction, its political dangers, and the best method of doing it away, delivered before the Young Men's Associations of Buffalo and Lockport. Published by request, Phinney & Co., Buffalo, 1851.

Discourse, preached by request, in aid of the Fund for the Widows and Orphans of Deceased Clergymen. Boston, 1851.

Pastoral Letter on the Support of the Clergy, 1852, and 1854.

Defence of the Constitution of the Diocese of Vermont, 1854.

Tract for the Church in Jerusalem, 1854.

The True Principles of Restoration to the Episcopal Office.

* Christianity Vindicated, in seven Discourses on the External Evidences of the New Testament, with a Dissertation. Published by Ed. Smith, Burlington, Vt., 1838.

The Primitive Creed Examined and Explained, the first part

WILLIAM CROSWELL.

WILLIAM, the third child of the Rev. Harry Crosswell,* was born at Hudson, New York, November 7, 1804, and graduated from Yale College in 1822.



W. Crosswell

The next four years were passed in desultory reading and study. His preference was early formed for a clerical career, but from a distrust of his fitness for the holy office, a distrust arising solely from the modesty which characterized him through life, it was not until 1826 that he finally decided to enter the ministry. He commenced his preparatory studies at the General Theological Seminary in New York, where, owing to ill health, he remained but a short time. After passing a brief period at New Haven he went to Hartford, where he edited, with Mr. now Bishop Doane, a religious newspaper, *The Episcopal Watchman*.

in relation to the case of Right Rev. Henry U. Onderdonk, D.D., 1854.

Address, delivered by request before the House of Convocation of Trinity College, Hartford, Conn., 1854.

Discourse, by request, on the Historical Evidences of Christianity, at St. Andrew's Church, Philadelphia. Published 1854.

* Harry Crosswell was in the early part of his life a prominent political editor of the Federal party. He commenced his career in *The Balance*, a paper published at Hudson, New York, which divided the honors with the *Farmer's Museum* at Walpole, as one of the first literary journals of the country. Mr. Crosswell was associated in this enterprise with Ezra Sampson, a clergyman by education, who came to Hudson to officiate in the Presbyterian church of the village, but from lack of effectiveness as a public speaker retired from the pulpit. He subsequently gained a wide popular reputation as the author of a series of essays, with the title of *The Brief Remarker*, which were collected from the columns of the *Hartford Courant*, and printed in a volume. The collection was republished in 1855 by D. Appleton & Co. The essays it contains are briefly written compositions, and are in a vein of practical common sense. Mr. Sampson was also the author of *The Beauties of the Bible*, a selection of passages from the sacred volume, and of an *Historical Dictionary*.

Mr. Crosswell wrote his editorials with vigor, and, in accordance with the prevailing spirit of the press at that time, spoke with great bitterness of his political opponents. An article published in the *Wasp*, a journal also under his direction, on Jefferson, led to a libel suit, and the celebrated trial in which Hamilton, in defence of the editor, made his last forensic effort.

Mr. Crosswell afterwards removed to Albany, where he established a Federal paper. He was here prosecuted for a libel on Mr. Southwick, a leading democratic editor, who recovered damages. Mr. Crosswell called on his political friends to enable him to meet the pecuniary requirements of their service, and on their refusal to do so retired from editorial life, and a few months after entered the ministry of the Episcopal Church. He died at New Haven, March 13, 1858.

He commenced his poetical career in the columns of this journal with a number of sonnets and short poems, which were much admired and widely copied. At the end of the second year of their joint editorship Mr. Doane removed to Boston to become the rector of Trinity church, and Mr. Crosswell retired to devote himself exclusively to his studies.

In 1828 he was ordained deacon by Bishop Brownell of Connecticut. He has described the emotions of this solemn event in one of the most beautiful of his compositions:—

THE ORDINAL.

Alas, for me, could I forget
The memory of that day
Which fills my waking thoughts, nor yet
E'en sleep can take away;
In dreams I still renew the rites
Whose strong but mystic chain
The spirit to its God unites,
And none can part again.

How oft the Bishop's form I see,
And hear that thrilling tone
Demanding, with authority,
The heart for God alone!
Again I kneel as then I knelt,
While he above me stands,
And seem to feel as then I felt
The pressure of his hands.

Again the priests, in meek array,
As my weak spirit fails,
Beside me bend them down to pray
Before the chancel rails;
As then, the sacramental host
Of God's elect are by,
When many a voice its utterance lost,
And tears dimmed many an eye.

As then they on my vision rose,
The vaulted aisles I see,
And desk and cushioned book repose
In solemn sanctity;
The mitre o'er the marble niche,
The broken crook and key,
That from a Bishop's tomb shone rich
With polished tracery;

The hangings, the baptismal font,—
All, all, save me, unchanged,—
The holy table, as was wont,
With decency arranged;
The linen cloth, the plate, the cup
Beneath their covering shine,
Ere priestly hands are lifted up
To bless the bread and wine.

The solemn ceremonial past,
And I am set apart
To serve the Lord, from first to last,
With undivided heart.
And I have sworn, with pledges dire,
Which God and man have heard,
To speak the holy truth entire
In action and in word.

O Thou, who in Thy holy place
Hast set Thine orders three,
Grant me, Thy meanest servant, grace
To win a good degree;
That so, replenished from above,
And in my office tried,
Thou mayst be honored, and in love
Thy Church be edified.

In 1829 Mr. Croswell was admitted to the priesthood, and became rector of Christ church, an ancient edifice in the vicinity of Copp's Hill burial-ground, Boston. He continued his poetical contributions, which were almost exclusively on topics connected with church ordinances, or the duties and affections of Christian life. A portion of these were collected and appended by Bishop Doane to the first American edition of Keble's Christian Year.

In 1840 Mr. Croswell resigned the rectorship of Christ's, and accepted that of St. Peter's church, Auburn. He remained in this parish for four years, and during that period married, and became the father of a daughter.

In 1844 he returned to Boston to take the rectorship of a new parish, in process of formation by a number of Episcopalians and distinguished men of that city, among whom may be mentioned Mr. Richard H. Dana and his son, on the principle of a rigid adherence to the rubrics of the prayer-book in its worship, an enlarged system of parochial charity, and a provision by collections and subscriptions in the place of pew rents for the support of the rector, leaving the seats of the church free to all comers. An upper room was fitted up in an appropriate manner, and on the first Sunday in Advent, 1844, the new rector commenced the services of the parish, which, from this commencement, took the name of the Church of the Advent. Morning and evening prayer was henceforward continued every day of the year.

In conducting divine service, the rector, during the mutual acts of prayer and praise turned in the same direction with, instead of, as usual, facing the other worshippers, and preached in the surplice instead of changing it for a black gown. These practices gave great offence to the bishop of the diocese, Dr. Eastburn, who at the close of his first confirmation service in the church, expressed his disapprobation, coupled with a censure of a gilt cross placed over the communion table. This was followed in a few days by an official letter to the same effect addressed to the diocese by the bishop. Dr. Croswell, believing himself unjustly censured, responded in a letter, citing authorities from the primitive and subsequent ages of the church in defence of his plan. He also complained of the bishop for uncanonical conduct in publicly censuring a presbyter without giving the opportunity of defence by means of a trial. Both parties believing themselves in the right, no accommodation was made of the matter; the bishop refused to visit the church unless the practices he objected to were discontinued, and the parish held their course. In consequence of this, candidates for confirmation were obliged, accompanied by their rector, to resort to other churches to receive the rite. In spite of this unhappy difficulty the parish prospered. The rector was indefatigable in the discharge of the duties of charity, sallying forth at all hours and in all weathers to relieve the poor and needy, visit and comfort the sick and dying. During seasons of pestilence he remained in the city, continuing his church services as usual and redoubling his care of the sick, with the energy and devotion required by the crisis.

Such a career soon won its just meed of boundless honor and love from all who came within its

sphere. It was, however, destined to be as brief as beautiful.

Seven years had thus passed from his arrival at Boston to become rector of the Church of the Advent, and the upper room had been exchanged for an edifice purchased from a congregation of another denomination, possessing no architectural beauty, but spacious and commodious, when in the delivery of a sermon to the children of the congregation at the afternoon service of Sunday, November 9, 1851, the rector's voice was observed to falter. He brought his discourse to an abrupt close, and gave out the first stanza of the hymn—

Soldiers of Christ, arise

And put your armor on,

Strong in the strength which Christ supplies,

Through his eternal Son.

This he announced instead of the lxxxviii., as the clxxxviii., which contains the following stanza:—

Determined are the days that fly

Successive o'er thy head;

The numbered hour is on the wing

That lays thee with the dead.

The choir, however, following directions previously given, sang the former. At its conclusion he knelt in his ordinary place at the chancel-rail, and said from memory, his book having dropped from his hand, a collect. He then, still kneeling, in place of as usual standing and facing the congregation, delivered, in a faltering voice, the closing benediction. A portion of the auditory went to his assistance, and bore him helpless to the vestry-room and in a carriage to his home. He was conscious, but unable to speak distinctly, and uttered but a few words. Apprised by his physicians of his imminent danger he closed his eyes as if in slumber. His friend, the Rev. Dr. Eaton, was soon by his bedside, and finding him unable to speak, and apparently unconscious, took his hand, and offered the "commendatory prayer for a sick person at the point of departure," provided by the Book of Common-Prayer. "As the word, amen, was pronounced by the venerable priest, the last breath was perceived to pass, gently, quietly, and without a struggle."

The beautiful harmony of the death with the life of Dr. Croswell, combined with the respect felt for his talents and example, called forth many expressions of sympathy with his bereaved family and congregation. At his funeral his body was carried from his house to the church by eight of his parishioners, and accompanied by a committee of wardens and vestrymen to the cemetery at New Haven, where it was buried, in conformity with the wishes of the deceased, "deep in the ground." The affecting scene of the ninth of November is commemorated regularly on the annual recurrence of the day by an appropriate sermon.

In 1853 a biography of Dr. Croswell, by his father, was published in one octavo volume. It contains, in addition to selections from his correspondence, a collection of his poems, scattered through the narrative in the order in which they were written, and in connexion with the events by which they were, in some cases, occasioned. These poems were never collected by their author, and have not appeared in a separate collective form.

since his death. Notwithstanding that their religious as well as poetic beauty demand their issue in a cheap, popular form, we should almost regret their severance from the connexion in which a wise and loving parental hand has placed them. As we meet them in turning over the pages of the biography they seem to us like the beautiful carvings, the string-courses, corbels, pendants, brackets, niches, and tabernacle work of a Christian cathedral, adorning and strengthening the solid fabric, while placing the ornamental in due subordination to the useful.

Although Dr. Croswell's poems were almost exclusively on topics suggested by the memorial seasons and observances of hallowed Christian usage or devoted to friendship, he occasionally wrote in a playful vein. His New Year's verses in the *Argus* for 1842, "From the Desk of Poor Richard, Jr.," are a clever reproduction with improvements of his own of that sage's maxims.

Poor Richard knows full well distress
Is real, and no dream;
And yet life's bitterest ills have less
Of bitter than they seem.
Meet like a man thy coward pains,
And some, be sure, will flee;
Nor doubt the worst of what remains
Will blessings prove to thee.

In 1848 he was called upon to deliver a Commencement poem at Trinity College. The poem may be said, in the language of his biographer, "to be a metrical essay on the reverence due to sacred places and holy things, and an exhortation to the cultivation of such reverence, especially in the church and its academical institutions." He reverts to his *Alma Mater*, Yale, with this allusion to its patron Berkeley.

There first we gazed on the serene expanse
Of Berkeley's bright and heavenly countenance,
And could not but contrast it, in our sport,
With thy pinched visage, prick-eared Davenport;
Nor queried, as we turned to either face,
Which were the real genius of the place.
Taught, in a brother's words, to love in thee
"Earth's every virtue, wit in poetry;"
O Berkeley, as I read, with moistened eyes,
Of thy sublime but blasted enterprise,
Refusing, in thy pure, unselfish aim,
To sell to vulgar wealth a founder's fame,
But in thy fervor sacrificing all
To objects worthy of the name of Paul,—
What joy to see in our official line
A faith revived, identical with thine;
Pledged to fulfil the spirit of thy scheme,
And prove thy college no ideal dream.
And when, on yonder walls, we now survey
The man "whose grace chalked his successor's way,"
And study, Samuel, thy majestic head,
By Berkeley's son to heaven's anointing led,
And see the ways of Providence combine
The gentle bishop with the masculine,
We pray this noblest offspring of thy see
May honor Berkeley, nor dishonor thee.

In his ideal picture of a university, he pays a tribute to several living authors.

Thus in the morning, far from Babel's dust,
These August days might yet be days august,
And words of power the place might glorify,
Which willingly the world would not let die.

There Dana might, in happiest mood, rehearse
Some last great effort of his deathless verse;
Or Irving, like Arcadian, might beguile
The golden hours with his melodious style;
Or he who takes no second living rank
Among the classics of the Church—Verplanck;
Or he whose course "right onward" here begun,
Now sheds its brightness over Burlington,
(Where our young sons like noble saplings grow,
And daughters like the polished pillars show,)
And with the elder worthies, join the throng
Of young adventurers for the prize of song.

TO MY FATHER.

My father, I recall the dream
Of childish joy and wonder,
When thou wast young as I now seem,
Say, thirty-three, or under;
When on thy temples, as on mine,
Time just began to sprinkle
His first grey hairs, and traced the sign
Of many a coming wrinkle.

I recognise thy voice's tone
As to myself I'm talking;
And this firm tread, how like thine own,
In thought, the study walking!
As, musing, to and fro I pass,
A glance across my shoulder
Would bring thine image in the glass,
Were it a trifle older.

My father, proud am I to bear
Thy face, thy form, thy stature,
But happier far might I but share
More of thy better nature;
Thy patient progress after good,
All obstacles disdaining,
Thy courage, faith, and fortitude,
And spirit uncomplaining.

Then for the day that I was born
Well might I joy, and borrow
No longer of the coming morn
Its trouble or its sorrow;
Content I'd be to take my chance
In either world, possessing
For my complete inheritance
Thy virtues and thy blessing!

NATURE AND REVELATION.

I wandered by the burying-place,
And sorely there I wept,
To think how many of my friends
Within its mansions slept;
And, wrung with bitter grief, I cried
Aloud in my despair,
"Where, dear companions, have ye fled?"
And Echo answered, "Where?"

While Nature's voice thus flouted me,
A voice from heaven replied,
"O, weep not for the happy dead
Who in the Lord have died;
Sweet is their rest who sleep in Christ,
Though lost a while to thee;
Tread in their steps, and sweeter still
Your meeting hour shall be!"

THIS ALSO SHALL PASS AWAY.

When morning sunbeams round me shed
Their light and influence blest,
When flowery paths before me spread,
And life in smiles is drest;

In darkling lines that dim each ray
 I read, "This, too, shall pass away."
 When murky clouds o'erhang the sky,
 Far down the vale of years,
 And vainly looks the tearful eye,
 When not a hope appears,
 Lo, characters of glory play
 'Mid shades: "This, too, shall pass away."
 Bleat words, that temper pleasure's beam,
 And lighten sorrow's gloom,
 That early sadden youth's bright dream,
 And cheer the old man's tomb.
 Unto that world be ye my stay,
 That world which shall not pass away.

PSALM CXXXVII.

By the waters of Babel we sat down and wept,
 As we called our dear Zion to mind;
 And our harps that in joy we so often had swept
 Now sighed on the trees to the wind.
 Then they that had carried us captive away,
 In mockery challenged a song,
 And ringing out mirth from our sadness, would say,
 "Sing the strains that to Zion belong."

O, how shall we sing the ineffable song
 In a godless and barbarous land?
 If the minstrels of Salem could do her such wrong,
 Be palsied each cunning right hand.
 Let my tongue to the roof of my mouth ever cling,
 If aught else should its praises employ,
 Or if Salem's high glories it choose not to sing,
 Above all terrestrial joy.

Remember the children of Edom, O Lord,
 How they cried, in Jerusalem's woe,
 Her ramparts and battlements raze with the sword,
 Her temples and towers overthrow.

O daughter of Babel! thy ruin makes haste;
 And blessed be he who devours
 Thy children with famine and misery waste,
 As thou, in thy rapine, served ours.

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL HYMN.

The sparrow finds a house,
 The little bird a nest;
 Deep in thy dwelling, Lord, they come,
 And fold their young to rest.
 And shall we be afraid
 Our little ones to bring
 Within thine ancient altar's shade,
 And underneath thy wing?
 There guard them as thine eye,
 There keep them without spot,
 That when the spoiler passeth by
 Destruction touch them not.
 There nerve their souls with might,
 There nurse them with thy love,
 There plume them for their final flight
 To blessedness above.

HYMN FOR ADVENT.

While the darkness yet hovers,
 The harbinger star
 Peeps through and discovers
 The dawn from afar;
 To many an aching
 And watch-wearied eye,
 The dayspring is breaking
 Once more from on high.
 With lamps trimmed and burning
 The Church on her way

To meet thy returning,
 O bright King of day!
 Goes forth and rejoices,
 Exulting and free,
 And sends from all voices
 Hosannas to thee.

She casts off her sorrows,
 To rise and to shine
 With the lustre she borrows,
 O Saviour! from thine.
 Look down, for thine honor,
 O Lord! and increase
 In thy mercy upon her
 The blessing of peace.

Her children with trembling
 Await, but not fear,
 Till the time of assembling
 Before thee draws near;
 When, freed from all sadness,
 And sorrow, and pain,
 They shall meet thee in gladness
 And glory again.

DE PROFUNDIS.

"There may be a cloud without a rainbow, but there cannot
 be a rainbow without a cloud."

My soul was dark
 But for the golden light and rainbow hue,
 That, sweeping heaven with their triumphal arc
 Break on the view.

Enough to feel
 That God indeed is good. Enough to know,
 Without the gloomy cloud, he could reveal
 No bauteous bow.

TRAVELLER'S HYMN.

"In journeyings often,"

Lord! go with us, and we go
 Safely through the weariest length,
 Travelling, if thou wilt 't it so,
 In the greatness of thy strength;
 Through the day and through the dark,
 O'er the land, and o'er the sea,
 Speed the wheel, and steer the bark,
 Bring us where we feign would be.

In the self-controlling car,
 'Mid the engine's iron din,
 Waging elemental war,
 Flood without, and flood within,
 Through the day, and through the dark,
 O'er the land, and o'er the sea,
 Speed the wheel, and steer the bark,
 Bring us where we fain would be.

HORACE BUSHNELL.

This eminent thinker and divine is a native of Connecticut, born about the year 1804, in New Preston, in the town of Washington, Litchfield county. He was, as a boy, employed in a fulling-mill in his native village. He became a graduate of Yale in 1827. After this he was engaged for a while as a literary editor of the *Journal of Commerce*, at New York. He was, from 1829 to 1831, a tutor in Yale College; and, at this time, applied himself to the study of law, and afterwards of theology. In May, 1833, he was called to his present post of ministerial duty, as pastor of the North Congregational Church, in Hartford. He early became a contributor to the

higher religious periodicals. In 1837, he delivered the Phi Beta Kappa oration at New Haven, *On the Principles of National Greatness*. His series of theological publications commenced in 1847, with his volume, *Views of Christian Nurture, and of Subjects adjacent thereto*. In this he presents his views of the spiritual economy of revivals, in which he marks out the philosophical limitations to a system which had been carried to excess. The "Organic Unity of the Family" is another chapter of this work, which shows the

Horace Bushnell

author's happy method of surrounding and penetrating a subject. This was followed, in 1849, by his book entitled *God in Christ—Three Discourses, delivered at New Haven, Cambridge, and Andover, with a Preliminary Dissertation on Language*. The view of the doctrine of the Trinity set forth in this book, met with discussion on all sides, and much opposition from some of the author's Congregational brethren, and was the means of bringing him before the Ministerial Association, with which he is connected. The argument was a metaphysical one, and pursued by Dr. Bushnell with his customary acumen. The main points of defence were presented to the public in 1851, in a new volume, *Christ in Theology; being the Answer of the Author before the Hartford Central Association of Ministers, October, 1849, for the Doctrines of the Book entitled God in Christ*. As an indication of the material with which Dr. Bushnell has to deal in these discourses, the enumeration of the elements of theological opinion may be cited from the Preface to this volume. "To see brought up," he writes, "in distinct array before us the multitudes of leaders and schools, and theologic wars of only the century past,—the Supralapsarians and Sublapsarians; the Arminianizers and the true Calvinists; the Pelagians and Augustinians; the Tasters and the Exercisers; Exercisers by Divine Efficiency and by Human Self-Efficiency; the love-to-being-in-general virtue, the willing-to-be-damned virtue, and the love-to-one's-greatest-happiness virtue; no ability, all ability, and moral and natural ability distinguished; disciples by the new-creating act of Omnipotence, and by change of the governing purpose; atonement by punishment and by expression; limited and general; by imputation and without imputation; Trinitarians of a three-fold distinction, of three psychologic persons, or of three sets of attributes; under a unity of oneness, or of necessary agreement, or of society and deliberative council;—nothing, I think, would more certainly disenchant us of our confidence in systematic orthodoxy and the possibility, in human language, of an exact theologic science, than an exposition so practical and serious, and withal so indisputably mournful, so mournfully indisputable." The remaining theological writings of Dr. Bush-

nell are included in his contributions to the *Reviews*.*

In another department of composition, that of the philosophical essay, mingling subtle and refined speculation with the affairs of every-day life, he has achieved distinguished success, in a manner peculiarly his own. With this class of his writings may be included a review of Brigham's *Influence of Religion on Health in the Christian Spectator* (viii. 51); an article on Taste and Fashion, in the *New Englander*, 1843; a Discourse before the Alumni of Yale College, 1843, on *The Moral Tendencies and Results of Human History*; an address before the Hartford County Agricultural Society, 1846; *Work and Play*, an oration before the Phi Beta Kappa, at Cambridge, 1848; and several special sermons, which have been printed, entitled *Unconscious Influence; the Day of Roads*—tracing the progress of civilization by the great national highways; a similar discourse, *The Northern Iron; Barbarism the First Danger*, in allusion to emigration; *Religious Music; and Politics under the Law of God*. In 1849, Dr. Bushnell pronounced an oration, *The Fathers of New England*, before the New England Society of New York; and, in 1851, *Speech for Connecticut, being an Historical Estimate of the State, delivered before, and printed by, the Legislature*.

“LAY, A LIFE OF FREEDOM.”

Thus it is that work prepares the state of play. Passing over now to this latter, observe the intense longing of the race for some such higher and freer state of being. They call it by no name. Probably most of them have but dimly conceived what they are after. The more evident will it be that they are after this, when we find them covering over the whole ground of life, and filling up the contents of history, with their counterfeits or misconceived attempts. If the hidden fire is seen bursting up on every side, to vent itself in flame, we may certainly know that the ground is full.

Let it not surprise you, if I name, as a first illustration here, the general devotion of our race to money. This passion for money is allowed to be a sordid passion,—one that is rankest in the least generous and most selfish of mankind; and yet a conviction has always been felt, that it must have its heat in the most central fires and divinest affinities of our nature. Thus, the poet calls it the *auri sacra fames*,—*sacra*, as being a curse, and that in the divine life of the race. Childhood being passed, and the play-fund of motion so far spent that running on foot no longer appears to be the joy it was, the older child, now called a man, fancies that it will make him happy to ride! Or he imagines, which is much the same, some loftier state of being,—call it rest, retirement, competence, independence,—no matter by what name, only be it a condition of use, ease, liberty, and pure enjoyment. And so we find the whole race at work to get rid of work; drudging themselves to-day, in the hope of play to-morrow. This is that *sacra fames*, which, miscon-

* Articles: Review of "The Errors of the Times," a charge by the Rt. Rev. T. C. Brownell, Bishop of the Diocese of Connecticut: *New Englander*, vol. ii. 1844. Evangelical Alliance: *Ib.* v. 1847. Christian Comprehensiveness: *Ib.* vi. 1848. The Christian Trinity, a Practical Truth: *Ib.* xii. 1854.

In 1847, Dr. Bushnell addressed a "Letter to the Pope," which was printed in London.

† From the Phi Beta Kappa Oration, 1848.

ceiving its own unutterable longings after spiritual play, proposes to itself the dull felicity of cessation, and drives the world to madness in pursuit of a counterfeit, which it is work to obtain, work also to keep, and yet harder work oftentimes to enjoy.

Here, too, is the secret of that profound passion for the drama, which has been so conspicuous in the cultivated nations. We love to see life in its feeling and activity, separated from its labors and historic results. Could we see all human changes transpire poetically or creatively, that is, in play, letting our soul play with them as they pass, then it were only poetry to live. Then to admire, love, laugh,—then to abhor, pity, weep,—all were alike grateful to us; for the view of suffering separated from all reality, save what it has to feeling, only yields a painful joy, which is the deeper joy because of the pain. Hence the written drama, offering to view in its impersonations a life one side of life, a life in which all the actings appear without the ends and simply as in play, becomes to the cultivated reader a spring of the intensest and most captivating spiritual incitement. He beholds the creative genius of a man playing out impersonated groups and societies of men, clothing each with life, passion, individuality, and character, by the fertile activity of his own inspired feeling. Meantime the writer himself is hidden, and cannot even suggest his existence. Hence egotism, which also is a form of work, the dullest, most insipid, least inspiring of all human demonstrations, is nowhere allowed to obtrude itself. As a reader, too, he has no ends to think of or to fear,—nothing to do, but to play the characters into his feeling as creatures existing for his sake. In this view, the drama, as a product of genius, is, within a certain narrow limit, the realization of play.

But far less effectively, or more faintly, when it is acted. Then the counterfeit, as it is more remote, is more feeble. In the reading we invent our own sceneries, clothe into form and expression each one of the characters, and play out our own liberty in them as freely, and sometimes as divinely, as they. Whatever reader, therefore, has a soul of true life and fire within him, finds all expectation balked, when he becomes an auditor and spectator. The scenery is tawdry and flat, the characters, definitely measured, have lost their infinity, so to speak, and thus their freedom, and what before was play descends to nothing better or more inspired than work. It is called going to the play, but it should rather be called going to the work, that is, to see a play worked, (yes, an *opera*! that is it!)—men and women inspired through their memory, and acting their inspirations by rote, panting into love, pumping at the fountains of grief, whipping out the passions into fury, and dying to fulfil the contract of the evening, by a forced holding of the breath. And yet this feeble counterfeit of play, which some of us would call only “very tragical mirth,” has a power to the multitude. They are moved, thrilled it may be, with a strange delight. It is as if a something in their nature, higher than they themselves know, were quickened into power,—namely, that divine instinct of play, in which the summit of our nature is most clearly revealed.

In like manner, the passion of our race for war, and the eager admiration yielded to warlike exploits, are resolvable principally into the same fundamental cause. Mere ends and uses do not satisfy us. We must get above prudence and economy, into something that partakes of inspiration, be the cost what it may. Hence war, another and yet more magnificent counterfeit of play. Thus there is a great and lofty virtue that we call

courage (*cour-age*), taking our name from the heart. It is the greatness of a great heart, the repose and confidence of a man whose soul is rested in truth and principle. Such a man has no ends ulterior to his duty,—duty itself is his end. He is in it therefore as in play, lives it as an inspiration. Lifted thus out of mere prudence and contrivance, he is also lifted above fear. Life to him is the outgoing of his great heart (*heart-age*), action from the heart. And because he now can die, without being shaken or perturbed by any of the dastardly feelings that belong to self-seeking and work, because he partakes of the impossibility of his principles, we call him a hero, regarding him as a kind of god, a man who has gone up into the sphere of the divine.

Then, since courage is a joy so high, a virtue of so great majesty, what could happen but that many will covet both the internal exaltation and the outward repute of it? Thus comes bravery, which is the counterfeit, or mock virtue. Courage is of the heart, as we have said; bravery is of the will. One is the spontaneous joy and repose of a truly great soul; the other, bravery, is after an end ulterior to itself, and, in that view, is but a form of work,—about the hardest work, too, I fancy, that some men undertake. What can be harder, in fact, than to act a great heart, when one has nothing but a will wherewith to do it?

Thus you will see that courage is above danger, bravery in it, doing battle on a level with it. One is secure and tranquil, the other suppresses agitation or conceals it. A right mind fortifies one, shame stimulates the other. Faith is the nerve of one, risk the plague and tremor of the other. For if I may tell you just here a very important secret, there be many that are called heroes who are yet without courage. They brave danger by their will, when their heart trembles. They make up in violence what they want in tranquillity, and drown the tumult of their fears in the rage of their passions. Enter the heart and you shall find, too often, a dastard spirit lurking in your hero. Call him still a brave man, if you will, only remember that he lacks courage.

No, the true hero is the great, wise man of duty,—he whose soul is armed by truth and supported by the smile of God,—he who meets life's perils with a cautious but tranquil spirit, gathers strength by facing its storms, and dies, if he is called to die, as a Christian victor at the post of duty. And if we must have heroes, and wars wherein to make them, there is no so brilliant war as a war with wrong, no hero so fit to be sung as he who has gained the bloodless victory of truth and mercy.

But if bravery be not the same as courage, still it is a very imposing and plausible counterfeit. The man himself is told, after the occasion is past, how heroically he bore himself, and when once his nerves have become tranquilized, he begins even to believe it. And since we cannot stay content in the dull, uninspired world of economy and work, we are as ready to see a hero as he to be one. Nay, we must have our heroes, as I just said, and we are ready to harness ourselves, by the million, to any man who will let us fight him out the name. Thus we find out occasions for war,—wrongs to be redressed, revenges to be taken, such as we may feign inspiration and play the great heart under. We collect armies, and dress up leaders in gold and high colors, meaning, by the brave look, to inspire some notion of a hero beforehand. Then we set the men in phalanxes and squadrons, where the personality itself is taken away, and a vast impersonal person called an army, a magnanimous and brave monster, is all that remains. The masses of fierce

color, the glitter of steel, the dancing plumes, the waving flags, the deep throb of the music lifting every foot,—under these the living acres of men, possessed by the one thought of playing brave to-day, are rolled on to battle. Thunder, fire, dust, blood, groans,—what of these?—nobody thinks of these, for nobody dares to think till the day is over, and then the world rejoices to behold a new batch of heroes!

And this is the devil's play, that we call war. We have had it going on ever since the old geologic era was finished. We are sick enough of the matter of it. We understand well enough that it is not good economy. But we cannot live on work. We must have courage, inspiration, greatness, play. Even the moral of our nature, that which is to weave us into social union with our kind before God, is itself thirsting after play; and if we cannot have it in good, why then let us have it in as good as we can. It is at least some comfort, that we do not mean quite as badly in these wars as some men say. We are not in love with murder, we are not simple tigers in feeling, and some of us come out of battle with kind and gentle qualities left. We only must have our play.

Note also this, that, since the metaphysics of fighting have been investigated, we have learned to make much of what we call the *moral* of the army; by which we mean the feeling that wants to play brave. Only it is a little sad to remember that this same moral, as it is called, is the true, eternal, moral nature of the man thus terribly perverted,—that which was designed to link him to his God and his kind, and ought to be the spring of his immortal inspirations.

There has been much of speculation among the learned concerning the origin of chivalry; nor has it always been clear to what human elements this singular institution is to be referred. But when we look on man, not as a creature of mere understanding and reason, but as a creature also of play, essentially a poet in that which constitutes his higher life, we seem to have a solution of the origin of chivalry, which is sufficient, whether it be true or not. In the forswearing of labor, in the brave adventures of a life in arms, in the intense ideal devotion to woman as her protector and avenger, in the self-renouncing and almost self-oblivious worship of honor,—what do we see in these but the mock moral doings of a creature who is to escape self-love and the service of ends in a free, spontaneous life of goodness,—in whom courage, delicacy, honor, disinterested deeds, are themselves to be the inspiration, as they are the end, of his being?

I might also show, passing into the sphere of religion, how legal obedience, which is work, always descends into superstition, and thus that religion must, in its very nature and life, be a form of play,—a worship offered, a devotion paid, not for some ulterior end, but as being its own end and joy. I might also show, in the same manner, that all the enthusiastic, fanatical, and properly quietistic modes of religion are as many distinct counterfeits, and, in that manner, illustrations of my subject. But this you will see at a glance, without illustration. Only observe how vast a field our illustrations cover. In the infatuated zeal of our race for the acquisition of money, in the drama, in war, in chivalry, in perverted religion,—in all these forms, covering almost the whole ground of humanity with counterfeits of play, that are themselves the deepest movements of the race, I show you the boundless sweep of this divine instinct, and how surely we may know that the perfected state of man is a state of beauty, truth, and love, where life is its own end and joy.

In 1858, Dr. Bushnell published *Sermons for the New Life* (12mo, pp. 456), a series of twenty-three discourses, dedicated to his "dear flock in Hartford," marked by the spirituality, elevated views, ingenious illustration and fervent eloquence which characterize all his productions of this class, and his writings generally. The same year he published *Nature and the Supernatural, as together Constituting the one System of God* (12mo, pp. 528), a theological treatise "undertaken mainly to establish the credibility and historic fact of what is supernatural in the Christian Gospels;" a subject pursued with the author's accustomed acumen and originality of treatment. In 1860, appeared *Christian Nurture* (12mo, pp. 407), an enlargement and development of a brief work previously issued by him under this title, and now extended by the introduction of thirteen new essays or discourses, arranged under the two-fold heads of "The Doctrine" and "The Mode," or the theory and practice of Christianity, the latter with especial relation to the family. In 1864, he collected a number of essays and addresses, under the title of the first of the series, *Work and Play, or Literary Varieties* (12mo, pp. 464). Several of these are of an historical character, as the "Historical Estimate" of Connecticut—a speech delivered before the Legislature of that State, at the inauguration of a Normal School in 1851, and others of much ingenuity of illustration on social affairs, as "The Age of Homespun," "The Day of Roads," &c. This is one of the most popular in subject of the author's books, being of a purely literary and philosophical character. The same year he published *Christ and his Salvation, in Sermons variously related thereto* (12mo, pp. 456), a series of twenty-one discourses. In 1865 appeared a new theological work, *The Vicarious Sacrifice, Grounded on Principles of Universal Obligation*.

**Dr. Bushnell (who resigned his pastorate some years since), has published three later works: *Moral Uses of Dark Things*, 1868; *Women's Suffrage, or Reform Against Nature*, 1869, which agitation he characterizes as "an attempt to make trumpets out of flutes, and sun-flowers out of violets;" and *Sermons on Living Subjects*, 1872. In the former book, the domain of natural theology is sought to be enlarged from the merely physical to the moral uses "of all the contrivances to be looked for in God's works." Yet the author has chosen to cast his views—to quote his own words—"in a manner as neglectful of system as possible," that they may be read with the varying moods of the mind. This delicate task has been conducted with skill and thoughtful labor, unfolding the deeper meanings of night and sleep, of want and waste, of bad government, of oblivion or dead history, of physical pain, of winter, of plague and pestilence, of insanity, of the mutabilities of life, etc.

**THE AGE OF HOMESPUN—FROM WORK AND PLAY.

. . . I have spoken of the great advance in human society, indicated by a transition from a dress of skins to that of cloth—an advance of so great a dignity, that spinning and weaving were looked

upon as a kind of fine art, or polite accomplishment. Another advance, and one that is equally remarkable, is indicated by the transition from a dress of homespun to a dress of factory cloth, produced by machinery and obtained by the exchanges of commerce, at home or abroad. This transition we are now making, or rather, I should say, it is already so far made that the very terms, "*domestic manufacture*," have quite lost their meaning; being applied to that which is neither domestic, as being made in the house, nor manufacture, as being made by the hands.

This transition from mother and daughter power to water and steam power is a great one, greater by far than many have as yet begun to conceive—one that is to carry with it a complete revolution of domestic life and social manners. If, in this transition, there is something to regret, there is more, I trust, to desire. If it carries away the old simplicity, it must also open higher possibilities of culture and social ornament. The principal danger is, that, in removing the rough necessities of the homespun age, it may take away also the severe virtues and the homely but deep and true piety by which, in their blessed fruits, as we are all here testifying, that age is so honorably distinguished. Be the issue what it may, good or bad, hopeful or unhopeful, it has come; it is already a fact, and the consequences must follow.

If our sons and daughters should assemble a hundred years hence, to hold another celebration like this, they will scarcely be able to imagine the Arcadian pictures now so fresh in the memories of many of us, though to the younger part already matters of hearsay, more than of personal knowledge or remembrance. Everything that was most distinctive of the old homespun mode of life will then have passed away. The spinning-wheels of wool and flax, that used to buzz so familiarly in the childish ears of some of us, will be heard no more forever; seen no more, in fact, save in the halls of the Antiquarian Societies, where the delicate daughters will be asking, what these strange machines are, and how they were made to go? The huge, hewn-timber looms, that used to occupy a room by themselves in the farm-houses, will be gone, cut up for cord-wood, and their heavy thwack, beating up the woof, will be heard no more by the passer-by—not even the Antiquarian Halls will find room to harbor a specimen. The long strips of linen, bleaching on the grass, attended by a sturdy maiden, sprinkling them, each hour, from her water-can, under a broiling sun—thus to prepare the Sunday linen for her brothers and her own wedding outfit, will have disappeared, save as they return to fill a picture in some novel or ballad of the old time. The tables will be spread with some cunning, water-power Silesia not yet invented, or perchance with some meaner fabric from the cotton mills. The heavy Sunday coats that grew on sheep individually remembered—more comfortably carried, in warm weather, on the arm—and the specially fine-striped blue and white pantaloons of linen just from the loom, will no longer be conspicuous in processions of footmen going to their homespun worship, but will have given place to processions of broadcloth gentlemen lolling in the upholstery of their coaches, able to worship, it may be, in a more cultivated figure, but not with a finer sincerity. The churches, too, that used to be simple brown meeting-houses covered with rived clapboards of oak, will have come down, from the bleak hill-tops into the close villages and populous towns that crowd

the waterfalls and the railroads; and the old burial-places, where the fathers sleep, will be left to their lonely altitude—token shall we say, of an age that lived as much nearer to heaven, and as much less under the world. The change will be complete. Would that we might raise some worthy monument to a social state, then to be passed by, worthy, in all future time, to be held in the dearest reverence.

It may have seemed extravagant or fantastic, to some of you, that I should think to give a character of the century now past, under the one article of homespun. It certainly is not the only, or in itself the chief article of distinction; and yet we shall find it to be a distinction that runs through all others, and gives a color to the whole economy of life and character, in the times of which we speak.

**** OBLIVION, OR DEAD HISTORY—FROM MORAL USES OF DARK THINGS.**

If there be any thing worth living for, in the case of a man or a people, most of us would be ready, by a kind of natural inference, to conclude that there must be so much that is worth being remembered. In this inference, too, we are helped by the filial reverence that binds us to the men or ages that have gone before us, and by the almost invincible instinct of historic curiosity itself; allowing us never to rest without knowing something of the strange world-field behind us, and the seeds out of which we have come. We have it also as a maxim, that we differ as men from the brutes, chiefly in our capacity to profit by example, and we even go so far in this matter, as to think that we make out real philosophies of history. And yet of all that we call history—that is, human history—the greater part is dead, utterly gone out and lost. The rocks of the world have registered the story of creatures far inferior. Even the birds have printed their tracks, and the rain-drops spattered their marks on the pages of the register; but of man's great history, so much later begun, and so much deeper in its meaning, only the dimmest and most scanty vestiges remain, to represent whole thousands of years. What thoughts wrestled in those dim centuries; what songs were sung; what structures reared; what names figured; what peoples tramped across the fields of time in their marches and wars—all these are gulfed in oblivion, and practically to us are not. Descending to what are nominally called first eras, we begin to gather up traditions, and vestiges, and scanty and dry records, that have a certain historic look, but not much of history. And the history is scarcely more real when we come to the times of definite and formal narrative; only a few forward names and events, and figures, are put moving as shadows in the story, but what the vast populations have been doing, what they have felt, and been, is dead; not only not recited in the past tense of grammar, but having no longer any tense at all. Not even the recent past is preserved accurately enough to be really known. Who ever fails to note the misconceptions, or only half conceptions of a written story, having lived in the time, and been a part of the transaction, himself? And how many that read this article, after all they may have heard of their own grandfather and the facts and incidents of his life, will be able to feel that they truly possess the man. Probably there is a kind of mythic air in so many stories and traditions, such as seem to be shadows

only of his life and person—nothing more, and scarcely so much as that.

Now it will be obvious to any one at a glance, that God has not made any such thing as a complete remembrance of past ages possible. He writes oblivion against all but a few names and things, and empties the world to give freer space for what is to come. No tongue could recite the whole vast story if it were known, the world could not contain the books if it were written, and no mind reading the story could give it possible harbor. Besides, there are things in the past which no tradition can accurately carry and no words represent. Who that will untwist the subtle motives of action can do it far enough to make out any thing better than a tolerable fiction! Who can paint a great soul's passion as that passion, looked upon, painted itself? To come down to things more humble, yet by no means less significant, by what words can any one find how to set forth a gait or a voice? And yet, if I could simply see the back of Cato jogging out a-field, or hear one sentence spoken by Cæsar's voice, it really seems to me I should get a better knowledge of either, from that single token, than I have gotten yet from all other sources. So very important are words to reproduce, or keep in impression the facts and men of history. We have a way of speaking, in which we congratulate ourselves on the score of a distinction between what are called the unhistoric and historic ages. The unhistoric, we fancy, make no history, because they have no written language. But having such a gift, with paper to receive the record of it, and types to multiply that record, and libraries to keep it, and, back of all, a body of learned scribes, who are skilled in writing history as one of the elegant arts, we conclude that now the historic age has come. We do not perceive, that, in just this manner, we are going to overwrite history, and write so much of it that we shall have really none. If we had the whole world's history written out in such detail of art, we could not even now make anything of it—the historic shelf of our library would girdle the world. What, then, will our written history be to us, after it has gotten fifty millions of years into its record? for we must not forget that the age we live in is but the world's early morning. Calling it the historic age, then, what are we doing in it but writing in oblivion, as the unhistoric age took it without writing at all?

By a simple glance in this direction, we perceive that God, for some reason, scrutable or inscrutable, has determined to let large tracts of past events be always passing into oblivion; and though it disappoints, to a certain extent, that filial instinct which unites us to the past, and puts us on the search to find, if possible, who are gone before us and what they have done, I think we shall discover uses enough, and those which are sufficiently beneficent, to comfort us in the loss.

And, first of all, it will be seen that we do not lose our benefit in the past ages, because we lose the remembrance of their acts and persons. Do the vegetable growths repine or sicken because they can not remember the growths of the previous centuries? Is it not enough that the very soil that feeds them is fertilized by the waste of so many generations moldering in it? The principal and best fruits of the past ages come down to us, even when their names do not. If they wrought out great inventions, these will live with-

out a history. If they unfolded great principles of society and duty, great principles do not die. If they brought their nation forward into power and a better civilization, the advances made are none the less real that their authors are forgotten. Their family spirit passed into their family, and passes down with it. Their manners and maxims and ideas flavored their children; then, after them, their children's children; and so more truly live, than they would in a book. About every thing valuable in a good and great past is garnered in oblivion; not to be lost, but to be kept and made fruitful. For it is not true that we have our advantage in the past ages mainly in what we draw from their example, or gather from the mistakes of their experience. We have our benefit in what they transmit, not in what we go after and seek to copy. And passing into causes, they transmit about every thing they are; and, to a great extent, their corrections for what they are not; producing emendations probably in us, that are better than they could find how to make in themselves.

But we do not really strike the stern moral key of Providence in this general sentence of oblivion passed upon the race, till we make full account of the fact that the major part of our human history is bad in the matter of it. This, to some, will seem uncharitable, or unduly severe; but if they feel it necessary to be offended, they have only to run over the general bill of written history, and see what makes the staple matter of the record, to perceive how faithfully the stricture holds. Very few good men, and very few really great deeds figure in the record. Great wrongs, oppressions, usurpations, enmities, desolations of unholy war, persecutions of righteousness and truth, are the chief headings of the chapters. The eminent characters are, for the most part, eminently bad, or even abominably wicked. And when the staple matter of the story is less revolting, it is generally not because there is a better mind or motive, but only because an immense cloak of hypocrisy is habitually drawn over actions, to make them less disgusting, and more decent-looking than they really are. Nothing prodigiously bad is done by many, simply because of the mean, dastardly, selfish spirit which dares not heartily do, the evil it thinks. In this view, as I conceive, the major part of man's history is bad—better, therefore, to be forgotten than to be remembered; pitch it down under all-merciful oblivion, and let both sight and smell of it be gone forever. We want a clean atmosphere, and there is no way to give it, but to let the reeking filth and poison pass off. Even if we did not copy so many bad things cramming our memory, it would cost us incredible damage simply to be meeting and taking the look, every moment, of these bad images, whether we copy them or not. We could not be familiar with such types of evil, without being fouled by them, and, therefore, God has mercifully ordained a limbo into which they may be gathered and sunk out of sight. Who could be less than a reprobate, having all the monster villainies of the past ages crowded into his memory, and compelling him to have their touch upon his feeling day and night? But as God has ordered the world, he is all the while making it morally habitable, by successive purgations. He permits us to breathe safely, in permitting us to know almost nothing of the bad past. And the institution of written history does not very much vary our condition. Who of us does not remember

instances of very bad and very brilliant men, who were the common talk of their times, but are now less and less frequently mentioned, and will shortly be quite forgot? Good men are not so easily forgotten; partly because they are more rare; partly because they take hold of respect, which is firmer and more fixed than memory; and partly because their good is closer to the principle of immortality, imbibing life therefrom. Hence they stay longer, lingering as benignant stars in the sky, while the bad and wicked are mercifully doomed to make blank spaces, for them, and contribute what of benefit they can by their absence. "The name of the wicked shall rot"—this is their gospel; which, if it be wholly negative, is so far grandly salutary.

Consider, also, in this connection, how certainly we create a better past, when the real and frequently bad past dies, or is lost. And for this very purpose it would seem that God has set every thing sliding away into oblivion. He means it for our moral benefit; so that when the actual past is faded away, we may retouch it, or create another, by an idealizing process of our own. We know that other generations have lived before us, and also that we had ancestors, and though we hunt after traditions, and keep family registers, we really know very little more. But we think we know, because we imagine; for our busy imagination begins half unwittingly to fill up our blank spaces with paternities and maternities, and, in fact, with whole populations and ages, such as we can think ideally, and probably a great deal better than the real fatherhoods and motherhoods whose places they occupy. So we get rid of a bad past by oblivion, and set up a good, or at least better one, for ourselves; such as will not harm us to think of, or shame us to remember. And this imaginary fatherhood and people of the past—what reverence do we pay them, in which reverence to be profoundly profited and blessed? What better can a great and worthy filial feeling do than to create and sanctify a great and worthy past? and then, when it is so created and sanctified, what will it more certainly do than to make itself more filial in return, and morally better every way? We do not commonly state the matter in this form. We know the very names of our grandfather and grandmother, and likewise, it may be, even of theirs. So we think we have them, in merely having their names. Doubtless, it is something to have their names, because we may so easily put our own feeling and desire into them; and if we have beside some few scant vestiges of knowledge, these also are dear; but more commonly the names and vestiges we body into men and women have little body, or meaning, or merit, to attract our reverence or support our praise, save as we ourselves give it. And, in just this manner, we have it as one of our delightful occupations to be creating our own grandfathers and grandmothers; and, in fact, the general past we seek to revere. And it is a most excellent opportunity; for these ideal men and women are wholesome to think of, and the more we honor them the more they do for us.

In this manner we get the advantages of a tolerably good world behind us—just such a world as we certainly could not have, but for that ordinance of supreme oblivion that makes room for it. It is a very great thing for us morally that we shape so many ideals, for we escape, in doing it, the awfully foul tyranny of facts; and our ideals are just as much more real than the facts, as they

are better and closer to the wants of character. Therefore doubtless it is, that so great liberty is given us in the creating of our own past. We escape thus into another and generally better realm, where the air is more free and the attractions more pure. We have ideal personages with us, and, what signifies much for us, they are at least as good as we most naturally try to think. And they have the greater power and value to us, that they seem to loom up into quality and magnitude out of the unknown, whence we ourselves have evoked them. We see them fringed about with mystery thus, calling them "reverend fathers of mankind." "Whatever is unknown," says the proverb, "we take for something great." Oblivion itself is a great magnifier, raising the names we idealize and idolize into sublimity, by the haze of unknown merit through which it permits us to see them. And the gods of the mythologies appear to have been created largely, thus, out of the unknown reverend fathers idealized—only their sanctities were rubbed off shortly, or defiled, by the gross actualities of practical use.

GEORGE DENISON PRENTICE,

THE editor of the Louisville Journal, was a native of Connecticut, born at Preston, New London county, December 18, 1802. He was educated at Brown University, studied law but did not engage in the profession, preferring the pursuits of editorial life. In 1828 he commenced the *New England Weekly Review* at Hartford, a well conducted and well supported journal of a literary character, which he carried on for two years, when, resigning its management to Mr. Whittier, he removed to the West, established himself in Kentucky at Louisville, and shortly became editor of the "Journal," a daily paper in that city. In his hands it has become one of the most widely known and esteemed newspapers in the country; distinguished by its fidelity to Whig politics, and its earnest, able editorials, no less than by the lighter skirmishing of wit and satire. The "Prenticeana" of the editor are famous.*

The Louisville Journal has always been a supporter of the cause of education and of the literary interest in the West. It has hence become, in accordance with the known tastes of the editor, a favorite avenue of young poets to the public. Several of the most successful lady writers of the West have first become known through their contributions to the "Journal."

Mr. Prentice's own poetical writings are numerous. Many of them first appeared in the author's "Review" at Hartford. A number have been collected by Mr. Everest in the "Poets of Connecticut." They are in a serious vein, chiefly expressions of sentiment and the domestic affections.

**Mr. Prentice died at Louisville, January 22, 1870. His poems were never collected into a volume. In his latter years, he parted with the ownership of the "Journal," and became merely a writer upon it. He also contributed to *Harpers Magazine*, and for years furnished a weekly column of wit and wisdom to the *New York Ledger*.

*Prenticeana, or Wit and Humor in Paragraphs, was published in 1860. The edition of 1870 contained a biographical sketch of the Author, by G. W. Griffin. A Memorial Address was also written by H. Watterston, 1870.

THE FLIGHT OF YEARS.

Gone! gone for ever!—like a rushing wave
 Another year has burst upon the shore
 Of earthly being—and its last low tones,
 Wandering in broken accents on the air,
 Are dying to an echo.

The gay Spring,
 With its young charms, has gone—gone with its
 leaves—
 Its atmosphere of roses—its white clouds
 Slumbering like seraphs in the air—its birds
 Telling their loves in music—and its streams
 Leaping and shouting from the up-piled rocks
 To make earth echo with the joy of waves.
 And Summer, with its dews and showers, has gone—
 Its rainbows glowing on the distant cloud
 Like Spirits of the Storm—its peaceful lakes
 Smiling in their sweet sleep, as if their dreams
 Were of the opening flowers and budding trees
 And overhanging sky—and its bright mists
 Resting upon the mountain-tops, as crowns
 Upon the heads of giants. Autumn too
 Has gone, with all its deeper glories—gone
 With its green hills like altars of the world
 Lifting their rich fruit-offerings to their God—
 Its cool winds straying 'mid the forest aisles
 To wake their thousand wind-harps—its serene
 And holy sunsets hanging o'er the West
 Like banners from the battlements of Heaven—
 And its still evenings, when the moonlit sea
 Was ever throbbing, like the living heart
 Of the great Universe. Ay—these are now
 But sounds and visions of the past—their deep,
 Wild beauty has departed from the Earth,
 And they are gathered to the embrace of Death,
 Their solemn herald to Eternity.

Nor have they gone alone. High human hearts
 Of Passion have gone with them. The fresh dust
 Is chafed on many a breast, that burned erewhile
 With fires that seemed immortal. Joys, that leaped
 Like angels from the heart, and wandered free
 In life's young morn to look upon the flowers,
 The poetry of nature, and to list
 The woven sounds of breeze, and bird, and stream,
 Upon the night-air, have been stricken down
 In silence to the dust. Exultant Hope,
 That roved for ever on the buoyant winds
 Like the bright, starry bird of Paradise,
 And charmed to the ever-listening heart
 In the wild music of a thousand tongues,
 Or soared into the open sky, until
 Night's burning gems seemed jewelled on her brow,
 Has shut her drooping wing, and made her home
 Within the voiceless sepulchre. And Love,
 That knelt at Passion's holiest shrine, and gazed
 On his heart's idol as on some sweet star,
 Whose purity and distance make it dear,
 And dreamed of ecstasies, until his soul
 Seemed but a lyre, that wakened in the glance
 Of the beloved one—he too has gone
 To his eternal resting-place. And where
 Is stern Ambition—he who madly grasped
 At Glory's fleeting phantom—he who sought
 His fame upon the battle-field, and longed
 To make his throne a pyramid of bones
 Amid a sea of blood? He too has gone!
 His stormy voice is mute—his mighty arm
 Is nerveless on its clod—his very name
 Is but a meteor of the night of years
 Whose gleams flashed out a moment o'er the Earth,
 And faded into nothingness. The dream
 Of high devotion—beauty's bright array—
 And life's deep idol memories—all have passed

Like the cloud-shadows on a starlight stream,
 Or a soft strain of music, when the winds
 Are slumbering on the billow.

Yet, why muse
 Upon the past with sorrow? Though the year
 Has gone to blend with the mysterious tide
 Of old Eternity, and borne along
 Upon its heaving breast a thousand wrecks
 Of glory and of beauty—yet, why mourn
 That such is destiny? Another year
 Succeedeth to the past—in their bright round
 The seasons come and go—the same blue arch,
 That hath hung o'er us, will hang o'er us yet—
 The same pure stars that we have loved to watch,
 Will blossom still at twilight's gentle hour
 Like lilies on the tomb of Day—and still
 Man will remain, to dream as he hath dreamed,
 And mark the earth with passion. Love will spring
 From the lone tomb of old Affections—Hope
 And Joy and great Ambition, will rise up
 As they have risen—and their deeds will be
 Brighter than those engraven on the scroll
 Of parted centuries. Even now the sea
 Of coming years, beneath whose mighty waves
 Life's great events are heaving into birth,
 Is tossing to and fro, as if the winds
 Of heaven were prisoned in its soundless depths
 And struggling to be free.

Weep not, that Time
 Is passing on—it will ere long reveal
 A brighter era to the nations. Hark!
 Along the vales and mountains of the earth
 There is a deep, portentous murmuring,
 Like the swift rush of subterranean streams,
 Or like the mingled sounds of earth and air,
 When the fierce Tempest, with sonorous wing,
 Heaves his deep folds upon the rushing winds,
 And hurries onward with his night of clouds
 Against the eternal mountains. 'Tis the voice
 Of infant FREEDOM—and her stirring call
 Is heard and answered in a thousand tones
 From every hill-top of her western home—
 And lo—it breaks across old Ocean's flood—
 And "FREEDOM! FREEDOM! is the answering shout
 Of nations starting from the spell of years.
 The day-spring!—see—'tis brightening in the hea-
 vens!

The watchmen of the night have caught the sign—
 From tower to tower the signal-fires flash free—
 And the deep watch-word, like the rush of seas
 That heralds the volcano's bursting flame,
 Is sounding o'er the earth. Bright years of hope
 And life are on the wing!—Yon glorious bow
 Of Freedom, bended by the hand of God,
 Is spanning Time's dark surges. Its high Arch,
 A type of Love and Mercy on the cloud,
 Tells, that the many storms of human life
 Will pass in silence, and the sinking waves,
 Gathering the forms of glory and of peace,
 Reflect the undimmed brightness of the Heavens.

CHARLES E. ARTHUR GAYARRÉ.

CHARLES E. ARTHUR GAYARRÉ was born in Louisiana on the 3d of January, 1805. He is of mixed descent, Spanish and French. His father, Charles Anastase Gayarré, and his mother, Marie Elizabeth Boré, were natives of Louisiana. His family is one of the most ancient in the state, and historic in all its branches and roots. Some of his ancestors were the contemporaries of Bienville and Iberville, the founders of the colony.

The subject of this notice was educated in New

Orleans, at the college of the same name, where he pursued his studies with marked distinction. In 1825, when Mr. Edward Livingston laid before the Legislature of Louisiana the criminal code which he had prepared at the request of the state, Mr. Gayarré, then quite a youth, published a pamphlet, in which he opposed some of Mr. Livingston's views, and particularly the abolition of capital punishment, which Mr. Gayarré considered a premature innovation, and of dangerous application to the State of Louisiana, for certain reasons which he discussed at length. The pamphlet produced great sensation at the time, and the adoption of the code was indefinitely postponed by the legislature. In 1826 Mr. Gayarré went to Philadelphia, and studied law in the office of William Rawle. In 1829 he was admitted to the bar of that city; and in 1830 returned home, and published in French *An Historical Essay on Louisiana*, which obtained great success. That same year, only a few months after his return, he was elected, almost by a unanimous vote, one of the representatives of the city of New Orleans in the legislature, and was chosen by that body to write the "Address," which it sent to France, to compliment the French Chambers on the revolution of 1830. In 1831 he was appointed assistant or deputy attorney-general, in 1833 presiding judge of the city court of New Orleans; and in 1835, when he had just attained the constitutional age, was elected to the Senate of the United States for a term of six years. Ill health prevented Mr. Gayarré from taking his seat, and compelled him to go to Europe, where he remained until October, 1843. In 1844, shortly after his return, Mr. Gayarré was elected by the city of New Orleans to the legislature of the state, where he advocated and carried several important measures, among which was a bill to provide for the liabilities of the state, and which in a short time effected a reduction of two millions and a half of dollars. In 1846 he was re-elected at the expiration of his term; but on the very day the legislature met he was appointed secretary of state by Governor Johnson. That office was then one of the most important and laborious in the state, the secretary being at that time, besides his ordinary functions as such, superintendent of public education, and constituting with the treasurer the "Board of Currency," whose province it is to exercise supreme control and supervision over all the banks of the state. Mr. Gayarré discharged his multifarious duties in a manner which will long be remembered, particularly in connexion with the healthy condition in which he maintained the banks. At the expiration of his four years' term of office, he was re-appointed secretary of state by Governor Walker in 1850. Mr. Gayarré, during the seven years he was secretary of state, found time to publish in French a *History of Louisiana*, in two volumes, containing very curious documents, which he had collected from the archives of France. He also published in English, in one volume, the *Romance of the History of Louisiana*, and in English subsequently the *History of Louisiana*, in two volumes. This continuous work is not a translation of the one he wrote in French. It is cast in a different mould, and contains much matter not to be found in the French work. The *Romance of the History of Louisiana* is ap-

ended to it as an introduction. Mr. Redfield, of New York, has published Mr. Gayarré's history of the *Spanish Domination in Louisiana*, coming down to the 20th of December, 1803, when the United States took possession of the colony, in which work he makes some remarkable disclosures in relation to the Spanish intrigues in the West carried on with the co-operation of General Wilkinson and others, from 1786 to 1792, to dismember the Union, and gives a full account of the negotiations which led to the cession.

As secretary of state, Mr. Gayarré made so judicious a use of the sum of seven thousand dollars, which he had at his disposal for the purchase of books, that he may be said to be the father of the state library; and with the very limited sum of two thousand dollars, which, at his pressing request, was voted by the legislature for the purchase of historical documents, he succeeded, by dint of perseverance and after two years' negotiations, in obtaining very important documents from the archives of Spain, the substance of which he has embodied in his history of the *Spanish Domination in Louisiana*.

Mr. Gayarré has lately given to the public two lectures on *The Influence of the Mechanic Arts*, and a dramatic novel, called the *School for Politics*, a humorous and satirical exhibition of the party



Charles Gayarré

frauds and relaxed political sentiment of the day, which may be presumed to have grown out of the writer's experiences, some of which are detailed, in a more matter of fact form, in an *Address to the People of the State*, which he published on the "late frauds perpetrated at the election held on the 7th of November, 1853, in the city of New Orleans." Mr. Gayarré was on that occasion an independent candidate for Congress, refusing to be controlled by the party organization, and was defeated, though he polled a large and influential vote. His undisguised sentiments, in regard to the political manoeuvres of the times, are freely expressed at the close of his pamphlet.

He has since taken part in the "Know-Nothing"

organization of his native state; and was one of the delegates excluded from the general council of the party at Philadelphia in June, 1855, on the ground of their position as Roman Catholics. This drew from him a privately printed address, in which, with animation and vigor, he handles the question of religious proscription.

As a writer, the prose of Mr. Gayarré is marked by the French and Southern characteristics. It is warm, full, rhetorical, and constantly finds expression in poetical imagery. In his comedy, where the style is restrained by the conversational directness, there are many passages of firm, manly English. As an historian, though his narratives are highly colored, in a certain vein of poetical enthusiasm, they are based on the diligent study of original authorities, and are to be consulted with confidence; the subjects of his early volumes are in themselves romantic, and the story is always of the highest interest. His last volume brings him to the discussion of a most important era in our political history.

FATHER DAGOBERT.*

The conflict which had sprung up between the Jesuits and Capuchins, in 1755, as to the exercise of spiritual jurisdiction in Louisiana, may not have been forgotten. The Bishop of Quebec had appointed a Jesuit his Vicar-General in New Orleans, but the Capuchins pretended that they had, according to a contract passed with the India company, obtained exclusive jurisdiction in Lower Louisiana, and therefore had opposed therein the exercise of any pastoral functions by the Jesuits. The question remained undecided by the Superior Council, which felt considerable reluctance to settle the controversy by some final action, from fear perhaps of turning against itself the hostility of both parties, although it leaned in favor of the Capuchins. From sheer lassitude there had ensued a sort of tacit truce, when father Hilaire de Gêneveaux, the Superior of the Capuchins, who, for one of a religious order proverbially famed for its ignorance, was a man of no mean scholarship and of singular activity, quickened by a haughty and ambitious temper, went to visit Europe, without intimating what he was about, and returned with the title of Apostolic Prothonotary, under which he claimed, it seems, the power to lord it over the Jesuit who was the Vicar-General of the Bishop of Quebec. Hence an increase of wrath on the part of the Jesuits and a renewal of the old quarrel, which ceased only when the Jesuits were expelled from all the French dominions. But the triumph of father Gêneveaux was not of long duration; for, in 1766, the Superior Council, finding that he was opposed to their scheme of insurrection, had expelled him as a perturber of the public peace, and father Dagobert had become Superior of the Capuchins. They lived altogether in a very fine house of their own, and there never had been a more harmonious community than this one was, under the rule of good father Dagobert.

He had come very young in the colony, where he had christened and married almost everybody, so that he was looked upon as a sort of spiritual father and tutor to all. He was emphatically a man of peace, and if there was anything which father Dagobert hated in this world, if he could hate at all, it was trouble—trouble of any kind—but particularly of that sort which arises from intermeddling and contradiction. How could, indeed, father Dagobert

not be popular with old and young, with both sexes, and with every class? Who could have complained of one whose breast harbored no ill feeling towards anybody, and whose lips never uttered a harsh word in reprimand or blame, of one who was satisfied with himself and the rest of mankind, provided he was allowed to look on with his arms folded, leaving angels and devils to follow the bent of their nature in their respective departments? Did not his ghostly subordinates do pretty much as they pleased? And if they erred at times—why—even holy men were known to be frail! And why should not their peccadilloes be overlooked or forgiven for the sake of the good they did? It was much better (we may fairly suppose him so to have thought, from the knowledge we have of his acts and character), for heaven and for the world, to let things run smooth and easy, than to make any noise. Was there not enough of unavoidable turmoil in this valley of tribulations and miseries? Besides, he knew that God was merciful, and that all would turn right in the end. Why should he not have been an indulgent shepherd for his flock, and have smiled on the prodigal son after repentance, and even before, in order not to frighten him away? If the extravagance of the sinning spendthrift could not be checked, why should not he, father Dagobert, be permitted, by sitting at the hospitable board, to give at least some dignity to the feast, and to exorcise away the ever lurking spirit of evil? Did not Jesus sit at meal with publicans and sinners? Why then should not father Dagobert, when he went out to christen, or to marry at some private dwelling, participate in convivialities, taste the juice of the grape, take a hand in some innocent game, regale his nostrils with a luxurious pinch of snuff, and look with approbation at the merry feats of the dancers? Where was the harm? Could not a father sanctify by his presence the rejoicings of his children? Such were perhaps some of the secret reasonings of the reverend capuchin.

By some pedantic minds father Dagobert might have been taxed with being illiterate, and with knowing very little beyond the litanies of the church. But is not ignorance bliss? Was it not to the want of knowledge, that was to be attributed the simplicity of heart, which was so edifying in one of his sacred mission, and that humility to which he was sworn? Is it not written; "Blessed are the poor in spirit; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." Why should he understand Latin, or so many other musty inexplicable things? Was not the fruit of the tree of knowledge the cause of the perdition of man? Besides, who ever heard of a learned capuchin? Would it not have been a portentous anomaly? If his way of fasting, of keeping the holydays, of saying mass, of celebrating marriages, of christening, of singing prayers for the dead, and of hearing confessions, of inflicting penance, and of performing all his other sacerdotal functions, was contrary to the ritual and to the canons of the church—why—he knew no better. What soul had been thereby endangered? His parishioners were used to his ways? Was he, after fifty years of labor in the vineyard of the Lord, to change his manner of working, to admit that he had blundered all the time, to dig up what he had planted, and to undertake, when almost an octogenarian, the reform of himself and others? Thus, at least, argued many of his friends.

They were sure that none could deny, that all the duties of religion were strictly performed by his parishioners. Were not the women in the daily habit of confessing their sins? And if he was so very mild in his admonitions, and so very sparing in the infliction of harsh penance on them, why not suppose that

* From the History of the Spanish Domination in Louisiana.

it was because the Saviour himself had been very lenient towards the guiltiest of their sex? It was the belief of father Dagobert, that the faults of women proceeded from the head and not from the heart, because *that* was always kind. Why then hurl thunderbolts at beings so exquisitely delicate and so beautifully fragile—the porcelain work of the creator—when they could be reclaimed by the mere scratch of a rose's thorn, and brought back into the bosom of righteousness by the mere pulling of a silken string? As to the men, it is true that they never haunted the confessional; but perhaps they had no sins to confess, and if they had, and did not choose to acknowledge them, what could he do? Would it have been sound policy to have annoyed them with fruitless exhortations, and threatened them with excommunication, when they would have laughed at the *brutum fulmen*? Was it not better to humor them a little, so as to make good grow out of evil? Was not their aversion to confession redeemed by many virtues, by their charity to the poor and their generosity to the church? Was not his course of action subservient to the interest both of church and state, within the borders of which it was calculated to maintain order and tranquillity, by avoiding to produce discontents, and those disturbances which are their natural results? Had he not a right, in his turn, to expect that his repose should never be interrupted, when he was so sedulously attentive to that of others, and so cheerfully complying with the exigencies of every fitting hour? When the colofists had thought proper to go into an insurrection, he, good easy soul, did not see why he should not make them happy, by chiming in with their mood at the time. Did they not, in all sincerity, think themselves oppressed, and were they not contending for what they believed to be their birthrights? On the other hand, when the Spaniards crushed the revolution, he was nothing loth, as vicar general, to present himself at the portal of the cathedral, to receive O'Reilly with the honors due to the representative of royalty, and to bless the Spanish flag. How could he do otherwise? Was it not said by the Master: "render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's?" Why should the new lords of the land be irritated by a factious and bootless opposition? Why not mollify them, so as to obtain as much from them as possible, in favor of his church and of his dearly beloved flock? Why should he not be partial to the Spaniards? Had they not the reputation of being the strictest Catholics in the world.

Such was the character of father Dagobert even in his youth. It had developed itself in more vigorous and co-ordinate proportions, as his experience extended, and it had suggested to him all his rules of action through life. With the same harmonious consistency in all its parts it had continued to grow, until more than threescore years had passed over father Dagobert's head. It was natural, therefore, notwithstanding what a few detractors might say, that he should be at a loss to discover the reasons why he should be blamed, for having logically come to the conclusions which made him an almost universal favorite, and which permitted him to enjoy "his ease in his own inn," whilst authorizing him to hope for his continuing in this happy state of existence, until he should be summoned to the "bourne whence no traveller returns." Certain it is that, whatever judgment a rigid moralist might, on a close analysis, pass on the character of father Dagobert, it can hardly be denied, that to much favor would be entitled the man, who, were he put to trial, could with confidence, like this poor priest, turn round to his subordinates and fellow-beings, and say unto

them: "I have lived among you for better than half a century: which of you have I ever injured?" Therefore, father Dagobert thought himself possessed of an unquestionable right to what he loved so much: his ease, both in his convent and out of it, and his sweet uninterrupted dozing in his comfortable arm chair.

**Mr. Gayarré during the late civil war identified himself with the cause of the seceding States. By an address, publicly read in 1863 though not printed till the following year, he urged the arming of the slaves, and their emancipation on the basis of a treaty to be ratified with England and France recognizing the independence of the Confederate States.

Mr. Gayarré in 1866 issued a revised edition of his *History of Louisiana*, in three octavo volumes, bringing the narrative down to 1861. The volumes refer respectively to the "The French Domination," ending 1769; "The Spanish Domination," from 1769 to 1803; and "The American Domination," from the cession of Louisiana to the United States, in 1803-4, to Claiborne's demonstration in 1815, with a supplementary chapter outlining its history to the rebellion.

In the same year was published his *Philip II. of Spain*, in one volume octavo, with an introductory letter by Hon. George Bancroft, an able supplement to the work which fell uncompleted from the lifeless hand of Mr. Prescott. It was not the author's aim to present an exhaustive chronicle of that eventful reign; but "a philosophical retrospect of what was most memorable in Spain during that period, as it was shaped by the controlling mind at the head of affairs—such a deduction, in fact, as the modern student must needs draw for himself after he has exhausted the materials of that busy and important era." This work, commendable for its candor and impartiality, has been termed by Mr. Bancroft a vivid portraiture of the social and political tendencies of that reign.

His other works comprise *Dr. Bluff in Russia*, a comedy in two acts; and *Fernando de Lemos, or Truth and Fiction*. He has ready for the press, we understand, another work, entitled *Aubert Dubayet*, in which the principal personage goes through the American Revolution and the French Revolution, those great epochs being boldly contrasted. He has recently been appointed Reporter of the decisions of the Supreme Court of Louisiana.

**DEATH OF THE CHRISTIAN TIBERIUS—FROM PHILIP II. OF SPAIN.

When the news spread that the monarch, who had been surnamed the "Demon of the South," had retired, in his old age, from his capital, to pass his last fugitive days and expire, like his father, amidst Hyronimite monks, in that gigantic architectural structure which he had been thirty-two years in erecting, and in which he had united a palace, a monastery, and a mausoleum, the world, which he had so long agitated, drew a long breath and hoped for rest. Philip had been suffering from the gout for twenty years, and at last that disease had acquired an intolerable degree of intensity. During the two years which preceded his death, it had become complicated with a hectic fever, which had so completely

exhausted his strength, that he had to be carried about in an arm-chair. That fever produced the dropsy; it tortured him with an unextinguishable thirst, which it was fatal to indulge, and which, to resist, was one of the torments attributed by the imagination to the reprobates of divine justice in the regions of eternal punishment. Eighteen months before he closed his eyes forever, the malignity of the humors into which his whole body seemed to be transforming itself, had produced sores in his right hand and foot, which gave him the most intense pains, particularly when coming into contact with the sheets of his bed.

It was in this condition that he had been transported to the Escorial, where he had just arrived in great pomp, and been received with all the solemn ceremonies of the Catholic Church, a precious collection of sacred relics which he had procured from Germany, through the exertions of a commission which had been sent to that country for that special purpose. On hearing of this religious festival, the infirm monarch seemed to revive, and, notwithstanding the advice of his physicians and the remonstrances of the members of his Council, insisted on his being taken to his favorite residence. "I wish," he said, "to be carried alive to the place of my sepulchre." It was impossible to disobey, and a chair was constructed in which he could almost lie down as if in bed. It was thus that he left Madrid on the 30th of June, 1598. The slightest jolt produced in the royal patient the most acute pains; the men, who carried him on their shoulders, had to walk with much precaution, and with such slow and measured steps, that the dismal procession was six days in traversing the twenty-four miles which separate the Escorial from Madrid. At the sight of the austere-looking building, for which he had always entertained the fondest predilection, Philip seemed to rally his spirits and to recover some bodily strength. He was received with the accustomed honors by the monks whom he had established there, and, on the next day, he was carried to the church, where he remained a long time in prayer. Afterward, and for several succeeding days, stretched in his arm-chair, and almost as motionless as a corpse, he was present at the ceremony of depositing the German relics in their destined places at the different altars of the church. Still upheld in his chair by the strong arms of his attendants, he visited the libraries, which were in the first and second stories of the edifice, and minutely inspected the vast pile in all its departments, examining all the objects of interest which it contained, like one who enjoyed the completion of his great work, and wished to take final leave of all its magnificence.

But his fever increased, and assumed an intermittent character. The patient, with the complication of diseases under which he was sinking, became so weak that his physicians were much alarmed. It was a tertian fever, and although it was with much difficulty stopped for some time, it returned with more violence, with daily attacks, and within shortening intervals. At the end of a week, a malignant tumor manifested itself in his right knee, increased prodigiously, and produced the most intense pain. As the last resort, when all other modes of relief had been exhausted, the physicians resolved to open the tumor; and, as it was feared that the patient, from his debility, would not be able to bear the operation, the physicians, with much precaution, communicated to

him their apprehensions. He received this information with great fortitude, and prepared himself by a general confession for what might happen. He caused some relics to be brought to him, and, after having adored and kissed them with much devotion, he put his body at the disposal of his medical attendants. The operation was performed by the skillful surgeon, Juan de Vergara; it was a very painful one, and all those who were present were amazed at the patience and courage exhibited by Philip.

His condition, however, did not improve. The hand of God was upon him who had caused so many tears to be shed during his long life, and no human skill could avail when divine justice seemed bent to enforce its decree of retribution. Above the gash which the operator's knife had made, two large sores appeared, and from their hideous and ghastly lips there issued such a quantity of matter as hardly seems credible. To the consuming heat of fever, to the burning thirst of dropsy, were added the corroding itch of ulcers and the infection of the inexhaustible streams of putrid matter which gushed from his flesh. The stench around the powerful sovereign of Spain and the Indies was such as to be insupportable to the bystanders. Immersed in this filth, the body of the patient was so sore that it could be turned neither to the right nor to the left, and it was impossible to change his clothes or his bedding. So sensitive had he become, that the slightest touch produced the most intolerable agony; and the haughty ruler of millions of men remained helplessly stretched in a sty, and in a more pitiable condition than that of the most ragged beggar in his vast dominions. But his fortitude was greater than his sufferings; not a word of complaint was heard to escape from his lips; and the soul remained unsubdued by these terrible infirmities of the flesh. He had been thirty-five days embedded in this sink of corruption, when, in consequence of it, his whole back became but one sore from his neck downward; so that of him it might have been said with singular appropriateness of Scriptural language, "that Satan had smote him with sore boils from the sole of his foot unto his crown," if, indeed, the prince of darkness could have been supposed to be so harsh toward one of whom he certainly had no cause to complain. On this occasion, it rather looked like the smiting of God.

It seemed scarcely possible to increase the afflictions of Philip, when a chicken broth sweetened with sugar, which was administered to him, gave rise to other accidents, which added to the fetidness of his apartment, and which are represented, besides, as being of an extraordinary and horrible character. He became sleepless, with occasional short fits of lethargy; and, as it were to complete this spectacle of human misery and degradation, the ulcers teemed with a prodigious quantity of worms, which reproduced themselves with such prolific abundance, that they defied all attempts to remove their indestructible swarms. In this condition he remained fifty-three days, without taking anything which could satisfactorily explain the prolongation of his existence. . . .

But the last act of the drama was to be performed, and the monarch felt that he must quit the stage where he had long acted so conspicuous a part. He begged the Nuncio of his Holiness to bestow upon him apostolic benediction in the name of the Supreme Pontiff. The request was granted, and a special messenger whom the Nuncio sent to Rome with information of what he had

done, brought back the confirmation of the Pope before Philip had died. He next required, with a voice which was every moment becoming more feeble, the administration of the extreme unction, the ceremonial text of which he had previously desired his confessor to read to him from the Roman ritual. He sent for his son, the hereditary prince, that he might be present at this solemn religious act. The extreme unction was administered to him by the Archbishop of Toledo; on which occasion he said to his future successor: "I wished you, my son, to be present, that you might see in what way end all things in this world." After having given the prince much wholesome advice as to religion and the principles of good government, he dismissed him, much moved by a scene so full of tender and sad impressions. From that day the dying monarch gave up all thoughts of temporal affairs, to devote himself entirely to the salvation of his soul by preparing for a Christian death. He caused the coffin of the emperor, his father, to be opened, and the body to be examined, in order that his own should be dressed for its sepulture after the same fashion. He ordered two wax candles which his father had used in his last moments to be brought to him, and also the crucifix which Charles had held in his hands when expiring. He further requested that the crucifix be suspended to the curtains of his couch, in front of him, so that his eyes might rest on the image of the Comforter and Saviour. He had his coffin placed alongside of his bed, and directed that, before being deposited in it, his corpse be incased in a leaden box, as he well knew the state of putrefaction to which he had been doomed before death. These commands were issued with the utmost self-possession and the most tranquil precision, amidst agonies which it required superhuman courage to endure—in an atmosphere so fetid that it well-nigh stifled the most robust of his attendants—when rottenness was in the flesh and bones of him who spoke so calmly, and when myriads of worms were rioting on his carcass. At the sight of this triumph of the soul over perishing matter, admiration seeks to forget deeds, the memory of which must, however, live as long as the records of history shall last for the instruction of mankind and the terror of evil-doers.

On the 11th of September, two days before his death, he called the hereditary prince, his son, and the infants, his daughter, to his bedside. He took leave of them in the most affectionate manner, and with a voice scarcely audible from exhaustion, he exhorted them to persevere in the true faith, and to conduct themselves with prudence in the government of those States which he would leave to them. He handed to his confessor the celebrated testamentary instructions bequeathed by St. Louis of France to the heir of his crown, and requested the priest to read them to the prince and princess, to whom he afterward extended his fleshless and ulcered hand to be kissed, giving them his blessing, and dismissing them melting into tears. On the next day, the physicians gave Cristoval de Mora the disagreeable mission of informing Philip that his last hour was rapidly approaching. The dying man received the information with his usual impassibility. He devoutly listened to the exhortations of the Archbishop of Toledo, made his profession of faith, and ordered that the passion of Christ from the Gospel of John be read to him. Shortly after, he was seized with such a fit that he was thought to be dead, and a

covering was thrown over his face. But he was not long before coming again to his senses and opening his eyes. He took the crucifix, kissed it repeatedly, listened to the prayers for the souls of the departed which the Prior of the monastery was reading to him, and with a slight quivering passed away, at five o'clock in the morning, on the 13th of September, 1598. Philip had lived seventy-one years, three months, and twenty-two days, and reigned forty-two years. Thus ended the career of this prince, in that place of retirement and meditation from which, with one stroke of the pen, he used to send dismay, dark intrigues, civil commotions, religious perturbations, and direful wars, into many regions of the Old and of the New World. Thus lay low and cold the head which had teemed with so many schemes fatal to Spain and to other countries. Thus was palsied forever the hand which had so long held the manifold threads of the complicated politics and interests of so many empires. The Christian Tiberius was no more.

GEORGE W. BETHUNE.

DR. BETHUNE, the popular divine, poet, and wit, was born March, 1805, in the city of New York. After receiving a liberal education, he was ordained in 1826 a Presbyterian minister, but in the following year joined the Dutch Reformed communion. His clerical career was commenced at Rhinebeck on the Hudson, from whence he removed to Utica; and in 1834, to Philadelphia. In 1849, he again removed to Brooklyn, where he was for ten years at the head of a large and influential congregation.

Dr. Bethune is the author of *The Fruit of the Spirit*, *Early Lost, Early Saved*, *The History of a Penitent*; all popular works of a devotional character. In 1848, he published *Lays of Love and Faith*, and other Poems; and in 1850, a volume of *Orations, and Occasional Discourses*. He has also collected and published a portion of his Sermons.

In 1847, he edited the first American edition of Walton's *Angler*, a work which he performed in a careful and agreeable manner, befitting his own reputation as an enthusiastic and highly celebrated follower of the "contemplative man's recreation," and as a literary scholar.

G. W. Bethune

Dr. Bethune traced his family descent from the Huguenots, and has frequently spoken on the claims of that devout, industrious, and enterprising class of the early settlers of our country, to the national gratitude and reverence. His efforts as an after-dinner and off-hand extempore speaker, were marked by genial humor and appreciation of the subject before him. At the convivial meetings of the National Academy of Design, and of the St. Nicholas Society, he was always called out; and his response was usually among the most noticeable features of the evening.

The volume of Dr. Bethune's orations comprises funeral discourses on the death of Stephen Van Rensselaer, the patron, President Harrison and General Jackson; lectures and College addresses upon Genius, Leisure, its Uses and Abuses, the Age of Pericles, the Prospects of Art in the

United States, the Eloquence of the Pulpit, the Duties of Educated Men, a Plea for Study, and the Claims of our Country upon its Literary Men.

Dr. Bethune continued pastor of a congregation of the Reformed Dutch Church at Brooklyn till 1859, when he was led by impaired health to resign the charge. He then visited Italy, preached for a time in the American Chapel at Rome, returning to New York in 1860. He then became associate pastor of a church in that city, but was again led by ill health to return to Italy. He resided some months at Florence, and died at that place on the 27th of April, 1862. A posthumous collection of his sermons was published in two volumes, in 1864, a series entitled *Expository Lectures on the Heidelberg Catechism*, a subject upon which he had bestowed much attention. A *Memoir* appeared in 1867 by A. R. Van Nest, D. D.

SONG.

She's fresh as breath of summer morn,
She's fair as flowers in spring,
And her voice it has the warbling gush
Of a bird upon the wing;
For joy like dew shines in her eye,
Her heart is kind and free;
'Tis gladness but to look upon
The face of Alice Lee.

She knows not of her loveliness,
And little thinks the while,
How the very air grows beautiful
In the beauty of her smile;
As sings within the fragrant rose
The honey-gath'ring bee,
So murmureth laughter on the lips
Of gentle Alice Lee.

How welcome is the rustling breeze
When sultry day is o'er!
More welcome far the graceful step,
That brings her to the door;
'Tis sweet to gather violets:
But O! how blest is he,
Who wins a glance of modest love,
From lovely Alice Lee!

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

MAINE, from her farthest border, gives the first exulting shout,
And from NEW HAMPSHIRE's granite heights, the echoing peal rings out;
The mountain farms of staunch VERMONT prolong the thundering call;
MASSACHUSETTS answers: "Bunker Hill!" a watchword for us all.
RHODE ISLAND shakes her sea-wet locks, acclaiming with the free,
And staid CONNECTICUT breaks forth in sacred harmony.
The giant joy of proud New York, loud as an earthquake's roar,
Is heard from Hudson's crowded banks to Erie's crowded shore,
NEW JERSEY, hallowed by their blood, who erst in battle fell,
At Monmouth's, Princeton's, Trenton's fight, joins in the rapturous swell.
Wide PENNSYLVANIA, strong as wide, and true as she is strong,
From every hill to valley, pours the torrent tide along.

Stand up, stout little DELAWARE, and bid thy volleys roll,
Though least among the old Thirteen, we judge thee by thy soul!
Hark to the voice of MARYLAND! over the broad Chesapeake
Her sons, as valiant as their sires, in cannonadings speak.
VIRGINIA, nurse of Washington, and guardian of his grave,
Now to thine ancient glories turn the faithful and the brave;
We need not hear the bursting cheer this holy day inspires,
To know that, in Columbia's cause, "Virginia never tires."
Fresh as the evergreen that waves above her sunny soil,
NORTH CAROLINA shares the bliss, as oft the patriot's toil;
And the land of Sumter, Marion, of Moultrie, Pinckney, must
Respond the cry, or it will rise e'en from their sleeping dust.
And GEORGIA, by the dead who lie along Savannah's bluff,
Full well we love thee, but we ne'er can love thee well enough;
From thy wild northern boundary, to thy green isles of the sea,
Where beat on earth more gallant hearts than now throb high in thee?
On, on, 'cross ALABAMA's plains, the ever-flowery glades,
To where the Mississippi's flood the turbid Gulf invades;
There, borne from many a mighty stream upon her mightier tide,
Come down the swelling long huzzas from all that valley wide,
As wood-crowned Alleghany's call, from all her summits high,
Reverberates among the rocks that pierce the sunset sky,
While on the shores and through the swales 'round the vast inland seas,
The stars and stripes, 'midst freemen's songs, are flashing to the breeze.
The woodsman, from the mother, takes his boy upon his knee,
To tell him how their fathers fought and bled for liberty;
The lonely hunter sits him down the forest spring beside,
To think upon his country's worth, and feel his country's pride;
While many a foreign accent, which our God can understand,
Is blessing Him for home and bread in this free, fertile land.
Yes! when upon the eastern coast we sink to happy rest,
The Day of Independence rolls still onward to the west,
Till dies on the Pacific shore the shout of jubilee,
That woke the morning with its voice along the Atlantic sea.
—O God! look down upon the land which thou hast loved so well,
And grant that in unbroken truth her children still may dwell;
Nor, while the grass grows on the hill and streams flow through the vale,
May they forget their fathers' faith, or in their covenant fail!

God keep the fairest, noblest land that lies beneath the sun;

"Our country, our whole country, and our country ever one!"

NATIONAL CHARACTERISTICS.*

We are emphatically one people. The constant and expanding flood of emigrants from less favored lands gives in some sections a temporary, superficial diversity of customs, and even of language. Yet, as they come moved by an admiring wish to share our privileges, and a grateful respect for the nation which has made itself so prosperous, while it sets open its gates so hospitably wide, they readily adopt our usages, and soon become homogeneous with the mass through which they are distributed. Until they or their children are educated in free citizenship, they follow; but rarely, and then never successfully, attempt to lead. As the Anglo-Saxon tongue is the speech of the nation, so it is the Anglo-Saxon mind that rules. The sons of those who triumphed in the war of Independence have subdued the distant forest, making the wilderness to rejoice with the arts and virtues of their fathers. The patronymics borne by the most influential among them are most frequently such as are familiar and honorable among us. Summon together the dwellers in any town of our older, particularly of our more northern states, and you will find that there is scarcely a state of the Union where they have not relatives. The representative in Congress from the farthest west laughs over their school-boy frolics with the representative of the farthest east. The woodsman on the Aroostook talks of his brother on the Rio Grande; the tradesman in the seaport, of his son, a judge, in Missouri. The true-hearted girl, who has left her mountain birth-place to earn her modest *paraphernalia* amidst the ponderous din of a factory near the Atlantic coast, dreams sweetly on her toil-blest pillow of him who, for her dear sake, is clearing a home in the wilds of Iowa, or sifting the sands of some Californian Pactolus. We all claim a common history, and, whatever be our immediate parentage, are proud to own ourselves the grateful children of the mighty men who declared our country's independence, framed the bond of our Union, and bought with their sacred blood the liberties we enjoy. Nor is it an insincere compliment to assert, that, go where you will, New England is represented by the shrewdest, the most enlightened, the most successful, and the most religious of our young population. Nearly all our teachers, with the authors of our school-books, and a very large proportion of our preachers, as well as of our editors (the classes which have the greatest control over the growing character of our youth), come from or receive their education in New England. Wherever the New Englander goes, he carries New England with him. New England is his boast, his standard of perfection, and "So they do in New England!" his confident answer to all objectors. Great as is our reverence for those venerable men, he rather wearies us with his inexhaustible eulogy on the Pilgrim Fathers, who, he seems to think, have begotten the whole United States. Nay, enlarging upon the somewhat complacent notion of his ancestors, that God designed for them, "his chosen people," this Canaan of the aboriginal heathen, he looks upon the continent as his rightful heritage, and upon the rest of us as Hittites, Jebusites, or people of a like termination,

whom he is commissioned to root out, acquiring our money, squatting on our wild lands, monopolizing our votes, and marrying our heiresses. Whence, or how justly, he derived his popular *sobriquet*, passes the guess of an antiquary; but certain it is, that if he meets with a David, the son of Jesse has often to take up the lament in a different sense from the original,—"I am distressed for thee, my Brother Jonathan!" Better still, his sisters, nieces, female cousins, flock on various honorable pretexes to visit him amidst his new possessions, where they own with no Sabine reluctance the constraining ardor of our unsophisticated chivalry; and happy is the household over which a New England wife presides! blessed the child whose cradle is rocked by the hand, whose slumber is hallowed by the prayers of a New England mother! The order of the Roman policy is reversed. He conquered, and then inhabited; the New Englander inhabits, then gains the mastery, not by force of arms, but by mother-wit, steadiness, and thrift. That there should be, among us of the other races, a little occasional petulance, is not to be wondered at; but it is only superficial. The New Englander goes forth not as a spy or an enemy, and the gifts which he carries excite gratitude, not fear. He soon becomes identified with his neighbors, their interests are soon his, and the benefits of his enterprising cleverness swell the advantage of the community where he has planted himself, thus tending to produce a moral homogeneity throughout the confederacy. Yet let it be remembered that this New England influence, diffusing itself, like noiseless but transforming leaven, through the recent and future states, while it makes them precious as allies, would also make them formidable as rivals, terrible as enemies. The New Englander loses little of his main characteristics by migration. He is as shrewd, though not necessarily as economical, a calculator in the valley of the Mississippi, as his brethren in the east, and as brave as his fathers were at Lexington or Charlestown. It were the height of suicidal folly for the people of the maritime states to attempt holding as subjects or tributaries, directly or indirectly, the people between the Alleghanies and the Rocky Mountains; but those who have not travelled among our prairie and forest settlements can have only a faint idea of the filial reverence, the deferential respect, the yearning love, with which they turn to the land where their fathers sleep, and to you who guard their sepulchres. The soul knows nothing of distance, and, in their twilight musings, they can scarcely tell which is dearer to their hearts—the home of the kindred they have left behind them, or the home they have won for their offspring. Be it your anxious care, intelligent gentlemen of New England, that so strong a bond is never strained to rupture!

* * * * *

To your Pilgrim Fathers the highest place may well be accorded; but forget not, that, about the time of their landing on the Rock, there came to the mouth of the Hudson men of kindred faith and descent—men equally loving freedom—men from the sea-washed cradle of modern constitutional freedom, whose union of free-burgher-cities taught us the lesson of confederate independent sovereignties, whose sires were as free, long centuries before *Magna Charta*, as the English are now, and from whose line of republican princes Britain received the boon of religious toleration, a privilege the states-general had recognised as a primary article of their government when first established; men of that stock, which, when offered their choice of favors from a grateful monarch, asked a University; men whose martyr-sires had baptized their land with their

* From the Harvard Address, "Claims of our Country on its Literary Men."

blood; men who had flooded it with ocean-waves rather than yield it to a bigot-tyrant; men, whose virtues were as sober as prose, but sublime as poetry;—the men of Holland! Mingled with these, and still further on, were heroic Huguenots, their fortunes broken, but their spirit unbending to prelate or prelate-ridden king. There were others (and a dash of cavalier blood told well in battle-field and council);—but those were the spirits whom God made the moral substratum of our national character. Here, like Israel in the wilderness, and thousands of miles off from the land of bondage, they were educated for their high calling, until, in the fulness of times, our confederacy with its Constitution was founded. Already there had been a salutary mixture of blood, but not enough to impair the Anglo-Saxon ascendancy. The nation grew morally strong from its original elements. The great work was delayed only by a just preparation. Now God is bringing hither the most vigorous scions from all the European stocks, to "make of them all one new man!" not the Saxon, not the German, not the Gaul, not the Helvetian, but the AMERICAN. Here they will unite as one brotherhood, will have one law, will share one interest. Spread over the vast region from the frigid to the torrid, from Eastern to Western ocean, every variety of climate giving them choice of pursuit and modification of temperament, the ballot-box fusing together all rivalries, they shall have one national will. What is wanting in one race will be supplied by the characteristic energies of the others; and what is excessive in either, checked by the counter-action of the rest. Nay, though for a time the newly come may retain their foreign vernacular, our tongue, so rich in ennobling literature, will be the tongue of the nation, the language of its laws, and the accent of its majesty. ETERNAL GOD! who seest the end with the beginning, thou alone canst tell the ultimate grandeur of this people!

EDWARD SANFORD,

A POET, essayist, and political writer, is the son of the late Nathan Sanford, Chancellor of the State, and was born in the city of New York in 1805. He was educated at Union College, where he was graduated in 1824. He then engaged in the study of the law in the office of Mr. Benjamin F. Butler, but his tastes were opposed to the profession, and he did not pursue it.

He began an editorial career as editor of a newspaper in Brooklyn; was next associated with the New York Standard; and when that paper was compelled to yield to the commercial embarrassments of the day, he became one of the editors of the New York Times. The difficulties in politics which occurred after the second year of the establishment of that paper led him to undertake an engagement at Washington with Mr. Blair as associate editor of the Globe newspaper, then the organ of the Van Buren administration. In this relation his pen was employed in the advocacy and development of the sub-treasury system, then under discussion previous to its establishment as an integral portion of the financial policy of the country.

The illness of his father now withdrew him from Washington to the family residence at Flushing, Long Island. At this time he held the office, at New York, of Secretary to the Commission to return the duties on goods destroyed by the great fire of 1835. He was subsequently Assistant Naval Officer.

In 1843, he was elected to the Senate of the state of New York, and while there was an active and efficient, though quiet political manager and leader.

An anecdote of the Capitol exhibits his poetic talent. One day in the senate room he received a note from a correspondent on business; it was at the close of the session, and the whole house in the hurry and confusion which attend its last moments. He had a score or more measures to hurry through, and numerous others to aid in their passage, and thus pre-occupied, answered the letter handed to him. A few days after he was surprised to learn that he had written this hasty reply in excellent verse.

Of the literary productions of Mr. Sanford, a few only have appeared with his name. Mr. Bryant included the quaint and poetical *Address to Black Hawk* in his collection of American poems, and Mr. Hoffman presented this and the author's *Address to a Mosquito*, written in a similar vein, in the "New York Book of Poetry."

To the New York Mirror, the Knickerbocker Magazine, and the Spirit of the Times, Mr. Sanford has been a frequent and genial contributor. His poem, *The Loves of the Shell Fishes*, has been justly admired for its fancy and sentiment, in delicate flowing verse, as he sings—

Not in the land where beauty loves to dwell,
And bards to sing that beauty dwelleth there:
Not in the land where rules th' enchanter's spell
And fashion's beings beautiful and rare;
Not in such land are laid the scenes I tell
No odors float upon its sunny air;
No ruddy vintage, and no tinted flowers
Gladen its fields or bloom within its bowers.

Mine is a lowlier lay—the unquiet deep—
The world of waters; where man's puny skill
Has but along its surface dared to creep:
The quaking vassal of its wayward will,
Exultant only when its calm waves sleep,
And its rough voice is noiseless all and still,
And trembling when its crested hosts arise,
Roused from their slumbers by the wind's wild cries.

None but the dead have visited its caves;
None but the dead pressed its untrampled floor.
Eyes, but all sightless, glare beneath its waves,
And forms earth's worshippers might well adore,
Lie in their low and ever freshened graves,
All cold and loveless far beneath its roar.
The bright-eyed maiden and the fair-haired bride,
And sire and son there slumber side by side.

* * * * *

Smile not ye wise ones at my lowly lay,
Nor deem it strange that underneath a shell
High thoughts exert their ever ruling sway
And soft affections scorn not there to dwell.
That in an oyster's breast the living ray
Of mind beams forth; or that its young thoughts
swell

Less vauntingly in pride of place or birth
Than aught that breathes upon our upper earth.
Of blighted hopes and confidence betrayed—

Of princely dames and wights of low degree—
The story of a high-born oyster maid
And her calm lover, of low family:
And how they met beneath their oft sought shade,

The spreading branches of a coral tree,
Attended by a periwinkle page,
Selected chiefly for his tender age,

Sing scaly music. —————

The best of Mr. Sanford's poetical effusions are of this airy, delicate mood, facile and elegant.

His occasional political squibs were quite in the Croaker vein, as in this parody at the expense of the Whigs in the Harrison log-cabin campaign.

A HARD-CIDER MELODY.

As—'Tis the last rose of summer.

'Tis the last of Whig loafers
Left singing alone,
All his pot-house companions
Are fuddled and gone.
No flower of his kindred,
No rum-blossom nigh,
With a song on his lips
And a drop in his eye.

I'll not leave thee, thou rose-bud,
To pine on the stem,
Since the others are snoring,
Go snore thou with them.
Thus kindly I lay
A soft plank 'neath thy head,
Where thy mates of the cabin
Lie, hard-cider dead.

So soon may I follow,
When the Whigs all decay,
And no cider is left us
To moisten our clay.
When the Whigs are all withered,
And hard-cider gone,
Oh! who would inhabit
This sad world alone?

As an essayist, Mr. Sanford holds a very happy pen. His articles of this class, in the newspapers of the day, touch lightly and pleasantly on cheerful topics. A humorous description of a city celebrity, *A Charcoal Sketch of Pot Pie Palmer*, first published in the old *Mirror*, is a highly felicitous specimen of his powers in this line, and is quite as worthy in its way as a satire as the celebrated *Memoir of P. P., Clerk of the Parish*.

ADDRESS TO BLACKHAWK.

There's beauty on thy brow, old chief! the high
And manly beauty of the Roman mould,
And the keen flashing of thy full dark eye
Speaks of a heart that years have not made cold,
Of passions scathed not by the blight of time,
Ambition, that survives the battle rout,
The man within thee scorns to play the mime
To gaping crowds that compass thee about.
Thou walkest, with thy warriors by thy side,
Wrapped in fierce hate, and high unconquered pride.

Chief of a hundred warriors! dost thou yet—
Vanquished and captive—dost thou deem that
here—

The glowing day-star of thy glory set—
Dull night has closed upon thy bright career!
Old forest lion, caught and caged at last,
Dost pant to roam again thy native wild
To gloat upon the life-blood flowing fast
Of thy crushed victims; and to slay the child,
To dabble in the gore of wives and mothers,
And kill, old Turk! thy harmless pale-faced brothers.

For it was cruel, Black Hawk, thus to flutter
The dove-cotes of the peaceful pioneers,
To let thy pride commit such fierce and utter
Slaughter among the folks of the frontiers.

Though thine be old, hereditary hate,
Begot in wrongs, and nursed in blood, until
It had become a madness, 'tis too late
To crush the hordes who have the power, and will,
To rob thee of thy hunting grounds and fountains,
And drive thee back to the Rocky Mountains.

Spite of thy looks of cold indifference,
There's much thou'st seen that must excite thy
wonder,

Wakes not upon thy quick and startled sense
The cannon's harsh and pealing voice of thunder?
Our big canoes, with white and wide-spread wings,
That sweep the waters, as birds sweep the sky;—
Our steamboats, with their iron lungs, like things
Of breathing life, that dash and hurry by?
Or if thou scorn'st the wonders of the ocean,
What think'st thou of our railroad locomotion?

Thou'st seen our Museums, beheld the dummies
That grin in darkness in their coffin cases;
What think'st thou of the art of making mummies,
So that the worms shrink from their dry embraces?
Thou'st seen the mimic tyrants of the stage
Strutting, in paint and feathers, for an hour;
Thou'st heard the bellowing of their tragic rage,
Seen their eyes glisten and their dark brows
lower.

Anon, thou'st seen them, when their wrath cooled
down,
Pass in a moment from a king—to clown.
Thou seest these things unmoved, say'st so, old fel-
low?

Then tell us, have the white man's glowing daugh-
ters

Set thy cold blood in motion? Hast been mellow
By a sly cup or so, of our fire waters?
They are thy people's deadliest poison. They
First make them cowards, and then white men's
slaves.

And sloth, and penury, and passion's prey,
And lives of misery, and early graves.
For by their power, believe me, not a day goes,
But kills some Foxes, Sacs, and Winnebagoes.

Say, does thy wandering heart stray far away?
To the deep bosom of thy forest home,
The hillside, where thy young papooses play,
And ask, amid their sports, when wilt thou come!
Come not the wallings of thy gentle squaws,
For their lost warrior, loud upon thine ear,
Piercing athwart the thunder of huzzas,
That, yelled at every corner, meet thee here!
The wife that made that shell-decked wampum belt
Thy rugged heart must think of her, and melt.

Chafes not thy heart, as chafes the panting breast
Of the caged bird against his prison bars,
That thou the crowned warrior of the west,
The victor of a hundred forest wars,
Should'st in thy age become a raree-show
Led like a walking bear about the town,
A new caught monster, who is all the go,
And stared at gratis, by the gaping clown!
Boils not thy blood, while thus thou'rt led about,
The sport and mockery of the rabble rout?

Whence came thy cold philosophy? whence came,
Thou tearless, stern, and uncomplaining one,
The power that taught thee thus to veil the flame
Of thy fierce passions? Thou despiest fun,
And thy proud spirit scorns the white men's glee,
Save thy fierce sport when at the funeral pile,
Of a bound warrior in his agony,
Who meets thy horrid laugh with dying smile,
Thy face, in length reminds one of a Quaker's,
Thy dances, too, are solemn as a Shaker's.

Proud scion of a noble stem! thy tree
 Is blanched, and bare, and seared, and leafless
 now.
 I'll not insult its fallen majesty;
 Nor drive with careless hand the ruthless plough
 Over its roots. Torn from its parent mould,
 Rich, warm, and deep, its fresh, free, balmy air,
 No second verdure quickens in our cold,
 New, barren earth; no life sustains it there.
 But even though prostrate, 'tis a noble thing,
 Though crownless, powerless, "every inch a king."
 Give us thy hand, old nobleman of nature,
 Proud ruler of the forest aristocracy;
 The best of blood glows in thy every feature
 And thy curled lip speaks scorn for our democracy.
 Thou wear'st thy titles on that godlike brow;
 Let him who doubts them, meet thine eagle eye,
 He'll quail beneath its glance, and disavow
 All questions of thy noble family;
 For thou may'st here become, with strict propriety,
 A leader in our city good society.

TO A MOSQUITO.

His voice was very soft, gentle, and low.—*King Lear*.
 Thou of the soft low voice.—*Mrs. Hemans*.
 Thou sweet musician that around my bed,
 Dost nightly come and wind thy little horn,
 By what unseen and secret influence led,
 Feed'st thou my ear with music till 'tis morn?
 The wind-harp's tones are not more soft than thine,
 The hum of falling waters not more sweet,
 I own, indeed I own thy song divine,
 And when next year's warm summer night we
 meet,
 (Till then farewell!) I promise thee to be
 A patient listener to thy minstrelsy.
 Thou tiny minstrel, who bid thee discourse
 Such eloquent music? wast thy tuneful sire?
 Some old musician? or did'st take a course
 Of lessons from some master of the lyre?
 Who bid thee twang so sweetly thy small trumpet?
 Did Norton form thy notes so clear and full?
 Art a phrenologist, and is thy bump
 Of song developed on thy little skull?
 At Niblo's hast thou been when crowds stood mute,
 Drinking the bird-like tones of Cuddy's flute?
 Tell me the burden of thy ceaseless song—
 Is it thy evening hymn of grateful prayer?
 Or lay of love, thou pipest through the long
 Still night? With song dost drive away dull care?
 Art thou a vieux garçon, a gay deceiver,
 A wandering blade, roaming in search of sweets,
 Pledging thy faith to every fond believer
 Who thy advance with half-way shyness meets?
 Or art o' the softer sex, and sing'st in glee
 "In maiden meditation, fancy free."
 Thou little Siren, when the nymphs of yore
 Charmed with their songs till folks forgot to dine
 And starved, though music fed, upon their shore,
 Their voices breathed no softer lays than thine;
 They sang but to entice, and thou dost sing
 As if to lull our senses to repose,
 That thou may'st use unharmed thy little sting
 The very moment we begin to doze:
 Thou worse than Syren, thirsty, fierce blood-sipper,
 Thou living Vampire and thou Gallinipper.
 Nature is full of music, sweetly sings
 The bard (and thou sing'st sweetly too).
 Through the wide circuit of created things,
 Thou art the living proof the bard sings true.
 Nature is full of thee: On every shore,
 'Neath the hot sky of Congo's dusky child,

From warm Peru to icy Labrador,
 The world's free citizen thou roamest wild.
 Wherever "mountains rise or oceans roll,"
 Thy voice is heard, from "Indus to the pole."
 The incarnation of Queen Mab art thou,
 And "Fancy's midwife,"—thou dost nightly sip
 With amorous proboscis bending low,
 The honey-dew from many a lady's lip—
 (Though that they "straight on kisses dream" I
 doubt.)
 On smiling faces and on eyes that weep,
 Thou lightest, and oft with "sympathetic snout"
 "Ticklest men's noses as they lie asleep;"
 And sometimes dwellest, if I rightly scan,
 "On the forefinger of an alderman."
 Yet thou canst glory in a noble birth,
 As rose the sea-born Venus from the wave,
 So didst thou rise to life; the teeming earth,
 The living water, and the fresh air gave
 A portion of their elements to create
 Thy little form, though beauty dwells not there.
 So lean and gaunt that economic fate
 Meant thee to feed on music or on air.
 Our veins' pure juices were not made for thee,
 Thou living, singing, stinging atomy.
 The hues of dying sunset are most fair,
 And twilight's tints just fading into night,
 Most dusky soft; and so thy soft robes are
 By far the sweetest when thou tak'st thy flight,
 The swan's last note is sweetest, so is thine;
 Sweet are the wind harp's tones at distance heard;
 'Tis sweet in distance at the day's decline,
 To hear the opening song of evening's bird.
 But notes of harp or bird at distance float
 Less sweetly on the ear than thy last note.
 The autumn winds are wailing: 'tis thy dirge;
 Its leaves are sear, prophetic of thy doom.
 Soon the cold rain will whelm thee, as the surge
 Whelms the tost mariner in its watery tomb.
 Then soar and sing thy little life away;
 Albeit thy voice is somewhat husky now.
 'Tis well to end in music life's last day,
 Of one so gleeful and so blithe as thou.
 For thou wilt soon live through its joyous hours,
 And pass away with autumn's dying flowers.

SONG—IMITATED FROM THE FRENCH.

If Jove, when he made this beautiful world,
 Had only consulted me,
 An ocean of wine should flow in the place
 Of the brackish and bitter sea.
 Red wine should pour from the fruitful clouds
 In place of the tasteless rain,
 And the fountains should bubble in ruby rills
 To brim the sparkling main.
 No fruit should grow but the round, full grape,
 No bowers but the shady vine,
 And of all earth's flowers, the queenly rose
 Should alone in her beauty shine;
 I'd have a few lakes for the choicest juice,
 Where it might grow mellow and old,
 And my lips should serve as a sluice to drain
 Those seas of liquid gold.

CHARCOAL SKETCH OF POT PIE PALMER.

The poets have told us that it is of little use to be
 a great man, without possessing also a chronicler of
 one's greatness. Brave and wise men—perhaps the
 bravest and wisest that ever lived—have died and
 been forgotten, and all for the want of a poet or an
 historian to immortalize their valor or their wisdom.
 Immortality is not to be gained by the might of one

man alone. Though its claimant be strong and terrible as an army with banners, he can never succeed without a trumpeter. He may embody a thousand minds; he may have the strength of a thousand arms—his enemies may quail before him as the degenerate Italians quailed before the ruthless sabaoth of the north; but without a chronicler of his deeds, he will pass by, like the rush of a whirlwind, with none to tell whence he cometh, or whither he goeth. A great man should always keep a literary friend in pay, for he may be assured that his greatness will never be so firmly established as to sustain itself without a prop. Achilles had his poet; and the anger of the nereid-born and Styx-dipped hero is as savage and bitter at this late day, as if he had just poured forth the vials of his wrath. The favorite son of the queen of love, albeit a pious and exemplary man, and free from most of the weaknesses of his erring but charming mother, might have travelled more than the wandering Jew, and, without the aid of a poet, the course of his voyage would now be as little known as the journal of a modern tourist, six months from the day of its publication. The fates decreed him a bard, and the world is not only intimate with every step of his wayfaring, but for hundreds of years it has been puzzling itself to discover his starting-place. There has lived but one man who has disdained the assistance of his fellow-mortals, and finished with his pen what he began with his sword. We refer to the author of *Cæsar's Commentaries*, the most accomplished gentleman, take him for all in all, that the world ever saw. Let us descend for a step or two in the scale of greatness, and see whence the lesser lights of immortality have derived their lustre. The Cretan Icarus took upon himself the office of a fowl, and was drowned for all his wings, yet floats in the flights of song, while the names of a thousand wiser and better men of his day passed away before their bodies had scarcely rotted. A poorer devil than the late Samuel Patch never cumbered this fair earth; but he is already embalmed in verse, and by one whose name cannot soon die. A cunning pen has engrossed the record of his deeds, and perfected his judgment roll of fame. He is a co-heir in glory with the boy of Crete—the one flew, and the other leaped, into immortality.

There is one name connected with the annals of our city, which should be snatched from oblivion. Would that a strong hand could be found to grasp it, for it is a feeble clutch that now seeks to drag it by the locks from the deep forgetfulness in which it is fast sinking. Scarcely ten years have passed, since the last bell of the last of the bellmen was rung, since the last joke of the joke-master general of our goodly metropolis was uttered, since the last song of our greatest street-minstrel was sung, and the last laugh of the very soul of laughter was peeled forth. Scarcely ten years have passed, and the public recollection of the man who made more noise in the world than any other of his time, is already dim and shadowy and unsubstantial. A brief notice of this extraordinary man has found admittance into the ephemeral columns of a newspaper. We will endeavor to enter his immortality of record in a place where future ages will be more likely to find it. As Dr. Johnson would have said, "of Pot Pie Palmer, let us indulge the pleasing reminiscence."

The character of Pot Pie Palmer was a kindly mingling of the elements of good-nature, gentleness of spirit, quickness and delicacy of perception, an intuitive knowledge of mankind, and an ambition, strange and peculiar in its aspirations, but boundless. There were sundry odd veins and streaks which ran through and wrinkled this goodly compound, in the shape of quips and quirks and quiddities, which

crossed each other at such strange angles, and turned round such short corners, that few were able to analyse the moral anatomy of the man. It is not strange then, that his character should have been generally misunderstood. He was a jester by profession, but he was no mime. Unlike a clown at a country fair, who grins for half-pence, he asked no compensation for his services in the cause of public mirth. He was a volunteer in the business of making men merry, for it was no part of his calling to put the world in good humor, and it has never been hinted that he received a shilling from the corporation for his extra services in the cause of happiness and contentment. He might have been as serious as his own cart-horse, without the slightest risk of losing his place. If he had preserved a becoming gravity, he might have aspired to a higher office than that of the chief of the corporation scavengers; for a long face has ever been a passport to preferment. But he disdained to leave his humble calling as long as he was sure he could remain at its head. He knew full well that there were few who could chime with him, and he would play second to no man's music. He was mirthful, partly from a spirit of philanthropy, and partly because he was so filled with gleeful and fantastic associations, that they overflowed in spite of him. He was not merely a passive instrument that required the cunning touch of a master to awaken its music, or like a wind-harp that is voiceless till the wind sweeps over it. He was a piece of mechanism that played of its own accord, and was never mute, and his notes were as varied as those of a mock-bird. If there were those around him who could enjoy a joke, he offered them a fair share of it, and bade them partake of it and be thankful to the givér; and if there was no one at hand with whom to divide it, he swallowed it himself—and with an appetite that would make a dyspeptic forget that he had a stomach.

He was the incarnation of a jest. His face was a broad piece of laughter, done in flesh and blood. His nose had a whimsical twist, as the nose of a humorist should have. His mouth had become elongated by frequent cackinnations; for his laugh was of most extraordinary dimensions, and required a wide portal to admit it into the free air, and his eyes twinkled and danced about in his head as if they were determined to have a full share in the fun that was going on. Time had seamed his brow, but had also endued it with a soft and mellow beauty; for the spirit of mirth was at his side when he roughened the old man's visage, and had planted a smile in every furrow.

Pot Pie Palmer, like many other great men, was indifferent to the duties of the toilet; but it was not for want of a well appointed wardrobe, for he seldom made his appearance twice in the same dress; and it is not an insignificant circumstance in his biography, that he was the last distinguished personage that appeared in public in a cocked hat. In dress, manners, and appearance, he stuck to the old school, and there was nothing new about him but his jokes. He would sometimes, in a moment of odd fancy, exhibit himself in a crownless hat and bootless feet, probably in honor of his ancestors, the Palmers of yore, who wore their sandal shoon and scallop shell. It may be well to remark, while on the subject of his wardrobe, that there is not the slightest foundation for the rumor that Mr. Palmer wore red flannel next to his person. This mistake has probably arisen from the fact that he was seen dressed in scarlet at a fourth of July celebration. We are able to state, from the very best authority, that cotton and not wool was the raw material from which his dress on that occasion was fabricated, his outer gar-

ment having been a superb specimen of domestic calico; and that he assumed it for three especial reasons—firstly, in honor of the day—secondly, to encourage our infant manufactures, in the cause of which his exertions had always been active—and thirdly, because he had received a special invitation to dine with the common council.

Pot Pie Palmer was an autocrat within his own realms of humor. He had no peer in the joyous art. His whim-whams were his own, and he was the only professed wit that ever lived who was not addicted to plagiarism. He was a knight-errant in the cause of jollity. His worshipped ladye-love was an intellectual abstraction, the disembodied spirit of fun, and wo to the challenger who was bold enough to call her good qualities in question. It was rough tilting with the old but gallant knight. We have been witness to more than one tournament in which an essenced carpet knight cried craven, and left the ancient warrior in full possession of the field. But gentleness was the ordinary wont, as it was the nature of Pot Pie Palmer. He knew that to be the sad burden of his merry song, was a nine days' melancholy immortality even to the humblest, and it went to his heart to see a man laugh on the wrong side of his mouth. His humors were all in the spirit of kindness. He "carried no heart-stain away on his blade;" or if he incautiously inflicted a wound, he was ever ready to pour into it the oil and wine of a merry whim, so that its smart was scarcely felt before it was healed.

Pot Pie was a poet; for where humor is, poetry cannot be far off. They are akin to each other; and if their relationship be not sisterly, it is only so far removed as to make their union more thrillingly delightful. No one could tell where his songs came from, and it was a fair presumption that they were his own. He has been considered by many the only perfect specimen of an improvisatore that this country has ever produced. His lays were always an echo to the passing scenes around him. Like the last minstrel, he had songs for all ears. The sooty chimney-sweep who walked by, chanting his cheery song, was answered in notes that spoke gladness to his heart, and the poor fuliginous blackamoor passed on, piping away more merrily than ever. The anomalous biped who drove a clam-cart, would needs stop a moment for a word of kindness from Pot Pie and he would be sure to get it, for the Palmer was not a proud man. In the expansive character of his humor, he knew no distinctions. Even in his jokes with his brother bellmen, there was no assumption of superiority. He disdained to triumph over their dullness, and he rather sought to instil into their bosoms a portion of his own fire.

It was a part, nay the very essence of his calling, to receive from the tenants of the underground apartments of the houses where he had the honor to call, those superfluous vegetable particles which are discarded—especially in warm weather—from the alimentary preparations of well-regulated families. There was a smile resting on his cheek—a smile of benevolence—as the dusky lady of the lower cabinet transferred her odorous stores into his capacious cart; a graceful touch of his time-worn and dilapidated ram-beaver, and a loud compliment was roared forth in tones that made the passers-by prick up their ears, and the dingy female would rush in evident confusion down the cellar-steps, seemingly abashed at the warmth of his flattery, while at the next moment there would peal up from the depths, a ringing laugh that told how the joyous spirit of the negress had been gladdened, and that the bellman had uttered the very sentiment that was nearest her heart. He had his delicate allusions when

the buxom grisette or simpering chambermaid presented herself at the door, half coy and half longing for a word of kindness, or perchance of flattery, and they were sure never to go away unsatisfied. For though there were tossings of pretty heads, and pert flings of well-rounded to ms, and blushes which seemed to speak more of shame than of pleasure, you would be sure if you gave a glance the moment after at the upper casements, to see faces peering forth, glowing with laughter and delight.

Palmer's genius resembled that of Rabelais, for his humor was equally broad and equally uncontrollable. We have said that he was a poet, a street-minstrel of the very first rank. He threw a grace, beyond the reach of art, over the unwashed beauties of a scavenger's cart. It was to him a triumphal chariot, a car of honor: he needed no heralds to precede its march, no followers to swell its train; for he made music enough to trumpet the coming of a score of conquerors, and the boys followed him in crowds as closely as if they had been slaves chained to his chariot. He was to the lean and solemn beast that drew him on with the measured pace of an animal in authority, like the merry Sancho to his dappled ass. There never was a more practical antithesis than the horse and his master; and it must have been a dull beast that would not have caught a portion of the whim and spirit of such a companion. Unfortunately, the pedigree of Palmer's steed has been lost; and it will continue to be an unsettled point whether he came honestly by his dullness, or whether nature had made him dull in one of her pranksome moods. It is still more uncertain whether Palmer selected him out of compassion, or for the sake of making the stupidity of the animal a foil to his own merry humors.

Palmer carried us back to the latter part of the middle ages, when ladye love and minstrel rhyme were the ambition and the ruling passion of the bard-warriors of the time. The love of song was part of his nature; and he was enough of a modern to know that a song was worth little without a fitting accompaniment. With a boldness and originality that marked the character of the man, he selected an instrument devoted to any other purpose than that of music; and so great did his skill become, aided by an excellent ear and a perfect command of hand, that, had he possessed the advantages of admission into fashionable society, there is every reason to believe that the humble bell would soon have rivalled the ambitious violin. He was the Paganini of bellmen, the Apollo of street-music. He modulated the harmony of voice and hand with such peculiar skill, that the separate sounds flowed into each other as if they had been poured forth together from the same melodious fount. No harsh discord jarred upon the ear—no false note could be detected. His voice was naturally deficient in softness, and ill-adapted to express the tender emotions; but he had cultivated it so admirably, and managed its powers with such peculiar skill, that none could tell what might have been its original defects. He preferred the old and simple ballad style to the scientific quavering of more modern times. In his day, we had no Italian opera, and he was without a rival.

Palmer was a public man, and it is in his public character we speak of him. Little is known of his private life, or the secret motives and hidden springs which moved him to aspire to notoriety. There is a flying rumor that in his early years he was visited by a fortune-teller, who prophesied that he would make a noise in the world, and that the sybil's prediction was the cause of his aspiring to the office of corporation bellman. Our authority upon this point is apocryphal, and it must be strong evidence to con-

vince us that superstition was a weakness that found admittance into Pot Pie's bosom. He was probably an obscure man previous to his taking upon himself the cares of public office; for we are assured by a highly respectable citizen, that it required the influence of strong political friends to secure him his situation. It is equally probable that he was not in affluent circumstances, as it is known that, on being inducted into office, he had not two shillings about him to pay the necessary fees: and that he made a compromise with the mayor, on that occasion, by advancing a number of first-rate jokes, which his honor was kind enough to receive as collateral security for the payment of his official demand. On taking possession of his office, he found that he was engaged in a calling which was in bad odor. Its ordinary duties were mechanical. He was brought in contact, in the transaction of his business, chiefly with the lower classes. His brothers in office were little better than patient drudges, who had no soul beyond receiving their stipulated salaries. Finding that his office could give him little reputation, he determined to give reputation to his office. He courted popularity, not by the arts of a demagogue, but by kindness and courtesy to all around him. He would occasionally throw a joke by the way-side; and, if it took root and produced good fruit, he would sow another in the same soil; and he thus continued his husbandry, until a blooming harvest of ripe humors and full-grown conceits had sprung up wherever he had passed. It is not improbable that Palmer's figure was in the mind's eye of our Bryant when he spoke of "a living blossom of the air." It is not strange that his popularity should soon have become general, but it is not a little singular that it should have experienced no ebb and flow. The fickle breath of popular favor was to him a breeze that always blew from the same point of the compass. During his long public career, there was no interval of diminished reputation, no brief period of questioned authority. He swayed the sceptre of his wit firmly to the last; and when it departed from his hand, there was none bold enough to claim it.

To form a correct estimate of the powers of one who, in one of the humblest pursuits of life—a pursuit calculated to beget and keep alive narrow and sordid views, to check all noble aspirations, all ambition for fame in the eyes of the world, and to lessen a man in his own eyes, had the spirit to soar above the common duties of his calling, to create himself a name, and to make himself the lion of his day, the wonder of his time, outrivalling all cotemporary lions and all imported wonders, and who had the ability to effect all this, we must place the bellman and his calling alongside of other men whose situations in life, in point of conventional respectability, are on a par with his. The collectors of anthracite coal-dust are as ambitious as he was to make a noise in the world, and they blow their trumpets as loudly as if they aspired to imitate the example of the conqueror of Jericho, and to make the walls of our city to crumble before their blast. But, like ranting actors, they only split the ears of the groundlings. There is nothing poetical in the shrill blast of their horns; and we have never seen one of them whom our imagination could body forth into any other shape than that of an everyday matter of fact, vulgar dustman. We are like the unpoetical clown—

A cowslip by the river's brim
A yellow cowslip was to him,
But it was nothing more.

So in our eyes, a collector of ashes is simply a collector of ashes, and that is all we know or care about him. No Napoleon of his order has arisen among

this class. No man of his time has sprung, phoenix-like, from the ashes. Had the noisy tin-trumpet, instead of the changing bell, been the emblem of Palmer's office, how would its base and common notes have been softened and melted into melody, till they spoke such eloquent music as even, in these latter days, visits not the ears of common mortals. Even the fame of poor Willis might have been dimmed; and the Kent-bugle, which he charmed into the utterance of such melting melody, might have been pronounced an inferior instrument to the mellow horn, when breathing the airs and variations of Pot Pie Palmer. The dull man of ashes, though possessing, as the emblem of his calling, a musical instrument, the very mention of which awakens a hundred stirring associations, has so far neglected the advantages of his situation, as to make himself the most unpoetical and unendurable of street-bores. Is there a milkman in the land who is distinguished for any thing beyond a peculiar art in mixing liquors, and for combining, with a greater or less degree of skill, lacteal and aqueous fluids? We have never seen the man. Descend in the scale. The sooty sweep, though he has a special license from the corporation to sing when and where he pleases, though the only street minstrel acknowledged and protected by our laws, is still regarded by the public eye as the poorest and humblest of all God's creatures; and there is no instance on record of his having, even in his most climbing ambition, aspired to any other elevation than the chimney-top. In brief, there is no humble public employment, no low dignity of office, with the single exception of that of the corporation bellmen, that can furnish an instance of its possessor having arrayed it in poetry and beauty; and to Pot Pie Palmer belongs the undivided and undisputed honor

Green be the laurels on the Palmer's brow.

But, says some cynical critic, "where are the jests of your Yorick, where is the recorded or remembered proof of his wit, his music, or his poetry? Let us have some single specimen of those powers which you are applauding to the echo, or at least furnish us with some traits from which we can picture to ourselves the moral physiognomy of the man?" To this we have several answers. The fame of Pot Pie Palmer, to be secure, must rest chiefly on tradition. A dim legendary immortality will outlast all other kinds of fame, for no one can call its title in question. Its very dimness invests it with a soft poetic halo that lingers over and brightens it, giving it the enchantment of distance, and arraying it with mystic beauty. We abhor a downright matter of fact, palpable reputation, for sure as it is tangible, it is equally sure to be meddled with, and perhaps pulled to pieces. We wish to preserve, if possible, the fabric of Palmer's fame, from the touch of hands that would but discompose its delicate and fairy handiwork. Besides, we are fearful of marring a good joke by repeating it awkwardly. The spirit and soul of the Palmer are necessary to him who would repeat the Palmer's jokes. His was unwritten humor. We have sought diligently, but without success, for some account of his private life, but we have completely failed in our search. We are enabled to state, however, on the very best authority, that the Pot Pie papers, which have been preserved with religious care by his family, will in due time either be given to the public, or made use of as the basis of an article in the next edition of American Biography; and we think that Palmer's chance for fame is at least on a par with nine out of ten of those who figure in that department of the Dictionary of Universal Knowledge.

Poor old Pot Pie! The memory of the kind-hearted and joyous old man is sweet and savory. We think of him as one of those who were pleasant in their lives; while in his death he and his jests were not divided. They went down to the tomb together. Time, the beautifier, has already shed its soft lustre over the recollection of his humble cart and its odoriferous contents; and we think of it as sending forth to the pure air a perfume like the aroma breathed from a field of spices. We look in vain for a successor to fill the place left vacant by his departure; for a voice as blithe and cheery as his; for so cunning a hand; for a visage that beamed forth more mirth than Joe Miller ever wrote; for taste in vestimental architecture so arabesque and grotesque, and yet in such admirable unison with the humor of the man; for that intuitive perception of the character of human clay as never to throw away a jest upon a fruitless soil; and for so plentiful a garner of the seeds of mirth as to scatter them in daily profusion, while, like the oil of the widow's cruse, they never wasted. We do not think of him as of a hoary Silenus, mirthful from the effect of bacchanalian orgies, or as the Momus of this nether world, most witty when most ill-natured, or as of George Buchanan, or any other king's fool, for there is degradation connected with these jesters—but as the admirable Crichton of his time, the glass of fashion and the mould of form to the corporation scavengers, “the rose of the fair state,” as one whose combination and whose form were such that, of all his class, we can select him alone and say, “here was a bellman.” Glorious old Pot Pie!

His name is now a portion in the batch
Of the heroic dough which baking Time
Kneads for consuming ages—and the chime
Of Fame's old bells, long as they truly ring,
Shall tell of him.

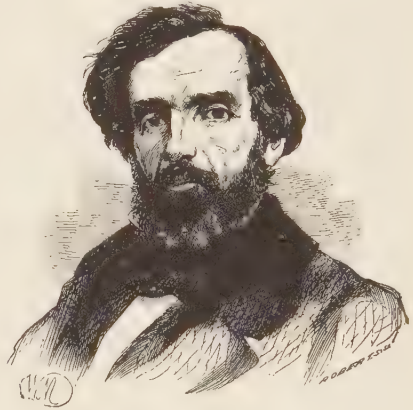
THEODORE S. FAY.

THEODORE S. FAY was born in the city of New York. After receiving a liberal education he studied law, and at an early age commenced a literary career as a contributor to the *New York Mirror*, of which he subsequently became one of the editors. In 1832 he published *Dreams and Reveries of a Quiet Man*, a collection in two volumes of his articles in the *Mirror*, including a series of papers on New York society entitled the *Little Genius*. The remaining portion is occupied with tales, essays, and editorial comments on the passing events of city life.

Mr. Fay sailed for Europe in 1833, and passed the three following years in travel. During his absence he wrote a record of his wanderings with the title of *The Minute Book*, and in 1835 published his first novel, *Norman Leslie*. The incidents of the plot are derived from those of a murder which occurred in New York at the commencement of the century, the public interest in which was greatly increased by the array of legal talent enlisted in the trial of the case; Burr, Hamilton, and Edward Livingston appearing for the prisoner, and Cadwallader D. Colden, the District Attorney, for the state. The novel is well managed and interesting. It met with a rapid sale, and a dramatized version by Miss Louisa H. Medina was played for several nights at the Bowery theatre.

In 1837 Mr. Fay received the appointment of Secretary of Legation at Berlin, a post he retained,

to the great gratification of all American travelers who visited that city, until 1853, when he was promoted to the post of Minister Resident at Berne, where he was till 1860. In 1840 he published a second novel, *The Countess Ida*, the scenes of which are laid in Europe. The plot involves the discouragement of the practice of duelling by exhibiting a hero who, possessed of undisputed personal bravery, displays a higher degree of courage in refusing to accept, or be led into offering a challenge. This was followed in 1843 by a novel of similar length and similar purpose, entitled *Hoboken, a Romance of New York*.



Theodore S. Fay.

Mr. Fay has since published *Robert Rueful* and *Sidney Clifton*, two short tales, and in 1851 a poetical romance entitled *Ulric, or The Voices*, the design of which is to show that the temptings of the evil one, the “voices” of the poem, may be driven back by resolute endeavor and Christian faith. The scene is laid in the early days of the Reformation, but has little to do with the historic events of the period. *Ulric* is a young noble of Germany, and the action of the poem occurs among the beautiful scenes and picturesque castles of the Rhine, advantages of which the author avails himself in many passages of effective description.

**The later works of Mr. Fay comprise: *Views of Christianity*, 1856; *History of Switzerland*; *Great Outlines of Geography and Atlas*, 1867; and a new edition of his first novel, *Norman Leslie: A New York Story*, 1869.

THE RHINE—FROM ULRIC.

Oh come, gentle pilgrim,
From far distant strand,

Come, gaze on the pride
Of the old German land.
On that wonder of nature,
That vision divine
Of the past and the present,
The exquisite Rhine.
As soft as a smile,
And as sweet as a song,
Its famous old billows
Roll murmur'ing along.
From its source on the mount
Whence it flies in the sea,
It flashes with beauty
As bright as can be.
With the azure of heaven,
Its first waters flow,
And it leaps like an arrow
Escaped from a bow;
While reflecting the glories
Its hill-sides that crown,
It then sweeps in grandeur
By castle and town.
And when, from the red
Gleaming tow'rs of Mayence
Enchanted thou'rt borne
In bewildering trance,
By death-breathing ruin,
By life-giving wine—
By thy dark-frowning turrets,
Old Ehrenbreitstein!
To where the half magic
Cathedral looks down
On the crowds at its base,
Of the ancient Cologne,
While in rapture thy dazzled
And wondering eyes
Scarce follow the pictures,
As bright, as they rise,
As the dreams of thy youth,
Which thou vainly wouldst stay,
But they float, from thy longings,
Like shadows away.
Thou wilt find on the banks
Of the wonderful stream,
Full many a spot
That an Eden doth seem.
And thy bosom will ache
With a secret despair,
That thou canst not inhabit
A landscape so fair,
And fain thou wouldst linger
Eternity there.

AN OUTLINE SKETCH

The young Lord D. yawned. Why did the young lord yawn? He had recently come into ten thousand a year. His home was a palace. His sisters were angels. His cousin was—in love with him. He, himself, was an Apollo. His horses might have drawn the chariot of Phœbus, but in their journey around the globe, would never have crossed above grounds more Eden-like than his. Around him were streams, lawns, groves, and fountains. He could hunt, fish, ride, read, flirt, sleep, swim, drink, muse, write, or lounge. All the appliances of affluence were at his command. The young Lord D. was the admiration and envy of all the country. The young Lord D.'s step sent a palpitating flutter through many a lovely bosom. His smile awakened many a dream of bliss and wealth. The Lady S.,—that queenly woman, with her majestic bearing, and her train of dying adorers, grew lovelier and livelier beneath the spell of his smile; and even Ellen B.,—the modest, beautiful creature, with her large, timid, tender blue eyes, and her pouting red lips—that rose-

bud—sighed audibly, only the day before, when he left the room—and yet—and yet—the young Lord D. yawned.

It was a rich still hour. The afternoon sunlight overspread all nature. Earth, sky, lake, and air were full of its dying glory, as it streamed into the apartment where they were sitting, through the foliage of a magnificent oak, and the caressing tendrils of a profuse vine, that half buried the verandah beneath its heavy masses of foliage.

"I am tired to death," said the sleepy lord.

His cousin Rosalie sighed.

"The package of papers from London is full of news, and——" murmured her sweet voice timidly.

"I hate news."

"The poetry in the New Monthly is——"

"You set my teeth on edge. I have had a surfeit of poetry."

"Ellen B. is to spend the day with us to-morrow."

Rosalie lifted her hazel eyes full upon his face.

"Ellen B.?" drawled the youth, "she is a child, a pretty child. I shall ride over to Lord A.'s."

Rosalie's face betrayed that a mountain was off her heart.

"Lord A. starts for Italy in a few weeks," said Rosalie.

"Happy dog!"

"He will be delighted with Rome and Naples."

"Rome and Naples," echoed D., in a musing voice.

"Italy is a delightful, heavenly spot," continued his cousin, anxious to lead him into conversation.

"So I'm told," said Lord D., abstractedly.

"It is the garden of the world," rejoined Rosalie.

Lord D. opened his eyes. He evidently was just struck with an idea. Young lords with ten thousand a year are not often troubled with ideas. He sprang from his seat. He paced the apartment twice. His countenance glowed. His eyes sparkled.

"Rose——"

"Cousin——"

What a beautiful break. Rose trembled to the heart. Could it be possible that he was——

He took her hand. He kissed it, eagerly, earnestly, and enthusiastically.

She blushed and turned away her face in graceful confusion.

"Rose!"

"Dear, dear cousin!"—

"I have made up my mind."

"Charles!—"

"To-morrow!"

"Heavens!"

"I will start for Italy."

Ocean! Superb—endless—sublime, rolling, tumbling, dashing, heaving, foaming—*cælum undique et undique pontus*. Lord D. gazed around. The white cliffs of Dover were fading in the distance. Farewell, England. It is a sweet melancholy, this bidding adieu to a mass—a speck in the horizon—a mere cloud, yet which contains in its airy and dim outline all that you ever knew of existence.

"Noble England!" ejaculated Lord D., "and dear mother—Ellen B.—pretty fawn—Rose too—sweet pretty dear Rose—what could mean those glittering drops that hung upon her lashes when I said adieu? Can it be that?—pshaw—I am a coxcomb. What! Rose? the little sunshiny Rose—the cheerful philosopher—the logical—the studious—the—the—the—!"

Alas! alas! What are logic, study, cheerfulness, philosophy, sunshine, to a warm-hearted girl of twenty—in love!

Lord D. went below.

Italy is a paradise. Surely Adam looked on such skies, such rivers, such woods, such mountains, such fields. How lavish, how bright, how rich is every thing around. Lord D. guided his horse up a mountain near Rome. The sun had just set; the warm heavens stretched above him perfectly unclouded; what a time to muse! what a place! The young nobleman fell into a reverie, which, the next moment, was broken by a shout of terror—the clashing of arms—a pistol shot, and a groan. He flew to the spot. A youth of twenty lay at the root of a tall tree, weltering in his blood. The assassin, terrified at the sight of a stranger, fled.

"I die," murmured the youth, with ashy lips.

"Can I aid you?" asked Lord D., thrilling with horror and compassion.

"Take this box. It contains jewels, and a *secret*, which I would not have revealed for the world. Carry it to England, to the Duke of R—. Open it not, no matter what happens. Swear never to reveal to any human being that you possess it—swear."

Lord D. hesitated.

"My life-blood ebbs away apace. Speak, oh speak, and bless a dying man—swear."

"I swear."

"Enough. I thank you—hide it in your bosom. God bless you—my—England—never see—home—again—never, nev—"

The full round moon, beautifully bright, went solemnly up the azure track of sky.

Lord D. dashed a tear from his eye, as he gazed on the pallid features of the youth, who stretched himself out in the last shuddering agony and convulsion of death. He placed his hand upon the stranger's bosom. The heart had ceased to beat. No longer the crimson gore flowed from the wound. The light foam stood on his pale lips.

"And he has a mother," said the chilled nobleman—"and a once happy home. For their sake, as well as his, his wishes shall be obeyed."

The tread of horses' feet came to his ear, and shouts and confused voices.

Lord D. thought the fugitive ruffian was returning with more of the gang.

"Shall I fly like a coward?" was his first thought; but again, he said, "why should I waste my life upon a set of banditti?"

He sprang to his saddle, in his hurry leaving behind him a kerchief—dashed the rowels into the flanks of the snorting steed, and was presently lost in the winding paths of the forest.

The midnight moon was shining silently into the apartment, as Lord D.'s eyes closed in sleep, after having lain for some time lost in thought upon his couch. His senses gradually melted into dreams.

"Ah Rosalie, Dear Rosalie."

The maiden suddenly grasped his throat with the ferocity of a fiend, when—ha! no Rosalie—but the iron gripe of a muscular arm dragged him from the bed, and shook his idle dreams to air.

"Bind the villain!" said a hoarse voice.

"Away, away to the duke's!"

Bewildered, indignant, alarmed, the astonished lord found himself bound, and borne to a carriage—the beautiful and soft fragments of Italian scenery flew by the coach windows.

If you would freeze the heart of an Englishman, and yet suffocate him with anger, thrust him into a dungeon. Lord D. never was so unceremoniously assisted to a change of location. A black-browed,

dark-complexioned, mustachio-lipped soldier hurled him down a flight of broken steps, and threw after him a bundle of clothes.

"By St. George, my friend, if I had you on the side of a green English hill, I would make your brains and bones acquainted with an oaken cudgel. The uncivilized knave."

He lay for hours on a little straw. By-and-by some one came in with a lamp.

"Pray, friend, where am I?"

The stranger loosened his cord, and motioned him to put on his clothes. He did so—unable to repress the occasional explosion of an honest, heartfelt execration. When his toilet was completed, his guide took him by the arm, and led him through a long corridor, till, lo! a blaze of sunshiny daylight dazzled his eyes.

"You are accused of murder," said the duke, in French.

"Merciful Providence!" ejaculated D.

"Your victim was found weltering in his blood at your feet. You left this kerchief on his body. It bears your name. By your hand he fell. You have been traced to your lodgings. You must die."

A witness rushed forward to bear testimony in favor of the prisoner. Lord D. could not be the perpetrator of such a crime. He was a nobleman of honor and wealth.

"Where are his letters?"

He had brought none.

"What is the result of the search which I ordered to be made at his lodgings?"

"This box, my lord duke, and—"

The box was opened. It contained a set of superb jewels, the miniature of the murdered youth, and of a fair creature, probably his mistress.

Lord D. started.

"By heavens, it is Rosalie! I am thunder-struck."

"Enough," said the duke, "guilt is written in every feature. Wretch, murderer! To the block with him. To-morrow at daybreak let his doom be executed. Nay, sir, lower that high bearing, those fiery and flashing eyes, that haughty and commanding frown. Not thus should you meet your Creator."

Night, deep night. How silent! How sublime! The fated lord lay watching the sky, through the iron grating of his cell.

"Ah, flash on, myriads of overhanging worlds—ye suns, whose blaze is quenched by immeasurable distance. To-morrow just so with your calm, bright, everlasting faces, ye will look down upon my grave. Jupiter, brilliant orb! How lustrous! How wonderful! Ha! the north star—ever constant! Axis on which revolves this stupendous, heavenly globe. How often at home I have watched thy beams, with Rosalie on my arm. Rosalie, dear Rosalie—"

"I come to save you," said a soft, sweet voice.

"What! Boy—who art thou? Why dost—"

The young stranger took off his cap.

"No—yes! That forehead—those eyes—enchanted girl—angel—"

"Hush!" said Rosalie, laying her finger upon her lip.

Ocean—again—the deep, magnificent ocean—and life and freedom.

"Blow, grateful breeze—on, on, over the washing billows, light-winked bark. Ha! land ahead! England! Rosalie, my girl, see—"

Again on her lashes tears stood glittering.

How different from those that—

Onward, like the wind, revolve the rattling wheels. The setting sun reveals the tall groves, the great oak, the lawns, the meadows, the fountains.

"My mother!"

"My son!"

"Friends!"

A package from the duke.

"The murderer of ——— is discovered, and has paid the forfeit of his crimes. Will Lord D. again visit Italy?"

"Ay, with my wife—with Rosalie."

"And with letters and a good character," said Rosalie, archly.

WILLIAM COX,

THE author of two volumes, entitled *Crayon Sketches, by an Amateur*, published in New York in 1833, with a preface by Mr. Theodore S. Fay, was an Englishman by birth, who came to America early in life to practise his calling of a printer. He found employment in the *Mirror*, conducted by General Morris, and made a literary reputation by contributing a series of sketches to its columns. These were in a happy vein of humor and criticism, in a style of ease and simplicity, satirizing the literary infirmities of the times, hitting off popular actors—the writer being a genuine member of the old Park Pit—and discussing various pleasantries of the author's own. The essays pleased men of taste and good sense. One of them, in particular, a sketch of the old city constable Jacob Hays, "written during an awful prevalence of biographies," gained great celebrity at the time. Mr. Cox having reviewed the *Miscellanies of Sands in the Mirror*, Mr. Gulian C. Verplanck, in his life of that author, thus acknowledged the compliment:—"This was William Cox, who shortly after became a regular contributor to American periodical literature, and has since gained an enviable literary reputation by his *Crayon Sketches*, a series of essays full of originality, pleasantry, and wit, alternately reminding the reader of the poetical eloquence of Hazlitt, and the quaint humor and eccentric tastes of Charles Lamb."

Mr. Cox, after writing for a number of years for the *Mirror*, returned to England. His circumstances, we believe, were prosperous. He occasionally sent a genial letter in his old style to his friend Morris's *Home Journal*, where his acquaintances one day, we think in 1851, were pained to read his obituary.

BIOGRAPHY OF JACOB HAYS.

He is a man, take him for all in all
We shall not look upon his like again.

SHAKESPEARE.

Ladies and gentlemen, allow me to introduce to your acquaintance, Baron *Nubem*, a person who has a very taking way with him.—Tom and Jerry.

Perhaps there is no species of composition so generally interesting and truly delightful as minute and indiscriminate biography, and it is pleasant to perceive how this taste is gradually increasing. The time is apparently not far distant when every man will be found busy writing the life of his neighbor, and expect to have his own written in return, interspersed with original anecdotes, extracts from epistolary correspondence, the exact hours at

which he was in the habit of going to bed at night and getting up in the morning, and other miscellaneous and useful information carefully selected and judiciously arranged. Indeed, it is whispered that the editors of this paper* intend to take Longworth's Directory for the groundwork, and give the private history of all the city alphabetically, without "fear or favor—love or affection." In Europe there exists an absolute biographical mania, and they are manufacturing lives of poets, painters, play-actors, peers, pugilists, pick-pockets, horse jockeys, and their horses, together with a great many people that are scarcely known to have existed at all. And the fashion now is not only to shadow forth the grand and striking outlines of a great man's character, and hold to view those qualities which elevated him above his species, but to go into the minutiae of his private life, and note down all the trivial expressions and every-day occurrences in which, of course, he merely spoke and acted like any ordinary man. This not only affords employment for the exercise of the small curiosity and meddling propensities of his officious biographer, but is also highly gratifying to the general reader, inasmuch as it elevates him mightily in his own opinion to see it put on record that great men ate, drank, slept, walked, and sometimes talked just as he does. In giving the biography of the high constable of this city, I shall by all means avoid descending to undignified particulars; though I deem it important to state, before proceeding further, that there is not the slightest foundation for the report afloat that Mr. Hays has left off eating buckwheat cakes in a morning, in consequence of their lying too heavily on his stomach.

Where the subject of the present memoir was born, can be but of little consequence; who were his father and mother, of still less; and how he was bred and educated, of none at all. I shall therefore pass over this division of his existence in eloquent silence, and come at once to the period when he attained the acmé of constabulary power and dignity by being created high constable of this city and its suburbs; and it may be remarked, in passing, that the honorable the corporation, during their long and unsatisfactory career, never made an appointment more creditable to themselves, more beneficial to the city, more honorable to the country at large, more imposing in the eye of foreign nations, more disagreeable to all rogues, nor more gratifying to honest men, than that of the gentleman whom we are biographizing, to the high office he now holds. His acuteness and vigilance have become proverbial; and there is not a misdeed committed by any member of this community, but he is speedily admonished that he will "have old Hays [as he is affectionately and familiarly termed] after him." Indeed, it is supposed by many that he is gifted with supernatural attributes, and can see things that are hid from mortal ken; or how, it is contended, is it possible that he should, as he does,

Bring forth the secret'st man of blood?

That he can discover "undivulged crime"—that when a store has been robbed, he, without step or hesitation, can march directly to the house where the goods are concealed, and say, "these are they"—or, when a gentleman's pocket has been picked, that, from a crowd of unsavory miscreants he can, with unerring judgment, lay his hand upon one and exclaim "you're wanted!"—or, how is it that he is gifted with that strange principle of ubiquity that makes him "here, and there, and everywhere?"

* The New York Mirror.

at the same moment? No matter how, so long as the public reap the benefit; and well may that public apostrophize him in the words of the poet:—

Long may he live! our city's pride!
Where lives the rogue, but flies before him!
With trusty crabstick by his side,
And staff of office waving o'er him.

But it is principally as a literary man that we would speak of Mr. Hays. True, his poetry is "unwritten," as is also his prose; and he has invariably expressed a decided contempt for philosophy, music, rhetoric, the *belles lettres*, the fine arts, and in fact all species of composition excepting bailiffs' warrants and bills of indictment—but what of that? The constitution of his mind is, even unknown to himself, decidedly poetical. And here I may be allowed to avail myself of another peculiarity of modern biography, namely, that of describing a man by what he is not. Mr. Hays has not the graphic power or antiquarian lore of Sir Walter Scott—nor the glittering imagery or voluptuous tenderness of Moore—nor the delicacy and polish of Rogers—nor the spirit of Campbell—nor the sentimentalism of Miss Landon—nor the depth and purity of thought and intimate acquaintance with nature of Bryant—nor the brilliant style and playful humor of Halleck—no, he is more in the petit larceny manner of Crabbe, with a slight touch of Byronic power and gloom. He is familiarly acquainted with all those interesting scenes of vice and poverty so fondly dwelt upon by that reverend chronicler of little villany, and if ever he can be prevailed upon to publish, there will doubtless be found a remarkable similarity in their works. His height is about five feet seven inches, but who makes his clothes we have as yet been unable to ascertain. His countenance is strongly marked, and forcibly brings to mind the lines of Byron when describing his Corsair:—

There was a laughing devil in his sneer
That raised emotions both of hate and fear;
And where his glance of "apprehension" fell,
Hope withering fled, and mercy sighed, farewell!

Yet with all his great qualities, it is to be doubted whether he is much to be envied. His situation certainly has its disadvantages. Pure and blameless as his life is, his society is not courted—no man boasts of his friendship, and few indeed like even to own him for an intimate acquaintance. Whenever he goes his slightest action is watched and criticized; and if he happen carelessly to lay his hand upon a gentleman's shoulder and whisper something in his ear, even that man, as if there were contamination in his touch, is seldom or never seen afterwards in decent society. Such things cannot fail to prey upon his feelings. But when did ever greatness exist without some penalty attached to it?

The first time that ever Hays was pointed out to me, was one summer afternoon, when acting in his official capacity in the city hall. The room was crowded in every part, and as he entered with a luckless wretch in his gripe, a low suppressed murmur ran through the hall, as if some superior being had alighted in the midst of them. He placed the prisoner at the bar—a poor careless individual, with scarcely any edging and no roof to his hat—to stand his trial for bigamy, and then, in a loud, authoritative tone, called out for "silence," and there was silence. Again he spoke—"hats off there!" and the multitude became uncovered; after which he took his handkerchief out of his left-hand coat pocket, wiped his face, put it back again, looked sternly around, and then sat down. The scene was awful and impressive; but the odor was

disagreeable in consequence of the heat acting upon a large quantity of animal matter congregated together. My olfactory organs were always lamentably acute: I was obliged to retire, and from that time to this, I have seen nothing, though I have heard much of the subject of this brief and imperfect, but, I trust, honest and impartial memoir.

Health and happiness be with thee, thou prince of constables—thou guardian of innocence—thou terror of evil-doers and little boys! May thy years be many and thy sorrows few—may thy life be like a long and cloudless summer's day, and may thy salary be increased! And when at last the summons comes from which there is no escaping—when the warrant arrives upon which no bail can be put in—when thou thyself, that hast "wanted" so many, art in turn "wanted and must go,"

Mayst thou fall
Into the grave as softly as the leaves
Of the sweet roses on an autumn eve,
Beneath the small sighs of the western wind,
Drop to the earth!

JOHN INMAN.

JOHN INMAN, for many years a prominent member of the New York press, as one of the editors of the *Commercial Advertiser*, was born at Utica, New York, in 1805. He was a brother of Henry Inman, the celebrated portrait painter.

Mr. Inman's progress in life was mainly due to his own exertions, his early advantages of education or influence having been slight. In 1823 he removed to North Carolina, where he remained for two years in charge of a school. The following twelve months were more agreeably occupied by a tour in Europe, earned by his previous toil. On his return he applied himself to the practice of the law, but in 1828 relinquished the profession and became an editor of the *Standard*, a New York newspaper. In 1830 he left this journal to connect himself with the *Mirror*.

In 1833 Mr. Inman married Miss Fisher, a sister of Miss Clara Fisher, Mrs. Vernon, and Mr. John Fisher, three of the best comedians of the "Old Park" stock company. In the same year he became an assistant to Colonel Stone in the editorship of the *Commercial Advertiser*. On the death of Colonel Stone in 1844, he succeeded to the chief charge of the journal, a position which he retained until incapacitated by his last illness from performing its duties.

Mr. Inman was also the editor for some years of the *Columbian Magazine* and of several volumes of selections, and a contributor to the *New York Review*, the *Spirit of the Times*, and several of the popular magazines, where his tales, and sketches, and occasional poems, were received with favor. His versatility as a writer may be estimated from the fact, that on one occasion he wrote an entire number of the *Columbian Magazine* when under his charge. He died on the 30th of March, 1850.

THOUGHTS AT THE GRAVE OF A DEPARTED FRIEND.

Loved, lost one, fare thee well—too harsh the doom
That called thee thus in opening life away;
Tears fall for thee; and at thy early tomb,
I come at each return of this best day,
When evening hovers near, with solemn gloom,
The pious debt of sorrowing thought to pay,
For thee, blest spirit, whose loved form alone
Here mouldering sleeps, beneath this simple stone.

But memory claims thee still ; and slumber brings
 Thy form before me as in life it came ;
 Affection conquers death, and fondly clings
 Unto the past, and thee, and thy loved name ;
 And hours glide swiftly by on noiseless wings,
 While sad discourses of thy loss I frame,
 With her the friend of thy most tranquil years,
 Who mourns for thee with grief too deep for tears.
Sunday Evening.

HORATIO GREENOUGH.

HORATIO GREENOUGH, the first of the eminent sculptors of the country, and a refined and vigorous prose writer, was born at Boston, September 6, 1805. Like most artists, he early manifested a taste for his future calling.

"Having," says his biographer, Mr. Tuckerman, "a decided sense of form, a love of imitating it, and a mechanical aptitude which kept his knife, pencil, and scissors continually active, he employed hours in carving, drawing, and moulding toys, faces, and weapons, by way of amusing himself and his comrades. I have seen a head evidently taken from an old Roman coin, executed upon a bit of compact plaster about the size of a penny, admirably cut by Greenough with a penknife and common nail, while a schoolboy, seated upon the door-step of one of his neighbors. The lady who observed this achievement, preserved the little medal with religious care ; and was the first to give the young sculptor a commission. It was for her that he executed the beautiful ideal bust of the Genius of Love. This propensity soon took a higher range. It was encouraged by the mechanics and professional men around him, whose good-will his agreeable manners and obvious genius propitiated. One kind artisan taught him the use of fine tools ; a stone-cutter, of more than ordinary taste, instructed him to wield a chisel ; benevolent librarians allowed him the use of plates, casts, and manuals ; a physician gave him access to anatomical designs and illustrations ; and Binon, a French artist, known by his bust of John Adams in Faneuil Hall, Boston, encouraged him to model at his side. Thus, as a mere schoolboy, did Greenough glean the rudiments of an artistic education without formal initiation. With eclectic wisdom he sought and found the aid he required, while exploring the streets of his native town ; one day he might be seen poring over a folio, or contemplating a plaster copy of a famous statue ; and, on another, exercising his mechanical ingenuity at the office of Solomon Willard, whose family name yet stamps, with traditional value, many an old dial-plate in New England ; now he eagerly watches Alpheus Cary as he puts the finishing touch to a cherub's head on a tombstone ; and, again, he stands a respectful devotee before Shaw or Cogswell, waiting for some treasured volume on the process or the results of his favorite art, from the shelves of Harvard and the Athenæum. Some of his juvenile triumphs are still remembered by his playmates—especially a pistol ornamented with relief flowers in lead, a series of carriages moulded in bee's-wax, scores of wooden daggers tastefully carved, a lion couchant, modelled with a spoon from a pound of butter, to astonish his mother's guests at tea, elaborate card-paper plans for estates, and, as a climax to these childish yet graceful experiments, a little figure of Penn cut in chalk from an engraving of his statue in the Port-Folio."

At the age of sixteen he entered Harvard College. During his course at this institution he enjoyed the society of Washington Allston, an as-

sociation from which he derived advantages which he always acknowledged with enthusiasm. Years after, when his reputation had been long established, he replied to an application for biographical information respecting his career, "A note to Allston's life might tell all of me that is essential."

Towards the close of his senior year Greenough sailed for Marseilles, and from thence to Rome, where he devoted himself so unremittingly to the prosecution of his art that he became, under the influence of malaria, so prostrated as to be forced to return home. The sea voyage restored him to health, and after a few months he returned to Italy, and established himself in Florence. Here he remained for some time without obtaining any adequate recognition of his powers, until he received from the novelist Cooper an order for the "Chaunting Cherubs," a work suggested by a portion of a painting by Raphael. "Fenimore Cooper," the artist remarked several years after, "saved me from despair after my return to Italy. He employed me as I wished to be employed ; and up to this moment has been as a father to me."

It was in part owing to Cooper's exertions that Greenough obtained the order from Congress for his colossal Washington. On the completion of this work he returned home to superintend its erection.

Horatio Greenough

In 1851 he again returned to the United States on a similar errand connected with his group of the Rescue, a work commemorative of the period of conflict with the Indian tribes in our history, and executed by order of Congress. Disgust with the change wrought in Florence by the reaction from the liberal triumphs of 1848, consigning the city to the despotism of military rule, and a desire to pursue his profession in his own country, furnished additional motives for the change. The transition from the quiet of an Italian studio to the activity of an American resident, desirous of taking his full share in the discussion of the agitated topics of the day, was one which excited as well as pleased him. He established himself at Newport, where he proposed to devote himself to his art ; but this and other anticipations of usefulness and happiness were suddenly interrupted by an attack of brain fever, during the progress of which the patient was removed to the neighborhood of Boston, but without beneficial effect, his disease arriving at a speedy and fatal termination on the 18th of December, 1852.

A *Memorial of Horatio Greenough*, published in 1853, contains the only collection which has been made of his writings. These comprise a series of papers on the public works of the capitol city with the title of *Esthetics at Washington*, essays on Social Theories, American Art and Architecture, on Beauty, a plan for the proposed Cooper monument, a scheme in which the writer took a deep interest, a defence of Trumbull's Declaration of Independence from the famous slur of Randolph, and a number of fragmentary remarks on topics suggested by the study of nature and art.

Mrs. R. S. Greenough, his widow, is a con-

tributor to the *Old and New*, and the author of several romances, in *In Extremis*, and *Arabesques*.

THE DESECRATION OF THE FLAG.

An American citizen, standing here upon the pavement of the principal avenue of the Metropolis, sees five ensigns of the United States flying within sight of each other. Two of these flags float over the halls of Congress, and announce a session of both branches of the legislature; a third adorns the roof of an omnibus as a gala decoration; a fourth appears on the roof-tree of a new hotel as a sign, or perhaps puff extraordinary; a fifth marks the site of an engine-house. I cannot but think that several of these flags are misplaced. Their use at the Capitol has always struck my eye as appropriate and beautiful. The other instances of their appearance which I have mentioned seem an abuse, a desecration of the national symbol of Union.

There is always a tendency in every community to seize upon and make use of that which is public, or of general influence and widely recognised significance. The same holy symbol which surmounts the cupola of all Roman Catholic cathedrals, is made in Italy to answer the end which in England is effected by a bit of board, bearing the words "commit no nuisance." When the position which it is desired to protect is particularly exposed, the cross is repeated ten, twenty, fifty times, and is even reinforced by verses in honor of saints, martyrs, and the Holy Virgin. A foreigner is much shocked by such a practice. The natives smile at his squeamishness—they are used to it; yet they all quote "*nec Deus interit, etc.*" readily enough upon other occasions.

It is very clear that the national flag, however some persons may smile at the assertion, has a deep and noble significance, one which we should hold sacred and do nothing to impair. Were it a mere "bit of bunting," as the British Foreign Secretary thoughtlessly or artfully styled it, why should we see it universally paraded?

I believe no one will deny that the colors of the Union hoisted at the dockyards and arsenals assert the national possession—that they proclaim the nationality of our merchant ships in foreign parts, and sanction the display of our naval power. These and the like occasions call for them, and their appearance has a value and expression of a peculiar kind. Is it doubtful that the dragging them through the streets by whosoever chooses so to do, the parading them upon taverns, and raree-shows, and other like trivial occasions, tends to degrade and weaken their special meaning and value? I may be told that the abuse, if such it be, is rather within the region of taste than of legal observance. I regret that it is so, because the whole matter has assumed its present aspect, because it is "nobody's business" to interfere. It is merely as a question of taste that I speak of it, and as such, I believe that a little reflection will show, that accustomed as we are to see the flag hung out "*a-propos de bottes*," and sometimes hanging downwards too, so as almost to touch the heads of the horses as they pass, our indifference to the desecration is merely a measure of use and wont, and analogous, though not equal, to the obtuseness of the Catholic, who uses the cross of the Redeemer in lieu of a by-law or police regulation.

I have heard the right of each citizen to use the national flag stoutly maintained. I cannot see why the consular seal, or the gardens of the White House, are not equally at his mercy. There is another argument which may be called the *argumentum ad Buncombe*, and which might easily be resorted to by finding this and the like abuses, viz., That it is peculiarly American and democratic. The English

long asserted a right to be coarse and uncourteous as a proof of sincerity and frankness. John Bull, they contended, was too honest to be civil. There is much nonsense of this sort in the old books. Excessive beer-drinking and other gluttonies were upheld as having some mysterious virtue in them. Sailors used to swear and blaspheme in a similar way. It was expected of them, and required no apology. When such notions yielded, as they must, to reflection and cultivation, it was seen at once that they had been only abuses or barbarisms ingeniously hitched on to other qualities, and identified with self-love.

JOHN R. BARTLETT.

JOHN R. BARTLETT was born at Providence, R. I., October 23, 1805, of an old Massachusetts family. He was educated at schools in Kingston and Montreal, in Canada, and at Lowville academy in the state of New York. On leaving school he was sent to Providence, his native place, and engaged as clerk in a mercantile house. Soon after coming of age he entered the banking house of the late Cyrus Butler at that place, as book-keeper, and, after being three years with him, was appointed cashier of the Globe Bank in Providence, which situation he held for six years. He took a liberal interest in the promotion of knowledge, being one of the original projectors of the Providence Athenæum, now one of the best public libraries, in proportion to the number of its volumes, in the country. He was also an active member of the Franklin Society of Rhode Island, an association for the cultivation of science, before which he occasionally lectured. The close confinement of the bank, and the occupation of several hours a day in study, wore upon his health, and he withdrew with his family to New York in 1837, to enter a large commission house in the city, engaged in the sale of American manufactures. The business, in the commercial difficulties of the times, was unsuccessful, and Mr. Bartlett turned to another pursuit adapted to his literary inclinations. He left Pine street for Broadway, where, in conjunction with Mr. Charles Welford, he established a book store for the importation and sale of choice English and foreign works. It soon became the daily resort of literary men of the city, and of scholars, on their visits to town, from all parts of the country. On all topics of research in American history, or the wide field of ethnology, or English classic literature, Mr. Bartlett, and his accomplished, well read partner, were unfailing authorities. Before the days of the Astor library, there was no better resort for literary information in the city than the well furnished bookstore at No. 7 Astor House.

The literary associations of Mr. Bartlett at this time were much extended and enhanced by his active participation in the management of the New York Historical Society, of which he was for several years the corresponding secretary. He was also the projector, with Mr. Gallatin, of the American Ethnological Society, the first meeting of which was held at his house. Among its original members were the Rev. Drs. Hawks and Robinson, Mr. Catherwood, Mr. Schoolcraft, and the late John L. Stephens. The meetings of the society for several years were held at his residence, and at that of Mr. Gallatin. The doors were widely opened at Mr. Bartlett's, after the

business of the evening had been disposed of, and his rooms saw a frequent gathering of the intelligence of the city, and of its numerous cultivated strangers and travellers from abroad. In 1848 Mr. Bartlett read before the New York Historical Society a series of *Reminiscences of Albert Gallatin*, with anecdotes of his conversations, which were published in the society's Proceedings for that year.

In 1849 he retired from the book business to Providence, and the next year was appointed by President Taylor commissioner to run the boundary line between the United States and Mexico, under the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo. The commission, which was the largest and most important ever sent out by the government for a similar purpose, was organized by him, and six weeks after his appointment he sailed from New York for the coast of Texas to enter upon his duties. He remained in the field until January, 1853, during which time he crossed the continent to California, and after various journeys there, re-crossed by another route, making extensive surveys and explorations by the way. The whole of the extensive line of boundary was nearly completed by him when he was compelled to suspend operations and return to Washington. Certain gross errors existing in the map, which he was compelled by the treaty as well as his instructions to follow, led to the fixing of a boundary which gave dissatisfaction to the opponents of Mr. Fillmore's administration. Being in the majority in Congress, they appended a proviso to the appropriation for carrying on the survey, to the effect, that if the boundary was not fixed in a certain place, which in their opinion was the correct one, the money appropriated should not be used. Cut off from the means to carry on and complete the small portion which remained to be surveyed, Mr. Bartlett was driven to the necessity of suspending all operations when at Ringgold Barracks, near Camargo, on the Rio Grande, and of returning home. He was sustained by his old Whig friends, and removed by President Pierce.

The various surveys performed by his orders, while in the field, were not less than twenty-five hundred miles in extent; all of which were accompanied by elaborate astronomical, magnetic, and meteorological observations, executed by the officers of the expedition.

In 1854 Mr. Bartlett published his *Personal Narrative of Explorations and Incidents in Texas, New Mexico, California, Sonora, and Chihuahua, connected with the United States and Mexican Boundary Commission* during the years 1850-53. It is written with care and exactness, and derives its interest both from the simple, full, and accurate method of the narrator, and the novelty of the scenes which came under his view. In addition to these inherent qualities, the book appeared in a dress of unusual typographical excellence. The lithographic and wood-cut illustrations from original designs by Mr. Henry C. Pratt, an artist who accompanied Mr. Bartlett, are numerous and well presented.*

In 1847 Mr. Bartlett published a small work on *The Progress of Ethnology*, and the next year in an octavo volume, *A Dictionary of Americanisms; A Glossary of Words and Phrases usually regarded as peculiar to the United States*. This standard work, which has been repeatedly revised and enlarged, had the unexpected honor of a Dutch translation in Holland, 1854. He has also the materials for a proposed work on *The Ethnology of the Indian Tribes in the States contiguous to the Mexican Boundary*.

In 1855, Mr. Bartlett was elected Secretary of State of the State of Rhode Island, to which office he has been chosen annually since, on one occasion receiving every vote polled in the State, upward of 25,000 in number.

His contributions to literature during this period have been chiefly of a local nature, connected with the State. Upon assuming the duties of his office, he made an examination of the records, which extend back to its foundation by Roger Williams, in 1636. Finding them in a perishable condition, he recommended the General Assembly of the State to have them printed. His plan met the approval of that body, and authority was given him to arrange, edit, and print the State records. He began his labors, and has brought out a volume every year since, the tenth and last ending with the adoption of the Constitution of the United States by the State, in 1792. The work is entitled, *Records of the Colony of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations in New England, 1636-1792* (10 vols., 8vo, Providence, 1856-1865).

These records commence with the agreement entered into between Roger Williams and his associates when they founded the city of Providence, in 1636, also the laws agreed upon by them for their government, and the division of their lands. Soon after, the great apostle of religious liberty went to England and obtained the first charter, or "Patent," as it is called, of Providence Plantations, which bears date of 1647. Four towns were then associated, viz., Newport, Providence, Portsmouth, and Warwick. All were united under a general charter, granted by Charles II., in 1663, which charter governed the colony and State until the year 1842, when a new constitution was adopted.

The records contain the proceedings of the colony from its foundation, accompanied by the correspondence with the home government, biographical and historical notes. The documents relating to the French and the Revolutionary Wars are very complete and of much importance, and the colony was one of the most active in these great events.

Mr. Bartlett has also published the following: *Bibliography of Rhode Island, with Notes, Historical, Biographical, and Critical* (Providence, 1864, 8vo, pp. 287); *A History of the Destruction of His Britannic Majesty's Schooner Gaspee, in Narragansett Bay, on the 10th June, 1772, with accompanying Documents, and the Official Jour-*

* We may refer for further papers of Mr. Bartlett on the subject, to the "Official Despatches and Correspondence connected with the United States and Mexican Boundary Com-

mission" (Senate Doc. No. 119, 32d Congress, 1st Session), and "A Letter to the Hon. Alexander H. H. Stuart, Secretary of the Interior, in Defence of the Mexican Boundary Line" (Senate Doc. No. 6, Special Session, 1854).

nals of the Commission of Inquiry, appointed by George III. (Providence, 1862, pp. 138); *Index to the Printed Acts and Resolves of, and Petitions and Reports to, the General Assembly of the State of Rhode Island, from the Year 1758 to 1862* (Providence, 1863, 8vo, pp. 424 and 104).

Mr. Bartlett issued in 1866 a work entitled *The Literature of the Rebellion*, being a catalogue of books and pamphlets relating to the late civil war. With few exceptions, the works described are in the collection of Mr. Bartlett.

He has since made ready for the press a work entitled, *Memoirs of Rhode Island Officers who have rendered Distinguished Service to their Country in the Contest with the Great Rebellion of the South*. This work is in 4to, and illustrated with portraits. It was printed in 1867.

We may mention also another work upon which Mr. Bartlett has been for some time engaged. This is a *catalogue raisonné* of the valuable library of Mr. J. Carter Brown, of Providence, in the collection of which Mr. Bartlett has rendered important aid. The first part of this catalogue, printed in 1865, embraced books printed from 1493 to 1600. The second part, from 1601 to 1700, appeared in 1866. The third and fourth embraced books printed in the eighteenth century. The work is a royal 8vo, beautifully printed at the Riverside Press, for private circulation. It is entitled, *Bibliotheca Americana; A Catalogue of Books Relating to America, in the Library of John Carter Brown, of Providence, R. I., with Notes by John R. Bartlett*, 4 vols., 8vo, 1865-70.

** Mr. Bartlett has made two later contributions to historical knowledge: *Pre-Historic Man and His Contemporaries: a Report made to the American Antiquarian Society*, April, 1868; and *Naval History of Rhode Island*, a series of contributions to the *Historical Magazine* for 1870.

FREDERIC WEST HOLLAND.

The Rev. Frederic West Holland was born June 22, 1811, on Fort Hill, Boston, Mass. He graduated in 1831, at Harvard College, in the same class with Wendell Phillips and John Lothrop Motley. After pursuing divinity studies under Drs. Palfrey and the two Wares (Henry and Henry, Jr.) at the Divinity School, Cambridge, where he graduated in 1834, he devoted himself to missionary labor, chiefly at the West, and at first gratuitous. From Rochester, N. Y., he was called to the secretaryship of the American Unitarian Association, which he held for two years and a half. He then, in 1850, sought refreshment from overwork in foreign travel, visiting Egypt, Palestine, Turkey, and Greece, as well as the continent of Europe and England. On his return, he published a little book for children on Palestine, and a long series of descriptive letters in *Gleason's Pictorial*. He also lectured extensively, on the Holy Land, the Nile Territory, and the Turkish question, in New England and New York. Possessing a competency, he has ministered all the while without interruption to societies which could not bear the burden of supporting a minister. He has been the means of calling ten religious societies into life. He has offi-

ciated besides, for several years, to criminals, and at every favorable opportunity to benevolent institutions. Though his life has been largely active and out of doors, he has written much. He has furnished articles to *Putnam's Magazine*, to the *Monthly Miscellany*, to the *Continental Monthly*, and to the *Christian Examiner*.

He has been for years an active member of the New England Historical and Genealogical Society, and has read several valuable papers at its meetings. His remarks at the Shakspeare Tercentenary and his Eulogy of Everett have been published by the society. He is also a member of the American Oriental Society.

JOHN LLOYD STEPHENS,

THE original explorer of the Antiquities of Central America, was born at Shrewsbury, Monmouth County, New Jersey, Nov. 28, 1805. His father and mother were both natives of New Jersey. He was educated in New York, being prepared for Columbia College, which he entered at thirteen, by the celebrated blind teacher, Mr. Nelson. On the completion of his course he studied law with Daniel Lord, and subsequently entered the law school of Judge Gould at Litchfield, finally, completing his studies with George W. Strong in New York. He early made a tour to a relative residing at Arkansas, then a journey of some adventure, and on his return descended the Mississippi to New Orleans in a flat-boat. He practised law for eight years, and became the associate of the literary men and politicians of the day, frequently speaking in defence of Democratic measures in Tammany. An affection of the throat led to a European tour for his recovery. In 1834 he embarked for Havre, landed on the coast of England, made his way to France, thence to Italy, Greece, Turkey, and Russia, returning by the way of Poland and Germany. From France he again set forth, through Marseilles to Egypt, and made the tour of the Nile as far as Thebes. He returned home in 1836. While abroad several of his letters from the Mediterranean had been published in his friend Hoffman's *American Monthly Magazine*. The success of these in their full, interesting personal narrative, encouraged the publication of his first book in 1837, the *Incidents of Travel in Egypt, Arabia Petraea, and the Holy Land*, followed the next year by *Incidents of Travel in Greece, Turkey, Russia, and Poland*. The success of these works, published by the Harpers, was remarkable. They were universally read and admired, and continue to be published in England and at home. The style was popular, rapid, easy, and energetic, communicating the zest and spirit of enjoyment of the traveller.

In 1839 a strong effort was made for his appointment, as agent of his state, New York, to Holland, for the Collection of the Colonial Records, but Whig opposition defeated his claims; when President Van Buren appointed him Special Ambassador to Central America to negotiate a treaty with that country. The story of his adventures was published on his return, in 1841, in his *Incidents of Travel in Central America, Chiapas, and Yucatan*. Like his other works, it was at once successful. It contained an account of the distracted politics of the country, and above



John L. Stephens

all a revelation of the rich field of investigation in the antiquities of the region. In this work he was a pioneer, achieving his brilliant results of discovery by his accustomed personal energy. A second visit to Yucatan in 1842, chiefly to complete his antiquarian researches, resulted in the publication, in 1843, of his *Incidents of Travels in Yucatan*.

The exact, spirited delineations of the antiquities which appeared in the engravings of these volumes were from the pencil of Mr. Francis Catherwood, a fellow-traveller with Mr. Stephens, who subsequently prepared a costly folio work of plates of the same subject, which secured a deservedly high reputation. He was a man of science and an able railway surveyor, as well as an accomplished artist. His death with the passengers of the ill-fated steamer Arctic, in the autumn of 1854, was an event greatly regretted by those acquainted with his personal worth and scientific ability.

In 1846 Mr. Stephens was a delegate, being on both party tickets, to the State Convention of New York, to revise the Constitution, in which he took an active part.

In 1847 he engaged resolutely in the affairs of the Ocean Steam Navigation Company to connect New York and Bremen. The steam navigation of the Atlantic was then in its infancy, and the establishment of the company, with the building of the vessels, called forth all his resources. He sailed in the Washington on her first trip to Bremen. An account of his visit to Humboldt at the time was published in the Literary World in New York.

In 1849 he became an associate in the great enterprise to connect the two oceans of the Panama Railroad, and was elected Vice-President of the Company. He subsequently became President. He travelled over the Isthmus inspecting the route and making arrangements with the Government of New Granada for the work. On his mule-back journey to the capital he was thrown and injured in the spine; and in those

circumstances of pain and distress carried on his communications with the government at Bogota. When the work was undertaken he visited the Isthmus to urge its prosecution, in the winters of 1850-1 and 1851-2. On his return, in the spring of 1852, he was attacked by a disease of the liver, which terminated his life October 12th of that year.

Stephens was a happy instance of the peculiar energies of the active American citizen. Prompt, acute, enterprising, he always sought advance posts of labor. The demand for activity of his nature required new fields of toil and exertion, hazardous and apparently romantic, though never separated from a practical design. The Panama Railroad is identified with his name, and its summit has been properly chosen as the site of a monument to his memory. Thus, too, his efforts in ocean steam navigation, and his zealous pursuit of American antiquities, not as a study in the closet, but as a practical achievement tasking powers of courage, resolution, and bodily prowess in new countries. His personal enthusiasm was the charm of his writings on the better known countries of the old world—where, to Americans at least, as at Petra and in Russia, he was something of an original adventurer.

THE BASTINADO AT CAIRO—FROM INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL IN EGYPT.

Having finished my purchases in the bazaars, I returned to my hotel ready to set out, and found the dromedaries, camels, and guides, and expected to find the letter for the governor of Akaba, which, at the suggestion of Mr. Linant, I had requested Mr. Gliddon to procure for me. I now learned, however, from that gentleman, that to avoid delay it would be better to go myself, first sending my caravan outside the gate, and representing to the minister that I was actually waiting for the letter, in which case he would probably give it to me immediately. I accordingly sent Paul with my little caravan to wait for me at the tombs of the califs, and, attended by the consul's janizary, rode up to the citadel, and stopped at the door of the governor's palace. The reader may remember that on my first visit to his excellency I saw a man whipped—this time I saw one bastinadoed. I had heard much of this, a punishment existing, I believe, only in the East, but I had never seen it inflicted before, and hope I never shall see it again. As on the former occasion, I found the little governor standing at one end of the large hall of entrance, munching, and trying causes. A crowd was gathered around, and before him was a poor Arab, pleading and beseeching most piteously, while the big tears were rolling down his cheeks; near him was a man whose resolute and somewhat angry expression marked him as the accuser, seeking vengeance rather than justice. Suddenly the governor made a gentle movement with his hand; all noise ceased; all stretched their necks and turned their eager eyes towards him; the accused cut short his crying, and stood with his mouth wide open, and his eyes fixed upon the governor. The latter spoke a few words in a very low voice, to me of course unintelligible, and, indeed, scarcely audible, but they seemed to fill upon the quick ears of the culprit like bolts of thunder; the agony of suspense was over, and, without a word or a look, he laid himself down on his face at the feet of the governor. A space was immediately cleared around; a man on each side took him by the hand, and stretching out his arms, knelt upon and held

them down, while another seated himself across his neck and shoulders. Thus nailed to the ground, the poor fellow, knowing that there was no chance of escape, threw up his feet from the knee-joint, so as to present the soles in a horizontal position. Two men came forward with a pair of long stout bars of wood, attached together by a cord, between which they placed the feet, drawing them together with the cord so as to fix them in their horizontal position, and leave the whole flat surface exposed to the full force of the blow. In the meantime two strong Turks were standing ready, one at each side, armed with long whips much resembling our common cow-skin, but longer and thicker, and made of the tough hide of the hippopotamus. While the occupation of the judge was suspended by these preparations, the janizary had presented the consul's letter. My sensibilities are not particularly acute, but they yielded in this instance. I had watched all the preliminary arrangements, nerving myself for what was to come, but when I heard the scourge whizzing through the air, and, when the first blow fell upon the naked feet, saw the convulsive movements of the body, and heard the first loud, piercing shriek, I could stand it no longer; I broke through the crowd, forgetting the governor and everything else, except the agonizing sounds from which I was escaping; but the janizary followed close at my heels, and, laying his hand upon my arm, hauled me back to the governor. If I had consulted merely the impulse of feeling, I should have consigned him, and the governor, and the whole nation of Turks, to the lower regions; but it was all important not to offend this summary dispenser of justice, and I never made a greater sacrifice of feeling to expediency, than when I re-entered his presence. The shrieks of the unhappy criminal were ringing through the chamber, but the governor received me with as calm a smile as if he had been sitting on his own divan, listening only to the strains of some pleasant music, while I stood with my teeth clenched, and felt the hot breath of the victim, and heard the whizzing of the accursed whip, as it fell again and again upon his bleeding feet. I have heard men cry out in agony when the sea was raging, and the drowning man, rising for the last time upon the mountain waves, turned his imploring arms towards us, and with his dying breath called in vain for help; but I never heard such heart-rending sounds as those from the poor bastinadoed wretch before me. I thought the governor would never make an end of reading the letter, when the scribe handed it to him for his signature, although it contained but half a dozen lines; he fumbled in his pocket for his seal, and dipped it in the ink; the impression did not suit him, and he made another, and after a delay that seemed to me eternal, employed in folding it, handed it to me with a most gracious smile. I am sure I grinned horribly in return, and almost snatching the letter, just as the last blow fell, I turned to hasten from the scene. The poor scourged wretch was silent; he had found relief in happy insensibility; I cast one look upon the senseless body, and saw the feet laid open in gashes, and the blood streaming down the legs. At that moment the bars were taken away, and the mangled feet fell like lead upon the floor. I had to work my way through the crowd, and before I could escape I saw the poor fellow revive, and by the first natural impulse rise upon his feet, but fall again as if he had stepped upon red-hot irons. He crawled upon his hands and knees to the door of the hall, and here I rejoiced to see that, miserable, and poor, and degraded as he was, he had yet friends whose hearts yearned towards him; they took him in their arms and carried him away.

FREDERIC HENRY HEDGE.

FREDERIC H. HEDGE was born at Cambridge, Mass., December 12, 1805. His father, Levi Hedge, was from 1810 to 1827 Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in Harvard University, and in 1818 published a *System of Logic*, which has been much used as a text-book in colleges, has passed through several editions, and been translated into German. He was the son of a clergyman, and was born in Warwick, Mass., in 1767. He died in Cambridge the last day of 1843. He was a laborious student, and distinguished for his painstaking fidelity as an instructor.

Frederic H. Hedge

His son Frederic was educated in Germany, where in 1818 he was sent under the care of the historian, George Bancroft. He was a pupil of a celebrated teacher, David Ilgen, at the Gymnasium of Schulpforte, where Klopstock, Fichte, and Ranke, were instructed in their youth. He returned to America in 1823, entered Harvard, and was graduated in 1825. He studied theology; was chosen pastor of a Church in Cambridge in 1829; afterwards, in 1835, removed to Bangor in Maine, where he had charge of a congregation, and in 1850 became pastor of the Westminster Church in Providence, R. I. His literary productions have been mostly in the department of speculative and spiritual philosophy. In this province he has been eminent, as an interpreter of the German mind. He has published orations, lectures, discourses, reviews of theology, philosophy, and literature.*

His poetical effusions are scattered through various periodicals and annuals. They are mostly translations from the German, of which he published several in the volume with Dr. Furness's version of the *Song of the Bell* at Philadelphia. One of these, which we print from a corrected copy, is

THE ANGELS' SONG—FROM GOETHE'S "FAUST."

Raphael.

The sun is still for ever sounding
With brother spheres a rival song,
And on his destined journey bounding,
With thunder-step he speeds along.
The sight gives angels strength, though greater
Than angel's utmost thought sublime;
And all thy wondrous works, Creator,
Are grand as in creation's prime.

* Of the public discourses we may mention a Fourth of July oration delivered to the citizens of Bangor; an Address at the opening of the Bangor Lyceum; Conservatism and Reform, a Phi Beta Kappa oration before the Societies of Harvard and Bowdoin.

Among Dr. Hedge's numerous articles to the Christian Examiner, we may refer to a review of Coleridge in March, 1833, noticeable as one of the earliest essays from an American pen on the transcendental philosophy of Germany; an Essay on Swedenborg, November, 1833; an Essay on Schiller, July, 1834; an Essay on Phrenology, November, 1834, which excited much attention, and called forth numerous replies; an Essay on the Genius and Writings of R. W. Emerson, January, 1845; an Essay on Natural Religion, January, 1852; an Ecclesiastical Christendom, July, 1851; Romanism in its worship, January, 1854.

The published sermons of Dr. Hedge include, with numerous others, a Discourse before the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, Boston, June, 1834; a Discourse on the Death of President Harrison, Bangor, 1841; on the Death of William Ellery Channing, Bangor, 1842; a Discourse before the Graduating Class of the Cambridge Divinity School, 1849.

Gabriel.

And fleetly, thought surpassing, fleetly
 The earth's green pomp is spinning round,
 And Paradise alternates sweetly
 With night terrific and profound.
 There foams the sea, its broad wave beating
 Against the tall cliff's rocky base,
 And rock and sea away are fleeing
 In everlasting spherul chace.

Michael.

And storms with rival fury heaving,
 From land to sea from sea to land,
 Still as they rave, a chain are weaving
 Of deepest efficacy grand.
 There burning Desolation blazes,
 Precursor of the Thunder's way;
 But, Lord, thy servants own with praises
 The milder movement of thy day.

The Three.

The sigh gives angels strength, though greater
 Than angel's utmost thought sublime,
 And all thy wondrous works, Creator,
 Are glorious as in Eden's prime.

His other translations from the German are chiefly included in the volume from his pen published by Carey and Hart in 1848, *The Prose Writers of Germany*, which contains biographical notices of the chief authors, with selections from their writings.* In the winter of 1853-4 Dr. Hedge delivered a course of *Lectures on Medical History*, before the Lowell Institute at Boston.

CONSERVATISM AND REFORM.†

Authority is not only a guide to the blind, but a law to the seeing. It is not only a safe-conduct to those (and they constitute the larger portion of mankind) whose dormant sense has no intuitions of its own, but we have also to consider it, as affording the awakened but inconstant mind, a security against itself,—a centre of reference in the multitude of its own visions,—in the conflict of its own volitions, a centre of rest. Unbounded license is equally an evil, and equally incompatible with true liberty, in thought as in action. In the one as in the other, liberty must bound and bind itself for its own preservation and best effect. It must *legalize* and determine itself by self-imposed laws. Law and liberty are not adverse, but different sides of one fact. The deeper the law the greater the liberty: as organic life is at once more determinate and more free than unorganized matter, a plant than a stone, a bird than a plant, the intellectual life, like the physical, must bind itself, in order that it may become effective and free. It must organize itself by means of fixed principles which shall protect it equally, against encroachment without, and anarchy within. * * * The individual is the product of the Past. However he may renounce the connexion, he is always the child of his time. He can never entirely shake off that relation. All the efforts made to outstrip time, to anticipate the natural growth of man by a violent disruption of old ties and total separation from the Past, have hitherto proved useless, or useful, if at all, in the way of caution, rather than of fruit. The experiment has often been tried. Men of ardent temper and lively imagination, impatient of existing evils, from which no period is exempt, have renounced society, broke loose from all their moorings in the actual, and sought in the boundless sea of dis-

sent the promised land of Reform. They found what they carried; they carried what they were; they were what we all are—the offspring of their time.

The aeronaut, who spurns the earth in his puffed balloon, is still indebted to it for his impetus and his wings: and still, with his utmost efforts, he cannot escape the sure attraction of the parent sphere. His floating island is a part of her main. He revolves with her orbit, he is sped by her wings. We who stand below and watch his motions, know that he is one of us. He may dally with the clouds awhile, but his home is not there. Earth he is, and to earth he must return.

The most air-blown reformer cannot overcome the moral gravitation which connects him with his time. He owes to existing institutions the whole philosophy of his dissent, and draws, from Church and State, the very ideas by which he would fight against them, or rise above them. The individual may withdraw from society, he may spurn at all the uses of civilized life, dash the golden cup of tradition from his lips, and flee to the wilderness "where the wild asses quench their thirst." He may find others who will accompany him in his flight; but let him not fancy that the course of reform will follow him there,—that any permanent organization can be based on dissent,—that society will relinquish the hard conquests of so many years and return again to original nature, wipe out the old civilization, and—with *rasa tabula*—begin the world anew.

* * * There is no stand-point out of society, from which society can be reformed. "Give me where to stand," was the ancient postulate. "Find where to stand," says modern Dissent. "Stand where you are," says Goethe, "and move the world."

* * * The scholar must not coquet, in imagination, with the dowered and titled institutions of the old world, and feel it a mischance which has matched him with a portionless Republic. Let him, rather, esteem it a privilege to be so connected, and glory in the popular character of his own government, as a genuine fruit of human progress, and the nearest approximation yet made to that divine right which all governments claim. Let him not think it a shame to be with and of the people, in every genuine impulse of the popular mind: not suffering the scholar to extinguish the citizen, but remembering that the citizen is before the scholar—the elder and higher category of the two. He shall find himself to have gained intellectually, as well as socially, by free and frequent intercourse with the people, whose instincts, in many things, anticipate his reflective wisdom, and in whose unconscious movements a fact is often forefelt before it is seen by reason; as the physical changes of our globe are felt by the lower animals before they appear to man. * * * Nothing is more natural, than that men, who have contributed something in their day to illustrate or extend the path of discovery in any direction, should cling with avidity to those conclusions which they have established for themselves, and which represent the natural boundaries of their own mind—"the butt and sea-mark of its utmost sail,"—nothing more natural than that they, for their part, should feel a disinclination to farther inquiry. But it ill becomes them to deny the possibility of farther discovery—to maintain that they have found the bottom of the well where truth lies hid, because they have reached the limits of their own specific gravity. One sees at once, that in some branches of inquiry this position is not only untenable, but the very enunciation of it absurd. It would require something more than the authority of Herschel to make us believe that creation stops with the limits of his forty feet reflector.

* This standard work, long out of print, was republished in 1870 by Porter & Coates, Philadelphia.
 † From a Phi Beta Kappa Oration, 1848.

Nor would the assertion of Sir Humphrey Davy be sufficient to convince us that all the properties of matter have been catalogued in his report. By what statute of limitations are we forbidden to indulge the same hope of indefinite progress in every other direction, which remains to us in these?

****Dr. Hedge removed to Brookline, near Boston, in 1856, and has since been the pastor of the First Congregational Church. In 1858 he was made Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the Theological School connected with Harvard College, and at the same time assumed the editorship of the *Christian Examiner*.**

In addition to many able contributions to the *North American Review* and *Atlantic Monthly*, Dr. Hedge has written two theological works of acknowledged merit in power of thought and ripe scholarship. *Reason in Religion*, 1865, explained in an introductory chapter, from the Unitarian stand-point, the fundamental subjects of "Being and Seeing," and the "Natural and Spiritual." The body of the work was devoted to the discussion, in two books, of "Religion within the bounds of Theism," and "Rational Christianity." *The Primal World of Hebrew Tradition*, 1870, in a series of twelve discourses traced man from the first records of humanity to the patriarchal times of Abraham and Isaac.

In 1872, having accepted the professorship of the German language in Harvard University, he resigned his pastoral charge in Brookline, and has since resided in Cambridge.

**** THE TWO TYPES — FROM REASON IN RELIGION.**

When the gospel was first delivered to the world, it had to encounter two contrary tendencies, represented by two different classes of minds. It encountered religious prejudice on one side, and philosophic pretension on the other. The former of these tendencies was represented by the Jews; the latter, by the Greeks. No two minds could be more unlike than the minds of these two nations, — the one perversely straitened, bigoted, intolerant, but firm; the other liberal, expansive, but curious, fickle, doubting. The one demanded external authority; the other demanded philosophic justice. The one required that a doctrine or system should be authenticated by some visible token; the other required that it should be scientifically legitimated. With the one, the question as to every doctrine was, "Hath the Lord spoken? hath the Lord said it?" And the evidence that the Lord had said it must not be internal, but external. It was not the nature of the doctrine itself, but some prodigy or supernatural circumstance attending its first announcement. With the other, the question was, "Is it philosophical? Is it logical? Is it capable of demonstration? Does it harmonize with this or that school?"

The Jews were a nation taught by prophets, who claimed a divine commission for what they uttered. They delivered their doctrine with an introductory, "Thus saith the Lord." The Greeks were taught by sophists and philosophers, who claimed no authority but that of reason for their opinions. They questioned nature, questioned the soul, analyzed their impressions, and gave forth the results of their inquiries in the form of scientific propositions, subject to criticism, to be received or rejected as criticism should confirm or refute them; not as the burdens of the Lord, to be received, without question, in the Lord's name. Their wisdom was reflective, not intuitive;

it was elaborated, not inspired. They surveyed, according to their light, the entire field of human inquiry; they investigated all the questions which have ever agitated the human mind. All the tendencies of modern thought were anticipated, all the schools of modern philosophy are represented, in their speculations. When these speculations were brought to bear upon Christianity, they encountered a new and opposing element. Christianity would not accommodate itself to the wisdom of the schools. The schools could not adjust themselves with Christianity. To Greek philosophy Christianity seemed "foolishness." As little could the Jews, on the other hand, reconcile Christ with their traditions. They could not, or would not, see their Messiah in the Crucified. To Jewish prejudice, a gospel sealed with the cross was a "stumbling-block." But the gospel, ordained to be a new wisdom and a new power in the world, pursued its way, regardless of Jewish traditions and of Greek philosophy. "To the Jews a stumbling-block, to the Greeks foolishness," it proved itself to those who received it, "the wisdom of God and the power of God unto salvation."

The Jew and the Greek, as Paul found them, have passed away from the stage of this world; but these two tendencies remain. There are still these two classes of minds, — the Jew and the Greek; and, corresponding with them, two different forms of religious thought and life, — a Jewish and a Greek Christianity. Neither of these is complete in itself; neither expresses the whole truth of the gospel: each serves as a check on the other; each is the other's complement. True Christianity is the reconciliation of the two. Let justice be done to both! . . .

The Jew and the Greek — both types have existed in the Church from the beginning, and will continue to exist. Each has its merits and its dangers; either, when exaggerated, is fraught with evil; the one resulting in bigotry and superstition, the other in bleak negation or mystic aberration. Unhappily, they are found too often disjoined. If we look around on the world of our acquaintance, among those whose minds are active in religion, we find the Jew and the Greek each marked and distinct, — on the one hand, the rigorous conservative, the slave of tradition, the stickler for the letter, narrow, repulsive, hard; on the other, the rash innovator, the wild theorist, transcendentalist, mystic, genial and quick, but loose, uncertain, vague. A true religion unites both elements. The co-action of both is required for a healthy spiritual growth. We need the Jew; we need the sign, — external, supreme authority. We need the ultimate appeal of a given word to make our Christianity something more than a system of philosophy, a human invention, a fabric of the brain; to make it a faith, a religion, a certainty, a spiritual rock in the flood of thought and the tide of time. And we need the Greek; we need the reflective, intellectual element to make religion something more than a charnel and a sleep; to give it a propulsive and quickening influence; to give us in it and through it an abundant entrance into the everlasting; to make it a progress and a life.

Let each supply what the other lacks. Is your religion of the Jewish type, — a religion of authority, of rigid literality? Endeavor to enlarge your thought and to liberalize your mind by intercourse with minds of a different cast; converse freely with thinkers of every name; make yourself familiar with the literature and philosophy of religion beyond the limits of your School and Church. Add to conviction, insight; to tradition,

reason; to dogma, charity; to the letter, life. Let every green nature and loving humanity twine their tendrils around the walls of your Zion, and relieve with a gracious tolerance the harsh angularity of your creed.

Are you a Greek in religion,—rationalistic, studious of knowledge, addicted to speculation, impatient of authority, seeking in the human understanding alone the grounds of belief? Consider that if mortal wit were equal to all the wants of the soul, and to all the problems of spirit and life, no historic dispensation would have been vouchsafed; no church would ever have been established in the world. Reason as you will, examine, question; but overlook not the necessities of human nature: accept the limits of human insight, and temper the boldness of speculation with reverent regard for the manifest course of Providence in the education of the human race, and with something of respect for the faith of mankind.

"The Jews require a sign, and the Greeks seek after wisdom;" but Christianity comprehends and embodies both wisdom and sign. Christianity is larger than Jewish authority, and deeper than Grecian philosophy; and when in its infancy it burst upon the world, it swept away both; it bore down synagogue and academy; it floated Gamaliel and Plato, resolved them into itself, and, preserving what truth was in each, reproduced it in its own reconciling and transcendent kind. So it will do in all time to come with the sects and schools that have sprung from its bosom. It will absorb them all,—will survive them all. That steady flood will swallow up all our creeds, philosophies, organizations, reforms,—all our prophecy, all our knowledge; while, forcing its way through the heart of the world, it bears humanity on from truth to truth, and from life to life.

MATTHEW F. MAURY.

MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY, a descendant of the Rev. James Fontaine, an eminent Huguenot preacher (the founder of a large and influential American family, and author of an autobiography which has recently for the second time been republished in connexion with a highly interesting sketch of the worthy and his descendants, by one of their number, Miss Ann Maury of New York), was born in Spotsylvania county, Virginia, January 14, 1806. His parents removed to Tennessee in his fourth year. One of a family of nine children, in a newly settled country, he would have received few of the advantages of education had it not been for the care of the bishop of the diocese, the Rev. James H. Otey, who, forming a high opinion of his intellectual promise, did much to fit him for a life of future usefulness. In 1824 he obtained a midshipman's commission, was placed on board the *Brandywine*, and sailed with General Lafayette to France. On his return he accompanied the frigate to the Pacific, was transferred to the *Vincennes*, and in that vessel completed the circumnavigation of the globe. He again sailed, as passed-midshipman, to the Pacific, where he was transferred as lieutenant to the *Potomac*. While at sea he devoted his leisure time to the study of mathematics, a branch of knowledge in which he at first found himself unequal to the requirements of his profession. For the purpose of extending at the same time his knowledge of modern languages he made use of Spa-

nish mathematical works. As he pursued his investigations he became greatly inconvenienced by the necessity of referring to a number of different volumes, and with a view to save others a like difficulty prepared, amid the annoyances and interruptions of life at sea, a work on navigation. It was commenced in the steerage of the *Vincennes*, concluded in the *Potomac*, and published about the year 1835, when it met with general acceptance. In the same year he was appointed astronomer to the South Sea Exploring Expedition, but, on the withdrawal of Commodore Jones from the chief command, declined the appointment.

In 1839 he contributed an article to the *Southern Literary Messenger*, entitled *A Scheme for rebuilding Southern Commerce*, containing observations on the Gulf Stream and Great Circle Sailing, which were afterwards more fully developed.

A few months later, in October, 1839, while on his way from Tennessee to join a surveying vessel in the harbor of New York, the stage-coach in which he was passing through Ohio was overturned, and the traveller broke a leg, dislocated a knee, and suffered other injuries, which, after several months' weary confinement, resulted in a permanent lameness, which disabled him for the active pursuit of his profession. He amused himself by writing, during the long period of imprisonment in a wretched wayside tavern to which his bandaged limb subjected him, a series of articles on various abuses in the Navy, which were



M. F. Maury

published in the *Southern Literary Messenger*, under the pleasant title of *Scraps from the Lucky Bag*, by Harry Bluff.

On his retirement from the Exploring Expedition, Lieutenant Maury was placed in charge of the collection of books and charts belonging to the government, which has since expanded into the National Observatory and Hydrographical office, now known as the Naval Observatory, the change of title having been made in 1855. Lieut. Maury was at the head of both of these institutions, which owe their extent and efficiency mainly to

his efforts. In 1842 he first proposed the plan for a system of uniform observations of winds and currents, which form the basis of his celebrated and valuable charts and sailing-directions.

In 1853 he attended a convention of maritime nations at Brussels to carry out his suggestions for a conference to determine upon a uniform system of observations at sea. Plans were adopted by which ships, under all the great flags of Christendom, are engaged in adding to the resources of science, mapping out roads on the ocean with the precision of engineers on terra firma, and striving to obtain with equal exactness the laws of the clouds above and the depths below.

In 1855 he published *The Physical Geography of the Sea*, a work in which he has embodied the results of his varied investigations in a narrative of remarkable clearness and interest. His descriptions of natural phenomena, and of the voyages of rival vessels, sailing at the same dates to the same ports, along his sea lines, possess dramatic interest. A pleasant vein of humor shows itself now and then as he speaks of the rummaging of garrets and sea chests for old log-books which his investigations, naturally exciting the enthusiasm of others as well as himself, called forth. This quality of humor finds a wider scope in the magazine papers of the writer, and is a pleasant characteristic of his letters and conversation.

In addition to this volume and the letter-press accompanying his various charts, Lieutenant Maury is the author of several addresses delivered in various parts of the country, among which we may mention those before the Geological and Mineralogical Society of Fredericksburg, May, 1836; before the Southern Scientific Convention at Memphis in 1849 on the Pacific railway, and at most of the other meetings of the same body; and at the first anniversary of the American Geographical and Statistical Society in New York, 1854.

*In 1861 Commander Maury gave up his commission and united his fortunes with the seceding States. After the downfall of the rebellion, he entered the service of the unfortunate Emperor Maximilian in Mexico. He became professor in the Virginia Military Institute at Lexington in 1868, and three years later accepted the presidency of the University of Alabama; but he returned to his Professorship of Physics at Lexington, where he died, February 1, 1873. His only literary work in recent years was a series of school geographies.

LAW OF COMPENSATION IN THE ATMOSPHERE.*

Whenever I turn to contemplate the works of nature, I am struck with the admirable system of compensation, with the beauty and nicety with which every department is poised by the others; things and principles are meted out in directions the most opposite, but in proportions so exactly balanced and nicely adjusted, that results the most harmonious are produced.

It is by the action of opposite and compensating forces that the earth is kept in its orbit, and the stars are held suspended in the azure vault of heaven; and these forces are so exquisitely adjusted, that, at

the end of a thousand years, the earth, the sun, and moon, and every star in the firmament, is found to come to its proper place at the proper moment.

Nay, philosophy teaches us, when the little snow-drop, which in our garden walks we see raising its beautiful head to remind us that spring is at hand, was created, that the whole mass of the earth, from pole to pole, and from circumference to centre, must have been taken into account and weighed, in order that the proper degree of strength might be given to the fibres of even this little plant.

Botanists tell us that the constitution of this plant is such as to require that, at a certain stage of its growth, the stalk should bend, and the flower should bow its head, that an operation may take place which is necessary in order that the herb should produce seed after its kind; and that, after this, its vegetable health requires that it should lift its head again and stand erect. Now, if the mass of the earth had been greater or less, the force of gravity would have been different; in that case, the strength of fibre in the snow-drop, as it is, would have been too much or too little; the plant could not bow or raise its head at the right time, fecundation could not take place, and its family would have become extinct with the first individual that was planted, because its "seed" would not have been in "itself," and therefore it could not reproduce itself.

Now, if we see such perfect adaptation, such exquisite adjustment, in the case of one of the smallest flowers of the field, how much more may we not expect "compensation" in the atmosphere and the ocean, upon the right adjustment and due performance of which depends not only the life of that plant, but the well-being of every individual that is found in the entire vegetable and animal kingdoms of the world?

When the east winds blow along the Atlantic coast for a little while, they bring us air saturated with moisture from the Gulf Stream, and we complain of the sultry, oppressive, heavy atmosphere; the invalid grows worse, and the well man feels ill, because, when he takes this atmosphere into his lungs, it is already so charged with moisture that it cannot take up and carry off that which encumbers his lungs, and which nature has caused his blood to bring and leave there, that respiration may take up and carry off. At other times the air is dry and hot; he feels that it is conveying off matter from the lungs too fast; he realizes the idea that it is consuming him, and he calls the sensation parching.

Therefore, in considering the general laws which govern the physical agents of the universe, and regulate them in the due performance of their offices, I have felt myself constrained to set out with the assumption that, if the atmosphere had had a greater or less capacity for moisture, or if the proportion of land and water had been different—if the earth, air, and water had not been in exact counterpoise—the whole arrangement of the animal and vegetable kingdoms would have varied from their present state. But God chose to make those kingdoms what they are; for this purpose it was necessary, in his judgment, to establish the proportions between the land and water, and the desert, just as they are, and to make the capacity of the air to circulate heat and moisture just what it is, and to have it do all its work in obedience to law and in subservience to order. If it were not so, why was power given to the winds to lift up and transport moisture, or the property given to the sea by which its waters may become first vapor, and then fruitful showers or gentle dews? If the proportions and properties of land, sea, and air were not adjusted according to the reciprocal capacities of all to perform the functions

* From the *Physical Geography of the Sea*.

required by each, why should we be told that he "measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and comprehended the dust in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance?" Why did he span the heavens, but that he might mete out the atmosphere in exact proportion to all the rest, and impart to it those properties and powers which it was necessary for it to have, in order that it might perform all those offices and duties for which he designed it?

Harmonious in their action, the air and sea are obedient to law and subject to order in all their movements; when we consult them in the performance of their offices, they teach us lessons concerning the wonders of the deep, the mysteries of the sky, the greatness, and the wisdom, and goodness of the Creator. The investigations into the broad-spreading circle of phenomena connected with the winds of heaven and the waves of the sea are second to none for the good which they do and the lessons which they teach. The astronomer is said to see the hand of God in the sky; but does not the right-minded mariner, who looks aloft as he ponders over these things, hear his voice in every wave of the sea that "claps its hands," and feel his presence in every breeze that blows?

HERMAN HOOKER,

A BOOKSELLER of Philadelphia, who began life as a student of divinity at Princeton, and subsequently became a clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church, the active duties of which he was compelled to relinquish by ill health, was born at Poultney, Vermont, about the year 1806. He is the author of several works esteemed for their Christian philosophy; of these the chief are *The Portion of the Soul, or Thoughts on its Attributes and Tendencies as Indications of its Destiny*, published in 1835; *Popular Infidelity*, entitled in a late edition, *The Philosophy of Unbelief in Morals and Religion, as Discernible in the Faith and Character of Men; The Uses of Adversity and the Provisions of Consolation*; a volume of *Maxims*; and *The Christian Life, a Fight of Faith*. He died July 25, 1865.

As a characteristic specimen of Dr. Hooker's skilful evolution of his topic, we cite a passage of a practical character from the "Philosophy of Unbelief:"—

GRATITUDE TO GOD.

It requires no great insight into human nature, to discover the remnants of a now fallen, but once glorious structure; and, what is most remarkable, to see that the remains of this ancient greatness are more apt to be quickened and drawn out by their semblances and qualities, found in creatures, than by the bright and full perfection of them which is in the Creator;—that the heart puts on its most benign face, and sends forth prompt returns of gratitude and love to creatures who have bestowed on us favor and displayed other amiable qualities, while He, whose goodness is so great, so complete, so pervading, that there is none besides it, is unrequited, unheeded, unseen, though hanging out his glory from the heavens, and coming down to us in streams of compassion and love, which have made an ocean on earth that is to overflow and fill it. How strange it is, that all this love, so wonderful in itself, so undeserved, so diffused, that we see it in every beauty, and taste it in every enjoyment,—should be lost on creatures whose love for the gentler and worthier qualities of each

other, runs so often into rapture and devotion! How strange that they should be so delighted with streams which have gathered such admixtures of earth, which cast up such "mire and dirt," and have such shallows and falls that we often wreck our hopes in them,—as not to be reminded by them of the great and unmixed fountain whence they have flowed, or of the great ocean, to whose dark and unbottomed depths they will at last settle, as too earthy to rise to its pure and glorious surface! There are many mysteries in human nature, but none greater than this: for while it shows man is so much a creature of sense and so devoid of faith, that objects, to gain his attention and affection, must not only be present to him, but have something of sense and self in them, we are still left to wonder how he could, with such manifestations of divine goodness in him, around him, and for him, have failed to see and adore them, and become so like a brute, as not to think of God, the original of all that is lovely, when thinking of those his qualities which so please and affect him in creatures; and this, though they be so soiled and defaced by sin, that his unmixed fondness for any the most agreeable of them, instead of being an accomplishment, is a sure indication of a mind sunk greatly below the standard allotted to it by the Creator.

Our wonder will be raised higher still, if we consider that our nature, when most corrupt and perverse, is not wholly lost to all sense of gratitude, but may be wrought upon by human kindness, when all the amazing compassion and love of God fail to affect it; if we consider that the very worst of men who set their faces against the heavens, affronting the mercy and defying the majesty thereof, are sometimes so softened with a sense of singular and undeserved favors, that their hearts swell with grateful sentiments towards their benefactors, and something akin to virtue is kindled up where nothing of the kind was seen before; we might think it incredible, if there was any doubting of what we see and know. When we see such men so ready to acknowledge their obligations to their fellows, and to return service for service; so impatient of being thought ungrateful, when they have any character or interest to promote by it, and sometimes when they have not; so strongly affected with the goodness of him who has interposed between them and temporal danger or death, and yet so little moved by the love of God in Christ, which has undertaken their rescue from eternal and deserved woes, and not merely their rescue, but their exaltation to fellowship with himself, and to the pleasures for evermore at his right hand,—a love compared with which the greatest love of creatures is as a ray of light to the sun, and that ray mixed and darkened, while this is so disinterested and free in the grounds and motives of it, that it is exercised towards those who have neither merit to invite, nor disposition to receive it; when we see this, and find that this love, so worthy in itself, so incomprehensible in its degree and in the benefits it would confer, is the only love to which they make no returns of thankfulness or regard, we may ascribe as much of it as we please to the hardness and corruption of their hearts, but that will not account for such conduct. Depravity, considered by itself, will not enable us fully to understand it. Depraved, sensual, and perverse as they are, they have something in them that is kindled by human kindness, and why should it not be kindled by the greater "kindness of God our Saviour?" It is not because it is a divine kindness; not that it is less needed—not that it is bestowed in less measure, or at less expense. And if it is because they do not apprehend this kindness, do not feel their need of it,

do not see anything affecting in the measure and expense of it, this is infidelity; and it grows out of an entire misconception of their own character, and of the character and law of God. It is a total blindness to distant and invisible good and evil. It is a venturing of everything most important to themselves on an uncertainty, which they would not and could not do, if they had any understanding of the value of the interests at stake. They really see nothing important but the gratifications of sense and time: still they have the remains of a capacity for something higher. These may be contemplated with profit, if not with admiration. They resemble the motions in the limbs and heart of animals, when the head is severed from the body. They are symptoms of a life that of itself must come to nothing; a life that is solely pouring itself out on the ground. But as this is all the life they have, an image of life, and that only of life in death; and as the motions of it are only excited by the creature's kindness, we discover in their best virtues, or rather, in their only breathings and indications of virtue, the evidence of a faithless heart.

WILLIAM R. WILLIAMS.

A HIGHLY esteemed clergyman of the Baptist denomination, who has for many years past been minister of the Amity street congregation in New York. He is the son of a former clergyman, of Welsh origin, much respected in the city.

Though a quiet and retired student, fond of books and skilled in their various lore, and more given to discourse of his favorite topics at home than abroad, Dr. Williams has on several occasions afforded the public, beyond his attached congregation, proof of his ability.

His occasional addresses and lectures, chiefly in the direct course of his ministry, show a mind of fine order, exhibiting delicacy of taste, devotional earnestness, and the reading of the cultivated scholar. They are mostly included in a volume of *Miscellanies*, published in 1850, which contains *A Discourse on Ministerial Responsibility*, delivered before the Hudson River Baptist Association in 1835; An Address, *The Conservative Principle in our Literature*, delivered in 1843, before the literary societies of the Hamilton Literary and Theological Institution, Madison County, N. Y.; several eloquent occasional Sermons; and among other papers, one on *The Life and Times of Baxter*, which indicates the happy manner in which Dr. Williams employs the resources of his library. Another illustration of his copious stores of reading was afforded to the public in the hitherto unpublished Address pronounced in 1854 before the Alumni of Columbia College, New York, on occasion of the completion of a century in the career of that institution. It was a retrospective review of the literature and other liberal influences of the year of the college foundation, 1754.

Dr. Williams is also the author of two volumes of a practical devotional character, entitled *Religious Progress*, and *Lectures on the Lord's Prayer*.

Though the utterance of Dr. Williams is feeble, and his health apparently infirm, few clergymen of the day have a firmer hold upon their hearers. His delivery is in low measured tone; the main topic of the discourse flowing easily on,

while occasional illustrations from history or biography fall like leaves from the trees, refreshing its banks, into the unconscious current of his style.

AN AGE OF PASSION.

Our age is eminently, in some of its leading minds, an age of *passion*. It is seen in the character of much of the most popular literature, and especially the poetry of our day. Much of this has been the poetry of intense passion, it mattered little how unprincipled that passion might be. An English scholar lately gone from this world (it is to Southey that we refer), branded this school of modern literature, in the person of its great and titled leader, as the Satanic school. It has talent and genius, high powers of imagination and language, and boiling energy; but it is, much of it, the energy of a fallen and revolted angel, with no regard for the right, no vision into eternity, and no hold on Heaven. We would not declaim against passion when employed in the service of literature. Informed by strong feelings, truth becomes more awful and more lovely; and some of the ages which unfettered the passions of a nation, have given birth to master-pieces of genius. But Passion divorced from Virtue is ultimately among the feeblest enemies to literary excellence. When yoked to the car of duty, and reined in by principle, passion is in its appropriate place, and may accomplish a mighty service. But when, in domestic life, or political, or in the walks of literature, passion throws off these restraints and exults in its own uncontrolled power, it is as useless for purposes of good, and as formidable from its powers of evil, as a car whose fiery coursers have shaken off bit and rein, and trampled under foot their charioteer. The Maker of man made conscience to rule his other faculties, and when it is dethroned, the result is ruin. Far as the literature to which we have alluded spreads, it cherishes an insane admiration for mere talent or mental power. It substitutes as a guide in morals, sentiment for conscience; and makes blind feeling the irresistible fate, whose will none may dispute, and whose doings are beyond the jurisdiction of casuists or lawgivers. It has much of occasional tenderness, and can melt at times into floods of sympathy; but this softness is found strangely blended with a savage violence. Such things often co-exist. As in the case of the French hangman, who in the time of their great revolution was found, fresh from his gory work of the guillotine, sobbing over the sorrows of Werther, it contrives to ally the sanguinary to the sentimental. It seems, at first sight, much such an ill-assorted match as if the family of Mr. Wet-eyes in one of Bunyan's matchless allegories, were wedded to that of Giant Bloody-man in the other. But it is easily explained. It has been found so in all times when passion has been made to take the place of reason as the guide of a people, and conscience has been thrust from the throne to be succeeded by sentiment. The luxurious and the cruel, the fierce and the voluptuous, the licentious and the relentless readily coalesce; and we soon are made to perceive the fitness of the classic fable by which, in the old Greek mythology, Venus was seen knitting her hands with Mars, the goddess of sensuality allying herself with the god of slaughter. We say, much of the literature of the present and the last generation is thus the caterer of passion—lawless, fierce, and vindictive passion. And if a retired student may "through the loop-holes of retreat" read aright the world of fashion, passion seems at times acquiring an unwonted ascendancy in the popular amusements of the age. The lewd pantomime and dance, from which the less refined fashion

of other times would have turned her blushing and indignant face, the gorgeous spectacle and the shows of wild-beasts, and even the sanguinary pugilistic combat, that sometimes recalls the gladiatorial shows of old Rome, have become, in our day, the favorite recreations of some classes among the lovers of pleasure. These are, it should be remembered, nearly the same with the favorite entertainments of the later Greek empire, when, plethoric by its wealth, and enervated by its luxury, that power was about to be trodden down by the barbarian invasions of the north.

It is possible that the same dangerous ascendancy of passion may be fostered, where we should have been slow to suspect it, by the ultraism of some good men among the social reformers of our time. Wilberforce was, in the judgment of Mackintosh, the very model of a reformer, because he united an earnestness that never flagged with a sweetness that never failed. There are good men that have nothing of this last trait. Amid the best intentions there is occasionally, in the benevolent projects even of this day, a species of Jack Cadeism, if we may be allowed the expression, enlisted in the service of reform. It seems the very opposite of the character of Wilberforce, nourishes an acridity and violence of temper that appears to delight in repelling, and seeks to enkindle feeling by wild exaggeration and personal denunciation; raves in behalf of good with the very spirit of evil, and where it cannot convince assent, would extort submission. Even truth itself, when administered at a scalding heat, cannot benefit the recipient; and the process is not safe for the hands of the administrator himself.

Far be it from us to decry earnestness when shown in the cause of truth and justice, or to forget how the passion awakened in some revolutionary crisis of a people's history, has often infused into the productions of genius an unwonted energy, and clothed them as with an immortal vigor. But it is passion yoked to the chariot of reason, and curbed by the strong hand of principle; laboring in the traces, but not grasping the reins. But set aside argument and truth, and give to passion its unchecked course, and the effect is fatal. It may at first seem to clothe a literature with new energy, but it is the mere energy of intoxication, soon spent, and for which there speedily comes a sure and bitter reckoning. The bonds of principle are loosened, the tastes and habits of society corrupted; and the effects are soon seen extending themselves to the very form and style of a literature as well as to the morality of its productions. The intense is substituted for the natural and true. What is effective is sought for rather than what is exact. Our literature therefore has little, in such portions of it, of the high finish and serene repose of the master-pieces of classic antiquity, where passion in its highest flights is seen wearing gracefully all the restraining rules of art: and power toils ever as under the severe eye of order.

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS,

ONE of the most consistent and accomplished authors by profession the country has produced, is a native of Charleston, South Carolina. He was born April 17, 1806. His father, who bore the same name, was of Scotch-Irish descent, and his mother, Harriet Ann Augusta Singleton, was of a Virginia family, which came early to the state, and was found in the Revolutionary times on the Whig side. William Gilmore Simms, the elder, having failed in Charleston as a merchant, removed to Tennessee, where he held a commission in Coffee's brigade of mounted men, under the

command of Jackson, employed in the Indian war against the Creeks and Seminoles. His wife died while our author, the second son, was in his infancy, and he was left in the absence of his father to the care of his grandmother. Though his early education derived little aid from the pecuniary means of his family, which were limited, and though he had not the benefit of early classical training, yet the associations of this part of his life were neither unhappy nor unproductive, while his energy of character and richly endowed intellect were marking out an immediate path of mental activity and honor. Choosing the law for a profession, he was admitted to the bar at Charleston at the age of twenty-one. He did not long practise the profession, but turned its peculiar training to the uses of a literary life. His first active engagement was in the editorship of a daily newspaper, the *Charleston City Gazette*, in which he opposed the prevailing doctrines of nullification; he wrote with industry and spirit, but being interested in the paper as its proprietor, and the enterprise proving unsuccessful, he was stripped by its failure of the limited patrimony he had embarked in it.

The commencement of his career as an author had preceded this. He wrote verses at eight years of age, and first appeared before the public as a poet, in the publication, about 1825, of a *Monody on Gen. Charles Cotesworth Pinckney*. A volume, *Lyrical and other Poems*, appeared from his pen, in 1827, at Charleston, followed by *Early Lays* the same year. Another volume, *The Vision of Cortes, Cain, and other Poems*, appeared in 1829, and the next year a celebration, in verse, of the French Revolution of 1830, *The Tricolor, or Three Days of Blood in Paris*.

Shortly after this date, in 1832, Mr. Simms visited New York, where his imaginative poem, *Atalantis, a Story of the Sea*, published by the Harpers in that year, introduced him to the literary circles of the city, in which he was warmly welcomed. *Atalantis* was a successful poem with the publishers, a rarity at any time, and more noticeable in this case as the work of an unheralded, unknown author. It is written with easy elegance, in smooth blank verse, interspersed with frequent lyrics. *Atalantis*, a beautiful and virtuous princess of the Nereids, is alternately flattered and threatened by a monster into whose power she has fallen, by straying on the ocean beyond her domain, and becoming subject to his magical spells. She recovers her freedom by the aid of a shipwrecked Spanish knight, whose earthly nature enables him to penetrate the gross atmosphere of the island which the demon had extemporized for her habitation. The prison disappears, and the happy pair descend to the caves of ocean.

The next year the Harpers published Mr. Simms's first tale, *Martin Faber, the Story of a Criminal*, written in the intense passionate style. It secured at once public attention.

The author had now fairly entered upon the active literary life which he has since pursued without interruption; and so uniform has been his career, that a few words will sum up the incidents of his history. A second marriage to the daughter of Mr. Roach, a wealthy planter of the Barnwell district, his first wife having died soon

after their union before his visit to New York; a seat in the state legislature, and the reception of the Doctorate of Laws from the University of Alabama: his summer residence at Charleston and his home winter life on the plantation Woodlands



Woodlands.

at Midway, with frequent visits to the northern cities; these are the few external incidents of a career, the events of which must be sought for in the achievements of the author. The latter are sufficiently numerous and important.

To proceed with their production in some classified order, the author's poems may be first enumerated. The publication, next to those already mentioned, was a volume in New York in 1839, *Southern Passages and Pictures*, lyrical, sentimental, and descriptive; *Donna Florida, a Tale*, in the Don Juan style with a Spanish heroine, published at Charleston in 1843; *Grouped Thoughts and Scattered Fancies*, a collection of sonnets; *Areytos, or Songs of the South*, 1846; *Lays of the Palmetto*, a number of ballads illustrative of the progress of the South Carolina regiments in the Mexican war in 1848; a new edition of *Atalantis* the same year at Philadelphia, with a collection, *The Eye and the Wing*; *Poems Chiefly Imaginative*; *The Cassique of Accabee, a Tale of Ashley River, with other pieces*, New York, 1849; *The City of the Silent*, a poem delivered at the Consecration of Magnolia Cemetery, Charleston, in 1850.

In 1853, two volumes of poems were published by Redfield, comprising a selection, with revisions and additions, from the preceding. In dramatic literature, Mr. Simms has written *Norman Maurice, or the Man of the People*, in which the action is laid in the present day, and the author grapples resolutely in blank verse with the original every-day materials of familiar life. The scene opens in Philadelphia. Maurice is the suitor for the hand of Clarice, whom he marries, to the discomfiture of an intriguing aunt, Mrs. Jervas (whose name and character recall her prototype in Pamela), and a worthless Robert Warren, kinsman and enemy—who retains a forged paper which Maurice had playfully executed as a boyish freak of penmanship, which had been made negotiable, and which Maurice had “taken up,” receiving from his cunning relative a copy of the

paper in place of the original, the latter being kept to ruin him as time might serve. In the second act, we have Maurice pursuing his career in the west, in Missouri, as the Man of the People. In a lawsuit which he conducts for a widow, he confronts in her oppressor the fire-eating bully of the region, with whom he fights a duel, and is talked of for senator. The scoundrel Warren follows him, and seeks to gain control over his wife by threatening to produce the forged paper at a critical moment for his political reputation. She meets the villain to receive the paper, and stabs him. The widow's cause is gained; all plots, personal and political, discomfited; and Missouri, at the close, enjoys the very best prospect of securing an honest senator. Though this play is a bold attempt, with much new ground to be broken, it is managed with such skill, in poetical blank verse, and with so consistent, manly a sentiment, that we pay little attention to its difficulties. *Michael Bonham, or the Fall of the Alamo*, is a romantic drama founded upon an event in Texan history. Both of these have been acted with success. Mr. Simms has also adapted for stage purposes Shakespeare's play of *Timon*, with numerous additions of his own. This drama has been purchased by Mr. Forrest, and has been prepared for the stage.

Of Mr. Simms's Revolutionary Romances, *The Partisan*, published in 1835, was the earliest, the first of a trilogy completed by the publication of *Mellichampe* and *Katharine Walton, or the Rebel of Dorchester*, which contains a delineation of social life at Charleston in the Revolutionary period. The action of these pieces covers the whole period of active warfare of the Revolution in South Carolina, and presents every variety of military and patriotic movement of the regular and partisan encounter of the swamp and forest country. They include the career of Marion, Sumpter, Pickens, Moultrie, Hayne, and others, on the constant battle-field of the state, South Carolina being the scene of the most severe conflicts of the Revolution. These works have been succeeded at long intervals by *The Scout*, originally called *The Kinsmen, or the Black Riders of the Congaree*, and *Woodcraft, or Hawks about the Dovecot*, originally published as *The Sword and the Distaff*. *Eutaw*, which includes the great action known by this name, is the latest of the author's compositions in this field. *Guy Rivers, a Tale of Georgia*, the first regularly constructed novel of Mr. Simms, belongs to a class of border tales, with which may be classed *Richard Hurdiss, or the Avenger of Blood, a Tale of Alabama*; *Border Beagles, a Tale of Mississippi*; *Beauchampe, a Tale of Kentucky*, founded upon a story of crime in the state, which has employed the pens of several American writers; *Helen Halsey, or the Swamp State of Conelachita*; *The Golden Christmas, a Chronicle of St. John's, Berkeley*; and *Charlemonnt*, 1856.

The Historical Romances include *The Yemassee, a Romance of Carolina*, an Indian story, founded upon the general conspiracy of that Colony to massacre the whites in 1715—the portraiture of the Indian in this work, based by Mr. Simms upon personal knowledge of many of the tribes, correcting numerous popular misconceptions of the character; *Pelayo, a Story of the Goth*, and

its sequel, *Count Julian*, both founded on the invasion of Spain by the Saracens, the fate of Roderick, and the apostasy of the traitor from whom the second work is named; *The Damsel of Darien*, the hero of which is the celebrated Vasco Nunez de Balboa, the discoverer of the Pacific; *The Lily and the Totem, or the Huguenots in Florida*, an historical romance, of one of the most finely marked and characteristic episodes in the colonial annals of the country, bringing into view the three rival nations of Spain, France, and the Red Men of the Continent, at the very opening of the great American drama before the appearance of the English; *Vasconcelos*, the scene of which includes the career of De Soto in Florida and the Havannah. In the last work Mr. Simms introduces the degradation of a knight by striking off his spurs, under the most imposing scenes of chivalry—one of the most delicate and elaborate of his many sketches. This appeared under the name of "Frank Cooper." *Cassique of Kiawah* was issued in 1859.



W. Gilmore Simms

Another class of Mr. Simms's novels may be generally ranked as the moral and the imaginative, and are both of a domestic and romantic interest. This was the author's earliest vein, the series opening with *Martin Faber*, published in 1833, followed at intervals by *Carl Werner*, *Confession of the Blind Heart*, *The Wigwam and The Cabin*, a collection of tales, including several in which an interest of the imagination is sustained with striking effect; and *Castle Dismal, or the Bachelor's Christmas*, a domestic legend, in 1844, a South Carolina Ghost Story; *Marie de Berniere*, a Tale of the Crescent City, with other tales.

In History, Mr. Simms has produced a *History of South Carolina*, and *South Carolina in the Revolution*, a critical and argumentative work, suggestive of certain clues overlooked by historians. A supplementary book was added in 1859.

A *Geography of South Carolina* may be ranked under this head, and reference should be made to the numerous elaborate review and magazine articles, of which a protracted discussion of the *Civil Warfare of the South* in the Southern Literary Messenger, the *American Loyalists of the Revolutionary Period* in the Southern Quarterly Review, and frequent papers illustrating the social and political history of the South, are the most noticeable. Mr. Simms's contributions to Biography embrace a *Life of Francis Marion*, embodying a minute and comprehensive view of the partisan warfare in which he was engaged; *The Life of John Smith*, which affords opportunity for the author's best narrative talent and display of the picturesque; a kindred subject, *The Life of the Chevalier Bayard*, handled *con amore*, and *The Life of General Greene*, of the Revolution. These are all works of considerable extent, and are elaborated with care.

In Criticism, Mr. Simms's pen has traversed the wide field of the literature of his day, both foreign and at home. He has edited the imputed plays of Shakespeare, with notes and preliminary essays.*

To Periodical literature he has always been a liberal contributor, and has himself founded and conducted several reviews and magazines. Among these may be mentioned *The Southern Literary Gazette*, a monthly magazine, which reached two volumes in 1825; *The Cosmopolitan, An Occasional*; *The Magnolia, or Southern Appalachian*, a literary magazine and monthly review, published at Charleston in 1842-3; *The Southern and Western Monthly Magazine and Review*, published in two volumes in 1845, which he edited; while he has frequently contributed to the *Knickerbocker*, *Orion*, *Southern Literary Messenger*, *Graham's*, *Godey's*, and other magazines. A review of Mrs. Trollope, in the *American Quarterly* for 1832, attracted considerable attention at the time. In 1849, Mr. Simms became editor of the *Southern Quarterly Review*, to which he had previously contributed, and which was revived by his writings and personal influence. Several Miscellaneous productions may be introduced in this connexion. *The Book of my Lady*, a melange, in 1833; *Views and Reviews of American History, Literature, and Art*, including several lectures, critical papers, and biographical sketches; *Father Abbot, or the Home Tourist*, a *Medley*, embracing sketches of scenery, life, manners, and customs of the South; *Egeria, or Voices of Thought and Counsel for the Woods and Wayside*, a collection of aphorisms, and brief essays in prose and verse; *Southward Ho!* a species of Decameron, in which a group of travellers interchanging opinion and criticism, discuss the scenery and circumstances of the South, with frequent introduction of song and story; *The Morals of Slavery*, first published in the Southern Literary Messenger, and since included in the volume entitled *The Pro-Slavery Argument*.

In addition to these numerous literary produc-

* A Supplement to the Plays of William Shakespeare, comprising the Seven Dramas which have been ascribed to his pen, but which are not included with his writings in modern editions, edited with notes, and an introduction to each play. 8vo. Coolidge & Brother: New York. 1843.

tions, Mr. Simms is the author of several orations on public occasions,—*The Social Principle, the True Secret of National Permanence*, delivered in 1842 before the literary societies of the University of Alabama; *The True Sources of American Independence*, in 1844, before the town council and citizens of Aiken, S. C.; *Self-Development*, in 1847, before the literary societies of Oglethorpe University, Georgia; *The Battle of Fort Moultrie*, an anniversary discourse on Sullivan's Island; two courses of lectures, of three each, *On Poetry and the Practical*, and *The Moral Character of Hamlet*.

The numerous writings of Mr. Simms are characterized by their earnestness, sincerity, and thoroughness. Hard worker as he is in literature, he pursues each subject with new zeal and enthusiasm. They are a remarkable series of works, when it is considered how large a portion of them involve no inconsiderable thought and original research.

As an author, he has pursued an honorable, manly career. His constant engagements in the press, as a critic and reviewer, have given him opportunities of extending favors to his brother writers, which he has freely employed. His generosity in this respect is noticeable. Nor has this kindness been limited by any local feeling; while his own state has found in him one of the chief, in a literary view the chief, supporter of her interests. As a novelist, Mr. Simms is vigorous in delineation, dramatic in action, poetic in his description of scenery, a master of plot, and skilled in the arts of the practised story teller. His own tastes lead him to the composition of poetry and the provinces of imaginative literature, and he is apt to introduce much of their spirit into his prose creations. His powers as an essayist, fond of discussing the philosophy of his subject, are of a high order. He is ingenious in speculation and fertile in argument.

**In 1859, and again in 1865, were published uniform editions of *Simms's Revolutionary and Border Romances of the South*, in seventeen volumes, to which were added two volumes of *Poems*. His last works were: *The Ghost of My Husband, a Tale of the Crescent City*, 1866; and *War Poetry of the South* (an edited volume), 1867. He died at Charleston, June 11, 1870, aged sixty-four years.

THE BARD.

Where dwells the spirit of the Bard—what sky
Persuades his daring wing,—
Folded in soft carnation, or in snow
Still sleeping, far o'er summits of the cloud,
And, with a seeming, sweet unconsciousness,
Wooing his plume, through baffling storms to fly,
Assured of all that ever yet might bless
The spirit, by love and loftiest hope made proud,
Would he but struggle for the dear caress!—
Or would his giant spring,
Impelled by holiest ire,
Assail the sullen summits of the storm,
Bent with broad breast and still impatient form,
Where clouds unfold themselves in leaping fire!
What vision wins his soul,—
What passion wings his flight,—
What dream of conquest woos his eager eye!—
How glows he with the strife,—

How spurns he at control,—
With what unmeasured rage would he defy
The foes that rise around and threaten life!—
His upward flight is fair,
He goes through parting air,
He breaks the barrier cloud, he sees the eye that's
there,
The centre of the realm of storm that mocked him but
to dare!
And now he grasps the prize,
That on the summit lies,
And binds the burning jewel to his brow;
Transfigured by its bright,
He wears a mightier face,
Nor grovels more in likeness of the earth;—
His wing a bolder flight,
His step a wilder grace,
He glows, the creature of a holier birth;—
Suns sing, and stars glow glad around his light;
And thus he speeds afar,
'Mid gathering sun and star,
The sov'reign, he, of worlds, where these but subjects
are;
And men that marked his wing with mocking
sight,
Do watch and wonder now;—
Will watch and worship with delight, anon,
When far from hiss and hate, his upward form hath
gone!

Oh! ere that van was won,
Whose flight hath braved the sun—
Whose daring strength and aim
Have scaled the heights of cloud and bared their
breasts of flame;
What lowly toil was done,—
How slow the moments sped,—
How bitter were the pangs that vexed the heart and
head!
The burden which he bore,
The thorns his feet that tore,
The cruel wounds he suffered with no moan,—
Alone,—and still alone!—
Denial, which could smile,
Beholding, all the while,
How saltier than the sea were the salt tears he
shed;
And over all, the curse,
Than all of these more worse,
Prostrate, before the common way, to bear
The feet of hissing things,
Whose toil it is to tear,
And cramp the glorious creature born to wings!
Ah! should he once despair!—

* * * * *

Not lonely, with the sad nymph Solitude,
Deep in the cover of the ancient wood,
Where the sun leaves him, and the happy dawn,
Stealing with blushes over the gray lawn,
Stills finds him, all forgetful of the flight
Of hours, that passing still from dark to bright,
Know not to loiter,—all their progress naught:—
His eye, unconscious of the day, is bright
With inward vision; till, as sudden freed,
By the superior quest of a proud thought,
He darts away with an unmeasured speed;
His pinion purpling as he gains the height,
Where still, though all obscured from mortal sight,
He bathes him in the late smiles of the sun;—
And oh! the glory, as he guides his steed,
Flakes from his pinions falling, as they soar
To mounts where Eos binds her buskins on
And proud Artemis, watching by her well,
For one.—sole fortunate of all his race,—

With hand upon his mouth her beagle stays,
 Lest he should baffle sounds too sweet to lose,
 That even now are gliding with the dews.
 How nobly he arrays
 His robes for flight—his robes, the woven of songs,
 Borrowed from starry spheres,—with each a muse
 That, with her harmonies, maintains its dance
 Celestial, and its circles bright prolongs.
 Fair ever, but with warrior form and face,
 He stands before the eye of each young grace
 Beguiling the sweet passion from her cell,
 And still subjecting beauty by the glance,
 Which speaks his own subjection to a spell.
 The eldest born of rapture, that makes Love,
 At once submissive and the Conqueror.
 He conquers but to bring deliverance,
 And with deliverance light;—
 To conquer, he has only to explore,—
 And makes a permanent empire, but to spread,
 Though speeding on with unobserving haste,—
 A wing above the waste.
 A single feather from his pinion shed,
 A single beam of beauty from his eye,
 Takes captive of the dim sleeping realm below,
 Through eyes of truest worshippers, that straight
 Bring shouts to welcome and bright flowers to
 wreath
 His altars; and, as those, to life from death,
 Plucked sudden, in their gratitude and faith
 Deem him a god who wrought the miracle,—
 So do they take him to their shrines, and vow
 Their annual incense of sweet song and smell,
 For him to whom their happiness they owe.
 Thus goes he still from desert shore to shore,
 Where life in darkness droops, where beauty errs,
 Having no worshippers,
 And lacking sympathy for the light!—The eye
 That is the spirit of his wing, no more,
 This progress once begun, can cease to soar,
 Suffers eclipse, or sleeps!—
 No more be furled
 The wing,—that, from the first decreed to fly,
 Must speed to daily conquests, deep and high,
 Till no domain of dark unlighted keeps,
 And all the realm of strife beneath the sky
 Grows one, in beauty and peace for evermore,—
 Soothed to eternal office of delight,
 By these that wing the soul on its first flight,
 For these are the great spirits that shape the
 world!

BLESSINGS ON CHILDREN.

Blessings on the blessing children, sweetest gifts of
 Heaven to earth,
 Filling all the heart with gladness, filling all the
 house with mirth;
 Bringing with them native sweetness, pictures of the
 primal bloom,
 Which the bliss for ever gladdens, of the region
 whence they come:
 Bringing with them joyous impulse of a state with-
 outen care,
 And a buoyant faith in being, which makes all in
 nature fair;
 Not a doubt to dim the distance, not a grief to vex
 thee, nigh,
 And a hope that in existence finds each hour a
 luxury;
 Going singing, bounding, brightening—never fearing
 as they go,
 That the innocent shall tremble, and the loving find
 a foe:
 In the daylight, in the starlight, still with thought
 that freely flies,

Prompt and joyous, with no question of the beauty
 in the skies;
 Genial fancies winning raptures, as the bee still sucks
 her store,
 All the present still a garden gleaned a thousand
 times before;
 All the future, but a region, where the happy serv-
 ing thought,
 Still depicts a thousand blessings, by the winged
 hunter caught;
 Life a chase where blushing pleasures only seem to
 strive in flight,
 Linger to be caught, and yielding gladly to the
 proud delight;
 As the maiden, through the alleys, looking backward
 as she flies,
 Woos the fond pursuer onward, with the love-light
 in her eyes.
 Oh! the happy life in children, still restoring joy to
 ours,
 Making for the forest music, planting for the way-
 side flowers;
 Back recalling all the sweetness, in a pleasure pure
 as rare,
 Back the past of hope and rapture bringing to the
 heart of care.
 How, as well the happy voices, bursting through
 the shady grove,
 Memories take the place of sorrows, time restores
 the sway to love!
 We are in the shouting comrades, shaking off the
 load of years,
 Thought forgetting, strifes and trials, doubts and
 agonies and tears;
 We are in the bounding urchin, as o'er hill and plain
 he darts,
 Share the struggle and the triumph, gladdening in
 his heart of hearts;
 What an image of the vigor and the glorious grace
 we knew,
 When to eager youth from boyhood, at a single
 bound we grew!
 Even such our slender beauty, such upon our cheek
 the glow,
 In our eyes the life and gladness—of our blood the
 overflow.
 Bless the mother of the urchin! in his form we see
 her truth:
 He is now the very picture of the memories in our
 youth
 Never can we doubt the forehead, nor the sunny
 flowing hair,
 Nor the smiling in the dimple speaking chin and
 cheek so fair:
 Bless the mother of the young one, he hath blended
 in his grace,
 All the hope and joy and beauty, kindling once in
 either face
 Oh! the happy faith of children! that is glad in all
 it sees,
 And with never need of thinking, pierces still its
 mysteries,
 In simplicity profoundest, in their soul abundance
 blest,
 Wise in value of the sportive, and in restlessness at
 rest.
 Lacking every creed, yet having faith so large in all
 they see,
 That to know is still to gladden, and 'tis rapture but
 to be.
 What trim fancies bring them flowers; what rare
 spirits walk their wood.

What a wondrous world the moonlight harbors of
 the gay and good!
 Into them the very tempest walks in glories grate-
 ful still,
 And the lightning gleams, a seraph, to persuade
 them to the hill:
 'Tis a sweet and loving spirit, that throughout the
 midnight rains,
 Broods beside the shuttered windows, and with
 gentle love complains;
 And how wooing, how exalting, with the richness
 of her dyes,
 Spans the painter of the rainbow, her bright arch
 along the skies,
 With a dream like Jacob's ladder, showing to the
 fancy's sight,
 How 'twere easy for the sad one to escape to worlds
 of light!
 Ah! the wisdom of such fancies, and the truth in
 every dream,
 That to faith confiding offers, cheering every gloom,
 a gleam!
 Happy hearts, still cherish fondly each delusion of
 your youth,
 Joy is born of best believing, and the fiction wraps
 the truth.

THE RATTLESNAKE—FROM THE YEMASSEE.

[The heroine, Bess Matthews, in the wood waits the coming of her lover.]

"He is not come," she murmured, half disap-
 pointed, as the old grove of oaks with all its religious
 solemnity of shadow lay before her. She took her
 seat at the foot of a tree, the growth of a century,
 whose thick and knotted roots, started from their
 sheltering earth, shot even above the long grass
 around them, and ran in irregular sweeps for a con-
 siderable distance upon the surface. Here she sat
 not long, for her mind grew impatient and confused
 with the various thoughts crowding upon it—sweet
 thoughts it may be, for she thought of him whom
 she loved,—of him almost only; and of the long
 hours of happy enjoyment which the future had in
 store. Then came the fears, following first upon the
 hopes, as the shadows follow the sunlight. The
 doubts of existence—the brevity and the fluctua-
 tions of life; these are the contemplations even of
 happy love, and these beset and saddened her; till,
 starting up in that dreamy confusion which the
 scene not less than the subject of her musings had
 inspired, she glided among the old trees scarce con-
 scious of her movement.

"He does not come—he does not come," she mur-
 mured, as she stood contemplating the thick copse
 spreading before her, and forming the barrier which
 terminated the beautiful range of oaks which con-
 stituted the grove. How beautiful was the green
 and garniture of that little copse of wood. The
 leaves were thick, and the grass around lay folded
 over and over in bunches, with here and there a
 wild flower, gleaming from its green, and making of
 it a beautiful carpet of the richest and most various
 texture. A small tree rose from the centre of a
 clump around which a wild grape gadded luxuri-
 antly; and, with an incoherent sense of what she
 saw, she lingered before the little cluster, seeming to
 survey that which, though it seemed to fix her eye,
 yet failed to fill her thought. Her mind wandered
 —her soul was far away; and the objects in her
 vision were far other than those which occupied her
 imagination. Things grew indistinct beneath her
 eye. The eye rather slept than saw. The musing
 spirit had given holiday to the ordinary senses, and
 took no heed of the forms that rose, and floated, or
 glided away, before them. In this way, the leaf de-

tached made no impression upon the sight that was
 yet bent upon it; she saw not the bird, though it
 whirled, untroubled by a fear, in wanton circles
 around her head—and the black snake, with the
 rapidity of an arrow, darted over her path without
 arousing a single terror in the form that otherwise
 would have shivered at its mere appearance. And
 yet, though thus indistinct were all things around
 her to the musing eye of the maiden, her eye was
 yet singularly fixed—fastened as it were, to a single
 spot—gathered and controlled by a single object,
 and glazed, apparently, beneath a curious fascina-
 tion. Before the maiden rose a little clump of
 bushes,—bright tangled leaves flaunting wide in
 glossiest green, with vines trailing over them, thickly
 decked with blue and crimson flowers. Her eye
 communed vacantly with these; fastened by a star-
 like shining glance—a subtle ray, that shot out from
 the circle of green leaves—seeming to be their very
 eye—and sending out a lurid lustre that seemed to
 stream across the space between, and find its way
 into her own eyes. Very piercing and beautiful
 was that subtle brightness, of the sweetest, strangest
 power. And now the leaves quivered and seemed
 to float away, only to return, and the vines waved
 and swung around in fantastic mazes, unfolding
 ever-changing varieties of form and color to her
 gaze; but the star-like eye was ever steadfast, bright
 and gorgeous gleaming in their midst, and still
 fastened, with strange fondness, upon her own.
 How beautiful, with wondrous intensity, did it
 gleam, and dilate, growing larger and more lustrous
 with every ray which it sent forth. And her own
 glance became intense, fixed also; but with a dream-
 ing sense that conjured up the wildest fancies,
 terribly beautiful, that took her soul away from her,
 and wrapt it about as with a spell. She would have
 fled, she would have flown; but she had not power
 to move. The will was wanting to her flight. She
 felt that she could have bent forward to pluck the
 gem-like thing from the bosom of the leaf in which
 it seemed to grow, and which it irradiated with its
 bright white gleam; but ever as she aimed to stretch
 forth her hand, and bend forward, she heard a rush
 of wings, and a shrill scream from the tree above
 her—such a scream as the mock-bird makes, when,
 angrily, it raises its dusky crest, and flaps its wings
 furiously against its slender sides. Such a scream
 seemed like a warning, and though yet unawakened
 to full consciousness, it startled her and forbade her
 effort. More than once in her survey of this strange
 object, had she heard that shrill note, and still had
 it carried to her ear the same note of warning, and
 to her mind the same vague consciousness of an evil
 presence. But the star-like eye was yet upon her
 own—a small, bright eye, quick like that of a bird,
 now steady in its place, and observant seemingly
 only of hers, now darting forward with all the
 clustering leaves about it, and shooting up towards
 her, as if wooing her to seize. At another moment,
 riveted to the vine which lay around it, it would
 whirl round and round, dazzlingly bright and beau-
 tiful, even as a torch, waving hurriedly by night in
 the hands of some playful boy;—but, in all this
 time, the glance was never taken from her own—
 there it grew, fixed—a very principle of light—and
 such a light—a subtle, burning, piercing, fascinating
 gleam, such as gathers in vapor above the old grave,
 and binds us as we look—shooting, darting directly
 into her eye, dazzling her gaze, defeating its sense of
 discrimination, and confusing strangely that of per-
 ception. She felt dizzy, for, as she looked, a cloud
 of colors, bright, gay, various colors, floated and
 hung like so much drapery around the single object
 that had so secured her attention and spell-bound

her feet. Her limbs felt momentarily more and more insecure—her blood grew cold, and she seemed to feel the gradual freeze of vein by vein, throughout her person. At that moment a rustling was heard in the branches of the tree beside her, and the bird, which had repeatedly uttered a single cry above her, as it were of warning, flew away from his station with a scream more piercing than ever. This movement had the effect, for which it really seemed intended, of bringing back to her a portion of the consciousness she seemed so totally to have been deprived of before. She strove to move from before the beautiful but terrible presence, but for a while she strove in vain. The rich, star-like glance still riveted her own, and the subtle fascination kept her bound. The mental energies, however, with the moment of their greatest trial, now gathered suddenly to her aid; and, with a desperate effort, but with a feeling still of most annoying uncertainty and dread, she succeeded partially in the attempt, and threw her arms backwards, her hands grasping the neighboring tree, feeble, tottering, and depending upon it for that support which her own limbs almost entirely denied her. With her movement, however, came the full development of the powerful spell and dreadful mystery before her. As her feet receded, though but a single pace, to the tree against which she now rested, the audibly articulated ring, like that of a watch when wound up with the verge broken, announced the nature of that splendid yet dangerous presence, in the form of the monstrous rattlesnake, now but a few feet before her, lying coiled at the bottom of a beautiful shrub, with which, to her dreaming eye, many of its own glorious hues had become associated. She was, at length, conscious enough to perceive and to feel all her danger; but terror had denied her the strength necessary to fly from her dreadful enemy. There still the eye glared beautifully bright and piercing upon her own; and, seemingly in a spirit of sport, the insidious reptile slowly unwound himself from his coil, but only to gather himself up again into his muscular rings, his great flat head rising in the midst, and slowly nodding, as it were, towards her, the eye still peering deeply into her own;—the rattle still slightly ringing at intervals, and giving forth that paralyzing sound, which, once heard, is remembered for ever. The reptile all this while appeared to be conscious of, and to sport with, while seeking to excite her terrors. Now, with his flat head, distended mouth, and curving neck, would it dart forward its long form towards her,—its fatal teeth, unfolding on either side of its upper jaws, seeming to threaten her with instantaneous death, whilst its powerful eye shot forth glances of that fatal power of fascination, malignantly bright, which, by paralyzing, with a novel form of terror and of beauty, may readily account for the spell it possesses of binding the feet of the timid, and denying to fear even the privilege of flight. Could she have fled! She felt the necessity; but the power of her limbs was gone! and there still it lay, coiling and uncoiling, its arching neck glittering like a ring of brazen copper, bright and lurid; and the dreadful beauty of its eye still fastened, eagerly contemplating the victim, while the pendulous rattle still rang the death note, as if to prepare the conscious mind for the fate which is momentarily approaching to the blow. Meanwhile the stillness became death-like with all surrounding objects. The bird had gone with its scream and rush. The breeze was silent. The vines ceased to wave. The leaves faintly quivered on their stems. The serpent once more lay still; but the eye was never once turned away from the victim. Its corded muscles are all in coil. They have but to unclasp sud-

denly, and the dreadful folds will be upon her, its full length, and the fatal teeth will strike, and the deadly venom which they secrete will mingle with the life-blood in her veins.

The terrified damsel, her full consciousness restored, but not her strength, feels all the danger. She sees that the sport of the terrible reptile is at an end. She cannot now mistake the horrid expression of its eye. She strives to scream, but the voice dies away, a feeble gurgling in her throat. Her tongue is paralysed; her lips are sealed—once more she strives for flight, but her limbs refuse their office. She has nothing left of life but its fearful consciousness. It is in her despair, that, a last effort, she succeeds to scream, a single wild cry, forced from her by the accumulated agony; she sinks down upon the grass before her enemy—her eyes, however, still open, and still looking upon those which he directs for ever upon them. She sees him approach—now advancing, now receding—now swelling in every part with something of anger, while his neck is arched beautifully like that of a wild horse under the curb; until, at length, tired as it were of play, like the cat with its victim, she sees the neck growing larger and becoming completely bronzed as about to strike—the huge jaws unclasp almost directly above her, the long tubulated fang charged with venom, protruding from the cavernous mouth—and she sees no more. Insensibility came to her aid, and she lay almost lifeless under the very folds of the monster.

In that moment the cope parted—and an arrow, piercing the monster through and through the neck, bore his head forward to the ground, alongside the maiden, while his spiral extremities, now unfolding in his own agony, were actually, in part, writhing upon her person. The arrow came from the fugitive *Ocoenostoga*, who had fortunately reached the spot in season, on his way to the Block House. He rushed from the cope as the snake fell, and, with a stick, fearlessly approached him where he lay tossing in agony upon the grass. Seeing him advance the courageous reptile made an effort to regain his coil, shaking the fearful rattle violently at every evolution which he took for that purpose; but the arrow, completely passing through his neck, opposed an unyielding obstacle to the endeavor; and finding it hopeless, and seeing the new enemy about to assault him, with something of the spirit of the white man under like circumstances, he turned desperately round, and striking his charged fangs, so that they were riveted in the wound they made, into a susceptible part of his own body, he threw himself over with a single convulsion, and, a moment after, lay dead beside the utterly unconscious maiden.

JAMES H. HAMMOND.

JAMES H. HAMMOND, Ex-Governor of the State of South Carolina, and a political writer of distinction, was born at Newberry district in that state, November 15, 1807. His father was a native of Massachusetts, a graduate of Dartmouth in 1802, who the next year emigrated to South Carolina and became Professor of Languages in the State College at Columbia. The son received his education at that institution, was admitted to the bar in 1828, and in 1830 became editor at Columbia of a very decided political paper of the nullification era and principles, called the *Southern Times*.

In 1831, on his marriage with Miss Fitzsimons, he retired from his profession, and settled at his plantation, Silver Bluff, on the eastern bank of the

Savannah river, a site famous in the early history, being the point where De Soto found the Indian princess of Cofachiqui, where George Galphin subsequently established his trading post with the Indians, forming one of the frontier posts of the infant colony, distinguished in the Revolution by its leaguer, under Pickens and Lee. He did not, however, withdraw from politics; and as a member of the military family of Governor Hamilton and Governor Wayne, contributed his full quota to the nullification excitement, and recruiting for the nullification army of 1833. He was elected member of Congress, in which body he took his seat in 1835. His health, never vigorous, failed him so entirely in the following spring that he resigned his seat in Congress and travelled a year and a half in Europe, with no benefit to his constitution. For several years after he took no part in politics, though often invited to return to Congress, and generously tendered his seat there by his successor, Col. Elmore.

He was in 1841 elected General of his brigade of state militia, and in 1842 Governor of the state. In this capacity he paid particular attention to the state military organization, and under his auspices the several colleges were established on the West Point system. During his governorship he wrote a letter to the Free Church of Glasgow on Slavery, and two letters in reply to an anti-slavery circular of the English Clarkson, which were afterwards gathered and published in a Pro-Slavery volume, issued in Charleston. He was in the U. S. Senate from 1857-61, and died in his native State, November 13, 1864.

His printed writings, besides a speech in Congress on Slavery, his Governor's Messages, and the letters we have mentioned, are a pamphlet on the Railroad System and the Bank of the State; a review of Mr. Elwood Fisher's "North and South" in the Southern Quarterly; an oration on the Manufacturing System of the State, delivered before the South Carolina Institute in 1849; an elaborate discourse on the Life, Character, and Services of Calhoun, at the request of the city council, in 1850; and an Oration before the Literary Societies of South Carolina College. These compositions severally display the statesman and the scholar of habits of intellectual energy. A passage from the conclusion of the college address exhibits their prevailing manner:—

INTELLECTUAL POWER.

Thus if we should pass in review all the pursuits of mankind, and all the ends they aim at under the instigation of their appetites and passions, or at the dictation of shallow utilitarian philosophy, we shall find that they pursue shadows and worship idols, or that whatever there is that is good and great and catholic in their deeds and purposes, depends for its accomplishment upon the intellect, and is accomplished just in proportion as that intellect is stored with knowledge. And whether we examine the present or the past, we shall find that knowledge alone is real power—"more powerful," says Bacon, "than the Will, commanding the reason, understanding, and belief," and "setting up a Throne in the spirits and souls of men." We shall find that the progress of knowledge is the only true and permanent progress of our race, and that however inventions, and discoveries, and events which change the face of human affairs, may appear to be the re-

sults of contemporary efforts or providential accidents, it is, in fact, the Men of Learning who lead with noiseless step the vanguard of civilization, that mark out the road over which—opened sooner or later—posterity marches; and from the abundance of their precious stores sow seed by the wayside, which spring up in due season, and produce an hundred fold; and cast bread upon the waters which is gathered after many days. The age which gives birth to the largest number of such men is always the most enlightened, and the age in which the highest reverence and most intelligent obedience is accorded to them, always advances most rapidly in the career of improvement.

And let not the ambitious aspirant to enrol himself with this illustrious band, to fill the throne which learning "setteth up in the spirits and souls of men," and wield its absolute power, be checked, however humble he may be, however unlikely to attain wealth or office, or secure homage as a practical man or man of action, by any fear that true knowledge can be stifled, overshadowed, or compelled to involuntary barrenness. Whenever or wherever men meet to deliberate or act, the trained intellect will always master. But for the most sensitive and modest, who seek retirement, there is another and a greater resource. The public press, accessible to all, will enable him, from the depths of solitude, to speak trumpet-tongued to the four corners of the earth. No matter how he may be situated—if he has facts that will bear scrutiny, if he has thoughts that burn, if he is sure he has a call to teach—the press is a tripod from which he may give utterance to his oracles; and if there be truth in them, the world and future ages will accept it. It is not Commerce that is King, nor Manufactures, nor Cotton, nor any single Art or Science, any more than those who wear the baubles-crowns. Knowledge is Sovereign, and the Press is the royal seat on which she sits, a sceptred Monarch. From this she rules public opinion, and finally gives laws alike to prince and people,—laws framed by men of letters; by the wandering bard; by the philosopher in his grove or portico, his tower or laboratory; by the pale student in his closet. We contemplate with awe the mighty movements of the last eighty years, and we held our breath while we gazed upon the heaving human mass so lately struggling like huge Leviathan, over the broad face of Europe. What has thus stirred the world? The press. The press, which has scattered far and wide the sparks of genius, kindling as they fly. Books, journals, pamphlets, these are the paizhan balls—moulded often by the obscure and humble, but loaded with fiery thoughts—which have burst in the sides of every structure, political, social, and religious, and shattered too often, alike the rotten and the sound. For in knowledge as in everything else, the two great principles of Good and Evil maintain their eternal warfare, "*Ὁ ἀγὼν αὐτὶ παντὶος ἀγώνων*"—a war amid and above all other wars.

But in the strife of knowledge, unlike other contests—victory never fails to abide with truth. And the wise and virtuous who find and use this mighty weapon, are sure of their reward. It may not come soon. Years, ages, centuries may pass away, and the grave-stone may have crumbled above the head that should have worn the wreath. But to the eye of faith, the vision of the imperishable and inevitable halo that shall enshrine the memory is for ever present, cheering and sweetening toil, and compensating for privation. And it often happens that the great and heroic mind, unnoticed by the world, buried apparently in profoundest darkness, sustained by faith, works out the grandest problems of human progress: working under broad rays of brightest

light; light furnished by that inward and immortal lamp, which, when its mission upon earth has closed, is trimmed anew by angels' hands, and placed among the stars of heaven.

M. C. M. HAMMOND, a younger brother of the preceding, was born in the Newberry district, December 12, 1814. He was educated at Augusta by a son of the Rev. Dr. Waddel, now a professor at Franklin College, Georgia. In 1832 he received a cadet's appointment at West Point, where in 1835 he delivered an oration to the corps, by the unanimous election of his class, on the Influence of Government on the Mind. He was a graduate of 1836. He served two years in the Seminole war, and also in the Cherokee difficulties in 1838; was then for three years stationed at Fort Gibson, Arkansas, returned again to Florida, and in 1842 resigned in ill health. He then married, and became a successful planter, while he occasionally wrote on topics of agriculture. He was then occupied, under Polk's administration, as paymaster in Louisiana and Texas, where he suffered a severe sun-stroke. Ill health again led to his resignation from the army in 1847. He had previously delivered a discourse before the Agricultural Society, which he had been mainly instrumental in forming, in Burke county, Georgia. In 1849 he began the publication of an elaborate series of military articles in the Southern Quarterly, on Fremont's Command and the Conquest of California; the Commercial and Political Position of California; the Mineral Resources of California; the Battles of the Rio Grande; of Buena Vista; Vera Cruz; Cerro Gordo; Contreras; Churubusco; Molino del Rey; Chapultepec; the Secondary Combats of the War; an article on Amazonia; in all some six hundred pages, marked by their knowledge of military affairs, and ingenious, candid discrimination.

In 1852 he visited West Point as a member of the Board of Visitors, and was elected their president. He delivered an eloquent oration before the corps of cadets at their request, which was published. He is a resident of South Carolina, and, it is understood, is engaged in a translation of the great military authority Jomini on the art of war, and an original essay on the same subject in reference to the necessities of this country.

ROBERT M. CHARLTON.

THIS accomplished writer, to whom the engagements of literature were a relaxation from other duties, was born at Savannah, Ga., Jan. 19, 1807. His father was Judge Thomas U. P. Charlton, whose position and social virtues were renewed by the son. He was early admitted to the bar; on his arrival at age was in the state legislature; became United States District Attorney; and at twenty-seven was appointed Judge of the Supreme Court of the Eastern District of Georgia. In 1852 he was in the United States Senate. He was known for his polished oratory and his genial powers in society. His literary productions were in prose and verse: essays, sketches, lectures, and literary addresses. Many of these, including a series of sketches entitled *Leaves from the Portfolio of a Georgia Lawyer*, appeared in the Knickerbocker Magazine. They are all indi-

cative of his cultivated talents and amiable temperament.

Robert M. Charlton

In 1839 Mr. Charlton published a volume of poems, in which he included the poetical remains marked by a delicate sentiment, of his brother, Dr. Thomas J. Charlton, a young physician, who died in September, 1835, a victim to his professional zeal. This volume appeared in a second edition at Boston in 1842, with alterations and additions. It includes, besides the poems of the brothers, two prose compositions by R. M. Charlton, a eulogy on Doctor John Cumming, an esteemed citizen of Savannah, who was lost in the steamer Pulaski, and an historical lecture on Sergeant Jasper, the hero of Fort Moultrie and Savannah, delivered before the Georgia Historical Society in 1841.

The poems of Mr. R. M. Charlton are written in a facile style, expressive of a genial and pathetic susceptibility, rising frequently to eloquence.

He died at Savannah Jan. 8, 1854.

TO THE RIVER OGECHEE.

O wave, that glidest swiftly
On thy bright and happy way,
From the morning until evening,
And from twilight until day,
Why leapest thou so joyously,
Whilst coldly on thy shore,
Sleeps the noble and the gallant heart,
For aye and evermore?

Or dost thou weep, O river,
And is this bounding wave,
But the tear thy bosom sheddeth
As a tribute o'er his grave?
And when, in midnight's darkness,
The winds above thee moan,
Are they inmourning for our sorrows,
Do they sigh for him that's gone?

Keep back thy tears, then, river,
Or, if they must be shed,
Let them flow but for the living:
They are needless for the dead.
His soul shall dwell in glory,
Where bounds a brighter wave,
But our pleasures, with his troubles,
Are buried in the grave.

THEY ARE PASSING AWAY.

They are passing away, they are passing away—
The joy from our hearts, and the light from our day,

The hope that beguiled us when sorrow was near,
The loved one that dashed from our eye-lids the tear,

The friendships that held o'er our bosoms their sway;

They are passing away, they are passing away.

They are passing away, they are passing away—
The cares and the strifes of life's turbulent day,
The waves of despair that rolled over our soul,
The passions that bowed not to reason's control,

The dark clouds that shrouded religion's kind ray;
They are passing away, they are passing away.

Let them go, let them pass, both the sunshine and
shower,

The joys that yet cheer us, the storms that yet
lower:

When their gloom and their light have all faded
and past,

There's a home that around us its blessing shall
cast,

Where the heart-broken pilgrim no longer shall
say,

"We are passing away, we are passing away."

THE DEATH OF JASPER—A HISTORICAL BALLAD.

'T was amidst a scene of blood,

On a bright autumnal day,

When misfortune like a flood,

Swept our fairest hopes away;

'T was on *Savannah's* plain,

On the spot we love so well,

Amid heaps of gallant slain,

That the daring Jasper fell!

He had borne him in the fight,

Like a soldier in his prime,

Like a bold and stalwart knight,

Of the glorious olden time;

And unharmed by sabre-blow,

And untouched by leaden ball,

He had battled with the foe,

'Till he heard the trumpet's call.

But he turned him at the sound,

For he knew the strife was o'er,

That in vain on freedom's ground,

Had her children shed their gore;

So he slowly turned away,

With the remnant of the band,

Who, amid the bloody fray,

Had escaped the foeman's hand.

But his banner caught his eye,

As it trailed upon the dust,

And he saw his comrade die,

Ere he yielded up his trust,

"To the rescue!" loud he cried,

"To the rescue, gallant men!"

And he dashed into the tide

Of the battle-stream again.

And then fierce the contest rose,

O'er its field of broilered gold,

And the blood of friends and foes,

Stained alike its silken fold;

But unheeding wound and blow,

He has snatched it midst the strife,

He has borne that flag away,

But its ransom is his life!

"To my father take my sword,"

Thus the dying hero said,

"Tell him that my latest word

Was a blessing on his head;

That when death had seized my frame,

And uplifted was his dart,

That I ne'er forgot the name,

That was dearest to my heart.

"And tell her whose favor gave

This fair banner to our band,

That I died its folds to save,

From the foe's polluting hand;

And let all my comrades hear,

When my form lies cold in death,

That their friend remained sincere,
To his last expiring breath."

It was thus that Jasper fell,
'Neath that bright autumnal sky;

Has a stone been reared to tell

Where he laid him down to die?

To the rescue, spirits bold!

To the rescue, gallant men!

Let the marble page unfold

All his daring deeds again!

WILLIAM A. CARRUTHERS,

THE author of several novels written with spirit and ability, was a Virginian, and as we learn from a communication to the *Knickerbocker Magazine*,* in which he gives an account of a hazardous ascent of the Natural Bridge, of which he was a witness, was, in 1818, a student of Washington College, in the vicinity of that celebrated curiosity. We have no details of his life, beyond the facts of his publication of several books in New York about the year 1834, his retirement from Virginia to Savannah, Georgia, where he practised medicine, and wrote for the *Magnolia* and other Southern magazines, and where he died about 1850.

His books which have come to our knowledge are, *The Cavaliers of Virginia, or the Recluse of Jamestown, an Historical Romance of the Old Dominion*, contrasting the manners of the conservative and revolutionary races, the followers of Charles and of Noll in the State; *The Kentuckian in New York, or the Adventures of Three Southerners*, a sketchy volume of romantic descriptive matter; and *The Knights of the Horse Shoe, a Traditionary Tale of the Cocked Hat Gentry in the Old Dominion*, published at Wetumpka, Alabama, in 1845. In the last book the author drew a pleasing and animated picture of the old colonial life in Virginia, in the days of Governor Spotswood. A passage from one of its early chapters will exhibit its genial spirit.

A KITCHEN FIRE-SIDE IN THE OLD DOMINION.

Imagine to yourself, reader, a fire-place large enough to roast an ox whole, and within which a common wagon load of wood might be absorbed in such a speedy manner as to horrify one of our city economical housewives—though now it was late in summer, and of course no such pile of combustibles enlivened the scene—besides, it was night, and the culinary operations of the day were over. A few blazing fagots of rich pine, however, still threw a lurid glare over the murky atmosphere, and here and there sat the several domestics of the establishment; some nodding until they almost tumbled into the fire, but speedily regaining the perpendicular without ever opening their eyes, or giving any evidence of discomposure, except a loud snort, perhaps, and then dozing away again as comfortably as ever. Others were conversing without exhibiting any symptoms of weariness or drowsiness.

In one corner of the fire-place sat old Sylvia, a Moor, who had accompanied the father of the Governor (a British naval officer) all the way from Africa, the birth-place of his Excellency. She had straight hair, which was now white as the driven snow, and hung in long matted locks about her shoulders, not

unlike a bunch of candles. She was by the negroes called outlandish, and talked a sort of jargon entirely different from the broken lingo of that race. She was a general scape-goat for the whole plantation, and held in especial dread by the Ethiopian tribe. She was not asleep, nor dozing, but sat rocking her body back and forth, without moving the stool, and humming a most mournful and monotonous ditty, all the while throwing her large stealthy eyes around the room. In the opposite corner sat a regular hanger-on of the establishment, and one of those who kept a greedy eye always directed towards the fleshpots, whenever he kept them open at all. His name was June, and he wore an old cast-off coat of the Governor's, the waist buttons of which just touched his hips, while the skirts hung down to the ground in straight lines, or rather in the rear of the perpendicular, as if afraid of the constant kicking which his heels kept up against them when walking. His legs were banded, and set so much in the middle of the foot as to render it rather a difficult matter to tell which end went foremost. His face was of the true African stamp: large mouth, flat nose, and a brow overhanging with long, plaited queues, like so many whip-cords cut off short and even all round, and now quite grey. The expression of his countenance was full of mirthfulness and good humor, mixed with just enough of shrewdness to redeem it from utter vacuity. There was a slight degree of cunning twinkled from his small terrapin-looking eye, but wholly swallowed up by his large mouth, kept constantly on the stretch. He had the run of the kitchen; and, for these perquisites was expected and required to perform no other labor than running and riding errands to and from the capital; and it is because he will sometimes be thus employed that we have been so particular in describing him, and because he was the banjo player to all the small fry at Temple Farm. He had his instrument across his lap on the evening in question, his hands in the very attitude of playing, his eyes closed, and every now and then, as he rose up from a profound inclination to old Somnus, twang, twang, went the strings, accompanied by some negro doggel just lazily let slip through his lips in half utterance, such as the following:—

Massa is a wealthy man, and all de nebers know it;
Keeps good liquors in his house, and always says—here goes it.

The last words were lost in another declination of the head, until catgut and voice became merged in a grunt or snort, when he would start up, perhaps, strain his eyes wide open, and go on again:

Sister Bally's mighty sick, oh what de debil ails her,
She used to eat good beef and beans, but now her stomach falls her.

The last words spun out again into a drawl to accompany a monotonous symphony, until all were lost together, by his head being brought in wonderful propinquity to his heels in the ashes.

While old June thus kept up a running accompaniment to Sylvia's Moorish monotony, on the opposite side of the fire, the front of the circle was occupied by more important characters.

Old Essex, the *major-domo* of the establishment, sat there in all the panoply of state. He was a tall, dignified old negro, with his hair queued up behind and powdered all over, and not a little of it sprinkled upon the red collar of his otherwise scrupulously clean livery. He wore small-clothes and knee-buckles, and was altogether a fine specimen of the gentlemanly old family servant. He felt himself just as much a part and parcel of the Governor's family as if he had been related to it by blood.

The manners of Essex were very far above his mental culture; this no one could perceive by a slight and superficial observation, because he had acquired a most admirable tact (like some of his betters) by which he never travelled beyond his depth; added to this, whatever he did say was in the most appropriate manner, narrowly discerning nice shades of character, and suiting his replies to every one who addressed him. For instance, were a *gentleman* to alight at the hall door and meet old Essex, he would instantly receive the attentions due to a gentleman; whereas, were a gentlemanly dressed man to come, who feared that his whole importance might not be impressed upon this important functionary, Essex would instantly elevate his dignity in exact proportion to the fussiness of his visitor. Alas! the days of Essex's class are fast fading away. Many of them survived the Revolution, but the Mississippi fever has nearly made them extinct.

On the present occasion, though presumed to be not upon his dignity, the old major sat with folded arms and a benignant but yet contemptuous smile playing upon his features, illuminated as they were by the lurid fire-light, while Martin the carpenter told one of the most marvellous and wonder-stirring stories of the headless corpse ever heard within these walls, teeming, as they were, with the marvellous. Essex had often heard stories first told over the gentlemen's wine, and then the kitchen version, and of course knew how to estimate them exactly: now that before-mentioned incredulous smile began to spread until he was forced to laugh outright, as Martin capped the climax of his tale of horror, by some supernatural appearance of blue flames over the grave. Not so the other domestics, male and female, clustering around his chair; they were worked up to the highest pitch of the marvellous. Even old June ceased to twang his banjo, and at length got his eyes wide open as the carpenter came to the sage conclusion, that the place would be haunted.

It was really wonderful, with what rapidity this same point was arrived at by every negro upon the plantation, numbering more than a hundred; and these having wives and connexions on neighboring plantations, the news that Temple Farm was haunted became a settled matter for ten miles round in less than a week, and so it has remained from that day to this.

On the occasion alluded to, the story-teller for the night had worked his audience up to such a pitch of terror, that not one individual dared stir for his life, every one seeming to apprehend an instant apparition. This effect on their terrified imaginations was not a little heightened by the storm raging without. The distant thunder had been some time reverberating from the shores of the bay, mingling with the angry roar of the waves as they splashed and foamed against the beach, breaking, and then retreating for a fresh onset.

JAMES OTIS ROCKWELL.

JAMES O. ROCKWELL was, to a great extent, a self-made man. He was born at Lebanon, Conn., in 1807, and at an early age placed as an operative in a cotton factory at Paterson, New Jersey. When he was fourteen the family removed to Manlius, N. Y., and James was apprenticed to a printing establishment at Utica. He remained there about four years, writing for as well as working at the press, and then after a short sojourn in New York removed to Boston. After working a short time as a journeyman printer he

obtained the situation of assistant editor of the Boston Statesman, from which he was soon promoted, in 1829, to the exclusive charge of a paper of his own, *The Providence Patriot*. "He continued," says his biographer Everest, "his editorial labors until the summer of 1831, when a 'card apologetic' announced to the readers of the *Patriot* that its editor had been 'accused of ill health—tried—found guilty—and condemned over to the physicians for punishment.' The following number was arrayed in tokens of mourning for his death."* His poems, though brief, are animated by a true poetic flame.

SPRING.

Again upon the grateful earth,
Thou mother of the flowers,
The singing birds, the singing streams,
The rainbow and the showers:
And what a gift is thine!—thou mak'st
A world to welcome thee;
And the mountains in their glory smile,
And the wild and changeful sea.

Thou gentle Spring!—the brooding sky
Looks welcome all around;
The moon looks down with a milder eye,
And the stars with joy abound;
And the clouds come up with softer glow,
Up to the zenith blown,
And float in pride o'er the earth below,
Like banners o'er a throne.

Thou smiling Spring!—again thy praise
Is on the lip of streams;
And the water-falls loud anthems raise,
By day, and in their dreams;
The lakes that glitter on the plain,
Sing with the stirring breeze;
And the voice of welcome sounds again
From the surge upon the seas.

Adorning Spring! the earth to thee
Spreads out its hidden love;
The ivy climbs the cedar tree,
The tallest in the grove;
And on the moss-grown rock, the rose
Is opening to the sun,
And the forest leaves are putting forth
Their green leaves, one by one.

As thou to earth, so to the soul
Shall after glories be,—
When the grave's winter yields control,
And the spirit's wings are free:
And then, as yonder opening flower
Smiles to the smiling sun,—
Be mine the fate to smile in heaven,
When my weary race is run.

GEORGE LUNT.

GEORGE LUNT was born at Newburyport, Massachusetts. He was graduated at Harvard in 1824; was admitted to the bar in 1831; practised for awhile at his native place, and since 1848 has pursued the profession in Boston. In 1849, he was appointed U. S. Attorney for Massachusetts, by President Taylor, and continued in office during his administration and that of President Fillmore.

In 1839, he published a volume of *Poems*, followed in 1843 by *The Age of Gold and other Poems*, and in 1854, by *Lyric Poems, Sonnets, and Miscellanies*. He is also the author of *Eastford, or Household Sketches*, by Wesley Brooke, a novel of New England Life, 1854; *Three Eras of New England*, 1857; *Radicalism in Religion, Philosophy, and Social Life*, 1858; *The Union, a Poem*, 1860; *The Origin of the Late War, Traced from the Beginning of the Constitution to the Revolt of the Southern States*, 1866; and *Old New England Traits*, 1873.

MEMORY AND HOPE.

Memory has a sister fair,
Blue-eyed, laughing, wild, and glad,
Oft she comes, with jocund air,
When her twin-born would be sad;
Hand-in-hand I love them best,
And to neither traitor prove,
Both can charm the aching breast,
Scarce I know which most to love.

Memory has a downcast face,
Yet 'tis winning, sweet, and mild,
Then comes Hope, with cheerful grace,
Like a bright enchanting child.
Now, I kiss this rosy cheek,
And the dimpling beam appears,
Then her pensive sister seek,
She too smiles, through pleasant tears.

Thus the heart a joy may take,
Else it were but hard to win,
And a quiet household make,
Where no jealousies come in.
If thy spirit be but true,
Love like this is sure to last,—
Happy he, who weds the two,
Hopeful Future,—lovely Past.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

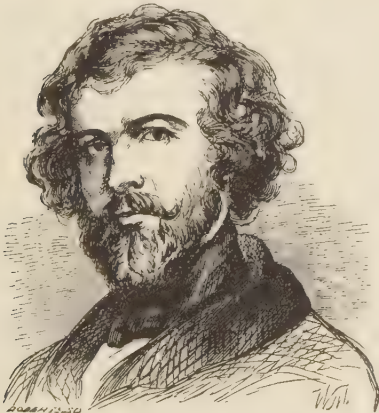
THE family of Nathaniel Parker Willis trace back their descent to George Willis, who was born in England in 1602, and who, as a newly settled resident of Cambridge near Boston, was admitted "Freeman of Massachusetts," in 1638. By the maternal branch, dividing at the family of the grandfather of N. P. Willis, he is a descendant of the Rev. John Bailey, pastor of a church in Boston, in 1683. The portrait of the Rev. John Bailey was presented some years since to the Massachusetts Historical Society, by Nathaniel Willis, the father of N. P. Willis, to whom it had descended as the oldest of the sixth generation. Mr. Bailey was an exile for opinion's sake. He had begun his ministry at Chester, in England, at the age of 22, but was imprisoned for his non-conformist doctrines; and while waiting for his trial, had preached to crowds through the bars of Lancashire jail. He afterwards preached fourteen years in Limerick, Ireland, and was again imprisoned and tried for his opinions. He then fled from persecution to this country. The memoir of his ministry in Boston has been written by the Rev. Mr. Emerson. He died in 1697, and his funeral sermon was preached by the Rev. Cotton Mather.

The numerous descendants of these two names have been principally residents in New England, and are traceable mainly in the church records of their different locations. The majority have been farmers. Nathaniel Willis, the grandfather of

*Poets of Connecticut, p. 357. See also a further notice from the same pen, South Lit. Mess., July, 1838, in which a suspicion of suicide is hinted at.

N. P. Willis, was born in Boston in 1755. He was one of the proprietors and publishers of the Independent Chronicle, a leading political paper, from 1776 to 1784. He removed from Boston to Virginia, where he established the "Potomac Guardian," which he published several years at Martinsburgh. He thence removed to Ohio, and established the first newspaper ever published in that state, the "Scioto Gazette." He was for several years the Ohio State printer. It was among the memorabilia of his life that he had been an apprentice in the same printing-office with Benjamin Franklin; and that he was one of the adventurous "Tea-Party," who, in 1773, boarded the East India Company's ship in Boston harbor, and threw overboard her cargo of tea, to express their opinion of the tea-tax. He died at an advanced age on his farm near Chillicothe, to which he had retired, to pass his latter years in repose.

The poet's father, Nathaniel Willis, was for several years a political publisher and editor—the "Eastern Argus" having been established by him at Portland in 1803. With a change in his religious opinions and feelings, he returned to Boston, his native city, and there founded in 1816, the first religious newspaper in the world, the "Boston Recorder." This he conducted for twenty years, establishing, during the latter part of the same time, the first child's newspaper in the world, the "Youth's Companion." The latter he long continued, having parted with the Recorder as too laborious a vocation for his advancing years, and its eminent success having realized for him a comfortable independence.



N. P. Willis

Nathaniel Parker Willis was born in Portland, Jan. 20, 1806. His father removed to Boston when he was six years of age. He was for a year or two a pupil of the Rev. Dr. McFarlane of Concord, N. H.; but at the Latin School of Boston and at the Phillips Academy at Andover, he received his principal education, previous to entering college. He was graduated at Yale in 1827. While in college he published several religious pieces of poetry under the signature of "Roy," and gained

the prize of fifty dollars for the best poem, offered by "The Album," a gift book published by Lockwood. His mother, by whom he takes the name of Parker, was the daughter of Solomon Parker, a farmer of Massachusetts. She was a woman of uncommon talents, and of very exemplary piety and benevolence. Her husband's house being for many years the hospitable home of the clergy of their denomination, her friendship with some of the most eminent men of her time was intimate and constant; and her long and regular correspondence with the Rev. Dr. Payson, the Rev. Dr. Storrs, and others of the first minds of the period in which she lived, will, some day probably, be formed into a most interesting memoir. She died in 1844.

After his graduation, Mr. Willis first became the editor of "The Legendary," a series of volumes of tales published by S. G. Goodrich. He next established the "American Monthly Magazine," which he conducted for two years, then merging it in the "New York Mirror," conducted by Geo. P. Morris—that he might carry out a cherished purpose of a visit to Europe. His "Pencilings by the Way," contributed to the Mirror, gave the history of his next four years of travel and adventure. During his first stay in Paris, Mr. Rives, the American Minister, attached him to his Legation, and it was with diplomatic passport and privilege that he made his leisurely visit to the different Courts and Capitals of Europe and the East. In 1835, after two years' residence in England, he married Mary Leighton Stace, daughter of the Commissary General William Stace, then in command of the arsenal at Woolwich, a distinguished officer, who was in the enjoyment of a large pension from government for his gallant conduct at Waterloo.*

Immediately after his marriage, Mr. Willis returned to this country, and gratified his early passion for rural life, which had grown upon him with time and weariness of travel, by the purchase of a few acres in the valley of the Susquehanna, and the building of a small cottage in which he hoped to pass the remainder of his life. At this place, which he called "Glenmary," and from which he wrote the *Letters from Under a Bridge*, he passed four years. His one child by

* Before he returned to America, his contributions to the Mirror giving an account of the society in which he moved and the places which he saw, had found their way to England, and falling into the hands of Lockhart, were reviewed by him with severity in the Quarterly for 1835. The chief points of the article were the correction of some technical errors touching the artificial distinctions of the aristocracy, and the charge that Willis had committed himself by printing his "unrestrained table-talk on delicate subjects, and capable of compromising individuals." This referred mainly to an account which Willis had published of the conversation of Moore at Lady Blessington's, in which the Irish poet commented with freedom on the career of O'Connell. It was an injudicious passage, which Willis regretted was published, not thinking at the time it was written that it would re-appear in England, though it contained, probably, nothing more than was generally known of the opinions of Moore on the Irish agitation. Moore, at any rate, was writing similar opinions himself in his Diary (since published), for the benefit of posterity. The immediate consequence of the agitation of the subject in the Quarterly was a public demand for the book, and a publisher's offer of three hundred pounds for the portion on hand in England,—about one half of what subsequently appeared in America, with the title of the collection thus made, *Pencilings by the Way*, Captain Marryat, then editing the *Metropolitan Magazine*, made the volumes, on their publication, the subject of a personal article in that journal. Satisfaction was demanded by Willis, and shots were exchanged between the parties at Chatham.

his first wife, Imogen his daughter, was born here.

By the failure of his publisher, the death of his father-in-law, and other simultaneous calamities, involving entirely his means of support, Mr. Willis was driven once more to active life; and returning to New York, he established, in connexion with Dr. Porter, *The Corsair*, a weekly journal. To arrange the foreign correspondence for this and visit his relatives, he made a short trip to England, engaging, among others, Mr. Thackeray, who was less known then than now to fame, and who wrote awhile for the *Corsair*. While abroad on this second tour, Mr. Willis published in London a miscellany of his magazine stories, poems, and European letters, with the title *Loiterings of Travel*. He also published in London his two plays "Bianca Visconti" and "Tortosa the Usurer," with the joint title *Two Ways of Dying for a Husband*. He also wrote about this time the letter-press for two serial publications by Virtue, on the Scenery of the United States and Ireland.

On his return to New York, he found that his partner Dr. Porter had suddenly abandoned their project in discouragement; and he soon after established, in connexion with his former partner Gen. Morris, the "Evening Mirror." The severe labor of this new and trying occupation made the first break in a constitution of great natural vigor, and the death of his wife occurring soon after, his health entirely gave way, and he was compelled once more to go abroad. A brain fever in England, and a tedious illness at the Baths of Germany, followed. On reaching Berlin, however, he met with his former literary partner, Theodore S. Fay; and Mr. Wheaton, the American minister, appointing him *attaché* to the Legation of which Mr. Fay was the Secretary, he determined to make this the home of his literary labors. Visiting England to place his daughter at school, however, he found himself too much prostrated in health to return to Germany, and soon after sailed once more with his daughter for home.

The change from the *Evening Mirror* to the *Home Journal*, which was made soon after by both partners, was a return to the more quiet paths of literature, which were better suited to both.

Upon this last enterprise, Mr. Willis was thereafter employed, and its career has been, as is well known, eminently successful.

Since that time, the publications of Mr. Willis have of late consisted of editorial articles in the journal, and a series of special contributions written on his journeys in the western and southern states and among the West India islands, or from his new country residence of Idlewild on the plateau of the Highlands of the Hudson beyond West Point. A collection of his works in royal octavo was published in 1846 by Redfield with the addition to the writings which we have enumerated up to that date of *Ephemera*, a gathering of brief newspaper miscellanies. His poems have been published in octavo, in a volume illustrated by Leutze.

A newly arranged edition of his writings, with new collections from his articles in his journal, has been published. The titles of these volumes are—

Rural Letters, and Other Records of Thoughts

at Leisure; People I have Met, or Pictures of Society and People of Mark, drawn under a Thin Veil of Fiction; Life Here and There, or Sketches of Society and Adventures at Far-Apart Times and Places; Hurray-Graphs, or Sketches from Fresh Impressions of Scenery, Celebrities, and Society; Pencillings by the Way; A Summer Cruise in the Mediterranean on board an American Frigate; Fun Jottings, or Laughs I have taken a Pen To; A Health Trip to the Tropics, etc.; Out-Doors at Idlewild; Famous Persons and Places; The Rag Bag; Paul Fane, a Novel, 1856; and The Convalescent, His Rambles and Adventures, 1859.



Idlewild.

In 1845, Mr. Willis married Cornelia, only daughter of the Hon. Joseph Grinnell, member of Congress from Massachusetts. The *Home Journal*, his "Health Trip to the Tropics," and his "Letters from Idlewild" give the outlines of his life for these latter years. By his second marriage he had three children, one son and two daughters.

The contributions of Mr. Willis to the various periodicals upon which he has been engaged, have been written with that invariable care and finish, which permitted him, in their collected form of nine volumes, to look upon them as the even and steady product of a career of literary industry, varying only in place and circumstances. They are severally characterized by their acute perception of affairs of life and the world; a delicate vein of sentiment, an increased ingenuity in the decoration and improvement of matters which in the hands of most writers would be impertinent and wearisome; in fine, their invention which makes new things out of old, whether among the palled commonplaces of the city, or the scant monotony of the country. In a series of some twenty years, Mr. Willis has ministered, with but few intervals of absence from his post, weekly through the journals with which he has been connected, to the entertainment and delight of the American public. That his pen was as fresh at the end of that time as at the beginning, is the best proof of his generously gifted nature. If, in the course of his "spiritings," he has occasionally provoked the more fastidious of his readers by far-fetched expressions or other conceptions, he has made his ground good, even on this debatable

territory,—since the eccentricities have been offshoots of his originality, and maintained by a style, fresh, idiomatic, and in its construction really pure. As a gentleman may take many liberties not allowed to a clown, an author who writes English as well as Mr. Willis may be indulged with some familiarities with Priscian.

The poetry of Mr. Willis is musical and original. His Sacred Poems belong to a class of compositions which critics might object to, did not experience show them to be pleasurable and profitable interpreters to many minds. The versification of these poems is of remarkable smoothness. Indeed, they have gained the author reputation where his nicer powers would have failed to be appreciated. In another view, his novel in rhyme, of Lady Jane, is one of the very choicest of the numerous poems cast in the model of Don Juan; while his dramas are delicate creations of sentiment and passion, with a relish of the old poetic Elizabethan stage.

As a traveller, Mr. Willis has no superior in representing the humors and experiences of the world. He is sympathetic, witty, observant, and at the same time inventive. Looking at the world through a pair of eyes of his own, he finds material where others would see nothing: indeed, some of his greatest triumphs in this line have been in his rural sketches from Glenmary and Idlewild, continued with novelty and spirit, long after most clever writers would have cried out that straw and clay too for their bricks had been utterly exhausted. That this invention has been pursued through broken health, with unremitting diligence, is another claim to consideration, which the public should be prompt to acknowledge. Under the most favorable circumstances, a continuous career of newspaper literary toil is a painful drudgery. It weighs heavily on dull men of powerful constitution. The world then should be thankful, when the delicate fibres of the poet and man of genius are freely worked from day to day in its service.

THE BELFRY PIGEON.

On the cross-beam under the Old South bell
The nest of a pigeon is builded well.
In summer and winter that bird is there,
Out and in with the morning air:
I love to see him track the street,
With his wary eye and active feet;
And I often watch him as he springs,
Circling the steeple with easy wings,
Till across the dial his shade has passed.
And the belfry edge is gained at last.
'Tis a bird I love, with its brooding note,
And the trembling throb in its mottled throat;
There's a human look in its swelling breast,
And the gentle curve of its lowly crest;
And I often stop with the fear I feel—
He runs so close to the rapid wheel.

Whatever is rung on that noisy bell—
Chime of the hour or funeral knell—
The dove in the belfry must hear it well.
When the tongue swings out to the midnight
moon—

When the sexton cheerly rings for noon—
When the clock strikes clear at morning light—
When the child is waked with "nine at night"—

When the chimes play soft in the Sabbath air,
Filling the spirit with tones of prayer—
Whatever tale in the bell is heard,
He broods on his folded feet unstirred,
Or rising half in his rounded nest,
He takes the time to smoothe his breast,
Then drops again with filmed eyes,
And sleeps as the last vibration dies.
Sweet bird! I would that I could be
A hermit in the crowd like thee!
With wings to fly to wood and glen,
Thy lot, like mine, is cast with men;
And daily, with unwilling feet,
I tread, like thee, the crowded street;
But, unlike me, when day is o'er,
Thou canst dismiss the world and soar,
Or, at a half felt wish for rest,
Canst smoothe the feathers on thy breast,
And drop, forgetful, to thy nest.

I would that in such wings of gold
I could my weary heart upfold;
And while the world throngs on beneath,
Smoothe down my cares and calmly breathe;
And only sad with others' sadness,
And only glad with others' gladness,
Listen, unstirred, to knell or chime,
And, lapt in quiet, bide my time.

THE ANNOYER.

Common as light is love,
And its familiar voice wearies not ever.—SHELLEY.

Love knoweth every form of air,
And every shape of earth,
And comes, unbidden, everywhere,
Like thought's mysterious birth.
The moonlit sea and the sunset sky
Are written with Love's words,
And you hear his voice unceasingly,
Like song in the time of birds.

He peeps into the warrior's heart
From the tip of a stooping plume,
And the serried spears, and the many men,
May not deny him room.
He'll come to his tent in the weary night,
And be busy in his dream;
And he'll float to his eye in morning light
Like a ray on a silver beam.

He hears the sound of the hunter's gun,
And rides on the echo back,
And sighs in his ear, like a stirring leaf,
And flits in his woodland track.
The shade of the wood, and the sheen of the river,
The cloud and the open sky—
He will haunt them all with his subtle quiver,
Like the light of your very eye.

The fisher hangs over the leaning boat,
And ponders the silver sea,
For love is under the surface hid,
And a spell of thought has he;
He heaves the wave like a bosom sweet,
And speaks in the ripple low,
'Till the bait is gone from the crafty line,
And the hook hangs bare below.

He blurs the print of the scholar's book,
And intrudes in the maiden's prayer,
And profanes the cell of the holy man,
In the shape of a lady fair.
In the darkest night, and the bright daylight,
In earth, and sea, and sky,
In every home of human thought,
Will love be lurking nigh.

LOVE IN A COTTAGE.

They may talk of love in a cottage,
And bowers of trellised vine—
Of nature bewitchingly simple,
And milkmaids half divine;
They may talk of the pleasure of sleeping
In the shade of a spreading tree,
And a walk in the fields at morning,
By the side of a footstep free!

But give me a sly flirtation
By the light of a chandelier—
With music to play in the pauses,
And nobody very near:
Or a seat on a silken sofa,
With a glass of pure old wine,
And mamma too blind to discover
The small white hand in mine.

Your love in a cottage gets hungry,
Your vine is a nest for flies—
Your milkmaid shocks the Graces,
And simplicity talks of pies!
You lie down to your shady slumber
And wake with a bug in your ear,
And your damsel that walks in the morning
Is shod like a mountaineer.

True love is at home on a carpet,
And mightily likes his ease—
And true love has an eye for a dinner,
And starves beneath shady trees.
His wing is the fan of a lady,
His foot's an invisible thing,
And his arrow is tipped with a jewel,
And shot from a silver string.

UNSEEN SPIRITS.

The shadows lay along Broadway—
'Twas near the twilight-tide—
And slowly there a lady fair
Was walking in her pride.
Alone walked she; but, woelessly,
Walked spirits at her side.

Peace charmed the street beneath her feet,
And Honor charmed the air;
And all astir looked kind on her,
And called her good as fair—
For all God ever gave to her
She kept with chary care.

She kept with care her beauties rare
From lovers warm and true—
For her heart was cold to all but gold,
And the rich came not to woo—
But honored well are charms to sell
If priests the selling do.

Now walking there was one more fair—
A slight girl, lily-pale;
And she had unseen company
To make the spirit quail—
'Twixt Want and Scorn she walked forlorn,
And nothing could avail.

No mercy now can clear her brow
For this world's peace to pray;
For, as love's wild prayer dissolved in air,
Her woman's heart gave way!—
But the sin forgiven by Christ in heaven
By man is curst away!

LITTLE FLORENCE GRAY.

I was in Greece. It was the hour of noon,
And the Egean wind had dropped asleep

Upon Hymettus, and the thymy isles
Of Salamis and Egina lay hung
Like clouds upon the bright and breathless sea.
I had climbed up th' Acropolis at morn,
And hours had fled as time will in a dream
Amid its deathless ruins—for the air
Is full of spirits in these mighty fanes,
And they walk with you! As it sultrier grew,
I laid me down within a shadow deep
Of a tall column of the Parthenon,
And in an absent idleness of thought
I scrawled upon the smooth and marble base.
Tell me, O memory, what wrote I there?
The name of a sweet child I knew at Rome!

I was in Asia. 'Twas a peerless night
Upon the plains of Sardis, and the moon,
Touching my eyelids through the wind-stirred tent,
Had witched me from my slumber. I arose,
And silently stole forth, and by the brink
Of golden "Pactolus," where bathe his waters
The bases of Cybele's columns fair,
I paced away the hours. In wakeful mood
I mused upon the storied past awhile,
Watching the moon, that with the wame mild eye
Had looked upon the mighty Lybian kings
Sleeping around me—Cressus, who had heaped
Within the mouldering portico his gold,
And Gyges, buried with his viewless ring
Beneath yon swelling tumulus—and then
I loitered up the valley to a small
And humbler ruin, where the undefiled*
Of the Apocalypse their garments kept
Spotless; and crossing with a conscious awe
The broken threshold, to my spirit's eye
It seemed as if, amid the moonlight, stood
"The angel of the church of Sardis" still!
And I again passed onward, and as dawn
Paled the bright morning star, I lay me down
Weary and sad beside the river's brink,
And 'twixt the moonlight and the rosy morn,
Wrote with my fingers in the golden "sands."
Tell me, O memory! what wrote I there?
The name of the sweet child I knew at Rome!

The dust is old upon my "sandal-shoon,"
And still I am a pilgrim; I have roved
From wild America to spicy Ind,
And worshipped at innumerable shrines
Of beauty; and the painter's art, to me,
And sculpture, speak as with a living tongue,
And of dead kingdoms, I recall the soul,
Sitting amid their ruins. I have stored
My memory with thoughts that can allay
Fever and sadness; and when life gets dim,
And I am overladen in my years,
Minister to me. But when wearily
The mind gives over toiling, and, with eyes
Open but seeing not, and senses all
Lying awake within their chambers fine,
Thought settles like a fountain, clear and calm—
Far in its sleeping depths, as 'twere a gem,
Tell me, O memory! what shines so fair!
The face of the sweet child I knew at Rome!

LETTER TO THE UNKNOWN PURCHASER AND NEXT OCCUPANT
OF GLENMARY.

SIR: In selling you the dew and sunshine ordained
to fall hereafter on this bright spot of earth—the
waters on their way to this sparkling brook—the

* "Thou hast a few names even in Sardis which have not
defiled their garments; and they shall walk with me in white;
for they are worthy." Revelation iii. 4.

tints mixed for the flowers of that enamelled meadow, and the songs bidden to be sung in coming summers by the feathery builders in Glenmary, I know not whether to wonder more at the omnipotence of money, or at my own impertinent audacity toward Nature. How you can *buy* the right to exclude at will every other creature made in God's image from sitting by this brook, treading on that carpet of flowers, or lying listening to the birds in the shade of these glorious trees—how I can *sell* it you—is a mystery not understood by the Indian, and dark, I must say, to me.

"Lord of the soil," is a title which conveys your privileges but poorly. You are master of waters flowing at this moment, perhaps, in a river of Judea, or floating in clouds over some spicy island of the tropics, bound hither after many changes. There are lilies and violets ordered for you in millions, acres of sunshine in daily instalments, and dew nightly in proportion. There are throats to be tuned with song, and wings to be painted with red and gold, blue and yellow; thousands of them, and all tributaries to you. Your corn is ordered to be sheathed in silk, and lifted high to the sun. Your grain is to be duly bearded and stemmed. There is perfume distilling for your clover, and juices for your grasses and fruits. Ice will be here for your wine, shade for your refreshment at noon, breezes and showers and snow-flakes; all in their season, and all "deeded to you for forty dollars the acre." Gods! what a copyhold of property for a fallen world!

Mine has been but a short lease of this lovely and well-endowed domain (the duration of a smile of fortune, five years, scarce longer than a five-act play); but as in a play we sometimes live through a life, it seems to me that I have lived a life at Glenmary. Allow me this, and then you must allow me the privilege of those who, at the close of life, leave something behind them: that of writing out my *will*. Though I depart *this* life, I would fain, like others, extend my ghostly hand into the future; and if wings are to be borrowed or stolen where I go, you may rely on my hovering around and haunting you, in visitations not restricted by cock-crowing.

Trying to look at Glenmary through your eyes, sir, I see too plainly that I have not shaped my ways as if expecting a successor in my lifetime. I did not, I am free to own. I thought to have shuffled off my mortal coil tranquilly here; flitting at last in company with some troop of my autumn leaves, or some bevy of spring blossoms, or with snow in the thaw; my tenants at my back, as a landlord may say. I have counted on a life-interest in the trees, trimming them accordingly; and in the squirrels and birds, encouraging them to chatter and build and fear nothing; no guns permitted on the premises. I have had my will of this beautiful stream. I have carved the woods into a shape of my liking. I have propagated the despised sumach and the persecuted hemlock and "pizen laurel." And "no end to the weeds dug up and set out again," as one of my neighbors delivers himself. I have built a bridge over Glenmary brook, which the town looks to have kept up by "the place," and we have plied free ferry over the river, I and my man Tom, till the neighbors, from the daily saving of the two miles round, have got the trick of it. And betwixt the aforesaid Glenmary brook and a certain muddy and plebeian gutter formerly permitted to join company with, and pollute it, I have procured a divorce at much trouble and pains, a guardian duty entailed of course on my successor.

First of all, sir, let me plead for the old trees of

Glenmary! Ah! those friendly old trees! The cottage stands belted in with them, a thousand visible from the door, and of stems and branches worthy of the great valley of the Susquehanna. For how much music played without thanks am I indebted to those leaf-organs of changing tone! for how many whisperings of thought breathed like oracles into my ear! for how many new shapes of beauty moulded in the leaves by the wind! for how much companionship, solace, and welcome! Steadfast and constant is the countenance of such friends, God be praised for their staid welcome and sweet fidelity! If I love them better than some things human, it is no fault of ambitiousness in the trees. They stand where they did. But in recoiling from mankind, one may find them the next kindest things, and be glad of dumb friendship. Spare those old trees, gentle sir!

In the smooth walk which encircles the meadow betwixt that solitary Olympian sugar-maple and the margin of the river, dwells a portly and venerable toad; who (if I may venture to bequeathe you, my friends) must be commended to your kindly consideration. Though a squatter, he was noticed in our first rambles along the stream, five years since, for his ready civility in yielding the way—not hurriedly, however, nor with an obsequiousness unbecoming a republican, but deliberately and just enough; sitting quietly on the grass till our passing by gave him room again on the warm and trodden ground. Punctually after the April cleansing of the walk, this jewelled *habitué*, from his indifferent lodgings hard by, emerges to take his pleasure in the sun; and there, at any hour when a gentleman is likely to be abroad, you may find him, patient on his *os coccygis*, or vaulting to his asylum of high grass. This year, he shows, I am grieved to remark, an ominous obesity, likely to render him obnoxious to the female eye, and, with the trimness of his shape, has departed much of that measured alacrity which first won our regard. He presumes a little on your allowance for old age; and with this pardonable weakness growing upon him, it seems but right that his position and standing should be tenderly made known to any new-comer on the premises. In the cutting of the next grass, slice me not up my fat friend, sir! nor set your cane down heedlessly in his modest domain. He is "mine ancient," and I would fain do him a good turn with you.

For my spoilt family of squirrels, sir, I crave nothing but immunity from powder and shot. They require coaxing to come on the same side of the tree with you, and though saucy to me, I observe that they commence acquaintance invariably with a safe mistrust. One or two of them have suffered, it is true, from too hasty a confidence in my greyhound Maida, but the beauty of that gay fellow was a trap against which nature had furnished them with no warning instinct! (A fact, sir, which would prettily point a moral!) The large hickory on the edge of the lawn, and the black walnut over the shoulder of the flower-garden, have been, through my dynasty, sanctuaries inviolate for squirrels. I pray you, sir, let them not be "reformed out," under your administration.

Of our feathered connexions and friends, we are most bound to a pair of Pebe-birds and a merry Bob-o'-Lincoln, the first occupying the top of the young maple near the door of the cottage, and the latter executing his bravuras upon the clump of alder-bushes in the meadow, though, in common with many a gay-plumaged gallant like himself, his whereabouts after dark is a mystery. He comes every year from his rice-plantation in Florida to

pass the summer at Glenmary. Pray keep him safe from percussion-caps, and let no urchin with a long pole poke down our trusting Phebes; annuals in that same tree for three summers. There are humming-birds, too, whom we have complimented and looked sweet upon, but they cannot be identified from morning to morning. And there is a golden oriole who sings through May on a dog-wood tree by the brook-side, but he has fought shy of our crumbs and coaxing, and let him go! We are mates for his betters, with all his gold livery! With these reservations, sir, I commend the birds to your friendship and kind keeping.

And now, sir, I have nothing else to ask, save only your watchfulness over the small nook reserved from this purchase of seclusion and loveliness. In the shady depths of the small glen above you, among the wild-flowers and music, the music of the brook babbling over rocky steps, is a spot sacred to love and memory. Keep it inviolate, and as much of the happiness of Glenmary as we can leave behind, stay with you for recompense!

******In the latter years of his life, Mr. Willis was an invalid. He suffered so intensely from the ravages of chronic disease as to live in the continual anticipation of death. Yet, although repeatedly warned by his physician, he would not intermit his regular and choicely-written contributions to his paper. "It was not a habit of his, by the way, to listen to, or accept, advice. Of late, he was exceedingly weak, physically; but was, nevertheless, as firm and persistent, when he made up his mind to do a certain thing, as he ever was in his youth. During the past few months, he had scarcely the bodily strength of a child, but was as combative, mentally, as a man could possibly be. There is hardly a doubt that, had he listened to the advice of his friends, discontinued the severe tax on his brain, and gone home under the care and treatment of his loving and affectionate wife, that his life might have been considerably prolonged; but argument was of no avail, entreat him as earnestly as we could. 'I have made up my mind to die in the harness,' he would say; and he kept his word."^{*} He died at Idlewild, January 20, 1867, on his sixty-first birthday.

Among the many tributes to the character and writings of this dainty author, that of the Boston Transcript, said to have been written by Mr. E. P. Whipple,[†] is notable for its critical discrimination:

"In truth, he was a keen observer of nature and human life, and a thinker of more than ordinary closeness to the real truth of things. He exercised enough force and ingenuity of mind on perishable topics to make a great reputation, had they been directed to subjects of permanent interest, and, with all this comparative waste of power, he has left poems, essays, crayons of society, intellectual portraits, which will always have a place in American literature. In the felicity of phrase which hits the mark in the white, and which is so rare an excellence in so-called 'correct' diction, his writings of all kinds show that he was a master; and this of itself is an indication that insight and imagination were never absent, even when his object merely was to frame

elegant trifles for a day's delight. The sharpness of his mental observation was remarkable, even in a generation of writers that included Balzac and Thackeray. He could discern, arrest, and embody the most elusive trait or evanescent mood of thought or emotion, with a certainty which, to use one of his own phrases, 'made the sense of satisfaction ache' with its completeness, and the difficult task would be done with a seemingly careless ease which made many of his readers think that the whole thing was an accidental happiness of expression.

"No criticism of Willis would be inclusive which did not emphasize the courtesy of his manners and the unbounded geniality and affectionateness of his disposition. A man of the world, he was still the kindest of men. His wide knowledge and experience of the selfishness of the fine society to which so many of his works are devoted never embittered him, never gave his thinking or feeling a cynical taint. He was unselfish, even in that particular where so many excellent literary men are weak — intellectual exclusiveness and egotism. He not only had no envy of other men of letters, but he felt a real joy in their successes. To tell him of the triumph of a brother author was to call into his countenance a happier expression than to cordially compliment his own powers. He did more for young and rising writers than all the other literary celebrities of his time put together."

**** SATURDAY AFTERNOON.**

I love to look on a scene like this,
Of wild and careless play,
And persuade myself that I am not old,
And my locks are not yet gray;
For it stirs the blood in an old man's heart,
And makes his pulses fly,
To catch the thrill of a happy voice,
And the light of a pleasant eye.

I have walked the world for fourscore years,
And they say that I am old —
That my heart is ripe for the reaper Death,
And my years are well-nigh told.
It is very true — it is very true —
I am old, and I "bide my time;"
But my heart will leap at a scene like this,
And I half renew my prime.

Play on! play on! I am with you there,
In the midst of your merry ring;
I can feel the thrill of the daring jump,
And the rush of the breathless swing.
I hide with you in the fragrant bay,
And I whoop the smothered call,
And my feet slip up on the seedy floor,
And I care not for the fall.

I am willing to die when my time shall come,
And I shall be glad to go —
For the world, at best, is a dreary place,
And my pulse is getting low;
But the grave is dark, and the heart will fail
In treading its gloomy way;
And it wiles my heart from its dreariness
To see the young so gay.

**** SPRING.**

The Spring is here, the delicate-footed May,
With its slight fingers full of leaves and flowers;
And with it comes a thirst to be away,
Wasting in wood-paths its voluptuous hours;
A feeling that is like a sense of wings,
Restless to soar above these perishing things.

^{*} Reminiscences of N. P. Willis, *Home Journal*, Feb. 13, 1867.

[†] *Home Journal*, Feb. 20, 1867.

We pass out from the city's feverish hum,
To find refreshment in the silent woods;
And Nature, that is beautiful and dumb,
Like a cool sleep upon the pulses broods;
Yet, even there, a restless thought will steal,
To teach the indolent heart it still must feel.

Strange, that the audible stillness of the noon,
The waters tripping with their silver feet,
The turning to the light of leaves in June,
And the light whisper as their edges meet:
Strange, that they fill not, with their tranquil tone,
The spirit, walking in their midst alone.

There's no contentment in a world like this,
Save in forgetting the immortal dream;
We may not gaze upon the stars of bliss,
That through the cloud-rifts radiantly stream;
Bird-like, the prison'd soul will lift its eye
And pine till it is hooded from the sky.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

WAS born in Portland, Maine, February 27th, 1807, "in an old square wooden house, upon the edge of the sea." He entered Bowdoin College, where in due time he was graduated in the class with Hawthorne, in 1825. He wrote verses at this time for the *United States Literary Gazette*, printed at Boston.

For a short time after leaving college, he studied law in the office of his father, the Hon. Stephen Longfellow; but soon fell into the mode of life he has since pursued as a scholar, by the appointment to a Professorship of Modern Languages in his college, to accomplish himself for which he travelled abroad in 1826, making the usual tour of the continent, including Spain. He was absent three years; on his return, he lectured at Bowdoin College, as Professor of Modern Languages and Literature, and wrote articles for the *North American Review*, papers on Sir Philip Sidney, and other topics of polite literature. One of these, an *Essay on the Moral and Devotional Poetry of Spain*, included his noble translation of the Stanzas of the soldier poet Manrique on the death of his father.*

He also at this time penned the sketches of travel in *Outre Mer*, commencing the publication after the manner of Irving in his *Sketch Book*; but before the work was completed in this form, it was intrusted to the Harpers, who issued it entire in two volumes.

The elegance of the manner, the nice phrases and fanciful illustrations—a certain decorated poetical style—with the many suggestions of fastidious scholarship, marked this in the eye of the public as a book of dainty promise.

In 1835, Mr. Ticknor having resigned his Professorship of Modern Languages and Literature in Harvard, Mr. Longfellow was chosen his successor. He now made a second tour to Europe, preliminary to entering upon his new duties, visiting the northern kingdoms of Denmark, Sweden, Holland, and afterwards Switzerland.

Shortly after assuming his engagement at Harvard, he established himself, in 1837, as a lodger in the old Cragie House, the Washington Head Quarters, which has since become his own by

purchase, and the past traditions and present hospitality of which have recently been celebrated by



Longfellow's Residence.

an appreciative pen.* It is from this genial residence, the outlook from which has furnished many a happy epithet and incident of the poet's verse, that *Hyperion, a Romance*, was dated in 1839, a dainty volume perfecting the happy promises of *Outre Mer*. Old European tradition, the quaint and picturesque of the past, are revived in its pages, by a modern sentiment and winning trick of the fancy, which will long secure the attractiveness of this pleasant volume. It has been always a scholar's instinct with Longfellow to ally his poetical style to some rare subject of fact or the imagination worthy of treatment; and those good services which he has rendered to history, old poets, and ancient art, will serve him with posterity, which asks for fruit, while the present is sometimes contented with leaves.

The first volume of original poetry published by Longfellow, was the *Voices of the Night* at Cambridge in 1839. It contained the "Psalm of Life," the "Midnight Mass for the Dying Year," the Manrique translation, and a number of the early poems of the *Gazette*. It at once became popular—many of its stanzas, eloquently expressive of moral courage or passive sentiment, veins since frequently worked in his poems, as *Excelsior* and *Resignation*, being fairly adopted as "household words." *Ballads and other Poems*, and a thin volume of *Poems on Slavery*, followed in 1842. The former has the translation in hexameters of "The Children of the Lord's Supper," from the Swedish of Bishop Tegner. Other delicate cream-colored volumes came on in due sequence. *The Spanish Student*, a play in three acts, in 1843; *The Belfry of Bruges* in 1846; *Evangeline, a Tale of Acadie*, a happy employment of the hexameter, the next year; *Kavanagh, a Tale*, an idyllic prose companion, in 1849; *The Seaside and the Fireside*, in 1850; and that quaint anecdotal poem of the middle ages in Europe, *The Golden Legend*, in 1851. These, with two volumes of minor poems from favorite sources, entitled *The*

* This was published in a volume, by Allen & Ticknor, in 1838, with some translations of Sonnets by Lope de Vega and others.

* G. W. Curtis, in the "Homes of American Authors."

Waif and *The Estray*, prefaced each by a poetical introduction of his own, with a collection, *The Poets and Poetry of Europe*, in 1845, complete the list of Longfellow's publications to 1854; * though some of his finest poems afterwards appeared in Putnam's Magazine, to which he was a frequent contributor. In 1854 he resigned his Professorship at Harvard.



Henry W. Longfellow

The same general characteristics run through all Mr. Longfellow's productions. They are the work of a scholar, of a man of taste, of a fertile fancy, and of a loving heart. He is "a picked man" of books, and sees the world and life by their light. To interest his imagination the facts around him must be invested with this charm of association. It is at once his aid and his merit that he can reproduce the choice pictures of the past and of other minds with new accessories of his own; so that the quaint old poets of Germany, the singers of the past centuries, the poetical vision and earnest teachings of Goethe, and the every-day humors of Jean Paul, as it were, come to live among us in American homes and landscape. This interpretation in its highest forms is one of the rarest benefits which the scholar can bestow upon his country. The genius of Longfellow has given us an American idyl, based on a touching episode of ante-revolutionary history, parallel with the Hermann and Dorothea of Goethe, in the exquisite story of Evangeline; has shown us how Richter might have surveyed the higher and inferior conditions, the schoolmaster, the clergyman, the lovers and the rustics of a New England village in his tale of Kavanagh; has reproduced the simple elegance of the lighter Spanish drama in his play of the

Student; and in his *Golden Legend* has carried us, in his ingenious verse, to the heart of the Middle Ages, showing us the most poetic aspects of the lives of scholars, churchmen, and villagers,—how they sang, travelled, practised logic, medicine, and divinity, and with what miracle plays, jest, and grim literature they were entertained. His originality and peculiar merit consist in these felicitous transformations. If he were simply a scholar, he would be but an animalist or an annotator; but being a poet of taste and imagination, with an ardent sympathy for all good and refined traits in the world, and for all forms of the objective life of others, his writings being the very emanations of a kind generous nature, he has succeeded in reaching the heart of the public. All men relish art and literature when they are free from pedantry. We are all pleased with pictures, and like to be charmed into thinking nobly and acting well by the delights of fancy.

In his personal appearance, frank, graceful manner, fortune, and mode of life, Mr. Longfellow reflects or anticipates the elegance of his writings. In a home surrounded by every refinement of art and cultivated intercourse, in the midst of his family and friends, the genial humorist enjoys a retired leisure, from which many ripe fruits of literature may yet be looked for.

A PSALM OF LIFE—WHAT THE HEART OF THE YOUNG MAN SAID TO THE PSALMIST.

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act,—act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

* There have been other editions of several of these works; a collection made by the author in a cheap form published by the Harpers in 1846; the costly c. py. illustrated by Huntington, published at Philadelphia in 1845; and the elegant editions of *Evangeline*, the *Poems*, the *Golden Legend*, and *Hyperion*, published by Bogue of London, with the wood-cut illustrations from original designs—for one series of which the artist made a tour on the continent—by Birket Foster.

FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

When the hours of Day are numbered,
And the voices of the Night
Wake the better soul, that slumbered,
To a holy, calm delight;

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
And, like phantoms grim and tall,
Shadows from the fitful fire-light
Dance upon the parlour-wall;

Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door;
The beloved, the true-hearted,
Come to visit me once more;

He, the young and strong, who cherished
Noble longings for the strife,
By the road-side fell and perished,
Weary with the march of life!

They, the holy ones and weakly,
Who the cross of suffering bore,
Folded their pale hands so meekly,
Spake with us on earth no more!

And with them the Being Beauteous,
Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me,
And is now a saint in heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep
Comes that messenger divine,
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And she sits and gazes at me
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars, so still and saint-like,
Looking downward from the skies.

Uttered not, yet comprehended,
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,
Breathing from her lips of air.

O, though oft depressed and lonely,
All my fears are laid aside,
If I but remember only
Such as these have lived and died!

GOD'S-ACRE.

I like that ancient Saxon phrase, which calls
The burial-ground God's-Acre! It is just;
It consecrates each grave within its walls,
And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping dust.

God's-Acre! Yes, that blessed name imparts
Comfort to those who in the grave have sown
The seed that they had garnered in their hearts
Their bread of life, alas! no more their own.

Into its furrows shall we all be cast,
In the sure faith that we shall rise again
At the great harvest, when the archangel's blast
Shall winnow, like a fan, the chaff and grain.

Then shall the good stand in immortal bloom,
In the fair gardens of that second birth;
And each bright blossom mingle its perfume
With that of flowers which never bloomed on earth.

With thy rude ploughshare, Death, turn up the sod,
And spread the furrow for the seed we sow;
This is the field and Acre of our God.
This is the place where human harvests grow!

EXCELSIOR.

The shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

His brow was sad; his eye beneath
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath,
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue,
Excelsior!

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright;
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan,
Excelsior!

"Try not the pass!" the old man said;
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
The roaring torrent is deep and wide!"
And loud that clarion voice replied,
Excelsior!

"O, stay," the maiden said, "and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!"
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered, with a sigh,
Excelsior!

"Beware the pine-tree's withered branch!
Beware the awful avalanche!"
This was the peasant's last good-night;
A voice replied, far up the height,
Excelsior!

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of Saint Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
Excelsior!

A traveller, by the faithful hound,
Half-buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

There, in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star,
Excelsior!

RAIN IN SUMMER.

How beautiful is the rain!
After the dust and heat,
In the broad and fiery street,
In the narrow lane,
How beautiful is the rain!
How it clatters along the roofs,
Like the tramp of hoofs!
How it gushes and struggles out
From the throat of the overflowing spout!
Across the window-pane
It pours and pours;
And swift and wide,
With a muddy tide,
Like a river down the gutter roars
The rain, the welcome rain!
The sick man from his chamber looks
At the twisted brooks;
He can feel the cool
Breath of each little pool;
His fevered brain
Grows calm again,
And he breathes a blessing on the rain,
From the neighbouring school
Come the boys,
With more than their wonted noise
And commotion;

And down the wet streets
Sail their mimic fleets,
Till the treacherous pool
Engulfs them in its whirling
And turbulent ocean.

In the country, on every side,
Where far and wide,
Like a leopard's tawny and spotted hide,
Stretches the plain,
To the dry grass and the drier grain
How welcome is the rain!

In the furrowed land
The toilsome and patient oxen stand;
Lifting the yoke-encumbered head,
With their dilated nostrils spread,
They silently inhale
The clover-scented gale,
And the vapors that arise
From the well watered and smoking soil.
For this rest in the furrow after toil
Their large and lustrous eyes
Seem to thank the Lord,
More than man's spoken word.

Near at hand,
From under the sheltering trees,
The farmer sees
His pastures, and his fields of grain,
As they bend their tops
To the numberless beating drops
Of the incessant rain.
He counts it as no sin
That he sees therein
Only his own thrift and gain.
These, and far more than these,
The Poet sees!
He can behold
Aquarius old
Walking the fenceless fields of air;
And from each ample fold
Of the clouds about him rolled
Scattering everywhere
The showery rain,
As the farmer scatters his grain.

He can behold
Things manifold
That have not yet been wholly told,—
Have not been wholly sung nor said.
For his thought, that never stops,
Follows the water-drops
Down to the graves of the dead,
Down through chasms and gulfs profound,
To the dreary fountain-head
Of lakes and rivers under ground;
And sees them, when the rain is done,
On the bridge of colors seven
Climbing up once more to heaven,
Opposite the setting sun.

Thus the seer,
With vision clear,
Sees forms appear and disappear,
In the perpetual round of strange,
Mysterious change
From birth to death, from death to birth,
From earth to heaven, from heaven to earth;
Till glimpses more sublime
Of things, unseen before,
Unto his wondering eyes reveal
The Universe, as an immeasurable wheel
Turning for evermore
In the rapid and rushing river of Time.

RESIGNATION.

There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there!
There is no fireside, howsoever defended,
But has one vacant chair!

The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mournings for the dead;
The heart of Rachel for her children crying
Will not be comforted!

Let us be patient! these severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapors;
Amid these earthly damps
What seem to us but dim funereal tapers
May be Heaven's distant lamps.

There is no Death! what seems so is transition;
This life of Mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death.

She is not dead—the child of our affection—
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives, whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing,
In those bright realms of air;
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,
Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken
The bond which nature gives,
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,
May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her;
For when with raptures wild
In our embraces we again enfold her,
She will not be a child;

But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,
Clothed with celestial grace;
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion
Shall we behold her face.

And though at times, impetuous with emotion
And anguish long suppressed,
The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean
That cannot be at rest;

We will be patient! and assuage the feeling
We cannot wholly stay;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,
The grief that must have way.

THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.

L'éternité est une pendule, dont le balancier dit et redit sans
cesse ces deux mots seulement, dans le silence des tombeaux:
"Toujours! jamais! Jamais! toujours!"

JACQUES BRIDAINE.

Somewhat back from the village street
Stands the old-fashioned country-seat,
Across its antique portico
Tall poplar-trees their shadows throw;
And from its station in the hall
An ancient timepiece says to all,—
"For ever—never!
Never—for ever!"

Halfway up the stairs it stands,
And points and beckons with its hands
From its case of massive oak,
Like a monk, who, under his cloak,
Crosses himself, and sighs, alas!
With sorrowful voice to all who pass,—
"For ever—never!
Never—for ever!"

By day its voice is low and light;
 But in the silent dead of night,
 Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,
 It echoes along the vacant hall,
 Along the ceiling, along the floor,
 And seems to say at each chamber door,—
 "For ever—never!
 Never—for ever!"

Through days of sorrow and of mirth,
 Through days of death and days of birth,
 Through every swift vicissitude
 Of changeful time, unchanged it has stood,
 And as if, like God, it all things saw,
 It calmly repeats those words of awe,—
 "For ever—never!
 Never—for ever!"

In that mansion used to be
 Free-hearted Hospitality;
 His great fires up the chimney roared;
 The stranger feasted at his board;
 But, like the skeleton at the feast,
 That warning timepiece never ceased,—
 "For ever—never!
 Never—for ever!"

There groups of merry children played,
 There youths and maidens dreaming strayed;
 O precious hours! O golden prime,
 And affluence of love and time!
 Even as a miser counts his gold,
 Those hours the ancient timepiece told,—
 "For ever—never!
 Never—for ever!"

From that chamber, clothed in white,
 The bride came forth on her wedding night;
 There, in that silent room below,
 The dead lay in his shroud of snow,
 And in the hush that followed the prayer,
 Was heard the old clock on the stair,—
 "For ever—never!
 Never—for ever!"

All are scattered now and fled,
 Some are married, some are dead;
 And when I ask with throbs of pain,
 "Ah! when shall they all meet again?"
 As in the days long since gone by,
 The ancient timepiece makes reply,—
 "For ever—never!
 Never—for ever!"

Never here, for ever there,
 Where all parting, pain, and care,
 And death, and time shall disappear,—
 For ever there, but never here!
 The horologe of Eternity
 Sayeth this incessantly,—
 "For ever—never!
 Never—for ever!"

THE JEWISH CEMETERY AT NEWPORT.

How strange it seems! These Hebrews in their
 graves,
 Close by the street of this fair sea-port town;
 Silent beside the never-silent waves,
 At rest in all this moving up and down!
 The trees are white with dust, that o'er their sleep
 Wave their broad curtains in the south-wind's
 breath.
 While underneath such leafy tents they keep
 The long, mysterious Exodus of Death.
 And these sepulchral stones, so old and brown,
 That pave with level flags their burial-place,
 Are like the tablets of the Law, thrown down
 And broken by Moses at the mountain's base.

The very names recorded nere are strange,
 Of foreign accent, and of different climes;
 Alvares and Rivera interchange
 With Abraham and Jacob of old times.
 "Blessed be God! for he created Death!"
 The mourners said: "and Death is rest and peace."
 Then added, in the certainty of faith:
 "And giveth Life, that never more shall cease."

Closed are the portals of their Synagogue,
 No Psalms of David now the silence break,
 No Rabbi reads the ancient Decalogue
 In the grand dialect the Prophets spake.

Gone are the living but the dead remain,
 And not neglected, for a hand unseen,
 Scattering its bounty, like a summer rain,
 Still keeps their graves and their remembrance
 green.

How came they here? What burst of Christian hate,
 What persecution, merciless and blind,
 Drove o'er the sea,—that desert, desolate—
 These Ishmaels and Hagars of mankind?

They lived in narrow streets and lanes obscure,
 Ghetto or Judenstrass', in mirk and mire:
 Taught in the school of patience to endure
 The life of anguish and the death of fire.

All their lives long, with the unleavened bread
 And bitter herbs of exile and its fears,
 The wasting famine of the heart they fed,
 And slaked its thirst with marah of their tears.

Anathema maranatha! was the cry
 That rang from town to town, from street to street;
 At every gate the accursed Mordecai
 Was mocked and jeered, and spurned by Christian
 feet.

Pride and humiliation hand in hand
 Walked with them through the world where'er
 they went;
 Trampled and beaten were they as the sand,
 And yet unshaken as the continent.

For in the background figures vague and vast,
 Of patriarchs and of prophets rose sublime,
 And all the great traditions of the Past
 They saw reflected in the coming time.

And thus for ever with reverted look
 The mystic volume of the world they read,
 Spelling it backward like a Hebrew book,
 Till life became a legend of the Dead.

But ah! what once has been shall be no more!
 The groaning earth in travail and in pain
 Brings forth its races, but does not restore,
 And the dead nations never rise again.

SCENERY OF THE MISSISSIPPI — FROM EVANGELINE.

Onward o'er sunken sands, through a wilderness
 sombre with forests,
 Day after day they glided adown the turbulent
 river;
 Night after night, by their blazing fires, encamped
 on its borders.
 Now through rushing chutes, among green islands,
 where plumelike
 Cotton-trees nodded their shadowy crests, they swept
 with the current,
 Then emerged into broad lagoons, where silvery
 sand-bars
 Lay in the stream, and along the wimpling waves
 of their margin,
 Shining with snow-white plumes, large flocks of
 pelicans waded.

Level the landscape grew, and along the shores of the river,
 Shaded by China trees, in the midst of luxuriant gardens,
 Stood the houses of planters, with negro-cabins and dove-cots.
 They were approaching the region where reigns perpetual summer,
 Where through the Golden Coast, and groves of orange and citron,
 Sweeps with majestic curve the river away to the eastward.
 They, too, swerved from their course; and, entering the Bayou of Plaquemine,
 Soon were lost in a maze of sluggish and devious waters,
 Which, like a net-work of steel, extended in every direction.
 Over their heads the towering and tenebrous boughs of the cypress
 Met in a dusky arch, and trailing mosses in mid air
 Waved like banners that hang on the walls of ancient cathedrals.
 Death-like the silence seemed, and unbroken, save by the herons
 Home to their roosts in the cedar-trees returning at sunset,
 Or by the owl, as he greeted the moon with demoniac laughter.
 Lovely the moonlight was as it glanced and gleamed on the water,
 Gleamed on the columns of cypress and cedar sustaining the arches,
 Down through whose broken vaults it fell as through chinks in a ruin.
 Dream-like, and indistinct, and strange were all things around them;
 And o'er their spirits there came a feeling of wonder and sadness,—
 Strange forebodings of ill, unseen and that cannot be compassed.

* * * * *

Softly the evening came. The sun from the western horizon
 Like a magician extended his golden wand o'er the landscape;
 Twinkling vapors arose; and sky and water and forest,
 Seemed all on fire at the touch, and melted and mingled together.
 Hanging between two skies, a cloud with edges of silver,
 Floated the boat, with its dripping oars, on the motionless water.
 Filled was Evangeline's heart with inexpressible sweetness.
 Touched by the magic spell, the sacred fountains of feeling
 Glowed with the light of love, as the skies and waters around her.
 Then from a neighboring thicket the mocking-bird, wildest of singers,
 Swinging aloft on a willow spray that hung o'er the water,
 Shook from his little throat such floods of delirious music,
 That the whole air and the woods and the waves seemed silent to listen.
 Plaintive at first were the tones and sad; then soaring to madness
 Seemed they to follow or guide the revel of frenzied Bacchantes.
 Then single notes were heard, in sorrowful, low lamentation.

Till, having gathered them all, he flung them abroad in derision,
 As when, after a storm, a gust of wind through the tree-tops
 Shakes down the rattling rain in a crystal shower on the branches.
 With such a prelude as this, and hearts that throbbed with emotion,
 Slowly they entered the Têche, where it flows through the green Opelousas,
 And through the amber air, above the crest of the woodland,
 Saw the column of smoke that rose from a neighboring dwelling,—
 Sounds of a horn they heard, and the distant lowing of cattle.

PIC-NIC AT ROARING BROOK—FROM KAVANAGH.

Every state, and almost every county, of New England, has its Roaring Brook,—a mountain streamlet, overhurling by woods, impeded by a mill, encumbered by fallen trees, but ever racing, rushing, roaring down through gurgling gullies, and filling the forest with its delicious sound and freshness; the drinking-place of home-returning herds; the mysterious haunt of squirrels and blue-jays, the sylvan retreat of school-girls, who frequent it on summer holidays, and mingle their restless thoughts, their overflowing fancies, their fair imaginings, with its restless, exuberant, and rejoicing stream.

Fairmeadow had no Roaring Brook. As its name indicates, it was too level a land for that. But the neighbouring town of Westwood, lying more inland, and among the hills, had one of the fairest and fullest of all the brooks that roar. It was the boast of the neighbourhood. Not to have seen it, was to have seen no brook, no waterfall, no mountain ravine. And, consequently, to behold it and admire, was Kavanagh taken by Mr. Churchill as soon as the summer vacation gave leisure and opportunity. The party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Churchill, and Alfred, in a one-horse chaise, and Cecilia, Alice, and Kavanagh, in a carryall—the fourth seat in which was occupied by a large basket, containing what the Squire of the Grove, in Don Quixote, called his "flambreras,"—that magniloquent Castilian word for cold collation. Over warm uplands, smelling of clover and mint; through cool glades, still wet with the rain of yesterday; along the river; across the rattling and tilting planks of wooden bridges; by orchards, by the gates of fields, with the tall mullen growing at the bars; by stone walls overrun with privet and barberries; in sun and heat, in shadow and coolness,—forward drove the happy party on that pleasant summer morning.

At length they reached the Roaring Brook. From a gorge in the mountains, through a long, winding gallery of birch, and beech, and pine, leaped the bright, brown waters of the jubilant streamlet; out of the woods, across the plain, under the rude bridge of logs, into the woods again,—a day between two nights. With it went a song that made the heart sing likewise, a song of joy, and exultation, and freedom, a continuous and unbroken song of life, and pleasure, and perpetual youth. Like the old Icelandic Scald, the streamlet seemed to say,—

"I am possessed of songs such as neither the spouse of a king, nor any son of man, can repeat: one of them is called the Helper; it will help thee at thy need, in sickness, grief, and all adversity."

The little party left their carriages at a farmhouse by the bridge, and followed the rough road on foot along the brook; now close upon it, now shut out by intervening trees. Mr. Churchill, bearing the

basket on his arm, walked in front with his wife and Alfred. Kavanagh came behind with Cecilia and Alice. The music of the brook silenced all conversation; only occasional exclamations of delight were uttered,—the irrepressible applause of fresh and sensitive natures, in a scene so lovely. Presently, turning off from the road, which led directly to the mill, and was rough with the tracks of heavy wheels, they went down to the margin of the brook.

"How indescribably beautiful this brown water is!" exclaimed Kavanagh. "It is like wine, or the nectar of the gods of Olympus; as if the falling Hebe had poured it from the goblet."

"More like the mead or metheglin of the northern gods," said Mr. Churchill, "spilled from the drinking-horns of Valhalla."

But all the ladies thought Kavanagh's comparison the better of the two, and in fact the best that could be made; and Mr. Churchill was obliged to retract, and apologize for his allusion to the celestial ale-house of Odin.

Ere long they were forced to cross the brook, stepping from stone to stone, over the little rapids and cascades. All crossed lightly, easily, safely; even "the sumpter mule," as Mr. Churchill called himself, on account of the pannier. Only Cecilia lingered behind, as if afraid to cross. Cecilia, who had crossed at that same place a hundred times before,—Cecilia, who had the surest foot, and the firmest nerves, of all the village maidens,—she now stood irresolute, seized with a sudden tremor; blushing and laughing at her own timidity, and yet unable to advance. Kavanagh saw her embarrassment, and hastened back to help her. Her hand trembled in his; she thanked him with a gentle look and word. His whole soul was softened within him. His attitude, his countenance, his voice were alike submissive and subdued. He was as one penetrated with the tenderest emotions.

It is difficult to know at what moment love begins; it is less difficult to know that it has begun. A thousand heralds proclaim it to the listening air; a thousand ministers and messengers betray it to the eye. Tone, act, attitude and look,—the signals upon the countenance,—the electric telegraph of touch; all these betray the yielding citadel before the word itself is uttered, which, like the key surrendered, opens every avenue and gate of entrance, and makes retreat impossible.

The day passed delightfully with all. They sat upon the stones and the roots of trees. Cecilia read, from a volume she had brought with her, poems that rhymed with the running water. The others listened and commented. Little Alfred waded in the stream, with his bare white feet, and launched boats over the falls. Noon had been fixed upon for dining; but they anticipated it by at least an hour. The great basket was opened, endless sandwiches were drawn forth, and a cold pastry, as large as that of the Squire of the Grove. During the repast, Mr. Churchill slipped into the brook, while in the act of handing a sandwich to his wife, which caused unbounded mirth. and Kavanagh sat down on a mossy trunk, that gave way beneath him, and crumbled into powder. This, also, was received with great merriment.

After dinner, they ascended the brook still farther—indeed, quite to the mill, which was not going. It had been stopped in the midst of its work. The saw still held its hungry teeth fixed in the heart of a pine. Mr. Churchill took occasion to make known to the company his long cherished purpose of writing a poem called "The Song of the Saw-Mill," and enlarged on the beautiful associations of flood and forest connected with the theme. He delighted him-

self and his audience with the fine fancies he meant to weave into his poem, and wondered that nobody had thought of the subject before. Kavanagh said that it had been thought of before; and cited Kerner's little poem, so charmingly translated by Bryant. Mr. Churchill had not seen it. Kavanagh looked into his pocket-book for it, but it was not to be found; still he was sure that there was such a poem. Mr. Churchill abandoned his design. He had spoken,—and the treasure, just as he touched it with his hand, was gone for ever.

The party returned home as it came, all tired and happy, excepting little Alfred, who was tired and cross, and sat sleepy and sagging on his father's knee, with his hat cocked rather fiercely over his eyes.

In 1855, Mr. Longfellow published *The Song of Hiawatha*. It was an attempt to embalm in verse various shadowy fables and legends, which had from time to time been gathered by travelers and antiquarians from the lips of the Indians of North America. A wild, fanciful air of poetry ran through these traditions, which frequently displayed a pure and simple vein of feeling, linked with a sense of awe and wonder, in the contemplation of the powers of nature. They were, however, vague and remote from ordinary life, and the attempt to ingraft them upon our popular literature, by Mr. Schoolcraft and others, had met with but little success. They had been occasionally introduced into poetry, but Indian poems had not proved favorites with the public, and they rested for the most part in their original prose settings. Mr. Longfellow cast a scholar's and a poet's eye upon them, and, doubtless, led by the example of the learned author of the "Kalevala," a collection of poems similarly built on the traditions of a mythical Finnish hero, selected the legends best adapted for his purpose, and choosing the Indian deity, Hiawatha, a species of Apollo, for the central personage, grouped about him various picturesque incidents of the manners and superstitions of the aborigines. The measure of the poem was as novel as its subject-matter, a trochaic octosyllabic stanza. At first, the public seemed disposed to resent the experiment. Overlooking the exceeding skilfulness and delicacy with which the author had conquered the difficulties of his almost impracticable material, the novel measure was censured, jeered, laughed at, and parodied everywhere in the newspapers in ludicrous applications. The ridicule once so freely heaped upon Wordsworth's Lyrical Ballads appeared to be revived, to be poured upon the head of the devoted American author. The facile measure, the strangely sounding Indian names sprinkled over the work, with the general oddity of the whole thing, favored these sportive efforts. Some were even disposed to censure, as if some violent outrage had been committed on the English language and literature. But it was only for a few days that the wittings had their pleasant amusement to themselves. The judgment of the judicious crept in, a full measure of praise was awarded for the art, the refinement and grace of the work, and what had been at first pronounced its absurdity became a new means of swelling the reputation of the

poem. The parodies were multiplied on all hands, in newspapers, magazines, in pamphlets and in volumes; the jingling trochaics got into the very advertisements, and a tradesman's wares were hardly thought to be properly set before the public without an echo of "Hiawatha." All this added to the social excitement, and edition after edition of the book was swept from the publisher's counter, which at the outset seemed to groan under the novel infliction. The verses were recited in public, by ladies, to admiring audiences. Hiawatha, in fact, became established with every mark of favor. Now that the battle of the critics has become a matter of mere literary curiosity, it is admitted that Mr. Longfellow has rendered an important service to an interesting epoch of American history, happily preserving, in verse, the quaint fancies, the humors, the social and domestic traits, the simple affections and religious aspirations of a pathetic race.

Three years after the publication of "Hiawatha," Mr. Longfellow, in 1858, again made his appearance before the public with a new octavo containing a narrative poem, *The Courtship of Miles Standish*. Like *Evangeline*, it is written in the hexameter measure, and like that poem derives its interest from its representation of long-past scenes of American history. The stalwart soldier who gives name to the poem, is brought before us in the midst of his old New England Indian battles and early perils of settlement in the New World; but the main incident of the poem is of a gentler aspect in the wooing of Priscilla, the modest maiden of the Puritan time. The grim warrior intrusts his courtship to the more persuasive lips of a young friend, whose arguments, faithfully delivered, prove only how much more captivating an elegant youthful messenger may be on such an errand, than the veteran whose cause he is sent to plead. The old soldier, of course, entraps himself by this unhappy strategy, and, with a true soldier's magnanimity, gracefully yields to his fate. The poem has secured its share of popularity, but it may be questioned whether, on the whole, its hexameters have not been unfriendly to its reception.

As with the author's previous poems, "Hiawatha" and "Miles Standish" have afforded favorite subjects for illustration to the artists. Elegant and costly editions of both have appeared in London, the former with a series of choice engravings from designs by George H. Thomas, the latter with a similar good service by the facile pencil of John Gilbert, who has been employed in the decoration of several other books of Mr. Longfellow.

In 1864, Mr. Longfellow published a new volume of poems, entitled, *Tales of a Wayside Inn*. Varied in subject, this volume connects the nature of the New World with the pathetic romances and stirring Northern legends of the Old. The "Birds of Killingworth" is happy in conception and execution, and thoroughly American in its incidents. The tales of Southern Europe are quaint and picturesque, with a moral

supplying food for the heart as well as the fancy. The "Saga of King Olaf," which fills a large part of the book, is the story of a race matured amidst the grandeur of nature—men of strong passions, fierce loves, and quick resentments, walking hand in hand with destiny, familiar with magic and incantations, ruling, as the winds and waves rule, despotically, with wild energy.

Besides these longer works, Mr. Longfellow has of late been a frequent contributor to the *Atlantic Monthly* of occasional poems.

** *Flower de Luce*, the first poem in a volume of thirteen, gave the name to the next work issued by Mr. Longfellow, which appeared in 1866. These short companion pieces were independent of each other in thought, versification, and theme. To specify the favorites in such a collection would be to name them over, one and all: Palingenesis; The Bridge of Sighs; a loving tribute to Hawthorne; Christmas Bells; Kambalu; The Wind Over the Chimney; The Bells of Lynn; Killed at the Ford; Giotto's Tower; To-Morrow; and the sonnet entitled *Divina Commedia*.

In 1868, *The New England Tragedies* were published. These two dramas recall the aspect and spirit of the old Puritan times, with the historic fidelity to life-like details so charming in the story of Miles Standish; but unlike the latter, they embody merely their ascetic intolerance and grim rigor. The tragedies are: "John Endicott," a Tale of the Persecution of the Quakers, 1665; and "Giles Corey of the Salem Farms," a Tale of the Witchcraft Times, 1692. The prologue to the former contains perhaps one of the happiest of this poet's illustrative comparisons, famous as his writings are for their apposite beauty; and that in the opening figure, which likens the ancient city to a half defaced manuscript covered with fresher writing:

"To-night we strive to read, as we may best,
This city, like an ancient palimpsest!
And bring to light, upon the blotted page,
The mournful record of an earlier age,
That, pale and half-effaced, lies hidden away
Beneath the fresher writing of to-day.
Rise, then, O buried city that hast been;
Rise up, rebuilt in the painted scene,
And let our curious eyes behold once more
The pointed gable and the pent-house door,
The meeting-house with leaden latticed panes,
The narrow thoroughfares, the crooked lanes."

And if any question his motive in recalling the errors of a by-gone age, the poet gives this answer:

"For the lesson that they teach;
The tolerance of opinion and of speech.
Hope, Faith, and Charity remain,—these three;
And greatest of them all is charity."

Let us remember, if these words be true,
That unto all men charity is due;
Give what we ask, and pity, while we blame,
Lest we become co-partners in the shame,
Lest we condemn, and yet ourselves partake,
And persecute the dead for conscience sake."

Mr. Longfellow made another visit to England in the spring of 1868, where he was welcomed with tokens of cordiality and respect. He received the honorary degree of LL. D. from the University of Cambridge, and that of D. C. L. at Oxford, while the Athenæum Club invited him to dinner, and the Reform Club of London admitted him to honorary membership—"a compliment rarely conferred by that somewhat aristocratic though liberal institution.*"

In 1867 appeared Mr. Longfellow's long-expected translation of *The Divine Comedy of Dante Alighieri*,—*Inferno*, *Purgatorio*, and *Paradiso*—in three stately royal octavo volumes. The success of this scholarly and faithful version was such that 7,500 copies of the first volume of this costly edition are stated to have been sold within six months after its publication. Two other editions, complete with all the notes and illustrations, have since been issued: one in three duodecimos, and another in one compact volume. The notes, which are such a necessity for the clearness of

"This mediæval miracle of song,"

whose every sentence is weighted with meaning, and the illustrations, which relate to the life, character, and criticism of its "poet saturnine," omit nothing essential to its understanding.

"His translation is the most faithful version of Dante that has ever been made. He is himself too much a poet not to feel that, in one sense, it is impossible to translate a poem; but he is also too much a poet not to feel that sympathy with his author which enables him to transfuse as much as possible of the subtle spirit of poesy into a version, of which the first object was to be faithful to the author's meaning. His work is the work of a scholar who is also a poet. Desirous to give to the reader unacquainted with the Italian the means of knowing precisely *what* Dante wrote, he has followed the track of his master step by step, foot by foot, and has tried, so far as the genius of translation allowed, to show also *how* Dante wrote. The poem is still a poem in his version, and though destitute, by necessity, of some of the most beautiful qualities of the original, it does not fail to charm with its rhythm, as well as to delight and instruct with its thought. . . . In fine, Mr. Longfellow, in rendering the substance of Dante's poem, has succeeded in giving also—so far as art and genius could give it—the spirit of Dante's poetry. Fitted for the work as few men ever were, by gifts of nature, by sympathy, by an unrivalled faculty of poetic appreciation, and by long and thorough culture, he has brought his matured powers, in their full vigor, to its performance, and has produced an incomparable translation,—a poem that will take rank among the great English poems. With the increase of general cultivation, his work will be more and more highly praised; and it runs no risk of being superseded or supplanted by any more successful achievement for which it must itself have prepared the way. It is a lasting addition to the choicest works of our literature."†

The Divine Tragedy came from the press in 1870. It is the life, or rather selected and

leading passages of the life, of Jesus of Nazareth, pictured as a dramatic poem: a poetic version of the chief events of the Gospel, arranged in the order of time. These incidents, although enriched by appropriate illustrations of Oriental life and customs, conform with scrupulous delicacy, as a whole and in their minor details, to the language of the sacred narratives. Perhaps, in rare instances, a pious reader may question the propriety of the poem's action, and that only in the matter of omissions. The additions to some subordinate scenes serve to add to the reality and vigor of the common conception, and impress the teachings of Scripture with new power. This is the case in the idyl of the Marriage of Cana, as well as in the appearances of Mary Magdalen, Simon Magus, Manahem, the Essenian hermit, etc.

In the following year, Mr. Longfellow gave to the world *Christus: a Mystery*. This work grouped into an unity of art three dramatic poems hitherto detached. In their new order, these were; *Part I., The Divine Tragedy; Part II., The Golden Legend; Part III., The New England Tragedies*. These were linked together by several suggestive prologues and connecting interludes, while a finale was added to epitomize the teachings of the whole. In its entirety, the poem gave an outline of the Christian dispensation, with a glance at the perversions of its teachings in mediæval and modern times. Thus the poet preaches his sermon of faith and love, and directs the mind and heart

"Unto the simple thought
By the Great Master taught,
And that remaineth still:
Not he that repeateth the name,
But he that doeth the will."

Perhaps the most appreciative and elaborate article on *Christus* was written by a brother poet, Mr. Bayard Taylor.* In his judgment—

"The publication of 'The Divine Tragedy' marks the most important period of the life of its illustrious author, and thus becomes an event of special significance in American Literature. The theme, so old and so often attempted, is in itself almost a challenge. . . .

"While each of the three parts has its own distinct character, and apparently its integral completeness of form, a knowledge of its relation to the larger conception is necessary to the true appreciation of many passages. The introduction of such scenes as the Miracle-Play or the Monastery-Cellar in the 'Golden Legend,' the object of which was not clearly apparent at the time that work was published, is now explained and justified. Much that seemed isolated or fragmentary falls at once into its true place, and receives a new meaning as the member of a grander body, the proportions of which are now seen for the first time. Thus, the addition of the Apostles' Creed, as an epilogue to the 'Divine Tragedy,' loses the theological or ecclesiastical character which it seemed to wear, and assumes a subtle relation to the leading idea, which the reader will interpret according to the spirit in which he apprehends that idea.

"'Christus,' in the 'Divine Tragedy,' declares His nature whenever he appears. He is the

* American Literary Gazette, xi. p. 141, and xiii. 170.

† North American Review, July, 1867.

* New York Weekly Tribune, December 27, 1871.

Healer and the Teacher, and His Divinity proclaims itself, from first to last, through His Humanity. The poet has manifested a higher art, and achieved a higher success in forbearing, than any of his predecessors have done in daring. As no sect can specially claim, so none can reject, the Christ he has transferred from the Gospels. What Mr. Longfellow has *not* done in the work is even a more striking evidence of his genius than what he has done."

Three Books of Song appeared in 1872. Its first part — *Tales of a Wayside Inn: The Second Day*, — is similar in plan to the first series, and loses nothing in spirit by the continuation. The old legend of the "Bell of Atri" with its teachings of humanity towards a brute servitor, is told with pathos. "The Cobbler of Hagenau" brings the merchandizing Tetzel on the scene, to the utter discomfiture of that monkish dealer in souls. "The Legend Beautiful" and "Lady Wentworth" appear, while the Eastern tale of Kambalu, originally published in *Flower-de-Luce*, is now skilfully woven into the context. *Judas Maccabæus* forms the second book of this work, and is devoted to the fierce struggle of the Jews for the religious independence of their nation. Book third is entitled "A Handful of Translations," and contains spirited renderings from the Persian, French, German and Italian. *Aftermath*, a similar volume of minor poems, followed a year later.

The multiform issues of the works of this poet attest his great popularity. Besides the plain and illustrated editions of many individual poems, four editions of his complete *Poetical Works* have appeared in as many years: four volumes, duodecimo, in 1866; one, "Diamond," 1867; one, octavo, 1868; one, "Red Line," 1869. "A Household Edition" also appeared in the autumn of 1873. In 1866, a revised edition of his *Prose Works*, was published in three volumes. Four years later appeared, from the press of Porter & Coates, Philadelphia, a new and revised edition of *The Poets and Poetry of Europe: with Introductions and Biographical Notices*. The appendix to this comprehensive and standard work contained additional translations from the Icelandic, Danish, Swedish, German, Dutch, French, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese languages.

** THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
That is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear, in the chamber above me,
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,
Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence:
Yet I know by their merry eyes
They are plotting and planning together
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall!
By three doors left unguarded
They enter my castle wall!

They climb up into my turret
O'er the arms and back of my chair;
If I try to escape, they surround me;
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine!

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old mustache as I am
Is not a match for you all?

I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you down into the dungeon
In the round-tower of my heart.

And there I will keep you forever,
Yes, forever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
And moulder in dust away!

** DAYBREAK.

A wind came up out of the sea,
And said, "O mists, make room for me."

It hailed the ships, and cried "Sail on
Ye mariners, the night is gone."

And hurried landward far away,
Crying, "Awake! it is the day."

It said unto the forest, "Shout!
Hang all your leafy banners out!"

It touched the wood-bird's folded wing,
And said, "O bird, awake and sing."

And o'er the farms, "O chanticleer,
Your clarion blow; the day is near."

It whispered to the fields of corn,
"Bow down, and hail the coming morn."

It shouted through the belfry tower,
"Awake, O bell! proclaim the hour."

It crossed the churchyard with a sigh,
And said, "Not yet! in quiet lie."

** WEARINESS.

O little feet! that such long years
Must wander on through hopes and fears,
Must ache and bleed beneath your load;
I, nearer to the wayside inn,
Where toil shall cease and rest begin,
Am weary, thinking of your road!

O little hands! that, weak and strong,
Have still to serve or rule so long,
Have still so long to give or ask:
I, who so much with book and pen
Have toiled among my fellow-men,
Am weary, thinking of your task.

O little hearts! that throb and beat
With such impatient, feverish heat,
Such limitless and strong desires;
Mine that so long has glowed and burned,

With passions into ashes turned
Now covers and conceals its fires.

O little souls! as pure and white
And crystalline as rays of light
Direct from heaven, their source divine;
Refracted through the mist of years,
How red my setting sun appears,
How lurid looks this soul of mine!

**** KILLED AT THE FORD.**

He is dead, the beautiful youth,
The heart of honor, the tongue of truth,
He the life and light of us all,
Whose voice was blithe as a bugle-call,
Whom all eyes followed with one consent,
The cheer of whose laugh, and whose pleasant
word,
Hushed all murmurs of discontent.

Only last night as we rode along
Down the dark of the mountain gap,
To visit the picket-guard at the ford,
Little dreaming of any mishap.
He was humming the words of some old song:
"Two red roses he had on his cap
And another he bore at the point of his sword."

Sudden and swift a whistling ball
Came out of the wood, and the voice was still;
Something I heard in the darkness fall,
And for a moment my blood grew chill;
I spake in a whisper, as he who speaks
In a room where some one is lying dead;
But he made no answer to what I said.

We lifted him up to his saddle again,
And through the mire and the mist and the rain
Carried him back to the silent camp,
And laid him as if asleep on his bed;
And I saw by the light of the surgeon's lamp
Two white roses upon his cheeks,
And one, just over his heart, blood-red!

And I saw in a vision how far and fleet
That fatal bullet went speeding forth,
Till it reached a town in the distant North,
Till it reached a house in a sunny street,
Till it reached a heart that ceased to beat
Without a murmur, without a cry;
And a bell was tolled in that far-off town,
For one who had passed from cross to crown,
And the neighbors wondered that she should die.

**** THE MARRIAGE IN CANA — FROM THE DIVINE
TRAGEDY.**

THE MUSICIANS.

Rise up, my love, my fair one,
Rise up, and come away,
For lo! the winter is past,
The rain is over and gone,
The flowers appear on the earth,
The time of the singing of birds is come,
And the voice of the turtle is heard in our land.

THE BRIDEGROOM.

Sweetly the minstrels sing the Song of Songs!
My heart runs forward with it, and I say:
O set me as a seal upon thy heart,
And set me as a seal upon thy arm;
For love is strong as life, and strong as death,
And cruel as the grave is jealousy!

THE MUSICIANS.

I sleep, but my heart awaketh;
'Tis the voice of my beloved
Whoknocketh, saying: Open to me,
My sister, my love, my dove,
For my head is filled with dew,
My locks with the drops of the night!

THE BRIDE.

Ah yes, I sleep, and yet my heart awaketh,
It is the voice of my beloved who knocks.

THE BRIDEGROOM.

O beautiful as Rebecca at the fountain!
O beautiful as Ruth among the sheaves!
O fairest among women! O undefiled!
Thou art all fair, my love, there's no spot in thee!

THE MUSICIANS.

My beloved is white and ruddy,
The chiefest among ten thousand;
His locks are black as a raven,
His eyes are the eyes of doves,
Of doves by the rivers of water,
His lips are like unto lilies,
Dropping sweet-smelling myrrh.

ARCHITRICLINUS.

Who is that youth, with the dark azure eyes,
And hair, in color like unto the wine,
Parted upon his forehead, and behind
Falling in flowing locks?

PARANYMPHUS.

The Nazarene
Who preacheth to the poor in field and village
The coming of God's Kingdom.

ARCHITRICLINUS.

How serene
His aspect is! manly yet womanly.

PARANYMPHUS.

Most beautiful among the sons of men!
Oft known to weep, but never known to laugh.

ARCHITRICLINUS.

And tell me, she with eyes of olive tint,
And skin as fair as wheat, and pale brown hair,
The woman at his side?

PARANYMPHUS.

His mother, Mary.

ARCHITRICLINUS.

And the tall figure standing close behind them,
Clad all in white, with face and beard like ashes,
As if he were Elias, the White Witness,
Come from his cave on Carmel to foretell
The end of all things?

PARANYMPHUS.

That is Manahem
The Essenian, he who dwells among the palms
Near the Dead Sea.

ARCHITRICLINUS.

He who foretold to Herod
He should one day be king?

PARANYMPHUS.

The same.

ARCHITRICLINUS.

Then why
Does he come here to sadden with his presence
Our marriage feast, belonging to a sect
Haters of women, and that taste not wine?

THE MUSICIANS.

My undefiled is but one,
The only one of her mother,
The choice of her that bare her;
The daughters saw her and blessed her;
The queens and the concubines praised her,
Saying: Lo! who is this
That looketh forth as the morning?

MANAHEM, *aside*.

The Ruler of the Feast is gazing at me,
As if he asked, why is that old man here
Among the revellers? And thou, the Anointed!
Why art thou here? I see as in a vision
A figure clothed in purple, crowned with thorns;
I see a cross uplifted in the darkness,
And hear a cry of agony, that shall echo
Forever and forever through the world!

ARCHITRICLINUS.

Give us more wine. These goblets are all empty.

MARY to CHRISTUS.

They have no wine!

CHRISTUS.

O woman, what have I
To do with thee? Mine hour is not yet come.

MARY, to the servants.

Whatever he shall say to you, that do.

CHRISTUS.

Fill up these pots with water.

THE MUSICIANS.

Come, my beloved,
Let us go forth into the field,
Let us lodge in the villages;
Let us get up early to the vineyards,
Let us see if the vine flourish,
Whether the tender grape appear,
And the pomegranates bud forth.

CHRISTUS.

Draw out now
And bear unto the Ruler of the Feast.

MANAHEM, *aside*.

O thou, brought up among the Essenians,
Nurtured in abstinence, taste not the wine!
It is the poison of dragons from the vineyards
Of Sodom, and the taste of death is in it!

ARCHITRICLINUS to the BRIDEGROOM.

All men set forth good wine at the beginning;
And when men have well drunk, that which is
worse,
But thou hast kept the good wine until now.

MANAHEM, *aside*.

The things that have been and shall be no more,
The things that are, and that hereafter shall be,
The things that might have been, and yet were
not,
The fading twilight of great joys departed,
The daybreak of great truths as yet unrisen,
The intuition and the expectation
Of something, which, when come, is not the same,
But only like its forecast in men's dreams,
The longing, the delay, and the delight,
Sweeter for the delay; youth, hope, love, death,
And disappointment, which is also death,
All these make up the sum of human life;
A dream within a dream, a wind at night
Howling across the desert in despair,
Seeking for something lost, it cannot find.

Fate or foreseeing, or whatever name
Men call it, matters not; what is to be
Hath been fore-written in the thought divine
From the beginning. None can hide from it,
But it will find him out; nor run from it,
But it o'ertaketh him! The Lord hath said it.

THE BRIDEGROOM to the BRIDE, on the balcony.

When Abraham went with Sarah into Egypt,
The land was all illumined with her beauty;
But thou dost make the very night itself
Brighter than day! Behold, in glad procession,
Crowding the threshold of the sky above us,
The stars come forth to meet thee with their lamps;
And the soft winds, the ambassadors of flowers,
From neighboring gardens, and from fields unseen,
Come laden with odors unto thee, my Queen!

THE MUSICIANS.

Awake, O north-wind,
And come, thou wind of the South,
Blow, blow up my garden
That the spices thereof may flow out.

** ECCE HOMO.

PILATE, on the Tessellated Pavement in front of his Palace.

Ye have brought unto me this man, as one
Who doth pervert the people; and behold!
I have examined him, and found no fault
Touching the things whereof ye do accuse him.
No, nor yet Herod; for I sent you to him,
And nothing worthy of death he findeth in him.
Ye have the custom at the Passover,
That one condemned to death shall be released.
Whom will ye, then, that I release to you?
Jesus Barabbas, called the Son of Shame,
Or Jesus, Son of Joseph, called the Christ?

THE PEOPLE, shouting.

Not this man, but Barabbas.

PILATE.

What then will ye
That I should do with him that is called Christ?

THE PEOPLE.

Crucify him!

PILATE.

Why, what evil hath he done?
Lo, I have found no cause of death in him;
I will chastise him, and then let him go.

THE PEOPLE, more vehemently.

Crucify him! crucify him!

A MESSENGER, to PILATE.

Thy wife sends
This message to thee: Have thou naught to do
With that just man; for I this day in dreams
Have suffered many things because of him.

PILATE, *aside*.

The Gods speak to us in our dreams. I tremble
At what I have to do! O Claudia,
How shall I save him? Yet one effort more,
Or he must perish!

Washes his hands before them.

I am innocent
Of the blood of this just person; see ye to it!

THE PEOPLE.

Let his blood be on us and on our children!

VOICES, within the Palace.

Put on thy royal robes; put on thy crown,

And take thy sceptre! Hail, thou King of the Jews!

PILATE.

I bring him forth to you, that ye may know
I find no fault in him. Behold the man!

CHRISTUS is led in; with the purple robe and crown of thorns.

CHIEF PRIESTS AND OFFICERS.

Crucify him! crucify him!

PILATE.

Take ye him;
I find no fault in him.

CHIEF PRIESTS.

We have a Law,
And by our Law he ought to die; because
He made himself to be the Son of God.

PILATE, aside.

Ah. there are Sons of Gods, and demi-gods
More than ye know, ye ignorant High-Priests!

To CHRISTUS.

Whence art thou?

CHIEF PRIESTS.

Crucify him! crucify him!

PILATE to CHRISTUS.

Dost thou not answer me? Dost thou not know
That I have power enough to crucify thee?
That I have also power to set thee free?

CHRISTUS.

Thou couldest have no power at all against me
Except that it were given thee from above;
Therefore hath he that sent me unto thee
The greater sin.

CHIEF PRIESTS.

If thou let this man go,
Thou art not Cæsar's friend. For whosoever
Maketh himself a King, speaks against Cæsar.

PILATE.

Ye Jews, behold your King!

CHIEF PRIESTS.

Awake with him!
Crucify him!

PILATE.

Shall I crucify your King?

CHIEF PRIESTS.

We have no King but Cæsar!

PILATE.

Take him, then,
Take him, ye cruel and bloodthirsty Priests,
More merciless than the plebeian mob,
Who pity and spare the fainting gladiator
Blood stained in Roman amphitheatres, —
Take him, and crucify him if you will;
But if the immortal Gods do ever mingle
With the affairs of mortals, which I doubt not,
And hold the attribute of justice dear,
They will commission the Eumenides
To scatter you to the four winds of heaven,
Exactng tear for tear, and blood for blood.
Here, take ye this inscription, Priests, and nail it
Upon the cross, above your victim's head:
Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews.

CHIEF PRIESTS.

Nay, we entreat, write not, the King of the Jews;
But that he said: I am the King of the Jews!

PILATE.

Enough. What I have written, I have written!

** FINALE TO CHRISTUS.

SAINT JOHN, wandering over the face of the Earth.

ST. JOHN.

The Ages come and go,
The Centuries pass as Years;
My hair is white as the snow,
My feet are weary and slow,
The earth is wet with my tears!
The kingdoms crumble and fall
Apart, like a ruined wall,
Or a bank that is undermined
By a river's ceaseless flow,
And leave no trace behind!
The world itself is old;
The portals of Time unfold
On hinges of iron, that grate
And groan with the rust and the weight,
Like the hinges of a gate
That hath fallen to decay;
But the evil doth not cease;
There is war instead of peace,
Instead of love there is hate;
And still I must wander and wait,
Still I must watch and pray,
Not forgetting in whose sight,
A thousand years in their flight
Are as a single day.

The life of man is a gleam.
Of light that comes and goes
Like the course of the Holy Stream,
The cityless river, that flows
From fountains no one knows,
Through the Lake of Galilee,
Through forests and level lands,
Over rocks, and shallows, and sands
Of a wilderness wild and vast,
Till it findeth its rest at last
In the desolate Dead Sea!
But alas! alas for me,
Not yet this rest shall be!

What, then! doth Charity fail?
Is Faith of no avail?
Is Hope blown out like a light
By a gust of wind in the night?
The clashing of creeds, and the strife
Of the many beliefs, that in vain
Perplex man's heart and brain,
Are nought but the rustle of leaves,
When the breath of God upheaves
The boughs of the Tree of Life,
And they subside again!
And I remember still
The words, and from whom they came,
Not he that repeateth the name,
But he that doeth the will!

And Him evermore I behold
Walking in Galilee,
Through the cornfield's waving gold,
In hamlet, in wood, and in wild,
By the shores of the Beautiful Sea.
He toucheth the sightless eyes;
Before him the demons flee;
To the dead he sayeth: Arise!
To the living: Follow me!
And that voice still soundeth on
From the centuries that are gone,
To the centuries that shall be.

From all vain pomps and shows,
From the pride that overflows,
And the false conceits of men;
From all the narrow rules
And subtleties of Schools,
And the craft of tongue and pen;

Bewildered in its search,
Bewildered with the cry;
Lo, here! lo, there, the Church!

Poor, sad Humanity—
Through all the dust and heat
Turns back with bleeding feet
By the weary road it came,
Unto the simple thought
By the Great Master taught,
And that remaineth still:
Not he that repeateth the name,
But he that doeth the will!

** THE BOY AND THE BROOK.

An Armenian Popular Song, from the Prose Version of Alishan.

Down from yon distant mountain height
The brooklet flows through the village street;
A boy comes forth to wash his hands,
Washing, yes washing, there he stands,
In the water cool and sweet.

Brook, from what mountain dost thou come?
O my brooklet cool and sweet!

I come from yon mountain high and cold,
Where lieth the new snow on the old,
And melts in the summer heat.

Brook, to what river dost thou go?
O my brooklet cool and sweet!

I go to the river there below
Where in bunches the violets grow,
And sun and shadow meet.

Brook, to what garden dost thou go?
O my brooklet cool and sweet!

I go to the garden in the vale
Where all night long the nightingale
Her love-song doth repeat.

Brook, to what fountain dost thou go?
O my brooklet cool and sweet!

I go to the fountain at whose brink
The maid that loves thee comes to drink,
And whenever she looks therein,
I rise to meet her, and kiss her chin,
And my joy is then complete.

** TO ITALY.

FROM FILICAJA.

Italy! Italy! thou who'rt doomed to wear
The fatal gift of beauty, and possess
The dower funest of infinite wretchedness,
Written upon thy forehead by despair;
Ah! would that thou wert stronger, or less fair,
That they might fear thee more, or love thee
less,
Who in the splendor of thy loveliness
Seem wasting, yet to mortal combat dare!
Then from the Alps I should not see descending
Such torrents of armed men, nor Gallic horde
Drinking the wave of Po, distained with gore,
Nor should I see thee girded with a sword
Not thine, and with the stranger's arm con-
tending,
Victor or vanquished, slave forevermore.

** FLOWER-DE-LUCE.

Beautiful lily, dwelling by still rivers,
Or solitary mere,
Or where the sluggish meadow-brook delivers
Its waters to the weir!

Thou laughest at the mill, the whirr and worry
Of spindle and of loom,
And the great wheel that toils amid the hurry
And rushing of the flume.

Born to the purple, born to joy and pleasance,
Thou dost not toil nor spin,
But makest glad and radiant with thy presence
The meadow and the lin.

The wind blows and uplifts thy drooping banner,
And round thee throng and run
The rushes, the green yeomen of thy manor,
The outlaws of the sun.

The burnished dragon-fly is thy attendant,
And tilts against the field,
And down the listed sunbeam rides resplendent,
With steel-blue mail and shield.

Thou art the Iris, fair among the fairest,
Who, armed with golden rod
And winged with the celestial azure, bearest
The message of some god.

Thou art the Muse, who far from crowded cities
Hauntest the sylvan streams,
Playing on pipes of reed the artless ditties,
That come to us as dreams.

O flower-de-luce, bloom on, and let the river
Linger to kiss thy feet!

O flower of song, bloom on, and make forever
The world more fair and sweet.

** EXTRACT FROM THE DIVINE COMEDY.

THE GATE OF HELL—FROM INFERNO.

"Through me the way is to the city dolent;
Through me the way is to eternal dole;
Through me the way among the people lost.
Justice incited my sublime Creator;
Created me divine Omnipotence,
The highest Wisdom and the primal Love.
Before me there were no created things,
Only eterne, and I eternal last.
All hope abandon, ye who enter in!"
These words in sombre color I beheld
Written upon the summit of a gate;
Whence I: "Their sense is, Master, hard to
me!"

And he to me, as one experienced:
"Here all suspicion needs must be abandoned,
All cowardice must needs be here extinct.
We to the place have come, where I have told thee
Thou shalt behold the people dolorous
Who have foregone the good of intellect."
And after he had laid his hand on mine
With joyful mien, whence I was comforted,
He led me in among the secret things.
There sighs, complaints, and ululations loud
Resounded through the air without a star,
Whence I, at the beginning, wept thereat.
Languages diverse, horrible dialects,
Accents of anger, words of agony,
And voices high and hoarse, with sound of
hands,
Made up a tumult that goes whirling on
Forever in that air for ever black,
Even as the sand doth, when the whirlwind
breathes.

And I, who had my head with horror bound,
Said: "Master, what is this which now I hear?
What folk is this, which seems by pain so
vanquished?"

And he to me: "This miserable mode
Maintain the melancholy souls of those
Who lived withouten infamy or praise.

Commingled are they with that catiff choir
Of Angels, who have not rebellious been,
Nor faithful were to God, but were for self.
The heavens expelled them, not to be less fair;
Nor them the nethermore abyss receives,
For glory none the damned would have from
them."

And I: "O Master, what so grievous is
To these, that maketh them lament so sore?"
He answered: "I will tell thee very briefly.

These have no longer any hope of death;
And this blind life of theirs is so debased,
They envious are of every other fate.

No fame of them the world permits to be;
Misericord and Justice both disdain them.
Let us not speak of them, but look, and pass."

And I, who looked again, beheld a banner,
Which, whirling round, ran on so rapidly,
That of all pause it seemed to me indignant;

And after it there came so long a train
Of people, that I ne'er would have believed
That ever Death so many had undone.

MR. SAMUEL LONGFELLOW, a brother of the preceding, an accomplished Unitarian divine, is the minister of a congregation at Brooklyn, N. Y. He was a graduate of Harvard of the class of 1839. He has written several hymns which are included in the collection of Higginson and Johnston. In 1853 he prepared a tasteful collection of poetry, published by Ticknor and Co., entitled, *Thalatta: a Book for the Sea Side*. Among its numerous articles we notice this single contribution of his own.

EVENING WALK BY THE BAY.

The evening hour had brought its peace,
Brought end of toil to weary day;
From wearying thoughts to find release,
I sought the sands that skirt the bay.
Dark rain-clouds southward hovering nigh,
Gave to the sea their leaden hue,
But in the west the open sky,
Its rose-light on the waters threw.
I stood, with heart more quiet grown,
And watched the pulses of the tide,
The huge black rocks, the sea weeds brown,
The grey beach stretched on either side,
The boat that dropped its one white sail,
Where the steep yellow bank ran down,
And o'er the clump of willows pale,
The white towers of the neighboring town.
A cool light brooded o'er the land,
A changing lustre lit the bay;
The tide just plashed along the sand,
And voices sounded far away.
The Past came up to Memory's eye,
Dark with some clouds of leaden hue,
But many a space of open sky
Its rose-light on those waters threw.
Then came to me the dearest friend,
Whose beauteous soul doth, like the sea,
To all things fair new beauty lend,
Transfiguring the earth to me.
The thoughts that lips could never tell,
Through subtler senses were made known;
I raised my eyes,—the darkness fell,—
I stood upon the sands, alone.

** With Rev. S. Johnson, he edited *Hymns of the Spirit*, in 1864.

HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT.

MR. HERBERT presents the somewhat rare combination in this country, where too little attention is



Henry Herbert

given to physical in connexion with intellectual training, of the scholar, the sportsman, and the novelist. He is the eldest son of the Hon. and Rev. William Herbert, Dean of Manchester, author of the poem of Attila, and a second son of the Earl of Carnarvon. He was born in London, April 7, 1807, was educated at home under a private tutor until twelve years of age, and then, after a year passed at a private school, sent to Eton, April, 1820. In October, 1825, he entered Caius College, Cambridge, and was graduated with distinction in January, 1829. At the close of the following year he removed to the United States, and has since resided in the city of New York and at his country seat, the Cedars, in its vicinity at Newark. During the eight years after his arrival he was employed as principal Greek teacher in the classical school of the Rev. R. Townsend Huddart in the City of New York. In 1833, in company with Mr. A. D. Patterson, he commenced the American Monthly Magazine, which he conducted, after the conclusion of the second year, in connexion with Mr. C. F. Hoffman until 1836, when the periodical passed into the charge of Mr. Park Benjamin. Nearly one half the matter of several numbers was written by Mr. Herbert, who kept up a fine spirit of scholarship in its pages. In 1834 an historical novel, which he had commenced in the magazine, *The Brothers, a Tale of the Fronde*, was published by the Harpers. It was followed in 1837 by *Cromwell*, in 1843 by *Marmaduke Wyvil*, and in 1848 by *The Roman Traitor*, a classical romance founded on the Conspiracy of Catiline.

During the period of the publication of these works Mr. Herbert was also a constant contributor to the New York Spirit of the Times. His sporting articles in that periodical have been collected under the titles of *My Shooting Box*, *The Warwick Woodlands*, and *Field Sports of the United States*. The last of these extends to two volumes octavo, and contains, in addition to the matters

especially pertaining to *Venator* and *Piscator*, a full account of the characteristics of the fish, flesh, and fowl treated of.

Mr. Herbert, in his division of his time, must nearly realize that of Izaak Walton's Scholar, "all summer in the field and all winter in the study," as in addition to the productions we have mentioned he has written a fine metrical translation of the *Agamemnon*, published in a small volume, with a number of briefer versions from the classics, in the "Literary World" and other periodicals. He has also been a constant contributor of tales and sketches, mostly drawn from romantic incidents in European history, to the monthly magazine. Several of these have been collected into volumes under the titles of *The Cavaliers of England, or the Times of the Revolutions of 1642 and 1688*; *The Knights of England, France, and Scotland*; and the *Chevaliers of France from the Crusaders to the Marshals of Louis XIV.* He has also collected two volumes on the classical period, *The Captains of the Old World, their Campaigns, Character, and Conduct, as Compared with the Great Modern Strategists*, an account of the great military leaders who flourished from the time of the Persian Wars to the Roman Republic; and a work, *The Captains of the Roman Republic*.

Mr. Herbert's style is ample and flowing, with a certain finished elegance marking the true man of letters. Though only occasionally putting his pen to verse, a poetical spirit of enthusiasm runs through his writings.

The latest productions of Mr. Herbert were a series of works, of a somewhat elaborate character, on hunting and fishing, prepared for the New York publishers, Messrs. Stringer & Townsend. One of these was entitled, *Frank Forester's Fish and Fishing of the United States and British Provinces of North America*, and was illustrated from drawings by the author. It was received with favor and has passed through several editions. Another work on the same general plan, the last, we believe, which engaged his attention, bears the title, *Frank Forester's Horse and Horsemanship of the United States and British Provinces of North America*. Like the former, it was handsomely illustrated, though not by the author.

Mr. Herbert's life was marred by his irregularities, though in spite of them he was capable of much continued literary exertion, calling not only for the exercise of the finer susceptibilities, but at times for exact and laborious scholarship. Early education and mental training and a rugged constitution, proof against the rudest excesses, enabled him to pursue the career of authorship with credit and success under circumstances which would have rendered most persons incapable of exertion. His powerful will, however, yielded at last to his depressing mode of life, and he fell by his own hand, committing suicide at a hotel in New York, on a temporary absence from the cottage which he usually occupied at Newark, New Jersey, May 17, 1858. He left a "letter" to the press, imploring "silence" over his personal affairs, and another to the coroner, assigning as a motive to his act the disappointments of a "long, sad, solitary, and weary life."

THE LAST BEAR ON THE HILLS OF WARWICK.

It was a hot and breathless afternoon, toward the last days of July—one of those days of fiery, scorching heat, that drive the care-worn citizens from their great red-hot oven, into those calm and peaceful shades of the sweet unsophisticated country, which, to them, savour far more of purgatory than they do of paradise—"for quiet, to quick bosoms, is a hell,"—and theirs are quick enough, heaven knows, in Wall-street. It was a hot and breathless afternoon—the sun, which had been scourging the faint earth all day long with a degree of heat endurable by those alone who can laugh at one hundred degrees of Fahrenheit, was stooping toward the western verge of heaven; but no drop of diamond dew had as yet fallen to refresh the innocent flowers, that hung their heads like maidens smitten by passionate and ill-requited love; no indication of the evening breeze had sent its welcome whisper among the motionless and silent tree-tops. Such was the season and the hour when, having started, long before Dan Phœbus had arisen from his bed, to beat the mountain swales about the greenwood lake, and having bugged, by dint of infinite exertion and vast *sudor*, present alike to dogs and men, our thirty couple of good summer Woodcock, Archer and I paused on the bald scalp of Round Mountain.

Crossing a little ridge, we came suddenly upon the loveliest and most fairy-looking *ghyll*—for I must have recourse to a north-country word to denote that which lacks a name in any other dialect of the Anglo-Norman tongue—I ever looked upon. Not, at the most, about twenty yards wide at the brink, nor above twelve in depth, it was clothed with a dense rich growth of hazel, birch, and juniper; the small rill brawling and sparkling in a thousand mimic cataracts over the tiny limestone ledges which opposed its progress—a beautiful profusion of wild flowers—the tall and vivid spikes of the bright scarlet habernaria—the gorgeous yellow cups of the low-growing enothera—and many gaily-colored creepers decked the green margins of the water, or curled, in clustering beauty, over the neighbouring coppice. We followed for a few paces this fantastic cleft, until it widened into a circular recess or cove—the summit-level of its waters—whence it dashed headlong, some twenty-five or thirty feet, into the chasm below. The floor of this small basin was paved with the bare rock, through the very midst of which the little stream had worn a channel scarcely a foot in depth, its clear cold waters glancing like crystal over its pebbly bed. On three sides it was hemmed in by steep banks, so densely set with the evergreen junipers, interlaced and matted with cat-briars and other creeping plants, that a small dog could not, without a struggle, have forced its way through the close thicket. On the fourth side, fronting the opening of the rift by which the waters found their egress, there stood a tall, flat face of granite rock, completely blocking up the glen, perfectly smooth and slippery, until it reached the height of forty feet, when it became uneven, and broke into many craggy steps and seams, from one of which shot out the broad stem and gnarled branches of an aged oak, overshadowing, with its grateful umbrage, the sequestered source of that wild mountain spring. The small cascade, gushing from an aperture midway the height of the tall cliff, leaped, in a single glittering thread, scarcely a foot broad, and but an inch or two in volume, into the little pool which it had worn out for its own reception in the hard stone at the bottom. Immediately behind this natural fountain, which, in its free leap, formed an arch of several feet in diameter, might be seen a small and craggy aper-

ture, but little larger than the entrance of a common well, situate close to the rock's base, descending in a direction nearly perpendicular for several feet, as might be easily discovered from without.

"There, Frank," cried Harry, as he pointed to the cave—"there is the scene of my Bear story; and here, as I told you, is the sweetest nook, and freshest spring, you ever saw or tasted!"

"For the sight," replied I, "I confess. As to the taste, I will speak more presently." While I replied, I was engaged in producing from my pocket our slight stores of pilot biscuit, salt, and hard-boiled eggs, whereunto Harry contributed his quota in the shape of a small piece of cold salt pork, and—tell it not in Gath—two or three young, green-topped, summer onions. Two modest-sized dram bottles, duly supplied with old Farintosh, and a dozen or two of right Manilla cheroots, arranged in tempting order, beside the brimming basin of the nymph-like cascade, completed our arrangement; and, after having laved our heated brows and hands, begrimed with gunpowder, and stained with the red witness of volucrine slaughter, stretched on the cool granite floor, and sheltered from the fierce rays of the summer sun by the dark foliage of the oak—we feasted, happier and more content with our frugal fare, than the most lordly epicure that ever strove to stimulate his appetite to the appreciation of fresh luxuries.

"Well, Harry," exclaimed I, when I was satiate with food, and while, having already quaffed two moderate horns, I was engaged in emptying, alas! the last remaining drops of whiskey into the silver cup, sparkling with pure cold water—"Well, Harry, the spring is fresh, and cold, and tasteless, as any water I ever *did* taste! Pity it were not situate in some Faun-haunted glen of green Arcadia, or some sweet flower-enamelled dell of merry England, that it might have a meeter legend for romantic ears than your Bear story—some minstrel dream of Dryad, or Oread, or of Dian's train, mortal-wooded!—some frolic tale of Oberon and his blithe Titania!—or, stranger yet, some thrilling and disastrous lay, after the German school, of woman waiting for her demon lover! But, sith it may not be, let's have the Bear."

"Well, then," replied that worthy, "first, as you must know, the hero of my tale is—alas! that I must say *was*, rather—a brother of 'Tom Draw, than whom no braver nor more honest man, no warmer friend, no keener sportsman, ever departed to his long last home, dewed by the tears of all who knew him. He *was*—but it boots not to weave long reminiscences—you know the brother who still survives; and, knowing him, you have the veritable picture of the defunct, as regards soul, I mean, and spirit—for he was not a mountain in the flesh, but a man only—and a stout and good one—as, even more than my assertion, my now forthcoming tale will testify. It was the very first winter I had passed in the United States, that I was staying up here for the first time likewise. I had, of course, become speedily intimate with Tom, with whom, indeed, it needs no longer space so to become; and scarcely less familiar with his brother, who, at that time, held a farm in the valley just below our feet. I had been resident at Tom's above six weeks; and, during that spell, as he would call it, we had achieved much highly pleasant and exciting slaughter of Quail, Woodcock, and Partridge; not overlooking sundry Foxes, red, black, and grey, and four or five right Stags of ten, whose blood had dyed the limpid waters of the Greenwood Lake. It was late in the autumn; the leaves had fallen; and lo! one morning we awoke and found the earth carpeted far and near with smooth white snow. Enough had fallen in the night to cover the whole surface of the fields, hill, vale, and cultivated

level, with one wide vest of virgin purity—but that was all! for it had cleared off early in the morning, and frozen somewhat crisply; and then a brisk breeze rising, had swept it from the trees, before the sun had gained sufficient power to thaw the burthen of the loaded branches.

"Tom and I, therefore, set forth, after breakfast, with dog and gun, to beat up a large bevy of Quail which we had found on the preceding evening, when it was quite too late to profit by the find, in a great buckwheat stubble, a quarter of a mile hence on the southern slope. After a merry tramp, we flushed them in a hedgerow, drove them up into this swale, and used them up considerable, as Tom said. The last three birds pitched into that bank just above you; and, as we followed them, we came across what Tom pronounced, upon the instant, to be the fresh track of a Bear. Leaving the meaner game, we set ourselves to work immediately to trail old bruin to his lair, if possible;—the rather that, from the loss of a toe, Tom confidently, and with many oaths, asserted that this was no other than 'the damndest eternal biggest Bar that ever had been knowed in Warwick,'—one that had been acquainted with the sheep and calves of all the farmers round, for many a year of riot and impunity. In less than ten minutes we had traced him to this cave, whereunto the track led visibly, and whence no track returned. The moment we had housed him, Tom left me with directions to sit down close to the den's mouth, and there to smoke my cigar, and talk to myself aloud, until his return from reconnoitring the *locale*, and learning whether our friend had any second exit to his snug *hiemalia*. 'You needn't be scart' now, I tell you, Archer,' he concluded; 'for he's a deal too 'cute to come out, or even show his nose, while he smells 'bacca and hears voices. I'll be back to-rights!'

"After some twenty-five or thirty minutes, back he came, blown and tired, but in extraordinary glee!

"'There's no help for it, Archer; he's got to smell hell anyways!—there's not a hole in the hull hill side, but this!'

"'But can we bolt him?' inquired I, somewhat dubiously.

"'Sartain!' replied he, scornfully, 'sartain; what is there now to hinder us? I'll bide here quietly, while you cuts down into the village, and brings all hands as you can raise—and bid them bring lots of blankets, and an axe or two, and all there is in the house to eat and drink, both; and a heap of straw. Now don't be stoppin' to ask me no questions—shin it, I say, and jest call in and tell my brother what we've done, and start him up here right away—leave me your gun, and all o' them cigars. Now, strick it.'

"Well, away I went, and, in less than an hour, we had a dozen able-bodied men, with axes, arms, provisions—edible and potable—enough for a week's consumption, on the ground, where we found Tom and his brother, both keeping good watch and ward. The first step was to prepare a shanty, as it was evident there was small chance of bolting him ere nightfall. This was soon done, and our party was immediately divided into gangs, so that we might be on the alert both day and night. A mighty fire was next kindled over the cavern's mouth—the rill having been turned aside—in hopes that we might smoke him out. After this method had been tried all that day, and all night, it was found wholly useless—the cavern having many rifts and rents, as we could see by the fumes which arose from the earth at several points, whereby the smoke escaped without becoming dense enough to force our friend to bolt. We

then tried dogs; four of the best the country could produce were sent in, and a most demoniacal affray and hubbub followed within the bowels of the earth-fast rock; but, in a little while, three of our canine friends were glad enough to make their exit, mangled, and maimed, and bleeding; more fortunate than their companion, whose greater pluck had only earned for him a harder and more mournful fate. We sent for fire-works; and kept up, for some three hours, such a din, and such a stench, as might have scared the devil from his lair; but burnt bore it all with truly stoical endurance. Miners were summoned next; and we essayed to blast the granite, but it was all in vain, the hardness of the stone defied our labors. Three days had passed away, and we were now no nearer than at first—every means had been tried, and every means found futile. Blank disappointment sat on every face, when Michael Draw, Tom's brother, not merely volunteered, but could not be by any means deterred from going down into the den, and shooting the brute in its very hold. Dissuasion and remonstrance were in vain—he was bent on it!—and, at length Tom, who had been the most resolved in opposition, exclaimed, 'If he will go, let him!' so that decided the whole matter.

"The cave, it seemed, had been explored already, and its localities were known to several of the party, but more particularly to the bold volunteer who had insisted on this perilous enterprise. The well-like aperture, which could alone be seen from without, descended, widening gradually as it got farther from the surface, for somewhat more than eight feet. At that depth the fissure turned off at right angles, running nearly horizontally, an arch of about three feet in height, and some two yards in length, into a small and circular chamber, beyond which there was no passage whether for man or beast, and in which it was certain that the well-known and much-detested Bear had taken up his winter quarters. The plan, then, on which Michael had resolved, was to descend into this cavity, with a rope securely fastened under his arm-pits, provided with a sufficient quantity of lights, and his good musket—to worm himself feet forward, on his back, along the horizontal tunnel, and to shoot at the eyes of the fierce monster, which would be clearly visible in the dark den by the reflection of the torches; trusting to the alertness of his comrades from without, who were instructed, instantly on hearing the report of his musket-shot, to haul him out hand over hand. This mode decided on, it needed no long space to put it into execution. Two narrow laths of pine wood were procured, and half a dozen auger holes drilled into each—as many candles were inserted into these temporary candelabra, and duly lighted. The rope was next made fast about his chest—his musket carefully loaded with two good ounce bullets, well wadded in greased buckskin—his butcher-knife disposed in readiness to meet his grasp—and in he went, without one shade of fear or doubt on his bold, sun-burnt visage. As he descended, I confess that my heart fairly sank, and a faint sickness came across me, when I thought of the dread risk he ran in courting the encounter of so fell a foe, wounded and furious, in that small narrow hole, where valor, nor activity, nor the high heart of manhood, could be expected to avail anything against the close hug of the shaggy monster.

"Tom's ruddy face grew pale, and his huge body quivered with emotion, as, bidding him 'God speed,' he gripped his brother's fist, gave him the trusty piece which his own hand had loaded, and saw him gradually disappear, thrusting the lights before him with his feet, and holding the long queen's arm cocked and ready in a hand that trembled not—the

only hand that trembled not of all our party! Inch by inch his stout frame vanished into the narrow fissure; and now his head disappeared, and still he drew the yielding rope along! Now he has stopped, there is no strain upon the cord!—there is a pause!—a long and fearful pause! The men without stood by to haul, their arms stretched forward to their full extent, their sinewy frames bent to the task, and their rough lineaments expressive of strange agitation! Tom, and myself, and some half dozen others, stood on the watch with ready rifles, lest, wounded and infuriate, the brute should follow hard on the invader of its perilous lair. Hark to that dull and stifled growl! The watchers positively shivered, and their teeth chattered with excitement. There! there! that loud and bellowing roar, reverberated by the ten thousand echoes of the confined cavern, till it might have been taken for a burst of subterranean thunder!—that wild and fearful howl—half roar of fury—half yell of mortal anguish!

With headlong violence they hauled upon the creaking rope, and dragged, with terrible impetuosity, out of the fearful cavern—his head striking the granite rocks, and his limbs fairly clattering against the rude projections, yet still with gallant hardihood retaining his good weapon—the sturdy woodman was whirled out into the open air unwounded; while the fierce brute within rushed after him to the very cavern's mouth, raving and roaring till the solid mountain seemed to shake and quiver.

"As soon as he had entered the small chamber, he had perceived the glaring eyeballs of the monster; had taken his aim steadily between them, by the strong light of the flaring candles; and, as he said, had lodged his bullets fairly—a statement which was verified by the long-drawn and painful moanings of the beast within. After a while, these dread sounds died away, and all was still as death. Then once again, undaunted by his previous peril, the bold man—though, as he averred, he felt the hot breath of the monster on his face, so nearly had it followed him in his precipitate retreat—prepared to beard the savage in his hold. Again he vanished from our sight.—again his musket-shot roared like the voice of a volcano from the vitals of the rock.—again, at mighty peril to his bones, he was dragged into daylight!—but this time, maddened with wrath and agony, yelling with rage and pain, streaming with gore, and white with foam, which flew on every side, churned from his gnashing tusks, the Bear rushed after him. One mighty bound brought it clear out of the deep chasm—the bruised trunk of the daring hunter, and the confused group of men who had been stationed at the rope, and who were now, between anxiety and terror, floundering to and fro, hindering one another—lay within three or, at most, four paces of the frantic monster; while, to increase the peril, a wild and ill-directed volley, fired in haste and fear, was poured in by the watchers, the bullets whistling on every side, but with far greater peril to our friends than to the object of their aim. Tom drew his gun up coolly—pulled—but no spark replied to the unlucky flint. With a loud curse he dashed the useless musket to the ground, unsheathed his butcher-knife, and rushed on to attack the wild beast, single-handed. At the same point of time, I saw my sight, as I fetched up my rifle, in clear relief against the dark fur of the head, close to the root of the left ear!—my finger was upon the trigger, when, mortally wounded long before, exhausted by his dying effort—the huge brute pitched headlong, without waiting for my shot, and, within ten feet of his destined victims, 'in one wild roar expired.' He had received all four of Michael's bullets!—the first shot had planted one ball in his lower jaw, which it had

shattered fearfully, and another in his neck!—the second had driven one through the right eye into the very brain, and cut a long deep furrow on the crown with the other! Six hundred and odd pounds did he weigh! He was the largest, and the last! None of his shaggy brethren have visited, since his decease, the woods of Warwick!—nor shall I ever more, I trust, witness so dread a peril so needlessly encountered."

GEORGE B. CHEEVER

Was born April 17, 1807, at Hallowell, Maine. He was educated at Bowdoin and at Andover, and ordained pastor of the Howard Street Church, Salem, in 1832. Five years later he visited Europe, where he remained two years and a half. In 1839 he became pastor of the Allen Street Church, New York, and in 1846 of the Church of the Puritans, a beautiful edifice erected by a congregation formed of his friends, a position which he still retains. In 1844 he again visited Europe for a twelvemonth.

Dr. Cheever's first publications were the *American Common-Place-Book of Prose*, in 1828, and a similar volume of *Poetry* in 1829. These were followed by *Studies in Poetry, with Biographical Sketches of the Poets*, in 1830, and in 1832 by *Selections from Archbishop Leighton*, with an introductory essay. In 1835 he acquired a wide reputation as an original writer by the publication of *Deacon Giles's Distillery*, a temperance tract, describing a dream in which the demoniacal effects of the spirits therein concocted were embodied in an inferno, which was forcibly described. It was published on a broadside, with rude cuts, by no means behind the text in energy. Deacon Giles was a veritable person, and not relishing the satire as well as his neighbors, brought an action, the result of which confined the author to the Salem jail for thirty days. This was followed by a similar allegory — *Deacon Jones's Brewery*.

In 1837 Mr. Cheever gave some of the results of his European experiences to the public in the columns of the *New York Observer*. In 1841 he published *God's Hand in America*; in 1842, *The Argument for Punishment by Death*, and *Lectures on the Hierarchy*. In 1843, *The Lectures on Pilgrim's Progress*, which had been previously delivered with great success in his own church, were published. Whether owing to the writer's sympathy with Bunyan, from his own somewhat similar labors, dangers, and sufferings in the temperance cause, this volume is one of the ablest of his productions. On his return from his second visit to Europe he published *The Wanderings of a Pilgrim in the Shadow of Mont Blanc and the Jungfrau Alp*, a work which was favorably received. It was followed by *The Journal of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, in New England*, reprinted from the original volume, with *Historical and Local Illustrations of Providences, Principles, and Persons*.

In 1849 he issued *The Hill Difficulty, and other Allegories*, illustrative of the Christian career, which was followed by a somewhat similar work, *The Windings of the River of the Water of Life*; in 1853, *The Powers of the World to Come*, and *Voices of Nature to the Soul of Man*.

** His later works are: *Lectures on the Life,*

Genius, and Insanity of Cowper, 1856; *God Against Slavery*, 1857; *The Guilt of Slavery Demonstrated from the Hebrew and Greek Scriptures*, 1860; and *The Bible in the Common Schools*. He has also contributed largely to *The Independent*, the *Bibliotheca Sacra*, *National Preacher*, and *Principia*.

Dr. Cheever's literary leisure for several years past has been occupied in a volume on Bunyan's Holy War, and by a work in defence of Christianity and the Holy Scriptures, against the writings of Huxley, Tyndall, Herbert Spencer, and Darwin.

PEDESTRIANISM IN SWITZERLAND.

A man should always travel in Switzerland as a pedestrian, if possible. There is no telling how much more perfectly he thus communes with nature, how much more deeply and without effort he drinks in the spirit of the meadows, the woods, the running streams and the mountains, going by them and among them, as a friend with a friend. He seems to hear the very breath of Nature in her stillness, and sometimes when the whole world is hushed, there are murmurs come to him on the air, almost like the distant evening song of angels. Indeed the world of Nature is filled with quiet soul-like sounds, which, when one's attention is gained to them, make a man feel as if he must take his shoes from his feet and walk barefooted, in order not to disturb them. There is a language in Nature that requires not so much a fine ear as a listening spirit; just as there is a mystery and a song in religion, that requires not so much a clear understanding as a *believing* spirit. To such a listener and believer there comes

A light in sound, a sound-like power in light,
Rhythm in all thought, and joyance everywhere—
Methinks it should have been impossible
Not to love all things in a world so filled,
Where the breeze warbles, and the mute still air
Is music slumbering on her instrument.

The music of the brooks and waterfalls, and of the wind among the leaves, and of the birds in the air, and of the children at play, and of the distant villages, and of the tinkling pleasant bells of flocks upon the mountain sides, is all lost to a traveller in a carriage, or rumbling vehicle of any kind; whereas a pedestrian enjoys it, and enjoys it much more perfectly than a man upon a mule. Moreover, the pedestrian at every step is gaining health of body and elasticity of spirits. If he be troubled with weak lungs, let him carry his own knapsack, well strapped upon his shoulders; it opens and throws back the chest, and strengthens the weakest parts of the bodily system. Besides this, the air braces him better than any tonic. By day and by night it is an exhilarating cordial to him, a *nepenthe* to his frame.

The pedestrian is a laboring man, and his sleep is sweet. He rises with the sun, or earlier, with the morning stars, so as to watch the breaking of the dawn. He lives upon simple food with an unsuspicious appetite. He hums his favorite tunes, peoples the air with castles, cons a passage in the gospels, thinks of the dear ones at home, cuts a cane, wanders in Bypath meadow, where there is no Giant Despair, sits down and jots in his note-book, thinks of what he will do, or whistles as he goes for want of thought. All day long, almost every faculty of mind and body may be called into healthful, cheerful exercise. He can make out-of-the-way excursions, go into the cottages, chat with the people, sketch pictures at leisure. He can pray and praise God when and where he pleases, whether he

comes to a cross and sepulchre, or a church, or a cathedral, or a green knoll under a clump of trees, without cross, or saint, or angel; and if he have a Christian companion, they two may go together as pleasantly and profitably as Christian and Hopeful in the Pilgrim's Progress.

ELEMENTS OF THE SWISS LANDSCAPE.

Passing out through a forest of larches, whose dark verdure is peculiarly appropriate to it, and going up towards the baths of Leuk, the interest of the landscape does not at all diminish. What a concentration and congregation of all elements of sublimity and beauty are before you! what surprising contrasts of light and shade, of form and color, of softness and ruggedness! Here are vast heights above you, and vast depths below, villages hanging to the mountain sides, green pasturages and winding paths, chalets dotting the mountains, lovely meadow slopes enamelled with flowers, deep immeasurable ravines, torrents thundering down them; colossal, overhanging, castellated reefs of granite; snowy peaks with the setting sun upon them. You command a view far down over the valley of the Rhone, with its villages and castles, and its mixture of rich farms and vast beds and heaps of mountain fragments, deposited by furious torrents. What affects the mind very powerfully on first entering upon these scenes is the deep dark blue, so intensely deep and overshadowing, of the gorge at its upper end, and at the magnificent proud sweep of the granite barrier, which there shuts it in, apparently without a passage. The mountains rise like vast supernatural intelligences taking a material shape, and drawing around themselves a drapery of awful grandeur; there is a forehead of power and majesty, and the likeness of a kindly crown above it.

Amidst all the grandeur of this scenery I remember to have been in no place more delighted with the profuse richness, delicacy, and beauty of the Alpine flowers. The grass of the meadow slopes in the gorge of the Dala had a depth and power of verdure, a clear, delicious greenness, that in its effect upon the mind was like that of the atmosphere in the brightest autumnal morning of the year, or rather, perhaps, like the colors of the sky at sunset. There is no such grass-color in the world as that of these mountain meadows. It is just the same at the verge of the ice oceans of Mont Blanc. It makes you think of one of the points chosen by the Sacred Poet to illustrate the divine benevolence (and I had almost said, no man can truly understand why it was chosen, who has not travelled in Switzerland.) "*Who maketh the grass to grow upon the mountains.*"

And then the flowers, so modest, so lovely, yet of such deep exquisite hue, enamelled in the grass, sparkling amidst it, "a starry multitude," underneath such awful brooding mountain forms and icy precipices, how beautiful! All that the Poets have ever said or sung of Daisies, Violets, Snow-drops, King-cups, Primroses, and all modest flowers, is here out-done by the mute poetry of the denizens of these wild pastures. Such a meadow slope as this, watered with pure rills from the glaciers, would have set the mind of Edwards at work in contemplation on the beauty of holiness. He has connected these meek and lowly flowers with an image, which none of the Poets of this world have ever thought of. To him the divine beauty of holiness "made the soul like a field or garden of God, with all manner of pleasant flowers; all pleasant, delightful, and undisturbed; enjoying a sweet calm, and the gentle, vivifying beams of the Sun. The soul of a true Christian appears like such a little white flower as

we see in the spring of the year; low and humble on the ground; opening its bosom to receive the pleasant beams of the Sun's glory; rejoicing, as it were, in a calm rapture; diffusing around a sweet fragrant; standing peacefully and lovingly in the midst of other flowers round about; all in like manner opening their bosoms to drink in the light of the Sun."

Very likely such a passage as this, coming from the soul of the great theologian (for this is the poetry of the soul, and not of the artificial sentiment, nor of the mere worship of nature), will seem to many persons like violets in the bosom of a glacier. But no poet ever described the meek, modest flowers so beautifully, *rejoicing in a calm rapture*. Jonathan Edwards himself, with his grand views of sacred theology and history, his living piety, and his great experience in the deep things of God, was like a mountain glacier, in one respect, as the "parent of perpetual streams" that are then the deepest, when all the fountains of the world are the driest; like, also, in another respect, that in climbing his theology you get very near to heaven, and are in a very pure and bracing atmosphere; like, again, in this, that it requires much spiritual labor and discipline to surmount his heights, and some care not to fall into the *crevasses*; and like, once more, in this, that when you get to the top, you have a vast, wide, glorious view of God's great plan, and see things in their chains and connection, which before you only saw separate and piecemeal.

THE REV. HENRY T. CHEEVER, a brother of Dr. Cheever, has written several volumes, derived in part from his experiences at sea. The first of these, *A Reel in a Bottle; being the Adventures of a Voyage to the Celestial Country*, is a nautical version of the Pilgrim's Progress, in which pilgrims Peter and Paul put to sea in a well appointed craft, and after various storms and conflicts anchor at the Celestial City. The plan is carried out in an ingenious and fanciful manner. Mr. Cheever's other publications are—*The Island World of the Pacific: Life in the Sandwich Islands; The Whale and his Captors*, 1849; *Life of Captain Congar*, 1852; *Memorials of Nathaniel Cheever, M. D.*, 1852; *Life and Posthumous Remains of Rev. Walter Colton*, 1853; *The Pulpit and the Pew*, 1858; *Way-Marks in the Moral War with Slavery*, 1861.

THOMAS WARD,

THE SON of an esteemed citizen of Newark, N. J., was born in that city June 8, 1807. He was educated at Princeton, and received his degree as a physician at the Rutgers Medical College in New York. He pursued the profession, however, but a short time; foreign travel and the engagements of the man of wealth, with the literary amusements of the amateur author, fully occupying his attention. After some skirmishing with the muse, and a number of more labored contributions to the New York American, he published a volume in 1842—*Passaic, a Group of Poems touching that river: with other Musings: by Flaccus*, the signature he had employed in the newspaper. The Passaic poems celebrate the ambition of Sam Patch, the modern hero of the stream; the sentimental story of a lover, who makes a confidant of the river; a melancholy incident of the death of a young lady who perished at the falls; and "The Retreat of Seventy-six," an incident of the Revolution.

The "Musings in Various Moods," which occupy the second portion of the volume, are descriptive, sentimental, and satirical; if so kindly a man can be said to indulge in the last mode of writing. His taste leads him rather to picture the domestic virtues and social amenities of life.

TO PASSAIC.

Bless thee! bright river of my heart—

The blue, the clear, the wild, the sweet:
Though faint my lyre, and rude my art,
Love broke discretion's bands apart.

And bade me offer at thy feet
My murmuring praise, howe'er unmeet:
Aware, discourse to lovers dear
Inspid strikes the listener's ear,
Yet have I rashly sung to prove
The strength, the fervor of a love
That none, to whom thy charms are known,
Would seek to hide, or blush to own.

Yes! oft have I indulged my dream
By many a fair and foreign stream;
But vain my wandering search to see
A rival in far lands to thee.
Rhine, Tiber, Thames, a queenly throng—
The world's idolatry and song—
Have roved, have slumbered, sung, and sighed,
To win my worship to their tide:

Have wound their forms with graceful wiles,
And curled their cheeks with rippling smiles;
Have leaped in waves, with frolic dance,
And winking tossed me many a glance:
Still, still my heart, though moved, was free,
For love, dear native stream, of thee!
For Rhine, through proudly sweeps her tide
Through hills deep-parted, gaping wide—
Whereon grey topping castles sprout,
As though the living rock shot out—
Too rudely woos me, who despise
The charms wherein no softness lies;
While Thames, who boasts a velvet brim,
And meadows beautifully trim,
Too broadly shows the trace of art,
To win the wishes of the heart;
And Tiber's muddy waves must own
Their glory is the past's alone.
No water-nymphs these eyes can see,
Mine Indian beauty, match with thee!—
For all, whate'er their fame, or place,
Lack the wild freshness of thy face—
That touch of Nature's antique skill
By modern art unrivalled still.

I've traced thee from thy place of birth
Till, finding sea, thou quittest earth—
From that far spot in mountain land
Where heaving soft the yellow sand,
Thy infant waters, clear and rife,
Gush sudden into joyous life;
To yon broad bay of vivid light,
Where pausing rivers all unite,
As singly fearing to be first
To quench devouring Ocean's thirst—
I've followed, with a lover's truth,
The gambols of thy torrent youth;
Have chased, with childish search, and vain,
Thy doublings on the marshy plain;
Have idled many a summer's day
Where flower-fields cheered thy prosperous way;
Nor have I faithless turned aside
When rocky troubles barred thy tide,
Tossing thee rudely from thy path
Till thou wert wrought to foaming wrath.

Nor when the iron hand of fate
Dethroned thee from thy lofty state,
And hurled thee, with a giant's throw,
Down to the vale—where far below,
Thy tides, by such rude ordeal tried,
With purer, heavenlier softness glide.
Through every change of good or ill,
My dotting heart pursued thee still,
And ne'er did rival waters shine
With traits so varying rich as thine:
What separate charms in each I see,
Rare stream, seem clustered all in thee!

** Dr. Ward died in New York city, April 13, 1873. In recent years, he printed two volumes of original poems: *Flora*; or, *The Gipsy's Frolic, a Pastoral Opera*; and *War Lyrics*, 1865. He was the author both of the words and music of the former; and it was acted in 1858 by a company of amateurs, ladies and gentlemen of his acquaintance, in that city. His last literary labor was the Address which he delivered at the Centennial celebration of the incorporation of the New York Society Library, November 9, 1872. He occupied a prominent position in the leading social circles, and during the war he had constructed a noble hall for amateur theatrical amusements, adjacent to his stately mansion in Forty-seventh street near Fifth avenue. Some forty or fifty of these entertainments were given, between 1862 and 1872, to audiences composed of wealthy and fashionable people, which yielded about forty thousand dollars for the sole use of charitable societies.

JOSEPH C. NEAL.

AN original humorist, was a native of New Hampshire, where he was born at Greenland, February 3d, 1807. His father had been a principal of a school in Philadelphia, and had retired in ill-health to the country, where he discharged the duties of a Congregational clergyman. He died while his son was in infancy, and the family returned to Philadelphia. Mr. Neal was early attracted to editorial life, and was, for a number of years, from 1831, engaged in conducting the *Pennsylvanian* newspaper. The labor proved too severe for a delicate constitution, and he was compelled to travel abroad to regain lost health, and finally, in 1844, to relinquish his daily journal, when he established a popular weekly newspaper, *Neal's Saturday Gazette*. This he continued with success to the time of his death, in the year 1847.

The forte of Mr. Neal was a certain genial humor, devoted to the exhibition of a peculiar class of citizens falling under the social history description of the genus "loafer." Every metropolis breeds a race of such people, the laggards in the rear of civilization, who lack energy or ability to make an honorable position in the world, and who fall quietly into decay, complaining of their hard fate in the world, and eking out their deficient courage by a resort to the bar-room. The whole race of small spendthrifts, inferior pretenders to fashion, bores, half-developed inebriates, and generally gentlemen enjoying the minor miseries and social difficulties of life, met with a rare delineator in Mr. Neal, who interpreted their ailments, repeated their slang, and showed them an image which they might enjoy, without too

great a wound to their self-love. A quaint vein of speculation wrapped up this humorous dialogue. The sketches made a great hit a few years since, when they appeared, and for their preservation of curious specimens of character, as well as for their other merits, will be looked after by posterity.



Joseph C. Neal

There were several series of these papers, contributed by Mr. Neal to the *Pennsylvanian*, the author's *Weekly Gazette*, the *Democratic Review*, and other journals, which were collected in several volumes, illustrated by David C. Johnston, entitled *Charcoal Sketches; or Scenes in a Metropolis*. The alliterative and extravagant titles of the sketches take off something from the reality, which is a relief to the picture; since it would be painful to be called to laugh at real misery, while we may be amused with comic exaggeration.

UNDEVELOPED GENIUS—A PASSAGE IN THE LIFE OF P. PILGARLICK PIGWIGGEN, ESQ.

The world has heard much of unwritten music, and more of unpaid debts; a brace of unsubstantialities, in which very little faith is reposed. The minor poets have twangled their lyres about the one, until the sound has grown wearisome, and until, for the sake of peace and quietness, we heartily wish that unwritten music were fairly written down, and published in Willig's or Blake's best style, even at the risk of hearing it reverberate from every piano in the city: while iron-visaged creditors—all creditors are of course hard, both in face and in heart, or they would not ask for their money—have chattered of unpaid debts, ever since the flood, with a wet finger, was uncivil enough to wipe out pre-existing scores, and extend to each skulking debtor the "benefit of the act." But *undeveloped genius*, which is, in fact, itself unwritten music, and is very closely allied to unpaid debts, has, as yet, neither poet, trumpeter, nor biographer. Gray, indeed, hinted at it in speaking of "village Hampdens," "mute inglorious Miltons," and "Cromwells guiltless," which showed him to be a man of some discernment, and possessed of inklings of the truth. But the general science of mental geology, and through that, the equally important details of mineralogy and mental metallurgy, to ascertain the unseen substratum of intellect, and to determine its innate wealth, are as

yet unborn; or, if phrenology be admitted as a branch of these sciences, are still in uncertain infancy. Undeveloped genius, therefore, is still undeveloped, and is likely to remain so, unless this treatise should awaken some capable and intrepid spirit to prosecute an investigation at once so momentous and so interesting. If not, much of it will pass through the world undiscovered and unsuspected; while the small remainder can manifest itself in no other way than by the aid of a convulsion, turning its possessor inside out like a glove; a method, which the earth itself was ultimately compelled to adopt, that stupid man might be made to see what treasures are to be had for the digging.

There are many reasons why genius so often remains invisible. The owner is frequently unconscious of the jewel in his possession, and is indebted to chance for the discovery. Of this, Patrick Henry was a striking instance. After he had failed as a shopkeeper, and was compelled to "hoe corn and dig potatoes," alone on his little farm, to obtain a meagre subsistence for his family, he little dreamed that he had that within, which would enable him to shake the throne of a distant tyrant, and nerve the arm of struggling patriots. Sometimes, however, the possessor is conscious of his gift, but it is to him as the celebrated anchor was to the Dutchman; he can neither use nor exhibit it. The illustrious Thomas Erskine, in his first attempt at the bar, made so signal a failure as to elicit the pity of the good-natured, and the scorn and contempt of the less feeling part of the auditory. Nothing daunted, however, for he felt undeveloped genius strong within him, he left the court; muttering with more profanity than was proper, but with much truth, "By ———! it is in me, and it shall come out!" He was right; it was in him; he did get it out, and rose to be Lord Chancellor of England.

But there are men less fortunate; as gifted as Erskine, though perhaps in a different way, they swear frequently, as he did, but they cannot get their genius out. They feel it, like a rat in a cage, beating against their barring ribs, in a vain struggle to escape; and thus, with the materials for building a reputation, and standing high among the sons of song and eloquence, they pass their lives in obscurity, regarded by the few who are aware of their existence, as simpletons—fellows sent upon the stage solely to fill up the grouping, to applaud their superiors, to eat, sleep, and die.

P. PILGARLICK PIGWIGGEN, ESQ., as he loves to be styled, is one of these unfortunate undeveloped gentlemen about town. The arrangement of his name shows him to be no common man. Peter P. Pigwigen would be nothing, except a hailing title to call him to dinner, or to insure the safe arrival of dunning letters and tailors' bills. There is as little character about it as about the word tawser, the individuality of which has been lost by indiscriminate application. To all intents and purposes, he might just as well be addressed as "You Pete Pigwigen," after the tender maternal fashion, in which, in his youthful days, he was required to quit dabbling in the gutter, to come home and be spanked. But

P. PILGARLICK PIGWIGGEN, ESQ.

—the aristocracy of birth and genius is all about it. The very letters seem tasselled and fringed with the cobwebs of antiquity. The flesh creeps with awe at the sound, and the atmosphere undergoes a sensible change, as at the rarefying approach of a supernatural being. It penetrates the hearer at each perspir-

atory porc. The dropping of the antepenultimate in a man's name, and the substitution of an initial therefor, has an influence which cannot be defined—an influence peculiarly strong in the case of P. Pilgarlick Pigwiggen—the influence of undeveloped genius—analogue to that which bent the hazel rod, in the hand of Dousterswivel, in the ruins of St. Ruth, and told of undeveloped water.

But to avoid digression, or rather to return from a ramble in the fields of nomenclature, P. Pilgarlick Pigwiggen is an undeveloped genius—a wasted man; his talents are like money in a strong box, returning no interest. He is, in truth, a species of Byron in the egg; but unable to chip the shell, his genius remains unhatched. The chicken moves and faintly chirps within, but no one sees it, no one heeds it. Peter feels the high aspirations and the mysterious imaginings of poetry circling about the interior of his cranium; but there they stay. When he attempts to give them utterance, he finds that nature forgot to bore out the passage which carries thought to the tongue and to the finger ends; and as art has not yet found out the method of tunnelling or of driving a drift into the brain, to remedy such defects, and act as a general jail delivery to the prisoners of the mind, his divine conceptions continue pent in their osseous cell. In vain does Pigwiggen sigh for a *splitting* headache—one that shall open the sutures, and set his fancies free. In vain does he shave his forehead and turn down his shirt collar, in hope of finding the poetic vomitory, and of leaving it clear of impediment; in vain does he drink vast quantities of gin to raise the steam so high that it may burst imagination's boiler, and suffer a few drops of it to escape; in vain does he sit up late o' nights, using all the cigars he can lay his hands on, to smoke out the secret. 'Tis useless all. No sooner has he spread the paper, and seized the pen to give bodily shape to airy dreams, than a dull dead blank succeeds. As if a flourish of the quill were the crowing of a "rooster," the dainty Ariels of his imagination vanish. The feather drops from his checked fingers, the paper remains unstained, and P. Pilgarlick Pigwiggen is still an undeveloped genius.

Originally a grocer's boy, Peter early felt that he had a soul above soap and candles, and he so diligently nursed it with his master's sugar, figs, and brandy, that early one morning he was unceremoniously dismissed with something more substantial than a flea in his ear. His subsequent life was passed in various callings; but call as loudly as they would, our hero paid little attention to their voice. He had an eagle's longings, and with an inclination to stare the sun out of countenance, it was not to be expected that he would stoop to be a barn-yard fowl. Working when he could not help it; at times pursuing check speculations at the theatre doors, by way of turning an honest penny, and now and then gaining entrance by crooked means, to feed his faculties with a view of the performances, he likewise pursued his studies through all the balads in the market, until qualified to read the pages of Moore and Byron. Glowing with ambition, he sometimes pined to see the poet's corner of our weekly periodicals graced with his effusions. But though murder may out, his undeveloped genius would not. Execution fell so far short of conception, that his lyrics were invariably rejected.

Deep, but unsatisfactory, were the reflections which thence arose in the breast of Pigwiggen.

"How is it," said he—"How is it I can't level down my expressions to the comprehension of the vulgar, or level up the vulgar to a comprehension of my expressions? How is it I can't get the spigot

out, so my verses will run clear? I know what I mean myself, but nobody else does, and the impudent editors say it's wasting room to print what nobody understands. I've plenty of genius—lots of it, for I often want to cut my throat, and would have done it long ago, only it hurts. I'm chock full of genius and running over; for I hate all sorts of work myself, and all sorts of people mean enough to do it. I hate going to bed, and I hate getting up. My conduct is very eccentric and singular. I have the miserable melancholies all the time, and I'm pretty nearly always as cross as thunder, which is a sure sign. Genius is as tender as a skinned cat, and flies into a passion whenever you touch it. When I condescend to unbuzzum myself, for a little sympathy, to folks of ornery intellect—and caparisoned to me, I know very few people that ar'n't ornery as to brains—and pour forth the feelings indigginus to a poetic soul, which is always billing, they ludicate my situation, and say they don't know what the deuse I'm driving at. Isn't genius always served o' this fashion in the earth, as Hamlet, the boy after my own heart, says? And when the slights of the world, and of the printers, set me in a fine frenzy, and my soul swells and swells, till it almost tears the shirt off my buzzum, and even fractures my dickey—when it expansuates and elevates me above the common herd, they laugh again, and tell me not to be pompous. The poor plebinians and worse than Russian serfs!—It is the fate of genius—it is his'n, or rather I should say, her'n—to go through life with little sympathization and less cash. Life's a field of blackberry and raspberry bushes. Mean people squat down and pick the fruit, no matter how they black their fingers; while genius, proud and perpendicular, strides fiercely on, and gets nothing but scratches and holes torn in its trousers. These things are the fate of genius, and when you see 'em, there is genius too, although the editors won't publish its articles. These things are its premonitories, its janisaries, its cohorts, and its consorts.

"But yet, though in flames in my interiors, I can't get it out. If I catch a subject, while I am looking at it, I can't find words to put it in; and when I let go, to hunt for words, the subject is off like a shot. Sometimes I have plenty of words, but then there is either no ideas, or else there is such a water-works and catarack of them, that when I catch one, the others knock it out of my fingers. My genius is good, but my mind is not sufficiently manured by 'ears.'"

Pigwiggen, waiting it may be till sufficiently "manured" to note his thoughts, was seen one fine morning, not long since, at the corner of the street, with a melancholy, abstracted air, the general character of his appearance. His garments were of a rusty black, much the worse for wear. His coat was buttoned up to the throat, probably for a reason more cogent than that of showing the moulding of his chest, and a black handkerchief enveloped his neck. Not a particle of white was to be seen about him; not that we mean to infer that his "sark" would not have answered to its name, if the muster roll of his attire had been called, for we scorn to speak of a citizen's domestic relations, and, until the contrary is proved, we hold it but charity to believe that every man has as many shirts as backs. Peter's cheeks were pale and hollow; his eyes sunken, and neither soap nor razor had kissed his lips for a week. His hands were in his pockets—they had the accommodation all to themselves—nothing else was there.

"Is your name Peter P. Pigwiggen?" inquired a man with a stick, which he grasped in the middle.

"My name is P. Pilgarlick Pigwiggen, if you please, my good friend," replied our hero, with a flush of indignation at being miscalled.

"You'll do," was the nonchalant response; and "the man with a stick" drew forth a parallelogram of paper, curiously inscribed with characters, partly written and partly printed, of which the words, "The commonwealth greeting," were strikingly visible; "you'll do, Mr. P. Pilgarlick Pigwiggen Peter. That's a *capias ad respondendum*, the English of which is, you're cotched because you can't pay; only they put it in Greek, so as not to hurt a gentleman's feelings, and make him feel flat afore the company. I can't say much for the manners of the big courts, but the way the law's polite and a squire's office is genteel, when the thing is under a hundred dollars, is cautionary."

There was little to be said. Peter yielded at once. His landlady, with little respect for the incipient Byron, had turned him out that morning, and had likewise sent "the man with a stick," to arrest the course of undeveloped genius. Peter walked before, and he of the "taking way" strolled leisurely behind.

* * * * *

"It's the fate of genius, squire. The money is owed."

"But how can I help it? I can't live without eating and sleeping. If I wasn't to do those functionaries, it would be suicide, severe beyond circumflexion."

"Well, you know, you must either pay or go to jail."

"Now, squire, as a friend—I can't pay, and I don't admire jail—as a friend, now."

"Got any bail?—No!—what's your trade—what name is it?"

"Poesy," was the laconic, but dignified reply.

"Pusey?—Yes, I remember Pusey. You're in the shoe-cleaning line, somewhere in Fourth street. Pusey, boots and shoes cleaned here. Getting whiter, arn't you? I thought Pusey was a little darker in the countenance."

"P-o-e-s-y!" roared Peter, spelling the word at the top of his voice; "I'm a poet."

"Well, Posy, I suppose you don't write for nothing. Why didn't you pay your landlady out of what you received for your books, Posy?"

"My genius ain't developed. I haven't written any thing yet. Only wait till my mind is manured, so I can catch the idea, and I'll pay off all old scores."

"Twont do, Posy. I don't understand it at all. You must go and find a little undeveloped bail, or I must send you to prison. The officer will go with you. But stay; there's Mr. Grubson in the corner—perhaps he will bail you."

Grubson looked unpromising. He had fallen asleep, and the flies hummed about his sulky copper-colored visage, laughing at his unconscious drowsy efforts to drive them away. He was aroused by Pilgarlick, who insinuatingly preferred the request.

"I'll see you hanged first," replied Mr. Grubson; "I goes bail for nobody. I'm undeveloped myself on that subject,—not but that I have the greatest respect for you in the world, but the most of people's cheats."

"You see, Posy, the development won't answer. You must try out of doors. The officer will go with you."

"Squire, as a friend, excuse me," said Pilgarlick. "But the truth of the matter is this. I'm delicate about being seen in the street with a constable. I'm principled against it. The reputation which I'm

going to get might be injured by it. Wouldn't it be pretty much the same thing, if Mr. Grubson was to go with the officer, and get me a little bail!"

"I'm delicate myself," growled Grubson; "I'm principled agin that too. Every man walk about on his own 'sponsibility; every man bail his own boat. You might just as well ask me to swallow your physie, or take your thrashings."

Alas! Pilgarlick knew that his boat was past bailing. Few are the friends of genius in any of its stages—very few are they when it is undeveloped. He, therefore, consented to sojourn in "Arch west of Broad," until the whitewashing process could be performed, on condition he were taken there by the "alley way;" for he still looks ahead to the day, when a hot-pressed volume shall be published by the leading booksellers, entitled *Poems*, by P. Pilgarlick Pigwiggen, Esq.

RICHARD HILDRETH.

RICHARD HILDRETH was born June 28, 1807, in the old town of Deerfield, Massachusetts. His father was the Rev. Hosea Hildreth, a prominent congregational clergyman, who was the last old-school divine of latitudinarian views to join the Unitarian from the Calvinistic church of New England. In his profession he always stood in high esteem for ability, public spirit, and active benevolence. During Richard's fourth year his father removed with his family to Exeter, New Hampshire, the seat of Exeter Academy, where the son was fitted for college.



R. Hildreth

Hildreth was graduated at Harvard College in 1826. Here he proved himself a successful student of the prescribed course, without, however, entirely confining himself to it. Besides his extensive readings in history, political economy, and ethics, he became familiar with the whole body of Greek and Latin authors in their original languages. Embracing the pursuit of law he next entered the office at Newburyport, Massachusetts, of L. W. Marston, where his remarkable power of close and long-continued application excited the astonishment of all who knew him.

In 1827, during Mr. Hildreth's residence at Newburyport, his literary life took its commencement in a series of articles contributed to a magazine then lately started in Boston by Mrs. Sarah Jane Hale. Not long after he became a contributor to Willis's Boston Magazine (the first editorial experiment of that popular writer), and subsequently to Joseph T. Buckingham's New England Magazine. Many of these miscellaneous compositions are worthy of republication in a collected form.

In July, 1832, while practising the legal profession in Boston, he was induced to accept the post of editor of the Boston *Atlas*. For several years Mr. Hildreth's connexion with the new paper gave it a decided pre-eminence among the political journals of New England. A series of ably written articles from his pen, published in 1837, relative to the design of certain influential men in the southwest of procuring the separation of Texas from the Mexican government, prior to any general suspicion of the affair, powerfully contributed to excite the strenuous opposition which was afterwards manifested in different parts of the Union to the annexation of Texas.

Ill health in the autumn of 1834 compelled Mr. Hildreth to seek a residence on a plantation at the South, where he lived for about a year and a half. While thus sojourning, his story of *Archy Moore*, the forerunner of anti-slavery novels, was written. This work, which appeared in 1837, was republished in England, where it received an elaborate review in the *Spectator*, as well as in other literary periodicals. In 1852 it was given to the public in an enlarged form, under the title of *The White Slave*. It purports to be the autobiography of a Virginia slave, the son of his owner, whose Anglo-Saxon superiority of intellect and spirit is inherited by him. The period of the story is during the war of 1812 with Great Britain. After passing through the vicissitudes of his servile lot in the household, on the plantation, and on the auction block, Archy, the hero, with others of his condition, is taken on board a vessel for a more southern port. But in the passage the ship is captured by the enemy, who at once liberate them. He then becomes a British sailor, in which capacity he rises to distinction and settles in England, where he finally attains the position of an opulent merchant. The narrative, as continued subsequently to the first publication, proceeds to represent Archy returning about the year 1835 to his native land, where, after a complicated series of adventures, his slave-wife and two children, whom he had left in slavery, are restored to him, and are thence carried to his foreign home.

During the summer of 1836 Mr. Hildreth employed his pen in translating from the French of Dumont a work, published at Boston in two 16mo. volumes, in 1840, under the title of *Bentham's Theory of Legislation*. He also at the same time wrote a *History of Banks*, advocating the system of free-banking, with security to bill-holders,—a plan since introduced successfully into New York and other states. Passing the winter of 1837-8 in Washington, as correspondent of the Boston *Atlas*, he returned to the editorial chair a warm supporter of the election to the presidency of General Harrison, of whom he wrote an elec-

tioning biography, which appeared in pamphlet form.

Abandoning journalism, Mr. Hildreth next published, in 1840, *Despotism in America*, an ably-prepared discussion of the political, economical, and social results of the slaveholding system in the United States. To this work in 1854 was added a chapter on *The Legal Basis of Slavery*, embracing the substance of two articles written by him for Theodore Parker's short-lived *Massachusetts Review*. A letter to Andrews Norton, the Unitarian theologian of Cambridge, on *Miracles* followed, together with other controversial pamphlets on various speculative topics. These works were marked by keen and vigorous argument, but at times by an unsparing severity of language that materially interfered with their popularity.

In 1840 Mr. Hildreth, for the benefit of his health, again had resort to a warmer climate. But a three years' residence at Demerara, in British Guiana, did not diminish his activity. Acting successively as editor of two newspapers published at Georgetown, the capital of the country, he vigorously discussed the adoption of the new system of free labor, and the best policy to be pursued in the circumstances in which the colony was placed. There can be no doubt as to the side which he would join in regard to the former subject. While in British Guiana he also found time to write his *Theory of Morals*, published in 1844, as well as the *Theory of Politics*, which was given to the world from the press of the Messrs. Harper in 1853.

In the preface to the first mentioned work the author announces his purpose of giving to the world six treatises, bearing the collective title of *Rudiments of the Science of Man*, and designed to appear in the following order: *Theory of Morals*, *Theory of Politics*, *Theory of Wealth*, *Theory of Taste*, *Theory of Knowledge*, *Theory of Education*. The peculiarity of these treatises, according to Mr. Hildreth's intention, was the attempt to apply rigorously to the subjects discussed the inductive method of investigation, which, he supposed, might be employed as successfully in ethical and kindred science as it has been in the domain of physical discoveries.

This may, perhaps, be the case, but such an experiment often involves a disregard of established doctrines and assumptions, which is much less palatable to the mass of men than any similar contemptuous treatment of their notions of physical science, in consequence of the more decided enlistment of the feelings in matters pertaining to moral, political, and social questions, than in any other.

If Mr. Hildreth entertained any doubts on this point, he must, by this time, have been convinced of the fact here stated, by the outcry raised by the *North American Review* and *Brownson's Quarterly* against the former of his two volumes—the *Theory of Morals* and the *Theory of Politics*. Yet, in spite of what has been said to the contrary, we cannot help looking upon them as among the most original contributions which this country has furnished on the topics of which they treat.

In saying this no assent is given to all the doctrines broached in them. The author, like Bentham, of whom he appears to be a strong admi-

rer, is an independent, dispassionate, and patient thinker, but, like him, is too much governed by the test of utility, and too much enamored of his rigid method of investigation, to reach conclusions which shall be entirely satisfactory, in sciences so proverbially inexact and uncertain as those of ethics or politics.

Of the two treatises already submitted to the public the *Theory of Politics* is altogether the most philosophical and best matured. It is divided into three parts, the first part treating of the Elements of Political Power, under which head are discussed the various forms which the political equilibrium, called government, has taken, the forces which produce it, and the means whereby it is sustained or overturned. The second contains a philosophical and historical review of the Forms of Government and Political Revolutions, in which the forms assumed by government during the world's history are specified chronologically, and the causes traced which have led to their commencement and overthrow. In part third are considered Governments in their Influence upon the Progress of Civilization and upon Human Happiness in general; and here, in a section entitled *Of Democracies*, may be found a theoretical vindication of the democratic system of government which will amply repay perusal. The survey is taken from the American stand-point, and the results are developed with a conclusiveness of reasoning little short of mathematical.

Finding the public too little interested in his speculative inquiries Mr. Hildreth turned his attention to completing his *History of the United States*, a work which he had projected as far back as his life in college. This afforded him constant occupation for seven years, during which he wrote little else, with the exception of a few articles in the *Massachusetts Quarterly Review*. The first volume was issued by the Harpers in 1849, and the entire work, in six volumes, in the course of the three succeeding years. In regard to this elaborate history, which covers the period beginning with the settlement of the country and concluding with the end of President Monroe's first term, we may safely remark that it has secured its author a prominent and permanent place among American historians. He has here embodied the matured results of long-continued and exhausting labor, carried on by a mind not ill-adapted to historical inquiry, acute, comprehensive, endowed with an inflexible honesty of purpose, and never avoiding the sober duties of the historian for the sake of rhetorical display. In the last three volumes may be found the only thorough and complete account of the federal government for the time of which it treats. There is hardly any question of domestic or foreign policy which can interest an American citizen that is not elucidated in its pages, such matters having been so fully discussed in the early period of our government that there has been but little advance or modification in regard to the views then taken concerning them. Mr. Hildreth has terminated his history with Monroe's first term, at which time began that fusion of parties which prepared the way for the state of political affairs now existing. To this point refer the concluding remarks of the sixth volume:—

With the re-annexation of Florida to the Anglo-American dominion, the recognised extension of our western limit to the shores of the Pacific, and the partition of those new acquisitions between slavery and freedom, closed Monroe's first term of office; and with it a marked era in our history. All the old landmarks of party, uprooted as they had been, first by the embargo and the war with England, and then by peace in Europe, had since, by the bank question, the internal improvement question, and the tariff question, been completely superseded and almost wholly swept away. At the Ithuriel touch of the Missouri discussion, the slave interest, hitherto hardly recognised as a distinct element in our system, had started up, portentous and dilated, disavowing the very fundamental principles of modern democracy, and again threatening, as in the Federal Convention, the dissolution of the Union. It is from this point, already beginning indeed to fade away in the distance, that our politics of to-day take their departure.

In his portraits of political men, Mr. Hildreth perhaps too often "wears the cap of the executioner." Of this peculiarity his austere comments upon the characters and lives of Jefferson, Madison, John Adams, and J. Q. Adams, are an example. No statute of limitations, no popular canonization of the offender avails against the impartial severity of his criticism. But to the memories of Washington and Hamilton he pays a uniform and deserved homage, as may be seen by the passage subjoined:—

In Hamilton's death the Federalists and the country experienced a loss second only to that of Washington. Hamilton possessed the same rare and lofty qualities, the same just balance of soul, with less, indeed, of Washington's severe simplicity and awe-inspiring presence, but with more of warmth, variety, ornament, and grace. If the Doric in architecture be taken as the symbol of Washington's character, Hamilton's belonged to the same grand style as developed in the Corinthian—if less impressive, more winning. If we add Jay for the Ionic, we have a trio not to be matched, in fact not to be approached in our history, if, indeed, in any other. Of earth-born Titans, as terrible as great, now angels, and now toads and serpents, there are everywhere enough. Of the serene and benign sons of the celestial gods, how few at any time have walked the earth!

As an example of the more animated descriptive style of the historian we select a portion of his account of the duel of Hamilton and Burr:—

It was not at all in the spirit of a professed duellist, it was not upon any paltry point of honor, that Hamilton had accepted this extraordinary challenge, by which it was attempted to hold him answerable for the numerous imputations on Burr's character bandied about in conversation and the newspapers for two or three years past. The practice of duelling he utterly condemned; indeed, he had himself already been a victim to it in the loss of his eldest son, a boy of twenty, in a political duel some two years previously. As a private citizen, as a man under the influence of moral and religious sentiments, as a husband, loving and loved, and the father of a numerous and dependent family, as a debtor honorably disposed, whose creditors might suffer by his death, he had every motive for avoiding the meeting. So he stated in a paper which, under a premonition of his fate, he took care to leave behind

him. It was in the character of a public man. It was in that lofty spirit of patriotism, of which examples are so rare, rising high above all personal and private considerations—a spirit magnanimous and self-sacrificing to the last, however in this instance uncalled for and mistaken—that he accepted the fatal challenge. “The ability to be in future useful,” such was his own statement of his motives, “whether in resisting mischief or effecting good in those crises of our public affairs which seem likely to happen, would probably be inseparable from a conformity with prejudice in this particular.”

With that candor towards his opponents by which Hamilton was ever so nobly distinguished, but of which so very seldom, indeed, did he ever experience any return, he disavowed in this paper, the last he ever wrote, any disposition to affix odium to Burr's conduct in this particular case. He denied feeling towards Burr any personal ill-will, while he admitted that Burr might naturally be influenced against him by hearing of strong animadversions in which he had indulged, and which, as usually happens, might probably have been aggravated in the report. Those animadversions, in some cases, might have been occasioned by misconception or misinformation; yet his censures had not proceeded on light grounds nor from unworthy motives. From the possibility, however, that he might have injured Burr, as well as from his general principles and temper in relation to such affairs, he had come to the resolution which he left on record, and communicated also to his second, to withhold and throw away his first fire, and perhaps even his second; thus giving to Burr a double opportunity to pause and reflect.

The grounds of Weehawk, on the Jersey shore, opposite New York, were at that time the usual field of these single combats, then, chiefly by reason of the inflamed state of political feeling, of frequent occurrence, and very seldom ending without bloodshed. The day having been fixed, and the hour appointed at seven o'clock in the morning, the parties met, accompanied only by their seconds. The barge-men, as well as Dr. Hosack, the surgeon, mutually agreed upon, remained as usual at a distance, in order, if any fatal result should occur, not to be witnesses.

The parties having exchanged salutations, the seconds measured the distance of ten paces; loaded the pistols; made the other preliminary arrangements, and placed the combatants. At the appointed signal, Burr took deliberate aim, and fired. The ball entered Hamilton's side, and as he fell his pistol too was unconsciously discharged. Burr approached him apparently somewhat moved; but on the suggestion of his second, the surgeon and barge-men already approaching, he turned and hastened away, Van Ness coolly covering him from their sight by opening an umbrella.

The surgeon found Hamilton half-lying, half-sitting on the ground, supported in the arms of his second. The pallor of death was on his face. “Doctor,” he said, “this is a mortal wound;” and, as if overcome by the effort of speaking, he immediately fainted. As he was carried across the river the fresh breeze revived him. His own house being in the country, he was conveyed at once to the house of a friend, where he lingered for twenty-four hours in great agony, but preserving his composure and self-command to the last.

In addition to the works enumerated,* Mr.

Hildreth prepared *Japan as it Was and as it Is*, and edited in New York, in 1856, a duodecimo volume compiled from the writings of John Lord Campbell, entitled *Lives of Atrocious Judges*. He was one of the writers for *Appleton's American Cyclopædia*, and continued his labors on the *New York Tribune* till in 1861 he was appointed by President Lincoln United States Consul at Trieste. He held this position for a time, till failing health compelled him to relinquish it. He still remained abroad, however, gradually sinking, till his feeble constitution was exhausted. He died at Florence, Italy, the 11th of July, 1865.

W. S. W. RUSCHENBERGER.

WILLIAM S. W. RUSCHENBERGER was born in Cumberland county, New Jersey, September 4, 1807. His father, Peter Ruschenberger, a German, died a short time before the birth of his only son.

While an infant, Ruschenberger was removed to Philadelphia, where his mother supported herself and her child by keeping a school for several years. He was educated at New York and Philadelphia, and prepared for college, when he commenced, in 1824, the study of medicine in the office of Prof. Chapman. In June, 1826, he obtained the appointment of surgeon's-mate in the navy, and made a cruise to the Pacific in the frigate *Brandywine*. After an absence of thirty-eight months, he returned to his studies, and obtained his medical diploma in March, 1830. Having passed an examination as surgeon in the navy in March, 1831, he made a second cruise to the Pacific, which occupied about three years. The results of his observations were given to the public in 1835, in an octavo volume entitled *Three Years in the Pacific, by an Officer of the United States Navy*.

In March, 1835, he sailed in the sloop-of-war *Peacock* as surgeon of the fleet for the East India squadron. After an absence of over two years, he landed at Norfolk in November, 1837. In the following spring, Lea & Blanchard published his *Voyage Round the World, including an Embassy to Siam and Muscat*. The work was reprinted by Bentley in London, with the omission of various passages commenting upon the English government.

In 1843 Dr. Ruschenberger was ordered to the United States Naval Hospital, New York, where he remained until 1847, during which period he laid the foundation of the naval laboratory, designed to furnish the service with unadulterated drugs. He next sailed to the East Indies, but returned under orders in the following year. After being stationed at New York and Philadelphia, he sailed as surgeon of the Pacific squadron October 9, 1854.

In addition to the works already noticed, Dr. Ruschenberger is the author of a series of manuals—*Elements of Anatomy and Physiology, Mammalogy, Ornithology, Herpetology and Ichthyology, Conchology, Entomology, Botany, and Geo-*

* We are indebted for this notice of Mr. Hildreth to the pen of Mr. W. S. Thayer, himself an accomplished litterateur, as his critical articles contributed to his friend Mr. Charles

Hale's excellent Boston periodical “To-Day,” and his occasional poems, correspondence, and other articles latterly published in the *New York Evening Post*, with which he has been connected, sufficiently witness.

logy, and of several pamphlets* and numerous articles on subjects connected with the navy in the Southern Literary Messenger and Democratic Review. He has also written much on medical and scientific topics in the American Journal of the Medical Sciences, Silliman's Journal, Medical and Surgical Journal, Journal of Pharmacy, Medical Examiner, Boston Medical and Surgical Journal, and the National Intelligencer. He has also edited American reprints of Marshall on the Enlisting, Discharging, and Pensioning of Soldiers, 1840; and Mrs. Somerville's Physical Geography, 1850-56. His *Notice of the Origin, Progress and Present Condition of the Academy of Natural Sciences*, Philadelphia, reached a second edition in 1860.

JONATHAN LAWRENCE, JR.

JONATHAN LAWRENCE, JR., was born in New York November 19, 1807. He was graduated from Columbia College at the early age of fifteen, and studied law with Mr. W. Slosson, whose partner he became on his admission to the bar. He devoted himself earnestly to his profession, his essays and poems being the fruit of hours of relaxation; but in the midst of high promise of future excellence he was removed by death on the 26th of April, 1833.

A selection from his writings was prepared and privately printed by his brother soon after. The volume contains essays on Algernon Sidney, Burns, English comedy, the Mission to Panama (on the affairs of the South American republics), two Dialogues of the Dead (imaginary conversations between Milton and Shakespeare, and Charles II. and Cowper, in the style of Walter Savage Landor), and a number of poems, miscellaneous in subject, grave and reflective in tone.

TO —

Oh, the spring has come again, love,
With beauty in her train,
And her own sweet buds are springing
To her merry feet again.
They welcome her onward footsteps,
With a fragrance full of song,
And they bid her sip from each dewy lip
Of the rosy-tinted throng.

Oh, the spring has come again, love,
And her eye is bright and blue,
With a misty passionate light that veils
The earth in its joyous hue;
And a single violet in her hair,
And a light flush in her cheek,
Tell of the blossoms maids should wear,
And the love tales they should speak.

The spring has come again, love,
And her home is everywhere;

She grows in the green and teeming earth,
And she fills the balmy air;
But she dearly loves, by some talking rill,
Where the early daisy springs,
To nurse its leaves and to drink her fill
Of the sweet stream's murmurings.

The spring has come again, love,
On the mountain's side she throws
Her earliest morning glance, to find
The root of the first wild rose;
And at noon she warbles through airy throats,
Or sounds in the whirling wing
Of the minstrel throng, whose untaught notes
Are the joyous hymns of spring.

Oh, the spring has come again, love,
With her skylark's cloudy song;
Hark! how his echoing note rings clear
His fleecy bowers among.
Her morning laughs its joyous way,
In a flood of rosy light,
And her evening clouds melt gloriously,
In the starry blue of night.

Oh, the spring has come again, love,
And again the spring shall go;
And withered her sweetest flowers, and dead
Her soft brooks' silvery flow;
And her leaves of green shall fade and die
When their autumn bloom is past,
Beautiful as her cheek whose tint
Looks loveliest at the last.

Oh, life's spring can come but once, love,
And its summer will soon depart,
And its autumn flowers will soon be nipped,
By the winter of the heart;
But yet we can fondly dream, love,
That a fadeless spring shall bloom,
When the sun of a new existence dawns
On the darkness of the tomb.

CORNELIUS CONWAY FELTON,

ELIOT Professor of Greek Literature in Harvard University. Cambridge, Massachusetts, was born Nov. 6, 1807, at Newbury, now West Newbury, Mass., on the Merrimack, about six miles from Newburyport. The family of Felton dates from an early period—the first of the name having established himself in the town of Danvers at or about the year 1636. Mr. Felton was prepared for College chiefly at the Franklin Academy, Andover, under the late Simeon Putnam, an eminent classical scholar and teacher. On his entrance at Harvard University in 1823 in his sixteenth year, the Greek examiners were the Hon. Edward Everett, then Eliot Professor of Greek Literature, George Bancroft the Historian, then Greek tutor, and Dr. Popkin afterwards Eliot Professor. Like many other New England students, being obliged to earn money for the payment of College bills, he taught winter schools in the sophomore and junior years, besides teaching the mathematics the last six months of the junior year in the Round Hill School, Northampton, under the charge of J. G. Cogswell (now of the Astor Library), and George Bancroft. He was graduated in 1827.

For the next two years, in conjunction with two classmates, the late Henry Russell Cleveland and Seth Sweetser, now the Rev. Seth Sweetser, D.D., Pastor of one of the principal religious societies in Worcester, Mass., Mr. Felton had charge of the Livingston County High School in

* The Navy. Hints on the Reorganization of the Navy, including an Examination of the Claims of its civil officers to an Equality of Rights. 8vo. pp. 71. Wiley & Putnam, New York. 1845.

Examination of a Reply to Hints on the Reorganization of the Navy. Idem.

Assimilated Rank in the Civil Branch of the Navy. Jan., 1848. Phila.

An Examination of the Legality of the General Orders which confer assimilated rank on officers of the Civil Branch of the United States Navy. By a Surgeon. Phila., Feb., 1848.

A Brief History of an Existing Controversy on the subject of Assimilated Rank in the Navy of the United States. By W. S. W. R. 8vo. pp. 103. Sept., 1850. Phila.

Genesee, New York. In 1829 he was appointed Latin tutor in Harvard University; in 1830 Greek tutor; and in 1832 College Professor of the Greek language. In 1834 he received his appointment of Eliot Professor of Greek literature, (the third Professor on that foundation; Mr. Everett and John Snelling Popkin having preceded him), the duties of which he has since discharged* with the exception only of the time passed in a foreign tour from April, 1853, to May, 1854. In this journey he visited England, Scotland and Wales, France, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, travelling thence to Malta and Constantinople. On his return stopping at Smyrna, and several of the Greek islands, he arrived in Athens in Oct. 1853, and remained in Greece, the principal object of his tour, till the following February. In Europe, previous to visiting Greece, he was occupied chiefly with the collections of art and antiquities in London, Paris, Berlin, Munich, Dresden, Venice, Florence, Rome, Naples. In Greece he was engaged, partly in travelling through the country, in visiting the most celebrated places for the purpose of illustrating Ancient Greek History and Poetry, and in studying at Athens the remains of ancient art, the present language and literature of Greece, the constitution and laws of the Hellenic kingdom, attending courses of lectures at the University, and in visiting the common schools and gymnasia. Returning from Greece to Italy, he revisited the principal cities, especially Naples, Rome, and Florence, studying anew the splendid collections of art and antiquities. Having pursued a similar course in France and England, he returned to the United States in May, 1854, and immediately resumed the duties of the Greek Professorship at Cambridge.

The professional occupation of Dr. Felton being that of a public teacher, his studies have embraced the principal languages and literatures of modern Europe as well as the ancient, and something of Oriental literature. His literary occupations have been various. While in college he was one of the editors and writers of a students' periodical called the Harvard Register. Of numerous addresses on public occasions, he has published an address at the close of the first year of the Livingston County High School, 1828; a discourse delivered at the author's inauguration as professor of Greek literature; an address delivered at the dedication of the Bristol County Academy in Taunton, Mass.; an address at a meeting of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, on moving resolutions on the death of Daniel Webster; and an oration delivered before the Alumni of Harvard University.

Mr. Felton's contributions to periodical literature embrace numerous articles in the North American Review, and critical notices commencing with the year 1830; various articles and notices published in the Christian Examiner from the same date; numerous reviews and notices published in Willard's Monthly Review, between June, 1832, and December, 1833, afterwards in Buckingham's New England Magazine; and

occasional contributions to other periodical publications, such as the Bibliotheca Sacra, the Methodist Quarterly Review, the Knickerbocker Magazine, the Whig Review, with articles in various newspapers, among others the Boston Daily Advertiser, Boston Courier, the Evening Traveller.

The separate volumes of Dr. Felton, his editions of the classics, and contributions to general literature, are hardly less numerous. For the first series of Sparks's American Biography he wrote the life of Gen. Eaton. In 1833 he edited the Iliad of Homer with Flaxman's Illustrations and English notes, since revised and extended, having passed through numerous editions. In 1840, he translated Menzel's work on German literature, published in three volumes in Ripley's Specimens of Foreign Literature. In 1840, he published a Greek reader, selections from the Greek authors in prose and poetry, with English notes and a vocabulary—which has been since revised and passed through six or seven editions. In 1841, he edited the Clouds of Aristophanes, with an introduction and notes in English, since revised and republished in England. In 1843, in conjunction with Professors Sears and Edwards, he prepared a volume entitled Classical Studies, partly original and partly translated. The greater part of the biographical notices, some of the analyses, as those of the Heldenbuch, and the more elaborate one of the Niebelungenlied, together with several poetical translations in Longfellow's Poets and Poetry of Europe, published in 1845, were from his pen. In 1847, he edited the Panegyricus of Isocrates and the Agamemnon of Æschylus, with introductions and notes in English. A second edition of the former, revised, appeared in 1854.

In 1849, he prepared a volume entitled, *Earth and Man, being a translation of a course of lectures on Comparative Physical Geography, in its relation to the History of Mankind, delivered in French in Boston, by Professor Arnold Guyot*. This work has gone through numerous editions in this country, has been reprinted in at least four independent editions in England, and has been widely circulated on the Continent, having been translated into German.

In 1849, he edited the Birds of Aristophanes, with introduction and notes in English, republished in England; in 1852, a Memorial of Professor Popkin, consisting of a selection of his lectures and sermons, to which is prefixed a biographical sketch of eighty-eight pages. In 1852, he published selections from the Greek historians, arranged in the order of events. In 1855, a revised edition of Smith's History of Greece, with preface, notes, additional illustrations, and a continuation from the Roman conquest to the present time; the latter embracing a concise view of the present political condition, the language, literature, and education in the kingdom of Hellas, together with metrical translations of the popular poetry of modern Greece. His latest work has been the preparation of an edition of Lord Carlisle's Diary in Turkish and Greek waters, with a Preface, notes, and illustrations. He has also published selections from modern Greek authors in prose and poetry, including History, Oratory, Historical Romance, Klephtic Ballads, Popular Poems and Anacreontics.

* There was not one in 1855 connected with college who was connected with it when he was appointed Tutor. In term of service, though not in years, he was the oldest member of any department of the University.

As Professor, besides teaching classes in the Text books, he has delivered many courses of lectures on Comparative Philology and History of the Greek language and literature through the classical periods, the middle ages, and to the present day.

Outside of the University, besides numerous lectures delivered before Lyceums, Teachers' Institutes, and other popular bodies, Dr. Felton has delivered three courses before the Lowell Institute in Boston. The first (in the winter of 1851-2), of thirteen lectures on the History and Criticism of Greek Poetry; the second (in 1853), of twelve lectures on the Life of Greece; the third, in the Autumn of 1854, on the Downfall and Resurrection of Greece. These were published in 1867, entitled: *Greece, Ancient and Modern*.

To these extended literary labors, Dr. Felton has brought a scholar's enthusiasm. He has not confined his attention to the technicalities of his profession, but illustrated its learned topics in a liberal as well as in an acute literal manner, while he has found time to entertain in his writings the current scientific and popular literature of the day. As an orator he is skilful and eloquent in the disposition and treatment of his subjects. We have already alluded to his elevated composition on the approaching death of Webster, and as a further indication of his manner, we may cite a passage from his address before the Association of the Alumni of Harvard in 1854.

** Dr. Felton died at Chester, Pa., in 1862. His *Familiar Letters from Europe* appeared two years later.

ROME AND GREECE IN AMERICA.

An ancient orator, claiming for his beloved Athens the leadership among the states of Greece, rests his argument chiefly on her pre-eminence in those intellectual graces which embellish the present life of man, and her inculcation of those doctrines which gave to the initiated a sweeter hope of a life beyond the present. Virgil, in stately hexameters, by the shadowy lips of father Anchises in Elysium, calls on the Roman to leave these things to others:—

Excudent alii spirantia mollius æras;
Credo equidem; viros ducent de marmore vultus;
Orabunt causas melius, cœlique meatus
Describent radio et surgentia sidera discent.
Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento,
Hæ tibi erunt artes; pacisque imponere morem,
Parcere subjectis, et debellare superbis.

These lines strike the key-notes to Greek and Roman character,—Greek and Roman history. During the long existence of the Athenian Republic, amidst the interruptions of foreign and domestic wars,—her territory overrun by Hellenic and Barbarian armies, her forests burned, her fields laid waste, her temples levelled in the dust,—in those tumultuous ages of her democratic existence, the fire of her creative genius never smouldered. She matured and perfected the art of historical composition, of political and forensic eloquence, of popular legislation, of lyric and dramatic poetry, of music, painting, architecture, and sculpture; she unfolded the mathematics, theoretically and practically, and clothed the moral and metaphysical sciences in the brief sententious wisdom of the myriad-minded Aristotle, and the honeyed eloquence of Plato. Rome overran the world with her arms, and though she did not always spare the subject, she beat down the proud, and laid

her laws upon the prostrate nations. Greece fell before the universal victor, but she still asserted her intellectual supremacy, and, as even the Roman poet confessed, the conquered became the teacher and guide of the conqueror. At the present moment, the intellectual dominion of Greece—or rather of Athens, the school of Greece—is more absolute than ever. Her Plato is still the unsurpassed teacher of moral wisdom; her Aristotle has not been excelled as a philosophic observer; her Æschylus and Sophocles have been equalled only by Shakespeare. On the field of Marathon, we call up the shock of battle and the defeat of the Barbarian host; but with deeper interest still we remember that the great dramatic poet fought for his country's freedom in that brave muster. As we gaze over the blue waters of Salamis, we think not only of the clash of triremes, the shout of the onset, the psalm of victory; but of the magnificent lyrical drama in which the martial poet worthily commemorated the naval triumph which he had worthily helped to achieve.

All these things suggest lessons for us, even now. We have the Roman passion for universal empire, under the names of Manifest Destiny and Annexation. I do not deny the good there is in this, nor the greatness inherent in extended empire, bravely and fairly won. But the empire of science, letters, and art, is honorable and enviable, because it is gained by no unjust aggression on neighboring countries; by no subjection of weaker nations to the rights of the stronger; by no stricken fields, reddened with the blood of slaughtered myriads. No crimes of violence or fraud sow the seed of disease, which must in time lay it prostrate in the dust; its foundations are as immovable as virtue, and its structure as imperishable as the heavens. If we must add province to province, let us add realm to realm in our intellectual march. If we must enlarge our territory till the continent can no longer contain us, let us not forget to enlarge with equal step the boundaries of science and the triumphs of art. I confess I would rather, for human progress, that the poet of America gave a new charm to the incantations of the Muse; that the orator of America spoke in new and loftier tones of civic and philosophic eloquence; that the artist of America overmatched the godlike forms, whose placid beauty looks out upon us from the great past,—than annex to a country, already overgrown, every acre of desert land, from ocean to ocean and from pole to pole. If we combine the Roman character with the Greek, the Roman has had its sway long enough, and it is time the Greek should take its turn. Vast extent is something, but not everything. The magnificent civilization of England, and her imperial sway over the minds of men, are the trophies of a realm, geographically considered, but a satellite to the continent of Europe, which you can traverse in a single day. An American in London pithily expressed the feeling naturally excited in one familiar with our magnificent spaces and distances, when he told an English friend he dared not go to bed at night, for fear of falling overboard before morning. The states of Greece were of insignificant extent. On the map of the world they fill a scarcely visible space, and Attica is a microscopic dot. From the heights of Parnassus, from the Acrocorinthos, the eye ranges over the whole land, which has filled the universe with the renown of its mighty names. From the Acropolis of Athens we trace the scenes where Socrates conversed, and taught, and died; where Demosthenes breathed deliberate valor into the despairing hearts of his countrymen; where the dramatists exhibited their matchless tragedy and comedy; where Plato charmed the hearers of the

Academy with the divinest teaching of Philosophy, while the Cephissus murmured by under the shadow of immemorial olive groves; where St. Paul taught the wondering but respectful sages of the Agora, and the Hill of Mars, the knowledge of the living God, and the resurrection to life eternal. There stand the ruins of the Parthenon, saluted and transfigured by the rising and the setting sun, or the unspeakable loveliness of the Grecian night,—beautiful, solemn, pathetic. In that focus of an hour's easy walk, the lights of ancient culture condensed their burning rays; and from this centre they have lighted all time and the whole world.

ELIZABETH MARGARET CHANDLER.

ELIZABETH MARGARET, the daughter of Thomas Chandler, a Quaker farmer in easy circumstances, was born at Centre, near Wilmington, Delaware, December 24, 1807. She was educated at the Friends' schools in Philadelphia, and at an early age commenced writing verses. At eighteen she wrote a poem, *The Slave Ship*, which gained a prize offered by the Casket, a monthly magazine. She next became a contributor to the *Genius of Universal Emancipation*, an anti-slavery periodical of Philadelphia, in which most of her subsequent productions appeared.

In 1830, Miss Chandler removed with her aunt and brother (she had been left an orphan at an early age) to the territory of Michigan. The family settled near the village of Tecumseh, Lenawee county, on the river Raisin; the name of Hazlebank being given to their farm by the poetess. She continued her contributions from this place in prose and verse on the topic of Slavery until she was attacked in the spring of 1834 by a remittent fever; under the influence of which she gradually sank until her death on the twenty-second of November of the same year.

In 1836, a collection of *The Poetical Works of Elizabeth Margaret Chandler, with a Memoir of her Life and Character*, by Benjamin Lundy, the editor of the journal with which she was connected, appeared at Philadelphia. The volume also contains a number of *Essays, Philanthropical and Moral*, from the author's pen.

Miss Chandler's poems are on a variety of subjects; but whatever the theme, it is in almost every instance brought to bear on the topic of Slavery. Her compositions are marked by spirit, fluency, and feeling.

JOHN WOOLMAN.

Meek, humble, sinless as a very child,
Such wert thou,—and, though unbeheld, I seem
Of-times to gaze upon thy features mild,
Thy grave, yet gentle lip, and the soft beam
Of that kind eye, that knew not how to shed
A glance of aught save love, on any human head.
Servant of Jesus! Christian! not alone
In name and creed, with practice differing wide,
Thou didst not in thy conduct fear to own
His self-denying precepts for thy guide.
Stern only to thyself, all others felt
Thy strong rebuke was love, not meant to crush, but melt.

Thou, who didst pour o'er all the human kind
The gushing fervor of thy sympathy!
E'en the unreasoning brute failed not to find
A pleader for his happiness in thee.
Thy heart was moved for every breathing thing,
By careless man exposed to needless suffering.

But most the wrongs and sufferings of the slave,
Stirred the deep fountain of thy pitying heart;
And still thy hand was stretched to aid and save,
Until it seemed that thou hadst taken a part
In their existence, and couldst hold no more
A separate life from them, as thou hadst done before.
How the sweet pathos of thy eloquence,
Beautiful in its simplicity, went forth
Entreating for them! that this vile offence,
So unbecoming of our country's worth,
Might be removed before the threatening cloud,
Thou saw'st o'erhanging it, should burst in storm and blood.

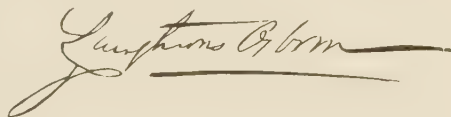
So may thy name be revered,—thou wert one

Of those whose virtues link us to our kind,
By our best sympathies; thy day is done,

But its twilight lingers still behind,
In thy pure memory; and we bless thee yet,
For the example fair thou hast before us set.

LAUGHTON OSBORN.

THE only account which we have met with of this gentleman, a member of a New York family, is in the late Mr. Poe's "Sketches of the Literati," and that furnishes little more than a recognition of the genius of the author, which is in some respects akin to that of his critic. Mr. Osborn has published anonymously, and all of his books have been of a character to excite attention. They are bold, discursive, play some tricks with good taste and propriety; and upon the whole are not less remarkable for their keenness of perception than for their want of judgment in its display. With more skill and a just proportion, the writer's powers would have made a deeper impression on the public. As it is, he has rather added to the curiosities of literature than to the familiar companions of the library. Mr. Osborn was a graduate of Columbia College, of the class of 1827.



His first book, *Sixty Years of the Life of Jeremy Lewis*, was published in New York in 1831, in two stout duodecimo volumes. It is a rambling Shandean autobiography; grotesque, humorous, sentimental, and satirical, though too crude and unfinished to hold a high rank for any of those qualities.

Mr. Poe mentions its successor, *The Dream of Alla-ad-Deen, from the Romance of Anastasia*, by Charles Erskine White, D.D., a pamphlet of thirty-two small pages, the design of which he states to be, "to reconcile us to death and evil on the somewhat unphilosophical ground that comparatively we are of little importance in the scale of creation."

The Confessions of a Poet appeared in Philadelphia in 1835. Its prefatory chapter, announcing the immediate suicide of the Nero, prepares the reader for the passionate romance of the intense school which follows.

In 1838 a curious anomalous satire was published at Boston, in a full-sized octavo volume, of noticeable typographical excellence, *The Vision of Rubeta, an Epic Story of the Island of*

Manhattan, with Illustrations done on Stone. In the relation of text and notes, and a certain air of learning, it bore a general resemblance to Mathias's "Pursuits of Literature." The labor was out of all proportion to the material. The particular game appeared to be the late Col. Stone, and his paper the *Commercial Advertiser*. The contributors to the New York American, the New York Review, and other periodicals of the time, also came in for notice; but the jest was a dull one, and the book failed to be read, notwithstanding its personalities. Among its other humors was a rabid attack on Wordsworth, the question of whose genius had by that time been settled for the rest of the world; and something of this was resumed in the author's subsequent volume, in 1841, published by the Appletons, entitled *Arthur Carryl, a Novel by the Author of the Vision of Rubeta, Cantos first and second. Odes; Epistles to Milton, Pope, Juvenal, and the Devil; Epigrams; Parodies of Horace; England as she is; and other minor Poems, by the same.* This is, upon the whole, the author's best volume. The critical prefaces exhibit his scholarship to advantage; the Odes, martial and amatory, are ardent and novel in expression; the Epistles to Milton, Pope, Juvenal—severally imitations of the blank verse, the couplet, and the hexameters of the originals—are skillful exercises. The chief piece, Arthur Carryl, a poem of the Don Juan class, has many felicitous passages of personal description, particularly of female beauty.

The next production of Mr. Osborn, indicative of the author's study and accomplishments as an artist, was of a somewhat different character, being an elaborate didactic *Treatise on Oil Painting*. It was received as a useful manual.

** Mr. Osborn has published in recent years a series of tragedies, comedies, and dramatic poems, comprising: *Calvary—Virginia: Tragedies*, 1867; *Alice, or, The Painter's Story*, 1867; *The Silver Head, and the Double Deceit: Comedies*, 1867; *Bianca Capello, a Tragedy*, 1868; *The Montanini,—The School for Critics, Comedies*, 1868; *Travels by Sea and Land of Alethitheras*, 1868; *Ugo Da Este—Uberto—The Cid of Seville: Tragedies*, 1869; *The Magnetizer—The Prodigal: Comedies in Prose*, 1869; *The Last Mandeville—The Heart's Sacrifice—The Monk—Matilda of Denmark: Tragedies*, 1870; *Meleagros—The New Calvary: Tragedies*, 1871; and *Mariamne, a Tragedy of Jewish History*, 1873.

SONNET—THE REPROACH OF VENUS.

The Queen of Rapture hovered o'er my bed,
Borne on the wings of Silence and the Night:
She touched with hers my glowing lips and said,
While my blood tingled with the keen delight,
"And is the spirit of thy youth then fled,
That made thee joy in other themes more bright?
For satire only must thine ink be shed,
And none but boys and fools my praises write?"
"O, by these swimming eyes," I said, and sighed,
"And by this pulse, which feels and fears thine art,
Thou know'st, enchantress, and thou seest with pride,
Thou of my being art the dearest part?
Let those sing love to whom love is denied;
But I, O queen, I chant thee in my heart."

TO JUVENAL.

Lord of the iron harp! thou master of diction
satiric,

Who, with the scourge of song, lashed vices in monarch and people,
And to the scoff of the age, and the scorn of all ages succeeding,
Bared the rank ulcers of sin in the loins of the Mistress of Nations!
I, who have touched the same chords, but with an indifferent finger,
Claim to belong to the choir, at whose head thou art seated supernal.
More, I have read thee all through, from the first to the ultimate spondee,—
Therefore am somewhat acquaint with thy spirit and manner of thinking.
Knowing thee, then, I presume to address without more introduction
Part of this packet to thee, and, out of respect to thy manes,—
Owing not less unto thine than I rendered to Pope's and to Milton's,—
Whirl my brisk thoughts o'er the leaf, on the wheels of thy spondee and dactyls.
Doubtless, by this time at least, thou art fully conversant with English;
But, shouldst thou stumble at all, lo! Pope close at hand to assist thee.

Last of the poets of Rome! thou never wouldst dream from what region
Cometh this greeting to thee; no bard of thy kind hath yet mounted
Up to the stars of the wise, from the bounds of the Ocean Atlantic.
Green yet the world of the West, how should it yield matter for satire?
Hither no doubt, from thy Latium, the stone-eating husband of Rhea
Fled from the vices of men, as thou in thy turn, rather later,
Went to Pentapolis. Here, the Saturnian age is restored:
Witness Astræa's own form on the dome of the palace of justice!
Here, in his snug little cot, lives each one content with his neighbor,
Envy, nor Hatred, nor Lust, nor any bad passion, triumphant;
Avarice known not in name,—for devil a soul hath a stiver.

How then, you ask, do we live? O, nothing on earth is more simple!
A. has no coat to his back; or B. is deficient in breeches;
C. makes them both without charge, and comes upon A. for his slippers,
While for his shelterless head B. gratefully shapes him a beaver,
'T is the perfection of peace! social union most fully accomplished!
Man is a brother to man, not a rival, or slave, or oppressor.
Nay, in the compact of love, all creatures are joyful partakers.

* * * * *

THE DEATH OF GENERAL PIKE.

"Twas on the glorious day
When our valiant triple band*
Drove the British troops away
From their strong and chosen stand;
When the city York was taken,
And the Bloody Cross hauled down

* The troops that landed to the attack were in three divisions

From the walls of the town
Its defenders had forsaken.
The gallant Pike had moved
A hurt foe to a spot
A little more removed
From the death-shower of the shot;
And he himself was seated
On the fragment of an oak,
And to a captive spoke,
Of the troops he had defeated.
He was seated in a place,
Not to shun the leaden rain
He had been the first to face,
And now burned to brave again,
But had chosen that position
Till the officer's return
The truth who'd gone to learn
Of the garrison's condition.
When suddenly the ground
With a dread convulsion shook,
And arose a frightful sound,
And the sun was hid in smoke;
And huge stones and rafters, driven
Athwart the heavy rack,
Fell, fatal on their track
As the thunderbolt of Heaven.
Then two hundred men and more,
Of our bravest and our best,
Lay all ghastly in their gore,
And the hero with the rest.
On their folded arms they laid him;
But he raised his dying breath:
"On, men, avenge the death
Of your general!" They obeyed him.
They obeyed. Three cheers they gave,
Closed their scattered ranks, and on.
Though their leader found a grave,
Yet the hostile town was won.
To a vessel straight they bore him
Of the gallant Chauncey's fleet,
And, the conquest complete,
Spread the British flag before him.
O'er his eyes the long, last night
Was already falling fast;
But came back again the light
For a moment; 't was the last.
With a victor's joy they fired,
'Neath his head by signs he bade
The trophy should be laid;
And, thus pillowed, Pike expired.

EDWARD S. GOULD.

EDWARD S. GOULD, a merchant of New York, whose occasional literary publications belong to several departments of literature, is a son of the late Judge Gould* of Connecticut, and was born at

* James Gould (1770-1838) was the descendant of an English family which early settled in America. He was educated at Yale; studied with Judge Reeve at the law school at Litchfield; and on his admission to the bar, became associated with him in the conduct of that institution. The school became highly distinguished by the acumen and ability of its chief instructors and the many distinguished pupils who went forth from it, including John C. Calhoun, John M. Clayton, John Y. Mason, Levi Woodbury, Francis L. Hawks, Judge Theron Metcalf, James G. King, Daniel Lord, William C. Wetmore, and George Griffin, of the bar of New York. In 1816, Mr. Gould was appointed Judge of the Superior Court and Supreme Court of Errors of Connecticut. His legal reputation survives in his well known law book, *Treatise on the Principles of Pleading in Civil Actions*.

There is a memoir of Judge Gould in the second volume of Mr. G. H. Hollister's History of Connecticut, 1855.

Litchfield in that state May 11, 1808. As a writer of Tales and Sketches, he was one of the early contributors to the Knickerbocker Magazine, and has since frequently employed his pen in the newspaper and periodical literature of the times; in Mr. Charles King's American in its latter days, where his signature of "Cassio" was well known; in the New World, the Mirror, the Literary World, and other journals. In 1836, he delivered a lecture before the Mercantile Library Association of New York, "American Criticism on American Literature," in which he opposed the prevalent spirit of ultra-laudation as injurious to the interests of the country. In 1839, he published a translation of Dumas's travels in Egypt and Arabia Petrea; in 1841, the Progress of Democracy by the same author; and in 1842-3, he published through the enterprising New World press, Translations of Dumas's Impressions of Travel in Switzerland; Balzac's Eugenie Grandet and Father Goriot; Victor Hugo's Handsome Pecopin and A. Royer's Charles de Bourbon.

In 1843, he also published *The Sleep Rider, or the Old Boy in the Omnibus, by the Man in the Claret-Colored Coat*; a designation which grew out of an incident at the City Arsenal during the exciting election times of 1834. A riot occurred in the sixth ward, which the police failed to suppress, and certain citizens volunteered to put it down. They took forcible possession of the Arsenal and supplied themselves with arms against the opposition of Gen. Arcularius, the keeper. Gen. A. made a notable report of the assault to the legislature, in which an unknown individual in a claret-colored coat was the hero; and the term, the man in the claret-colored coat, immediately became a by-word. Mr. Gould wrote for the Mirror a parody on the report, purporting to come from the celebrated "Man in Claret," which made a great hit in literary circles. The Sleep Rider is a clever book of Sketches, a series of dramatic and colloquial Essays, presented after the runaway fashion of Sterne.

As a specimen of its peculiar manner, we may cite a brief chapter, which has a glance at the novelist.

..... Action.
MUNCHHAUSEN.

I have ever sympathized deeply with the writer of fiction; the novelist, that is, et id genus omne. He sustains a heavier load of responsibility—

I beg pardon, my dear sir. I know you are nice in the matter of language; and that word was not English when the noblest works in English literature were written. But sir, though I dread the principle of innovation, I do feel that "responsibility" is indispensable at the present day: it saves a circumlocution, in expressing a common thought, and there is no other word that performs its exact duty. Besides, did not the immortal Jackson use it and take it?

I say, then, He sustains a heavier load of responsibility than any other man. First of all, he must invent his plot—a task which, at this time of the world, and after the libraries that have been written, is no trifle. Then, he must create a certain number of characters for whose principles, conduct, and fate, he becomes answerable. He must employ them judiciously; he must make them all—from a cabin-boy to a King—speak French and utter profound wisdom on every imaginable and unimaginable sub-

ject—taking special care that no one of them, by any chance, shall feel, think, act, or speak as any human being, in real life, ever did or would or could feel, think, act, or speak; and in the meantime, and during all time, he must, by a process at once natural, dexterous, and superhuman, relieve these people from all embarrassments and quandaries into which, in his moments of fervid inspiration, he has inadvertently thrown them.

Now, my dear sir, when you come to reflect on it this is a serious business.

The historian, on the other hand, has a simple task to perform. His duty is light. He has merely to tell the truth. His wisdom, his invention, his dexterity, all go for nothing. I grant you, some historians have gained a sort of reputation—but how can they deserve it when all that is true in their books is borrowed; and all that is original, is probably false?

I was led into this train of reflection—which, in good sooth, is not very profound, though perhaps not the less useful on that account—while mending my pen: and I felicitated myself that I was no dealer in fiction. For, said I, had I invented this narrative and rashly put nine people into a magnetic slumber in an omnibus, how should I ever get them out again?

Fortunately, I stand on smooth ground here. I am telling the truth. I am relating events as they occurred. I am telling you, my dear sir, what actually took place in this omnibus, and I hope to inform you, ere long, what took place out of it. In short, I am a historian, whose simple duty is to proceed in a direct line.

And now, having mended my pen, I will get on as fast as the weather and the state of the roads permit.

The same year Mr. Gould published an *Abridgment of Alison's History of Europe* in a single octavo volume,* which from the labor and care bestowed upon it has claims of its own to consideration. The entire work of Alison was condensed from the author's ten volumes, and entirely re-written, every material fact being preserved while errors were corrected; a work the more desirable in consequence of the diffuse style and occasional negligence of the original author. The numerous editions which the book has since passed through, afford best proof of its utility and faithful execution.

In 1850, Mr. Gould published *The Very Age*, a comedy written for the stage. The plot turns on distinctions of fashionable life, and the assumption by one of the characters of the favorable position in the intrigue of a foreign Count; while a serious element is introduced in the female revenge of a West Indian, who had been betrayed in her youth by the millionaire of the piece.

** Mr. Gould's later works are: *John Doe and Richard Roe; or, Episodes of Life in New York*, 1862; *Good English; or, Popular Errors in Language*, a series of articles reprinted from the *New York Evening Post*, with a lecture on "Clerical Elocution," 1867; and *A Supplement to Duyckinck's History of the World*, 1871.

* History of Europe, from the Commencement of the French Revolution in 1789 to the restoration of the Bourbons in 1815, by Archibald Alison, F.R.S.E., Advocate, abridged from the last London edition, for the use of general readers, colleges, academies, and other seminaries of learning, by Edward S. Gould, 4th ed. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1845. 8vo. pp. 682.

JOHN W. GOULD, a brother of the preceding, was born at Litchfield, Conn., Nov. 14, 1814. He was a very successful writer of tales and sketches of the sea; his fine talents having been directed to that department of literature by one or more long voyages undertaken for the benefit of his health. He died of consumption, at sea, in the twenty-fourth year of his age, Oct. 1, 1838.

His writings were originally published in detached numbers of the *New York Mirror* and the *Knickerbocker Magazine* in the years 1834-5; and after his death, in 1838, were collected in a handsome volume, containing also a biographical sketch and his private journal of the voyage on which he died. This volume was issued by his brothers for private circulation only.* The tales and sketches of the volume, under the title of *Forecastle Yarns*, were published by the New World press in 1843, and in a new edition by Stringer & Townsend, New York, 1854.

An unfinished story found among his papers after his death, will convey a correct impression of Mr. Gould's descriptive powers. The fragment is entitled

MAN OVERBOARD.

"Meet her, quartermaster!" said the officer of the deck; "hold on, everybody!"

Torn from my grasp upon the capstan by a mountain-wave which swept us in its power, I was borne over the lee-bulwarks; and a rope which I grasped in my passage, not being belayed, unrove in my hands, and I was buried in the sea.

"Man overboard!" rang along the decks. "Cut away the life-buoy!"

Stunned and strangling, I rose to the surface, and instinctively struck out for the ship; while, clear above the roar of the storm and the dash of the cold, terrible sea, the loud thunder of the trumpet came full on my ear:

"Man the weather main and maintop-sail braces; slack the lee ones; round in; stand by to lower away the lee-quarter boat!"

My first plunge for the ship, whose dim outline I could scarcely perceive in the almost pitchy darkness of the night, most fortunately brought me within reach of the life-buoy grating. Climbing upon this, I used the faithless rope, still in my hand, to lash myself fast; and, thus freed from the fear of immediate drowning, I could more quietly watch and wait for rescue.

The ship was now hidden from my sight; but, being to leeward, I could with considerable distinctness make out her whereabouts, and judge of the motions on board. Directly, a signal-lantern glanced at her peak; and oh! how brightly shone that solitary beam on my straining eye!—for, though rescued from immediate peril, what other succor could I look for, during that fearful swell, on which no boat could live a moment? What could I expect save a lingering, horrid death?

Within a cable's length, lay my floating home, where, ten minutes before, not a lighter heart than mine was inclosed by her frowning bulwarks; and, though so near that I could hear the rattling of her cordage and the rustling thunder of her canvas, I could also hear those orders from her trumpet which extinguished hope.

* John W. Gould's Private Journal of a Voyage from New York to Rio Janeiro; together with a brief sketch of his life, and his Occasional Writings, edited by his brothers. Printed for private circulation only. New York. 1839. 8vo. pp. 207.

"Belay all with that boat!" said a voice that I knew right well; "she can't live a minute!"

My heart died within me, and I closed my eyes in despair. Next fell upon my ear the rapid notes of the drum beating to quarters, with all the clash, and tramp, and roar of a night alarm; while I could also faintly hear the mustering of the divisions, which was done to ascertain *who* was missing. Then came the hissing of a rocket, which, bright and clear, soared to heaven; and again falling, its momentary glare was quenched in the waves.

Drifting from the ship, the hum died away: but see—that sheet of flame!—the thunder of a gun boomed over the stormy sea. Now the blaze of a blue-light illumines the darkness, revealing the tall spars and white canvass of the ship, *still* near me!

"Maintop there!" came the hail again, "do you see him to leeward?"

"No, sir!" was the chill reply.

The ship now remained stationary, with her light aloft; but I could perceive nothing more for some minutes; they have given me up for lost.

That I could see the ship, those on board well knew, provided I had gained the buoy: but their object was to discover me, and now several blue-lights were burned at once on various parts of the rigging. How plainly could I see her rolling in the swell!—at one moment engulfed, and in the next rising clear above the wave, her bright masts and white sails glancing, the mirror of hope, in this fearful illumination; while I, covered with the breaking surge, was tossed wildly about, now on the crest, now in the trough of the sea.

"There he is, Sir! right abeam!" shouted twenty voices, as I rose upon a wave.

"Man the braces!" was the quick, clear, and joyous reply of the trumpet: while, to cheer the forlorn heart of the drowning seaman, the martial tones of the bugle rung out, "*Boarders, away!*" and the shrill call of the boatswain piped, "Haul taut and belay!" and the noble ship, blazing with light, fell off before the wind.

A new danger now awaited me; for the immense hull of the sloop-of-war came plunging around, bearing directly down upon me; while her increased proximity enabled me to discern all the minutiae of the ship, and even to recognise the face of the first lieutenant, as, trumpet in hand, he stood on the fore-castle.

Nearer yet she came, while I could move only as the wave tossed me; and now, the end of her flying-jib-boom is almost over my head!

"Hard a-port!" hailed the trumpet at this critical moment; "round in weather main-braces; right the helm!"

The spray from the bows of the ship, as she came up, dashed over me, and the increased swell buried me for an instant under a mountain-wave; emerging from which, there lay my ship, hove-to, not her length to windward!

"Garnet," hailed the lieutenant from the leegangway, "are you there, my lad?"

"Ay, ay, Sir!" I shouted in reply; though I doubted whether, in the storm, the response could reach him; but the thunder-toned cheering which, despite the discipline of a man-of-war, now rung from the decks and rigging, put *that* fear at rest, and my heart bounded with rapture in the joyous hope of a speedy rescue.

"All ready!" hailed the lieutenant again: "heave!" and four ropes, with small floats attached, were thrown from the ship and fell around me. None, however, actually touched me; and for this reason the experiment failed; for I could not

move my unwieldy grating, and dared not leave it; as by so doing, I might in that fearful swell miss the rope, be unable to regain my present position, and drown between the two chances of escape.

I was so near to the ship that I could recognise the faces of the crew on her illuminated deck, and hear the officers as they told me where the ropes lay; but the fearful alternative I have mentioned, caused me to hesitate, until I, being so much lighter than the vessel, found myself fast drifting to leeward. I then resolved to make the attempt, but as I measured the distance of the nearest float with my eye, my resolution again faltered, and the precious and final opportunity was lost! Now, too, the storm which, as if in compassion, had temporarily lulled, roared again in full fury; and the safety of the ship required that she should be put upon her course.

* * * * *

ASA GREENE.

ASA GREENE was a physician of New England, who came to New York about 1830, and finally established himself as a bookseller in Beekman street. He was the author of *The Travels of Ex-Barber Fribbleton*, a satire on Fidler and other scribbling English tourists; *The Life and Adventures of Dr. Dodimus Duckworth, A.N.Q.*, to which is added *the History of a Steam Doctor*, a semi-mock-heroic biography of a spoiled child, who grows up to be an awkward clown, but is gradually rounded off into a country practitioner of repute. The incidents of the story are slight, and the whole is in the style of the broadest farce, but possesses genuine humor. This appeared in 1833. In 1834 he published *The Perils of Pearl Street*, including *a Taste of the Dangers of Wall Street*, by a *Late Merchant*, a narrative of the fortunes or misfortunes of a country lad, who comes to New York in search of wealth, obtains a clerkship, next becomes a dealer on his own account, fails, and after a few desperate shifts, settles down as a professor of book-keeping, and, by the venture of the volume before us, of book-making.

The Perils of Pearl Street is in a quieter tone than *Dodimus Duckworth*, but shares in its humor. Peter Funks and drumming, shinning and speculations, with the skin-flint operations of boarding-house keepers, are its chief topics. Greene was also the author of another volume, *A Glance at New York*, which bears his imprint as publisher in 1837, and was for some time editor of the *Evening Transcript*, a pleasant daily paper of New York. He was found dead in his store one morning in the year 1837.

PETER FUNK.

The firm of Smirk, Quirk & Co. affected a great parade and bustle in the way of business. They employed a large number of clerks, whom they boarded at the different hotels, for the convenience of drumming; besides each member of the firm boarding in like manner, and for a similar purpose. They had an immense pile of large boxes, such as are used for packing dry-goods, constantly before their door, blocking up the side-walk so that it was nearly impossible to pass. They advertised largely in several of the daily papers, and made many persons believe, what they boasted themselves, that they sold more dry-goods than any house in the city.

But those who were behind the curtain, knew better. They knew there was a great deal of vain boast and empty show. They knew that Peter Funk was much employed about the premises, and putting the best possible face upon every thing.

By the by, speaking of PETER FUNK, I must give a short history of that distinguished personage. When, or where, he was born, I cannot pretend to say. Neither do I know who were his parents, or what was his bringing up. He might have been the child of thirty-six fathers for aught I know; and instead of being brought up, have, as the vulgar saying is, come up himself.

One thing is certain, he has been known among merchants time out of mind; and though he is despised and hated by some, he is much employed and cherished by others. He is a little, bustling, active, smiling, bowing, scraping, quizzical fellow, in a powdered wig, London-brown coat, drab kerseymere breeches, and black silk stockings.

This is the standing portrait of Peter Funk,—if a being, who changes his figure every day, every hour, and perhaps every minute, may be said to have any sort of fixed or regular form. The truth is, Peter Funk is a very Proteus; and those who behold him in one shape to-day, may, if they will watch his transformations, behold him in a hundred different forms on the morrow. Indeed there is no calculating, from his present appearance, in what shape he will be likely to figure next. He changes at will, to suit the wishes of his employers.

His mind is as flexible as his person. He has no scruples of conscience. He is ready to be employed in all manner of deceit and devilry; and he cares not who his employers are, if they only give him plenty of business. In short, he is the most active, industrious, accommodating, dishonest, unprincipled, convenient little varlet that ever lived.

Besides all the various qualities I have mentioned, Peter Funk seems to be endowed with ubiquity—or at least with the faculty of being present in more places than one at the same time. If it were not so, how could he serve so many masters at once? How could he be seen in one part of Pearl street buying goods at auction; in another part, standing at the door with a quill behind each ear; and in a third, figuring in the shape of a box of goods, or cooped up on the shelf, making a show of merchandise where all was emptiness behind?

With this account of Peter Funk, my readers have perhaps, by this time, gathered some idea of his character. If not, I must inform them that he is the very imp of deception; that his sole occupation is to deceive; and that he is only employed for that purpose. Indeed, such being his known character in the mercantile community, his name is sometimes used figuratively to signify any thing which is employed for the purpose of deception—or as the sharp ones say, to gull the flats.

Such being the various and accommodating character of Peter Funk, it is not at all surprising that his services should be in great demand. Accordingly he is very much employed in Pearl street, sometimes under one name, and sometimes under another—for I should have mentioned, as a part of his character, that he is exceedingly apt to change names, and has as many *aliases* as the most expert rogue in Bride-well or the Court of Sessions. Sometimes he takes the name of John Smith, sometimes James Smith, and sometimes simply Mr. Smith. At other times he is called Roger Brown, Simon White, Bob Johnson, or Tommy Thompson. In short, he has an endless variety of names, under which he passes before the world for so many different persons. The initiated only know, and every body else is gulled.

Peter Funk is a great hand at auctions. He is constantly present, bidding up the goods as though he was determined to buy everything before him. He is well known for bidding higher than any body else; or at all events running up an article to the very highest notch, though he finally lets the opposing bidder take it, merely, as he says, to accommodate him—or, not particularly wanting the article himself, he professes to have bid upon it solely because he thought it a great pity so fine a piece of goods should go so very far beneath its value.

It is no uncommon thing to see the little fellow attending an auction in his powdered wig, his brown coat, his drab kerseys, as fat as a pig, as sleek as a mole, and smiling with the most happy countenance, as if he were about to make his fortune. It is no uncommon thing, to see him standing near the auctioneer, and exclaiming, as he keeps bobbing his head in token of bidding—"A superb piece of goods! a fine piece of goods! great pity it should go so cheap—I don't want it, but I'll give another twenty-five cents, rather than it should go for nothing." The opposite bidder is probably some novice from the country—some honest Johnny Raw, who is shrewd enough in what he understands, but has never in his life heard of Peter Funk. Seeing so very knowing and respectable a looking man, bidding upon the piece of goods and praising it up at every nod, he naturally thinks it must be a great bargain, and he is determined to have it, let it cost what it will. The result is, that he gives fifty per cent. more for the article than it is worth; and the auctioneer and Peter Funk are ready to burst with laughter at the prodigious gull they have made of the poor countryman.

By thus running up goods, Peter is of great service to the auctioneers, though he never pays them a cent of money. Indeed it is not his intention to purchase, nor is it that of the auctioneer that he should. Goods nevertheless are frequently struck off to him; and then the salesman cries out the name of Mr. Smith, Mr. Johnson, or some other among the hundred aliases of Peter Funk, as the purchaser. But the goods, on such occasions, are always taken back by the auctioneer, agreeably to a secret understanding between him and Peter.

In a word, Peter Funk is the great *under-bidder* at all the auctions, and might with no little propriety be styled the under-bidder general. But this sort of characters are both unlawful and unpopular—not to say odious—and hence it becomes necessary for Peter Funk, *alias* the under-bidder, to have so many aliases to his name, in order that he may not be detected in the underhanded practice of under-bidding.

To avoid detection, however, he sometimes resorts to other tricks, among which one is, to act the part of a ventriloquist, and appear to be several different persons, bidding in different places. He has the knack of changing his voice at will, and counterfeiting that of sundry well-known persons; so that goods are sometimes knocked off to gentlemen who have never opened their mouths.

But a very common trick of Peter's, is, to conceal himself in the cellar, from whence, through a convenient hole near the auctioneer, his voice is heard bidding for goods; and nobody, but those in the secret, know from whence the sound proceeds. This is acting the part of Peter Funk in the cellar.

But Peter, for the most part, is fond of being seen in some shape or other; and it matters little what, so that he can aid his employers in carrying on a system of deception. He will figure in the shape of a box, bale, or package of goods; he will ap-

pear in twenty different places, at the same time, on the shelf of a jobber—sometimes representing a specimen of English, French, or other goods—but being a mere shadow, and nothing else—a phantasma—a show without the substance. In this manner it was, that he often figured in the service of Smirk, Quirk & Co.; and while people were astonished at the prodigious quantity of goods they had in their store, two thirds at least of the show was owing to Peter Funk.

WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER.

WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER, one of the leading writers of the West, was born at Philadelphia in 1808. His father was a native of Ireland, who emigrated to this country after the failure of the Rebellion of 1798, in which he had taken a prominent part on the popular side.

After his death his widow removed in 1816 to Ohio, and settled at Cincinnati, where the son became a printer. As with many others of the same craft, the setting of type was after a while exchanged for the production of "copy." Mr. Gallagher became editor of a literary periodical, the Cincinnati Mirror, which he continued for some time, contributing to its pages from his own pen a number of prose tales and poems, which attracted much attention. The enterprise, as is usually the case with pioneer literary efforts, was peculiarly unsuccessful. During a portion of its career, Mr. Gallagher also edited the Western Literary Journal, published at Cincinnati, a work which closed a brief existence in 1836. He was afterwards connected with the Hesperian, a publication of a similar character, and since 1853 has been a farmer in Kentucky.

The first production of Mr. Gallagher which attracted general public attention was a poem published anonymously in one of the periodicals, entitled *The Wreck of the Hornet*. This was reprinted in the first collection of his poems, published in a thin volume in 1835, entitled *Errato*. The chief poem of this collection is the *Penitent, a Metrical Tale*.

A second part of *Errato* appeared in the fall of 1835. It opens with *The Conqueror*, a poem of six hundred and sixty lines on Napoleon. The third and concluding number of the series appeared in 1837, and contained a narrative poem entitled *Cadwallen*, the incidents of which are drawn from the Indian conflicts of our frontier history.

The chief portions of *Errato* are occupied by a number of poems of description and reflection, with a few lyrical pieces interspersed, all of which possess melody, and have won a favorable reception throughout the country.

In 1841 Mr. Gallagher edited a volume entitled *Selections from the Poetical Literature of the West*, a work peculiarly appropriate for one who had done so much by his labors in behalf of literature, as well as his own contributions to the common stock, to foster and honor the necessarily arduous pursuit of literature in a new country.

AUTUMN.

Dust on thy mantle! dust,
Bright Summer, on thy livery of green!
A tarnish, as of rust,
Dims thy late brilliant sheen:

And thy young glories—leaf, and bud, and flower—
Change cometh over them with every hour.

Thee hath the August sun
Looked on with hot, and fierce, and brassy face:
And still and lazily run,
Scarce whispering in their pace,
The half-dried rivulets, that lately sent
A shout of gladness up, as on they went.

Flame-like, the long mid-day—
With not so much of sweet air as hath stirred
The down upon the spray,
Where rests the panting bird,
Dozing away the hot and tedious noon,
With fitful twitter, sadly out of tune.

Seeds in the sultry air,
And gossamer web-work on the sleeping trees!
E'en the tall pines, that rear
Their plumes to catch the breeze,
The slightest breeze from the unfreshening west,
Partake the general languor, and deep rest.

Happy, as man may be,
Stretched on his back, in homely bean-vine bower,
While the voluptuous bee
Robs each surrounding flower,
And prattling childhood clammers o'er his breast,
The husbandman enjoys his noon-day rest.

Against the hazy sky,
The thin and fleecy clouds, unmoving, rest.
Beneath them far, yet high
In the dim, distant west,
The vulture, scenting thence its carrion-fare,
Sails, slowly circling in the sunny air.

Soberly, in the shade,
Repose the patient cow, and toil-worn ox;
Or in the shoal stream wade,
Sheltered by jutting rocks:
The fleecy flock, fly-scourged and restless, rush
Madly from fence to fence, from bush to bush.

Tediously pass the hours,
And vegetation wilts, with blistered root—
And droop the thirsting flowers,
Where the slant sunbeams shoot;
But of each tall old tree, the lengthening line,
Slow-creeping eastward, marks the day's decline.

Faster, along the plain,
Moves now the shade, and on the meadow's edge:
The kine are forth again,
The bird flits in the hedge.
Now in the molten west sinks the hot sun.
Welcome, mild eve!—the sultry day is done.

Pleasantly comest thou,
Dew of the evening, to the crisped-up grass;
And the curled corn-blades bow,
As the light breezes pass,
That their parched lips may feel thee, and expand,
Thou sweet reviver of the fevered land.

So, to the thirsting soul,
Cometh the dew of the Almighty's love;
And the seathed heart, made whole,
Turneth in joy above,
To where the spirit freely may expand,
And rove, untrammelled, in that "better land."

THE LABORER.

Stand up erect! Thou hast the form
And likeness of thy God!—who more!
A soul as dauntless 'mid the storm
Of daily life, a heart as warm
And pure as breast e'er wore.

What then!—Thou art as true a MAN

As moves the human mass among;
As much a part of the Great Plan
That with Creation's dawn began,
As any of the throng.

Who is thine enemy!—the high
In station, or in wealth the chieff!
The great, who coldly pass thee by,
With proud step, and averted eye?
Nay! nurse not such belief.

If true unto thyself thou wast,
What were the proud one's scorn to thee!
A feather, which thou mightest cast
Aside, as idly as the blast
The light leaf from the tree.

No!—uncurbed passions—low desires—
Absence of noble self-respect—
Death, in the breast's consuming fires,
To that high nature which aspires
For ever, till thus checked:

These are thine enemies—thy worst:
They chain thee to thy lowly lot—
Thy labor and thy life accurst.
Oh, stand erect! and from them burst!
And longer suffer not!

Thou art thyself thine enemy!
The great!—what better they than thou!
As theirs, is not thy will as free!
Has God with equal favors thee
Neglected to endow?

True, wealth thou hast not: it is but dust!
Nor place: uncertain as the wind!
But that thou hast, which, with thy crust
And water, may despise the lust
Of both—a noble mind.

With this, and passions under ban,
True faith, and holy trust in God,
Thou art the peer of any man.
Look up, then—that thy little span
Of life may be well trod!

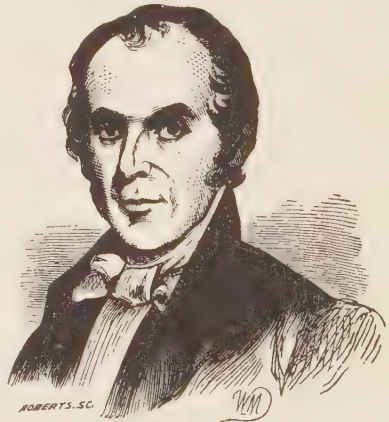
JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

Is of a Quaker family, established, in spite of old Puritan persecutions, on the banks of the Merrimack, where, at the homestead in the neighborhood of Haverhill, Massachusetts, the poet was born in 1808. Until his eighteenth year he lived at home, working on the farm, writing occasional verses for the Haverhill Gazette, and turning his hand to a little shoemaking, one of the industrial resources with which the New England farmer sometimes ekes out the family subsistence.* Then came two years of town academy learning, when he became editor, in 1829, at Boston, of the *American Manufacture*, a newspaper in the tariff

* In a genial article on Mr. Whittier from the pen of Mr. W. S. Thayer in the *North American Review* for July, 1854, to which we are under obligations for several facts in the present notice, there is this explanation of the shoemaking incident:—"Indeed, upon the strength of this, 'the gentle craft of leather' have laid an especial claim to him as one of their own poets; but we are afraid that mankind would go barefooted if St. Crispin had never had a more devoted disciple. It is characteristic of the thrift of New England farmers to provide extra occupation for a rainy day, and during the winter season, or when the weather is too inclement for out-of-door work, the farmer and his sons turn an honest penny by giving their attention to some employment equally remunerative. For this purpose they have near the farm-house a small shed stocked with the appropriate implements of labor. But from what we know of Whittier's life, it could not have been long before he violated the Horatian precept which forbids the shoemaker to go beyond his last."

interest. In 1830 he became editor of the paper which had been conducted by Brainard at Hartford, and when the "Remains" of that poet were published in 1832, he wrote the prefatory memoir. In 1831 appeared, in a small octavo volume, at Hartford, his *Legends of New England*, which represents a taste early formed by him of the quaint Indian and colonial superstitions of the country, and which his friend Brainard had delicately touched in several of his best poems. *The Supernaturalism of New England*, which he published in 1847, may be considered a sequel to this volume. There was an early poem published by Whittier, *Moll Pitcher*, a tale of a witch of Nahant, which may be classed with these productions, rather poetical essays in prose and verse on a favorite subject than, strictly speaking, poetical creations.

Kindred in growth to these, was his Indian story, *Mogg Megone*, which appeared in 1836, and has its name from a leader among the Saco Indians in the war of 1677. It is a spirited version, mostly in the octosyllabic measure, of Indian affairs and character from the old narratives, with a lady's story of wrong and penitence, which introduces the rites of the Roman Church in connexion with the Indians. *The Bridal of Pennacook* is another Indian poem, with the skeleton of a story out of Morton's *New England's Canaan*, which is made the vehicle for some of the author's finest ballad writings and descriptions of nature. Another reproduction of this old period is the *Leaves from Margaret Smith's Journal*, written in the antique style brought into vogue by the clever Lady Willoughby's Diary. The fair journalist, with a taste for nature, poetry, and character, and fully sensitive to the religious influences of the spot, visits New England in 1678, and writes her account of the manners and influences of the time to her cousin in England, a gentleman to



J. G. Whittier

whom she is to be married. In point of delicacy and happy description, this work is full of beau-

ties; though the unnecessary tediousness of its form will remain a permanent objection to it.

Returning to the order of our narrative, from these exhibitions of Whittier's early tastes, we find him, after a few years spent at home in farming, and representing his town in the state legislature, engaged in the proceedings of the American Anti-Slavery Society, of which he was elected a secretary in 1836, and in defence of its principles editing the *Pennsylvania Freeman* in Philadelphia. *The Voices of Freedom*, which form a section of his poems in the octavo edition of his writings, afford the best specimens of these numerous effusions.* The importance attached to them by the abolition party has probably thrown into the shade some of the finer qualities of his mind.

In 1840 Mr. Whittier took up his residence in Amesbury, Massachusetts, where his later productions have been written, and whence he forwarded his contributions to the *National Era* at Washington; collecting from time to time his articles in books.

In 1850 appeared his volume, *Old Portraits and Modern Sketches*, a series of prose essays on Bunyan, Baxter, Ellwood, Nayler, Andrew Marvell, the Quaker John Roberts, for the ancients; and the Americans, Leggett, the abolition writer Rogers, and the poet Dinsmore for the moderns. In the same year he published *Songs of Labor and other Poems*, in which he seeks to dignify and render interesting the mechanic arts by the associations of history and fancy. *The Chapel of the Hermits, and other Poems*, was published in 1853. The chief poem commemorates an incident in the lives of Rousseau and St. Pierre, when they were visiting a hermitage, and while waiting for the monks, Rousseau—as the anecdote is recorded in the “*Studies of Nature*,”—proposed some devotional exercises. Whittier illustrates by this his Quaker argument for the spiritual independence of the soul, which will find its own nutriment for itself.

Mr. Whittier has written too frequently on occasional topics of local or passing interest, to claim for all his verses the higher qualities of poetry. Many of them are purely didactic, and serve the purposes of forcible newspaper leaders. In others he has risen readily to genuine eloquence, or tempered his poetic fire by the simplicity of true pathos. Like most masters of energetic expression, he relies upon the strong Saxon elements of the language, the use of which is noticeable in his poems.

THE NEW WIFE AND THE OLD.†

Dark the halls, and cold the feast—
Gone the bridemaids, gone the priest!
All is over—all is done,
Twain of yesterday are one!
Blooming girl and manhood grey,
Autumn in the arms of May!

Hushed within and hushed without,
Dancing feet and wrestlers' shout;

Dies the bonfire on the hill;
All is dark and all is still,
Save the starlight, save the breeze
Moaning through the grave-yard trees;
And the great sea-waves below,
Like the night's pulse, beating slow.

From the brief dream of a bride
She hath awakened, at his side.
With half uttered shriek and start—
Feels she not his beating heart?
And the pressure of his arm,
And his breathing near and warm?

Lightly from the bridal bed
Springs that fair dishevelled head,
And a feeling, new, intense,
Half of shame, half innocence,
Maiden fear and wonder speaks
Through her lips and changing cheeks
From the oaken mantel glowing
Faintest light the lamp is throwing
On the mirror's antique mould,
High-backed chair, and wainscot old,
And, through faded curtains stealing,
His dark sleeping face revealing.

Listless lies the strong man there,
Silver-streaked his careless hair;
Lips of love have left no trace
On that hard and haughty face;
And that forehead's knitted thought
Love's soft hand hath not unwrought.

“Yet,” she sighs, “he loves me well,
More than these calm lips will tell,
Stooping to my lowly state,
He hath made me rich and great,
And I bless him, though he be
Hard and stern to all save me!”

While she speaketh, falls the light
O'er her fingers small and white;
Gold and gem, and costly ring
Back the timid lustre fling—
Love's selectest gifts, and rare,
His proud hand had fastened there.

Gratefully she marks the glow
From those tapering lines of snow;
Fondly o'er the sleeper bending
His black hair with golden blending,
In her soft and light caress,
Cheek and lip together press.

Ha!—that start of horror!—Why
That wild stare and wilder cry,
Full of terror, full of pain?
Is there madness in her brain?
Hark! that gasping, hoarse and low:
“Spare me—spare me—let me go!”

God have mercy!—Icy cold
Spectral hands her own enfold,
Drawing silently from them
Love's fair gifts of gold and gem,
“Waken! save me!” still as death
At her side he slumbereth.

Ring and bracelet all are gone,
And that ice-cold hand withdrawn;
But she hears a murmur low,
Full of sweetness, full of woe,
Half a sigh and half a moan:
“Fear not! give the dead her own!”

Ah!—the dead wife's voice she knows!
That cold hand whose pressure froze,
Once in warmest life had borne
Gem and band her own hath worn

* Boston: Mussey and Co., 1850, with illustrations by Billings.

† This Ballad is founded upon one of the marvellous legends connected with the famous Gen. M., of Hampton, N.H., who was regarded by his neighbors as a Yankee Faust, in league with the adversary. I give the story as I heard it when a child from a venerable family visitant.

"Wake thee! wake thee!" Lo, his eyes
Open with a dull surprise

In his arms the strong man folds her,
Closer to his breast he holds her;
Trembling limbs his own are meeting,
And he feels her heart's quick beating:

"Nay, my dearest, why this fear?"
"Hush!" she saith, "the dead is here!"

"Nay, a dream—anidle dream."
But before the lamp's pale gleam
Tremblingly her hand she raises,—
There no more the diamond blazes,
Clasp of pearl, or ring of gold,—
"Ah!" she sighs, "her hand was cold!"

Broken words of cheer he saith,
But his dark lip quivereth,
And as o'er the past he thinketh,
From his young wife's arms he shrinketh;
Can those soft arms round him lie,
Underneath his dead wife's eye?

She her fair young head can rest
Soothed and child-like on his breast,
And in trustful innocence
Draw new strength and courage thence;
He, the proud man, feels within
But the cowardice of sin!

She can murmur in her thought
Simple prayers her mother taught,
And His blessed angels call,
Whose great love is over all;
He, alone, in prayerless pride,
Meets the dark Past at her side.

One, who living shrank with dread
From his look, or word, or tread,
Unto whom her early grave—
Was as freedom to the slave,
Moves him at this midnight hour,
With the dead's unconscious power!

Ah, the dead, the unforgot!
From their solemn homes of thought,
Where the cypress shadows blend
Darkly over foe and friend,
Or in love or sad rebuke,
Back upon the living look.

And the tenderest ones and weakest,
Who their wrongs have borne the meekest,
Lifting from those dark, still places,
Sweet and sad-remembered faces,
O'er the guilty hearts behind
An unwitting triumph find.

A DREAM OF SUMMER.

Bland as the morning breath of June
The southwest breezes play;
And, through its haze, the winter noon
Seems warm as summer's day.
The snow-plumed Angel of the North
Has dropped his icy spear;
Again the mossy earth looks forth,
Again the streams gush clear.

The fox his hill-side cell forsakes,
The muskrat leaves his nook,
The bluebird in the meadow brakes
Is singing with the brook.

"Bear up, oh mother Nature!" cry
Bird, breeze, and streamlet free;
"Our winter voices prophesy
Of summer days to thee!"

So, in those winters of the soul,
By bitter blasts and drear

O'erswept from Memory's frozen pole,
Will sunny days appear.
Revising Hope and Faith, they show
The soul its living powers,
And how beneath the winter's snow
Lie germs of summer flowers!

The Night is mother of the Day,
The Winter of the Spring,
And ever upon old Decay
The greenest mosses cling.
Behind the cloud the star-light lurks,
Through showers the sunbeams fall;
For God, who loveth all His works,
Has left His Hope with all!

PALESTINE.

Blest land of Judea! thrice hallowed of song
Where the holiest of memories pilgrim-like throng:
In the shade of thy palms, by the shores of thy sea,
On the hills of thy beauty, my heart is with thee.

With the eye of a spirit I look on that shore,
Where pilgrim and prophet have lingered before;
With the glide of a spirit I traverse the sod
Made bright by the steps of the angels of God.

Blue sea of the hills!—in my spirit I hear
Thy waters, Genesaret, chime on my ear;
Where the Lowly and Just with the people sat down,
And thy spray on the dust of His sandals was thrown.

Beyond are Bethulia's mountains of green,
And the desolate hills of the wild Gadarene;
And I pause on the goat-crags of Tabor to see
The gleam of thy waters, O dark Galilee!

Hark, a sound in the valley! where swollen and
strong,

Thy river, O Kishon, is sweeping along;
Where the Canaanite strove with Jehovah in vain,
And thy torrent grew dark with the blood of the
slain.

There down from his mountains stern Zebulon came,
And Naphtali's stag, with his eye-balls of flame,
And the chariots of Jabin rolled harmlessly on,
For the arm of the Lord was Abinoam's son!

There sleep the still rocks and the caverns which
rang

To the song which the beautiful prophetess sang,
When the princes of Issachar stood by her side,
And the shout of a host in its triumph replied.

Lo, Bethlehem's hill-site before me is seen,
With the mountains around, and the valleys between;
There rested the shepherds of Judah, and there
The songs of the angels rose sweet on the air.

And Bethany's palm trees in beauty still threw
Their shadows at noon on the ruins below;
But where are the sisters who hastened to greet
The lowly Redeemer, and sit at His feet?

I tread where the TWELVE in their way-faring trod;
I stand where they stood with the chosen of God—
Where His blessing was heard and His lessons were
taught,

Where the blind were restored and the healing was
wrought.

Oh, here with His flock the sad Wanderer came—
These hills He toiled over in grief, are the same—
The founts where He drank by the wayside still flow,
And the same airs are blowing which breathed on
His brow!

And throned on her hills sits Jerusalem yet,
But with dust on her forehead, and chains on her
feet;

For the crown of her pride to the mocker hath gone,
And the holy Shechinah is dark where it shone.

But wherefore this dream of the earthly abode
Of Humanity clothed in the brightness of God?
Where my spirit but turned from the outward and
dim,
It could gaze, even now, on the presence of Him!

Not in clouds and in terrors, but gentle as when,
In love and in meekness, He moved among men;
And the voice which breathed peace to the waves of
the sea,
In the hush of my spirit would whisper to me!

And what if my feet may not tread where He stood,
Nor my ears hear the dashing of Galilee's flood,
Nor my eyes see the cross which He bowed him to
bear,

Nor my knees press Gethsemane's garden of prayer.

Yet loved of the Father, Thy Spirit is near
To the meek, and the lowly, and penitent here;
And the voice of Thy love is the same even now,
As at Bethany's tomb, or on Olivet's brow.

Oh, the outward hath gone!—but in glory and
power,

The spirit surviveth the things of an hour;
Unchanged, undecaying, its Pentecost flame
On the heart's sacred altar is burning the same!

GONE.

Another hand is beckoning us,
Another call is given;
And glows once more with Angel-steps
The path which reaches Heaven.

Our young and gentle friend whose smile
Made brighter summer hours,
Amid the frosts of autumn time
Has left us, with the flowers.

No paling of the cheek of bloom
Forewarned us of decay;
No shadow from the Silent Land
Fell around our sister's way.

The light of her young life went down,
As sinks behind the hill
The glory of a setting star—
Clear, suddenly, and still.

As pure and sweet, her fair brow seemed—
Eternal as the sky;
And like the brook's low song, her voice—
A sound which could not die.

And half we deemed she needed not
The changing of her sphere,
To give to Heaven a Shining One,
Who walked an Angel here.

The blessing of her quiet life
Fell on us like the dew;
And good thoughts, where her footsteps pressed,
Like fairy blossoms grew.

Sweet promptings unto kindest deeds
Sweet in her very look;
We read her face, as one who reads
A true and holy book:

The measure of a blessed hymn,
To which our hearts could move;
The breathing of an inward psalm;
A canticle of love.

We miss her in the place of prayer,
And by the hearth-fire's light;
We pause beside her door to hear
Once more her sweet "Good night!"

There seems a shadow on the day,
Her smile no longer cheers;
A dimness on the stars of night,
Like eyes that look through tears.
Alone unto our Father's will
One thought hath reconciled;
That He whose love exceedeth ours
Hath taken home His child.

Fold her, oh Father! in thine arms,
And let her henceforth be
A messenger of love between
Our human hearts and Thee.

Still let her mild rebuking stand
Between us and the wrong,
And her dear memory serve to make
Our faith in Goodness strong.

And, grant that she who, trembling, here
Distrusted all her powers,
May welcome to her holier home
The well beloved of ours.

We have the pleasant duty of adding to the enumeration of Mr. Whittier's writings, a collection of papers in prose, entitled, *Literary Recreations and Miscellanies*, and three volumes of verse, entitled *The Panorama and other Poems*, and *Home Ballads and Poems*; *In War Time, and other Poems*, the last bearing date 1864. Some of the most striking of these poems were first published in the *Atlantic Monthly*. It is not enough to say of these, that they sustain the author's previous reputation. Several of them may be said to surpass his previous efforts. His verse has not lost in power as it has been mellowed by age and experience. There is the same eye for nature, love of the historic incidents of the past of New England; the same devoted patriotism and ardor for human love and freedom in the present; and there is perhaps greater condensation, and a fiery energy, all the more effective for being constrained within the bounds of art.

** Eight volumes of poems were added by Mr. Whittier to his works in as many years (1864-72), one of which was a series of selections. They exhibit his power at its prime, with perhaps even a firmer hold on the popular heart, owing to his thorough sympathy with the many phases of common life, and his keen realistic delight in the scenes of nature.

In 1865 appeared *National Lyrics*,—an illustrated edition of patriotic poems, some of which had been printed in *In War Times*,—and also *Snow-Bound, A Winter Idyl*. The latter, "dedicated to the memory of the household it describes," won immediate favor by its artistic fidelity as a picture of home life.

"Around the radiant fireplace, enclosed
In a tumultuous privacy of storm."

The Tent on the Beach, an idyl of life by the sea, and *Among the Hills*, an idyl of life in a country homestead, were published in 1867-8. Among their miscellaneous poems occur "The Rock of Rivermouth," "The Grave by the Lake," "The Common Question," "Laus Deo," and "In School-Days," in the former; "The Dole of Jarl Thorkell," "The Two Rabbis," "The Meeting," "Freedom in Brazil," and "Divine Compassion," in the latter.

These were followed in 1869 by a richly illustrated edition of *The Ballads of New England*. In the same year appeared his complete *Poetical Works*, in two volumes, uniform with the edition of *Prose Works* issued in 1866. Five years later, the poet contributed an introduction to a reprint of the *Journal of John Woolman*.

Miriam, and Other Poems, containing some composed for public occasions, appeared in 1871. Its main poem was, to use its author's modest words,

"A fancy, with slight hint of truth,
To show how differing faiths agree
In one sweet thought of charity."

The year 1872 was marked by two volumes: *Child-Life: A Collection of Poems*, a well-edited compilation, in which "The Barefoot Boy" stands among peers right worthily; *The Pennsylvania Pilgrim, and Other Poems*, a fitting study of the life and times of that good old Quaker, Francis Daniel Pastorius, who settled at Frankfort in 1683, and governed Germantown, and like his brethren won the hearts of the savages by justice and kind deeds. A companion volume in prose to *Child-Life* is to be published in 1873.

** BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

Up from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,
The clustered spires of Frederick stand
Green walled by the hills of Maryland.
Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple- and peach-tree fruited deep,
Fair as a garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde,
On that pleasant morn of the early fall
When Lee marched over the mountain wall,—
Over the mountains winding down,
Horse and foot, into Frederick town.
Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,
Flapped in the morning wind: the sun
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.
Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten;
Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down;
In her attic window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.
Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.
Under his slouched hat left and right
He glanced; the old flag met his sight.
"Halt!"—the dust-brown ranks stood fast.
"Fire!"—out blazed the rifle-blast.
It shivered the window, pane and sash;
It rent the banner with seam and gash.
Quick as it fell from the broken staff
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf;
She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.
"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country's flag," she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came;

The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman's deed and word:

"Who touches a hair of yon gray head
Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.

All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet:

All day long that free flag tost
Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well;

And through the hill-gaps sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night.

Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,
And the rebel rides on his raids no more,

Honor to her! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave
Flag of Freedom and Union, wave!

Peace and order and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law;

And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick town!

** LAUS DEO.

On Hearing the Bells Ring on the Passage of the Constitution Amendment Abolishing Slavery.

It is done!

Clang of bell and roar of gun
Send the tidings up and down.
How the belfries rock and reel!
How the great guns, peal on peal,
Fling the joy from town to town!

Ring, O bells!

Every stroke exulting tells
Of the burial hour of crime.
Loud and long that all may hear,
Ring for every listening ear
Of Eternity and Time!

Let us kneel:

God's own voice is in that peal,
And this spot is holy ground.
Lord forgive us! What are we,
That our eyes this glory see
That our ears have heard the sound!

For the Lord

On the whirlwind is abroad;
In the earthquake he has spoken;
He has smitten with his thunder
The iron walls asunder,
And the gates of brass are broken!

Loud and long

Lift the old exulting song;
Sing with Miriam by the sea
He has cast the mighty down;
Horse and rider sink and drown;
He hath triumphed gloriously.

Did we dare

In our agony of prayer,
Ask for more than He has done?
When was ever His right hand
Over any time or land
Stretched as now beneath the sun?

How they pale,
Ancient myth and song and tale,
In this wonder of our days,

When the cruel rod of war
Blossoms white with righteous law,
And the wrath of man is praise!

Blotted out!
All within and all about
Shall a fresher life begin;
Freer breathe the universe
As it rolls its heavy curse
On the dead and buried sin!

It is done!
In the circuit of the sun
Shall the sound thereof go forth.
It shall bid the sad rejoice,
It shall give the dumb a voice,
It shall belt with joy the earth!

Ring and swing,
Bells of joy. On morning's wing
Send the song of praise abroad!
With a sound of broken chains
Tell the nations that He reigns,
Who alone is Lord and God!

**THE BAREFOOT BOY.

Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheeks of tan!
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes;
With thy red lip, redder still
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace.
From my heart I give thee joy—
I was once a barefoot boy!

Prince thou art—the grown-up man
Only is republican.
Let the million-dollared ride!
Barefoot, trudging at his side,
Thou hast more than he can buy,
In the reach of ear and eye—
Outward sunshine, inward joy:
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

O, for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
Knowledge never learned of schools,
Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild flower's time and place,
Flight of fowl, and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood;
How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
And the ground-mole sinks his well;
How the robin feeds her young,
How the oriole's nest is hung;
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the ground-nut trails its vine,
Where the wood-grape's clusters shine;
Of the black wasp's cunning way,
Mason of his walls of clay,
And the architectural plans
Of gray hornet artisans!
For, eschewing books and tasks,
Nature answers all he asks;
Hand to hand with her he walks,
Face to face with her he talks,
Part and parcel of her joy,—
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

O, for boyhood's time of June,
Crowding years in one brief moon,

When all things I heard or saw,
Me, their master, waited for.
I was rich in flowers and trees,
Humming-birds and honey-bees;
For my sport the squirrel played,
Plied the snouted mole his spade;
For my taste the blackberry cone
Purpled over hedge and stone;
Laughed the brook for my delight
Through the day and through the night,
Whispering at the garden wall,
Talked with me from fail to fall;
Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond;
Mine the walnut slopes beyond,
Mine on bending orchard trees,
Apples of Hesperides!
Still, as my horizon grew,
Larger grew my riches too;
All the world I saw or knew
Seemed a complex Chinese toy,
Fashioned for a barefoot boy!

O, for festal dainties spread,
Like my bowl of milk and bread,—
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,
On the door-stone, gray and rude!
O'er me, like a regal tent,
Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,
Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,
Looped in many a wind-swung fold;
While for music came the play
Of the pined frogs' orchestra;
And, to light the noisy choir,
Lit the fly his lamp of fire.
I was monarch: pomp and joy
Waited on the barefoot boy.

Cheerily, then, my little man,
Live and laugh as boyhood can!
Though the flinty slopes be hard,
Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,
Every morn shall lead thee through
Fresh baptisms of the dew;
Every evening from thy feet
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat:
All too soon these feet must hide
In the prison cells of pride,
Lose the freedom of the sod,
Like a colt's for work be shod,
Made to tread the mills of toil,
Up and down in ceaseless moil:
Happy if their track be found
Never on forbidden ground;
Happy if they sink not in
Quick and treacherous sands of sin,
Ah! that thou couldst know the joy,
Ere it passes, barefoot boy!

**IN SCHOOL-DAYS.

Still sits the school-house by the road,
A ragged beggar sunning;
Around it still the sumachs grow
And blackberry vines are running.

Within, the master's desk is seen
Deep scarred by raps official;
The warping floor, the battered seats
The jack-knife's carved initial;

The charcoal frescoes on the wall,
Its door's worn sill, betraying
The feet that, creeping slow to school,
Went storming out to playing!

Long years ago a winter sun
Shone over it at setting;

Lit up its western window-panes,
And low eaves icy fretting.

It touched the tangled golden curls,
And brown eyes full of grieving,
Of one who still her steps delayed
When all the school were leaving.

For near her stood the little boy
Her childish favor singled;
His cap pulled low upon a face
Where pride and shame were mingled.

Pushing with restless foot the snow
To right and left he lingered; —
As restlessly her tiny hands
The blue-checked apron fingered.

He saw her lift her eyes; he felt
The soft hand's light caressing,
And heard the tremble of her voice,
As if a fault confessing.

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word:
I hate to go above you,
Because," — the brown eyes lower fell, —
"Because, you see, I love you."

Still memory to a gray-haired man
That sweet child's face is showing.
Dear girl! the grasses on her grave
Have forty years been growing!

He lives to learn, in life's hard school,
How few who pass above him
Lament their triumph and his loss,
Like her, — because they love him.

** A WINTER SCENE — FROM SNOW-BOUND.

The sun that brief December day
Rose cheerless over hills of gray,
And, darkly circled, gave at noon
A sadder light than waning moon.
Slow tracing down the thickening sky
Its mute and ominous prophecy,
A portent seeming less than threat,
It sank from sight before it set.
A chill no coat, however stout,
Of homespun stuff could quite shut out,
A hard, dull bitterness of cold,
That checked, mid-vein, the circling race
Of life-blood in the sharpening face,
The coming of the snow-storm told.
The wind blew east: we heard the roar
Of Ocean on his wintry shore,
And felt the strong pulse throbbing there
Beat with low rhythm our inland air.

Meanwhile we did our nightly chores, —
Brought in the wood from out of doors,
Littered the stalls, and from the mows
Raked down the herd's-grass for the cows;
Heard the horse whinnying for his corn;
And, sharply clashing, horn on horn,
Impatient down the stanchion rows
The cattle shake their walnut bows;
While, peering from his early perch
Upon the scaffold's pole of birch,
The cock his crested helmet bent
And down his querulous challenge sent.

Unwarmed by any sunset light
The gray day darkened into night,
A night made hoary with the swarm
And whirl-dance of the blinding storm,
As zigzag wavering to and fro
Crossed and recrossed the winged snow,

And ere the early bed-time came
The white drift piled the window-frame,
And through the glass the clothes-line posts
Looked in like tall and sheeted ghosts.

So all night long the storm roared on;
The morning broke without a sun;
In tiny spherule traced with lines
Of Nature's geometric signs,
In starry flake and pellicle,
All day the hoary meteor fell;
And, when the second morning shone,
We looked upon a world unknown,
On nothing we could call our own.
Around the glistening wonder bent
The blue walls of the firmament,
No cloud above, no earth below, —
A universe of sky and snow!
The old familiar sights of ours
Took marvellous shapes; strange domes and towers
Rose up where sty or corn-crib stood,
Or garden-wall, or belt of wood;
A smooth white mound the brush-pile showed,
A fenceless drift what once was road;
The bridle-post an old man sat
With loose flung coat and high cocked hat;
The well-curb had a Chinese roof;
And even the long sweep, high aloof,
In its slant splendor, seemed to tell
Of Pisa's leaning miracle.

A prompt, decisive man, no breath
Our father wasted: "Boys, a path!"
Well pleased (for when did farmer boy
Count such a summons less than joy?)
Our buskins on our feet we drew,
With mittened hands, and caps drawn low,
To guard our necks and ears from snow,
We cut the solid whiteness through.
And, where the drift was deepest, made
A tunnel walled and overlaid
With dazzling crystal: we had read
Of rare Aladdin's wondrous cave,
And to our own his name we gave,
With many a wish the luck were ours
To test his lamp's supernal powers.
We reached the barn with merry din,
And roused the prisoned brutes within.
The old horse thrust his long head out,
And grave with wonder gazed about;
The cock his lusty greeting said,
And forth his speckled harem led;
The oxen lashed their tails and hooked,
And mild reproach of hunger looked;
The hornéd patriarch of the sheep,
Like Egypt's Amun roused from sleep,
Shook his sage head with gesture mute,
And emphasized with stamp of foot.

All day the lusty north-wind bore
The loosening drift its breath before;
Low circling round its southern zone,
The sun through dazzling snow-mist shone.
No church-bell lent its Christian tone
To the savage air, no social smoke
Curled over woods of snow-hung oak.
A solitude made more intense
By dreary-voiced elements,
The shrieking of the mindless wind,
The moaning tree-boughs swaying blind,
And on the glass the unmeaning beat
Of ghostly finger-tips of sleet.
Beyond the circle of our hearth
No welcome sound of toil or mirth
Unbound the spell and testified
Of human life and thought outside.

****THE QUAKER RULE — FROM THE PENNSYLVANIA PILGRIM.**

Be it as it may: within the land of Penn
The sectary yielded to the citizen,
And peaceful dwelt the many-creeded men.

Peace brooded over all. No trumpet stung
The air to madness, and no steeple flung
Alarums down from bell at midnight rung.

The land slept well. The Indian from his face
Washed all his war-paint off, and in the place
Of battle-marches sped the peaceful chase.

Or wrought for wages at the white man's side, —
Giving to kindness what his native pride
And lazy freedom to all else denied.

And well the curious scholar loved the old
Traditions that his swarthy neighbors told
By wigwam fires when nights were growing cold,

Discerned the fact round which their fancy drew
Its dreams, and held their childish faith more
true

To God and man than half the creeds he knew.

The desert blossomed round him; wheat-fields
rolled

Beneath the warm wind waves of green and gold;
The planted ear returned its hundred fold.

****CHICAGO.**

Men said at vespers: "All is well!"
In one wild night the city fell;
Fell shrines of prayer and marts of gain
Before the fiery hurricane.

On threescore spires had sunset shone,
Where ghostly sunrise looked on none.
Men clasped each other's hands and said:
"The City of the West is dead!"

Brave hearts who fought, in slow retreat,
The fiends of fire from street to street,
Turned, powerless, to the blinding glare,
The dumb defiance of despair.

A sudden impulse thrilled each wire
That signalled round that sea of fire;
Swift words of cheer, warm heart-throbs came,
In tears of pity died the flame!

From East, from West, from South and North,
The messages of hope shot forth,
And, underneath the severing wave,
The world, full-handed, reached to save.

Fair seemed the old; but fairer still
The new, the dreary void shall fill
With dearer homes than those o'erthrown,
For love shall lay each corner-stone,

Rise, stricken city! — from thee throw
The ashens sackcloth of thy woe;
And build, as to Amphion's strain,
To songs of cheer thy walls again!

How shrivelled in thy hot distress
The primal sin of selfishness!
How instant rose, to take thy part,
The angel in the human heart!

Ah! not in vain the flames that tossed
Above thy dreadful holocaust;
The Christ again has preached through thee
The Gospel of Humanity!

Then lift once more thy towers on high,
And fret with spires the western sky,
To tell that God is yet with us,
And love is still miraculous.

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN is the descendant of a family which established itself in the State of New York during its possession by the Dutch. His maternal grandfather, from whom he derived the name of Fenno, was an active politician and writer of the federal party during the administration of Washington. His father, Judge Hoffman, was an eminent member of the bar of the United States. He pleaded and won his first cause at the age of seventeen, and at twenty-one filled the place previously occupied by his father in the New York Legislature. One of his sons is Ogden Hoffman, who has long maintained a high position as an eloquent pleader.



C. F. Hoffman

Charles Fenno Hoffman, the son of Judge Hoffman by a second marriage, was born in the city of New York in 1806. At the age of six years he was placed at a Latin Grammar School in the city, and three years after was sent to the Poughkeepsie Academy, a celebrated boarding-school on the Hudson. Owing, it is said, to harsh treatment, he ran away. His father not wishing to coerce him unduly, instead of sending him back, placed him in the charge of a Scottish gentleman in a village of New Jersey. While on a visit home in 1817 an accident occurred, an account of which is given in a paragraph quoted from the New York Gazette in the Evening Post of October 25, from which it appears that "he was sitting on Courtlandt-street Dock, with his legs hanging over the wharf, as the steamboat was coming in, which caught one of his legs and crushed it in a dreadful manner." It was found necessary to amputate the injured limb above the knee. Its place was supplied by a cork substitute, which seemed to form no impediment to the continuance of the out-door life and athletic exercises in which its wearer was a proficient. At the age of fifteen he entered Columbia College, where he was more distinguished in the debating society than in the class. He left College during his junior year, but afterwards received the honorary degree of Master of Arts from the institution. He next studied law with the late Harmanus

Bleecker, at Albany, at the age of twenty-one was admitted to the bar, and practised for three years in New York. He then abandoned a professional for a literary life, having already tried his pen in anonymous contributions while a clerk to the Albany newspapers, and while an attorney to the New York American, in the editorship of which he became associated with Mr. Charles King. A series of articles by him, designated by a star, added to the reputation of the journal.

In 1833 Mr. Hoffman made a tour to the Prairies for the benefit of his health. He contributed a series of letters, descriptive of its incidents, to the American, which were collected and published in 1834, in a couple of volumes bearing the title *A Winter in the West*, which obtained a wide popularity in this country and England. His second work, *Wild Scenes in the Forest and the Prairie*, appeared in 1837. It was followed by the romance of Greyslaer, founded on the celebrated Beauchamp murder case in Kentucky.

The Knickerbocker Magazine was commenced in 1833 under the editorship of Mr. Hoffman. It was conducted by him with spirit, but after the issue of a few numbers passed into the hands of Timothy Flint. He was subsequently connected with the American Monthly Magazine, and was for a while engaged in the editorship of the New York Mirror. His continuous novel of Vanderlyn was published in the former in 1837. His poetical writings, which had long before become widely and favorably known, were first collected in a volume entitled *The Vigil of Faith and Other Poems*, in 1842. The main story which gave the book a title is an Indian legend of the Adirondach, which we take to be a pure invention of the author, —a poetic conception of a bride slain by the rival of her husband, who watches and guards the life of his foe lest so hated an object should intrude upon the presence of his mistress in the spirit world. It is in the octosyllabic measure, and in a pathetic, eloquent strain.

In 1844 a second poetical volume, including numerous additions, appeared with the title, *Borrowed Notes for Home Circulation*—suggested by an article which had recently been published in the Foreign Quarterly Review on the Poets and Poetry of America, which was then attracting considerable attention. A more complete collection of his poems than is contained in either of these volumes appeared in 1845.

During 1846 and 1847 Mr. Hoffman edited for about eighteen months the Literary World. After his retirement he contributed to that journal a series of essays and tales entitled *Sketches of Society*, which are among his happiest prose efforts. One of these, *The Man in the Reservoir*, detailing the experiences of an individual who is supposed to have passed a night in that uncomfortable lodging-place of water and granite, became, like the author's somewhat similar narrative of *The Man in the Boiler*, a favorite with the public. This series was closed in December, 1848. During the following year the author was attacked by a mental disorder, which unhappily has permanently interrupted a brilliant literary career. In 1873, an edition of his *Poems*, with notes, was prepared by his nephew, Edward Fennel Hoffman.

The author's fine social qualities are reflected in his writings. A man of taste and scholarship, in-

genious in speculation, with a healthy love of out-of-door life and objects, he unites the sentiment of the poet and the refinements of the thinker to a keen perception of the humors of the world in action. His conversational powers of a high order; his devoted pursuit of literature; his ardent love of Americanism in art and letters; his acquaintance with authors and artists; a certain personal chivalry of character;—are so many elements of the regard in which he is held by his friends, and they may all be found perceptibly imparting vitality to his writings. These, whether in the department of the essay, the critique, the song, the poem, the tale, or novel, are uniformly stamped by a generous nature.

SPARKLING AND BRIGHT.

Sparkling and bright in liquid light,
Does the wine our goblets gleam in,
With hue as red as the rosy bed
Which a bee would choose to dream in.
Then fill to-night with hearts as light,
To loves as gay and fleeting
As bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim,
And break on the lips while meeting.

Oh! if Mirth might arrest the flight
Of Time through Life's dominions,
We here awhile would now beguile
The grey-beard of his pinions
To drink to-night with hearts as light,
To loves as gay and fleeting
As bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim,
And break on the lips while meeting.

But since delight can't tempt the wight,
Nor fond regret delay him,
Nor Love himself can hold the elf,
Nor sober Friendship stay him,
We'll drink to-night with hearts as light,
To loves as gay and fleeting
As bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim,
And break on the lips while meeting.

THE MINT JULEP.

'Tis said that the gods, on Olympus of old
(And who the bright legend profanes with a doubt),

One night, 'mid their revels, by Bacchus were told
That his last butt of nectar had somehow run out!

But determined to send round the goblet once more,
They sued to the fairer immortals for aid
In composing a draught, which till drinking were o'er,

Should cast every wine ever drank in the shade.

Grave Ceres herself blithely yielded her corn,
And the spirit that lives in each amber-hued grain,
And which first had its birth from the dew of the morn,

Was taught to steal out in bright dewdrops again.

Pomona, whose choicest of fruits on the board
Were scattered profusely in every one's reach,
When called on a tribute to cull from the hoard,
Expressed the mild juice of the delicate peach.

The liquids were mingled while Venus looked on
With glances so fraught with sweet magical power,

That the honey of Hybla, e'en when they were gone,
Has never been missed in the draught from that hour.

Flora then, from her bosom of fragrancy, shook
And with roseate fingers pressed down in the bowl,

All dripping and fresh as it came from the brook,
The herb whose aroma should flavor the whole.
The draft was delicious, and loud the acclaim,
Though something seemed wanting for all to be-
vail;
But Juleps the drink of immortals became,
When Jove himself added a handful of hail.

ROOM, BOYS, ROOM.

There was an old hunter camped down by the rill,
Who fished in this water, and shot on that hill.
The forest for him had no danger nor gloom,
For all that he wanted was plenty of room!
Says he, "The world's wide, there is room for us all;
Room enough in the greenwood, if not in the hall.
Room, boys, room, by the light of the moon,
For why shouldn't every man enjoy his own room?"
He wove his own nets, and his shanty was spread
With the skins he had dressed and stretched out over-
head;
Fresh branches of hemlock made fragrant the floor,
For his bed, as he sung when the daylight was o'er,
"The world's wide enough, there is room for us all;
Room enough in the greenwood, if not in the hall.
Room, boys, room, by the light of the moon,
For why shouldn't every man enjoy his own room?"

That spring now half choked by the dust of the
road,

Under boughs of old maples once limpidly flowed;
By the rock whence it bubbles his kettle was hung,
Which their sap often filled while the hunter he sung,
"The world's wide enough, there is room for us all;
Room enough in the greenwood, if not in the hall.
Room, boys, room, by the light of the moon,
For why shouldn't every man enjoy his own room?"

And still sung the hunter—when one gloomy day,
He saw in the forest what saddened his lay,—
A heavy wheeled wagon its black rut had made,
Where fair grew the greensward in broad forest
glade—

"The world's wide enough, there is room for us all;
Room enough in the greenwood, if not in the hall.
Room, boys, room, by the light of the moon,
For why shouldn't every man enjoy his own room?"

He whistled to his dog, and says he, "We can't stay;
I must shoulder my rifle, up traps, and away;"
Next day, 'mid those maples the settler's axe rung,
While slowly the hunter trudged off as he sung,
"The world's wide enough, there is room for us all;
Room enough in the greenwood, if not in the hall.
Room, boys, room, by the light of the moon,
For why shouldn't every man enjoy his own room?"

RIO BRAVO—A MEXICAN LAMENT.*

Rio Bravo! Rio Bravo,
Saw men ever such a sight?
Since the field of Roncevalles
Sealed the fate of many a knight.
Dark is Palo Alto's story,
Sad Resaca Palma's rout,
On those fatal fields so gory,
Many a gallant life went out.
There our best and bravest lances,
Shivered 'gainst the Northern steel,

Left the valiant hearts that couched them
'Neath the Northern charger's heel.

Rio Bravo! Rio Bravo!
Minstrel ne'er knew such a fight,
Since the field of Roncevalles
Sealed the fate of many a knight.

Rio Bravo, fatal river,
Saw ye not while red with gore,
Torrejon all headless quiver,
A ghastly trunk upon thy shore!

Heard you not the wounded coursers,
Shrieking on your trampled banks,
As the Northern winged artillery
Thundered on our shattered ranks!

There Arista, best and bravest,
There Raguena tried and true,
On the fatal field thou lavest,
Nobly did all men could do.

Vainly there those heroes rally,
Castile on Montezuma's shore,
"Rio Bravo"—"Roncevalles,"
Ye are names blent evermore.

Weepst thou, lorn lady Inez,
For thy lover mid the slain,
Brave La Vega's trenchant falchion,
Cleft his slayer to the brain.

Brave La Vega who all lonely,
By a host of foes beset,
Yielded up his sabre only,
When his equal there he met.

Other champions not less noted,
Sleep beneath that sullen wave,
Rio Bravo, thou hast floated
An army to an ocean grave.

On they came, those Northern horsemen,
On like eagles toward the sun,
Followed then the Northern bayonet,
And the field was lost and won.

Oh! for Orlando's horn to rally,
His Paladins on that sad shore,
"Rio Bravo"—"Roncevalles,"
Ye are names blent evermore.

THE MAN IN THE RESERVOIR—A FANTASIE PIECE.

You may see some of the best society in New York on the top of the Distributing Reservoir, any of these fine October mornings. There were two or three carriages in waiting, and half a dozen senatorial-looking mothers with young children, pacing the parapet, as we basked there the other day in the sunshine—now watching the pickerel that glide along the lucid edges of the black pool within, and now looking off upon the scene of rich and wondrous variety that spreads along the two rivers on either side.

"They may talk of Alpheus and Arethusa," murmured an idling sophomore, who had found his way thither during recitation hours, "but the Croton in passing over an arm of the sea at Spuyten-duyvil, and bursting to sight again in this truncated pyramid, beats it all hollow. By George, too, the bay yonder looks as blue as ever the Ægean Sea to Byron's eye, gazing from the Acropolis! But the painted foliage on these crags!—the Greeks must have dreamed of such a vegetable phenomenon in the midst of their greyish olive groves, or they never would have supplied the want of it in their landscape by embroidering their marble temples with gay colors. "Did you see that pike break, Sir?"

"I did not."

"Zounds! his silver fin flashed upon the black

* This originally appeared in the Columbian Magazine, with the following lines of introduction. "Such of the readers of the Columbian as have seen the Vera Cruz Journal containing the original of the Rio Bravo Lament, by the popular Mexican poet, Don Jose Maria Joaquin du Ho Aco de Saltillo, will perhaps not find the following hasty translation unacceptable."

Acheron, like a restless soul that hoped yet to mount from the pool."

"The place seems suggestive of fancies to you?" we observed in reply to the rattlepate.

"It is, indeed, for I have done up a good deal of anxious thinking within a circle of a few yards where that fish broke just now."

"A singular place for meditation—the middle of the reservoir!"

"You look incredulous, Sir—but it's a fact. A fellow can never tell, until he is tried, in what situation his most earnest meditations may be concentrated. I am boring you, though?"

"Not at all. But you seem so familiar with the spot, I wish you could tell me why that ladder leading down to the water is lashed against the stone-work in yonder corner?"

"That ladder," said the young man, brightening at the question, "why the position, perhaps the very existence of that ladder, resulted from my meditations in the reservoir, at which you smiled just now. Shall I tell you all about them?"

"Pray do."

Well, you have seen the notice forbidding any one to fish in the reservoir. Now when I read that warning, the spirit of the thing struck me at once, as inferring nothing more than that one should not sully the temperance potations of our citizens by steeping bait in it, of any kind; but you probably know the common way of taking pike with a slip-noose of delicate wire. I was determined to have a touch at the fellows with this kind of tackle.

I chose a moonlight night; and an hour before the edifice was closed to visitors, I secreted myself within the walls, determined to pass the night on the top. All went as I could wish it. The night proved cloudy, but it was only a variable drift of broken clouds which obscured the moon. I had a walking cane-rod with me which would reach to the margin of the water, and several feet beyond if necessary. To this was attached the wire about fifteen inches in length.

I prowled along the parapet for a considerable time, but not a single fish could I see. The clouds made a flickering light and shade, that wholly foiled my steadfast gaze. I was convinced that should they come up thicker, my whole night's adventure would be thrown away. "Why should I not descend the sloping wall and get nearer on a level with the fish, for thus alone can I hope to see one?" The question had hardly shaped itself in my mind before I had one leg over the iron railing.

If you look around you will see now that there are some half dozen weeds growing here and there, amid the fissures of the solid masonry. In one of the fissures from whence these spring, I planted a foot, and began my descent. The reservoir was fuller than it is now, and a few strides would have carried me to the margin of the water. Holding on to the cleft above, I felt round with one foot for a place to plant it below me.

In that moment the flap of a pound pike made me look round, and the roots of the weed upon which I partially depended, gave way as I was in the act of turning. Sir, one's senses are sharpened in deadly peril; as I live now, I distinctly heard the bells of Trinity chiming midnight, as I rose to the surface the next instant, immersed in the stone cauldron, where I must swim for my life heaven only could tell how long!

I am a capital swimmer; and this naturally gave me a degree of self-possession. Falling as I had, I of course had pitched out some distance from the sloping parapet. A few strokes brought me to the edge. I really was not yet certain but that I could

clamber up the face of the wall anywhere. I hoped that I could. I felt certain at least there was some spot where I might get hold with my hands, even if I did not ultimately ascend it.

I tried the nearest spot. The inclination of the wall was so vertical that it did not even rest me to lean against it. I felt with my hands and with my feet. Surely, I thought, there must be some fissure like those in which that ill-omened weed had found a place for its root!

There was none. My fingers became sore in busying themselves with the harsh and inhospitable stones. My feet slipped from the smooth and slimy masonry beneath the water; and several times my face came in rude contact with the wall, when my foothold gave way on the instant that I seemed to have found some diminutive rocky cleft upon which I could stay myself.

Sir, did you ever see a rat drowned in a half-filled hoghead? how he swims round, and round, and round; and after vainly trying the sides again and again with his paws, fixes his eyes upon the upper rim as if he would look *himself* out of his watery prison.

I thought of the miserable vermin, thought of him as I had often watched thus his dying agonies, when a cruel urchin of eight or ten. Boys are horribly cruel, sir; boys, women, and savages. All child-like things are cruel; cruel from a want of thought and from perverse ingenuity, although by instinct each of these is so tender. You may not have observed it, but a savage is as tender to its own young as a boy is to a favorite puppy—the same boy that will torture a kitten out of existence. I thought, then, I say, of the rat drowning in a half-filled cask of water, and lifting his gaze out of the vessel as he grew more and more desperate, and I flung myself on my back, and floating thus, fixed my eyes upon the face of the moon.

The moon is well enough, in her way, however you may look at her; but her appearance is, to say the least of it, peculiar to a man floating on his back in the centre of a stone tank, with a dead wall of some fifteen or twenty feet rising squarely on every side of him (the young man smiled bitterly as he said this, and shuddered once or twice before he went on musingly)! The last time I had noted the planet with any emotion she was on the wane. Mary was with me, I had brought her out here one morning to look at the view from the top of the Reservoir. She said little of the scene, but as we talked of our old childish loves, I saw that its fresh features were incorporating themselves with tender memories of the past, and I was content.

There was a rich golden haze upon the landscape, and as my own spirits rose amid the voluptuous atmosphere, she pointed to the waning planet, discernible like a faint gash in the welkin, and wondered how long it would be before the leaves would fall! Strange girl, did she mean to rebuke my joyous mood, as if we had no right to be happy while nature withering in her pomp, and the sickly moon wasting in the blaze of noontide, were there to remind us of "the-gone-for-ever?" "They will all renew themselves, dear Mary," said I, encouragingly, "and there is one that will ever keep tryste alike with thee and Nature through all seasons, if thou wilt but be true to one of us, and remain as now a child of nature."

A tear sprang to her eye, and then searching her pocket for her card-case, she remembered an engagement to be present at Miss Lawson's opening of fall bonnets, at two o'clock!

And yet, dear, wild, wayward Mary, I thought of her now. You have probably outlived this sort of

thing, sir; but I, looking at the moon, as I floated there upturned to her yellow light, thought of the loved being whose tears I knew would flow when she heard of my singular fate, at once so grotesque, yet melancholy to awfulness.

And how often we have talked, too, of that Carian shepherd who spent his damp nights upon the hills, gazing as I do on the lustrous planet! who will revel with her amid those old superstitions? Who, from our own unlegended woods, will evoke their yet undetected, haunting spirits? Who peer with her in prying scrutiny into nature's laws, and challenge the whispers of poetry from the voiceless throat of matter? Who laugh merrily over the stupid guesswork of pedants, that never mingled with the infinitude of nature, through love exhaustless and all-embracing, as we have? Poor girl, she will be companionless.

Alas! companionless for ever—save in the exciting stages of some brisk flirtation. She will live hereafter by feeding other hearts with love's lore she has learned from me, and then, Pygmalion-like, grow fond of the images she has herself endowed with semblance of divinity, until they seem to breathe back the mystery the soul can truly catch from only one.

How anxious she will be lest the coroner shall have discovered any of her notes in my pocket!

I felt chilly as this last reflection crossed my mind. Partly at thought of the coroner, partly at the idea of Mary being unwillingly compelled to wear mourning for me, in case of such a disclosure of our engagement. It is a provoking thing for a girl of nineteen to have to go into mourning for a deceased lover, at the beginning of her second winter in the metropolis.

The water, though, with my motionless position, must have had something to do with my chilliness. I see, sir, you think that I tell my story with great levity; but indeed, indeed I should grow delirious did I venture to hold steadily to the awfulness of my feelings the greater part of that night. I think indeed, I must have been most of the time hysterical with horror, for the vibrating emotions I have recapitulated did pass through my brain even as I have detailed them.

But as I now became calm in thought, I summoned up again some resolution of action.

I will begin at that corner (said I), and swim around the whole enclosure. I will swim slowly and again feel the sides of the tank with my feet. If die I must, let me perish at least from well directed though exhausting effort, not sink from mere bootless weariness in sustaining myself till the morning shall bring relief.

The sides of the place seemed to grow higher as I now kept my watery course beneath them. It was not altogether a dead pull. I had some variety of emotion in making my circuit. When I swam in the shadow it looked to me more cheerful beyond in the moonlight. When I swam in the moonlight I had the hope of making some discovery when I should again reach the shadow. I turned several times on my back to rest just where those wavy lines would meet. The stars looked viciously bright to me from the bottom of that well; there was such a company of them; they were so glad in their lustrous revelry; and they had such space to move in! I was alone, sad to despair, in a strange element, prisoned, and a solitary guzer upon their mocking chorus. And yet there was nothing else with which I could hold communion!

I turned upon my breast and struck out almost frantically, once more. The stars were forgotten, the moon, the very world of which I as yet formed

a part, my poor Mary herself was forgotten. I thought only of the strong man there perishing; of me in my lusty manhood, in the sharp vigor of my dawning prime, with faculties illimitable, with senses all alert, battling there with physical obstacles which men like myself had brought together for my undoing. The Eternal could never have willed this thing! I could not and I would not perish thus. And I grew strong in insolence of self-trust; and I laughed aloud as I dashed the sluggish water from side to side.

Then came an emotion of pity for myself—of wild, wild regret; of sorrow, oh, infinite for a fate so desolate, a doom so dreary, so heart-sickening. You may laugh at the contradiction if you will, sir, but I felt that I could sacrifice my own life on the instant, to redeem another fellow creature from such a place of horror, from an end so piteous. My soul and my vital spirit seemed in that desperate moment to be separating; while one in parting grieved over the deplorable fate of the other.

And then I prayed!

I prayed, why or wherefore I know not. It was not from fear. It could not have been in hope. The days of miracles are passed, and there was no natural law by whose providential interposition I could be saved. I did not pray; it prayed of itself, my soul within me.

Was the calmness that I now felt, torpidity? the torpidity that precedes dissolution, to the strong swimmer who, sinking from exhaustion, must at last add a bubble to the wave as he suffocates beneath the element which now denied his mastery? If it were so, how fortunate was it that my floating rod at that moment attracted my attention as it dashed through the water by me. I saw on the instant that a fish had entangled himself in the wire noose. The rod quivered, plunged, came again to the surface, and rippled the water as it shot in arrowy flight from side to side of the tank. At last driven towards the southeast corner of the Reservoir, the small end seemed to have got foul somewhere. The brazen butt, which, every time the fish sounded, was thrown up to the moon, now sank by its own weight, showing that the other end must be fast. But the cornered fish, evidently anchored somewhere by that short wire, floundered several times to the surface, before I thought of striking out to the spot.

The water is low now and tolerably clear. You may see the very ledge there, sir, in yonder corner, on which the small end of my rod rested when I secured that pike with my hands. I did not take him from the slip-noose, however; but standing upon the ledge, handled the rod in a workmanlike manner, as I flung that pound pickerel over the iron-railing upon the top of the parapet. The rod, as I have told you, barely reached from the railing to the water. It was a heavy, strong bass rod which I had borrowed in "the Spirit of the Times" office; and when I discovered that the fish at the end of the wire made a strong enough knot to prevent me from drawing my tackle away from the railing around which it twined itself as I threw, why, as you can at once see, I had but little difficulty in making my way up the face of the wall with such assistance. The ladder which attracted your notice is, as you see, lashed to the iron railing in the identical spot where I thus made my escape; and for fear of similar accidents they have placed another one in the corresponding corner of the other compartment of the tank ever since my remarkable night's adventure in the Reservoir.

We give the above singular relation verbatim as heard from the lips of our chance acquaintance; and

although strongly tempted to "work it up" after the fantastic style of a famous German namesake, prefer that the reader should have it in its American simplicity.

LUCRETIA MARIA AND MARGARET MILLER DAVIDSON.

THE sisters Lucretia Maria and Margaret Miller, were the daughters of Dr. Oliver Davidson, and Margaret Miller his wife. The parents were persons of education and refinement; and the mother, herself a poetess, had enjoyed the instructions of the celebrated Isabella Graham at New York. She was sensitive in body as well as mind, and subject to frequent attacks of sickness. Her daughter Lucretia was born at Plattsburgh, on the shore of Lake Champlain, September 27, 1808. Her infancy was sickly, and in her second year an attack of typhus fever threatened her life. She recovered from this, however, and with it the lesser disorders with which she had been also troubled, disappeared. At the age of four she was sent to school and soon learned to read and form letters in sand. She was an unwearied student of the little story books given her, neglecting for these all the ordinary plays of her age. We soon hear of her making books of her own. Her mother one day, when preparing to write a letter, missed a quire of paper; expressing her wonder, the little girl came forward and said, "Mamma, I have used it." Her mother, surprised, asked her how? Lucretia burst out crying and said, "she did not like to tell." She was not pressed to do so, and paper continued to disappear. Lucretia was often found busy with pen and ink, and in making little blank books; but would only cry and run away if questioned.

When she was six years old, these little books came to light on the removal of a pile of linen on a closet shelf, behind which they were hidden. "At first," says her biographer Miss Sedgwick, "the hieroglyphics seemed to baffle investigation. On one side of the leaf was an artfully sketched picture; on the other, Roman letters, some placed upright, others horizontally, obliquely, or backwards, not formed into words, nor spaced in any mode. Both parents pored over them till they ascertained the letters were poetical explanations in metre and rhyme of the picture in the reverse. The little books were carefully put away as literary curiosities. Not long after this, Lucretia came running to her mother, painfully agitated, her face covered with her hands, and tears trickling down between her slender fingers—'Oh, Mama! mama!' she cried, sobbing, 'how could you treat me so? You have not used me well! My little books! you have shown them to papa, —Anne—Eliza, I know you have. Oh, what shall I do?' Her mother pleaded guilty, and tried to soothe the child by promising not to do so again; Lucretia's face brightened, a sunny smile played through her tears as she replied, 'Oh, mama, I am not afraid you will do so again, for I have burned them all;' and so she had! This reserve proceeded from nothing cold or exclusive in her character; never was there a more loving or sympathetic creature. It would be difficult to say which was most rare, her modesty, or the genius it sanctified."

She soon after learned to write in more legible

fashion, and in her ninth year produced the following lines, the earliest of her compositions which has been preserved:—

ON THE DEATH OF MY ROBIN.

Underneath this turf doth lie
A little bird which ne'er could fly,
Twelve large angle worms did fill
This little bird, whom they did kill.
Puss! if you should chance to smell
My little bird from his dark cell,
Oh! do be merciful, my cat,
And not serve him as you did my rat.

She studied hard at school, and when needle-work was given her as a preventive against this undue intellectual effort, dashed through the task assigned her with great rapidity, and studied harder than before. Her mother very properly took her away from school, and the child's health improved in consequence. She now frequently brought short poems to her mother, who always received them gladly, and encouraged her intellectual efforts. The kind parent has given us a glimpse of her daughter, engaged in her eleventh year in composition. "Immediately after breakfast she went to walk, and not returning to dinner, nor even when the evening approached, Mr. Townsend set forth in search of her. He met her, and as her eye encountered his, she smiled and blushed, as if she felt conscious of having been a little ridiculous. She said she had called on a friend, and, having found her absent, had gone to her library, where she had been examining some volumes of an Encyclopædia to aid her, we believe, in the oriental story she was employed upon. She forgot her dinner and her tea, and had remained reading, standing, and with her hat on, till the disappearance of daylight brought her to herself.

A characteristic anecdote is related of her "cramming" for her long poem, *Amir Khan*. "I entered her room—she was sitting with scarcely light enough to discern the characters she was tracing; her harp was in the window, touched by a breeze just sufficient to rouse the spirit of harmony; her comb had fallen on the floor, and her long dark ringlets hung in rich profusion over her neck and shoulders, her cheek glowed with animation, her lips were half unclosed, her full dark eye was radiant with the light of genius, and beaming with sensibility, her head rested on her left hand, while she held her pen in her right—she looked like the inhabitant of another sphere; she was so wholly absorbed that she did not observe my entrance. I looked over her shoulder and read the following lines:—

What heavenly music strikes my ravished ear,
So soft, so melancholy, and so clear?
And do the tuneless nine then touch the lyre,
To fill each bosom with poetic fire?
Or does some angel strike the sounding strings
Who caught from echo the wild note he sings?
But ah! another strain, how sweet! how wild!
Now rushing low, 'tis soothing, soft, and mild.

"The noise I made in leaving the room roused her, and she soon after brought me her 'Lines to an Æolian Harp.'"

In 1824, an old friend of her mother and a frequent visitor, the Hon. Moss Kent, happened to take up some of Lucretia's MS. poems which had

been given to his sister. Struck with their merit he went to the mother to see more, and on his way met the poetess, then a beautiful girl of sixteen; much pleased with her conversation, he proposed to her parents, after a further examination of her poems, to adopt her as his own daughter. They acquiesced in his wishes so far as to consent to his sending her to Mrs. Willard's seminary at Troy* to complete her education.



In the fear of the Judgment!

She was delighted with the opportunity afforded her of an improved literary culture, and on the 24th of November, 1824, left home in good health, which was soon impaired by her severe study. The chief mischief, however, appears to have been done by her exertions in preparing for the public examination of the school. Miss Davidson fell sick, Mrs. Willard sent for Dr. Robbins, who bled, administered an emetic, and allowed his patient, after making her still weaker, to resume her preparation for examination, for which she "must study morning, noon, and night, and

* Emma, the daughter of Samuel Hart, and a descendant from Thomas Hooker, the founder of Hartford, was born at New Berlin, Conn., in February, 1787. At the age of sixteen, she commenced the career to which her life has been devoted as the teacher of the district school of her native town.

After filling in succession the post of principal of several academies, she took charge of an institution of the kind at Middlebury, Vermont, where in 1809 she married Dr. John Willard of that state.

In 1819, Mrs. Willard, at the invitation of Governor Clinton, and other distinguished men of the state of New York, removed to Waterford to take charge of an institution for female education, incorporated, and in part supported, by the legislature.

In consequence of being unable to secure an appropriate building at Waterford, Mrs. Willard accepted an invitation to establish a school at Troy, and in 1821 commenced the institution which has long been celebrated as the Troy Female Seminary, and with which she remained connected until 1838.

In 1830, Mrs. Willard made a tour in Europe, and on her return published her *Travels*, devoting her share of the proceeds of the sale to the support of a school in Greece, founded mainly by her exertions, for the education of female teachers.

Mrs. Willard has, since her retirement from Troy, resided at Hartford, where she has written and published several addresses on the subject of Female Education, especially as connected with the common-school system. She is also the author of a *Manual of American History*, a *Treatise on Ancient Geography*, and other works which have had an extensive school circulation. In 1830 she published a small volume of poems, and in 1846 a *Treatise on the Motions Powers which produce the Circulation of the Blood*, a work which attracted much attention on its appearance; and in 1849, *Last Leaves of American History*, a continuation of her "Manual." Died in 1870.

rise between two and four every morning." The great event came off, "in a room crowded almost to suffocation," on the 12th of February.

In the spring vacation she returned home. Her mother was alarmed at the state of her health, but the physician called by her father to aid him in the treatment of her case recommending a change of scene and air, she was allowed to follow her wishes and return to school, the establishment of Miss Gibson at Albany being at this time selected. She had been there but a few weeks when her disease, consumption, assumed its worst features. Her mother hurried to her, and removed her home in July. It is a touching picture that of her last journey. "She shrunk painfully from the gaze her beauty inevitably attracted, heightened as it was by that disease which seems to delight to deck the victim for its triumph." She reached home. "To the last she manifested her love of books. A trunk filled with them had not been unpacked. She requested her mother to open it at her bed-side, and as each book was given to her, she turned over the leaves, kissed it, and desired to have it placed on a table at the foot of her bed. There they remained to the last day, her eye often fondly resting on them." She wrote while confined to her bed her last poem:—

There is a something which I dread,
It is a dark and fearful thing;
It steals along with withering tread,
Or sweeps on wild destruction's wing.
That thought comes o'er me in the hour
Of grief, of sickness, or of sadness:
'Tis not the dread of death; 'tis more—
It is the dread of madness.
Oh! may these throbbing pulses pause,
Forgetful of their feverish course;
May this hot brain, which, burning glows
With all a fiery whirlpool's force,
Be cold and motionless, and still
A tenant of its lowly bed;
But let not dark delirium steal—
[Unfinished.]

The fear was a groundless one, for her mind was calm, collected, and tranquil during the short period that intervened before her death, on the 27th of August, 1825, one month before her seventeenth birthday.

THE WIDE WORLD IS DREAR.

(Written in her sixteenth year.)

Oh say not the wide world is lonely and dreary!
Oh say not that life is a wilderness waste!
There's ever some comfort in store for the weary,
And there's ever some hope for the sorrowful breast.

There are often sweet dreams which will steal o'er
the soul,
Beguiling the mourner to smile through a tear,
That when waking the dew-drops of mem'ry may
fall,
And blot out for ever, the wide world is drear.

There is hope for the lost, for the lone one's relief,
Which will beam o'er his pathway of danger and
fear;
There is pleasure's wild throb, and the calm "joy
of grief,"

Oh then say not the wide world is lonely and drear!

There are fears that are anxious, yet sweet to the breast,
Some feelings, which language ne'er told to the ear,
Which return on the heart, and there lingering rest,
Soft whispering, this world is not lonely and drear.

'Tis true, that the dreams of the evening will fade,
When reason's broad sunbeam shines calmly and clear;
Still fancy, sweet fancy, will smile o'er the shade,
And say that the world is not lonely and drear.

Oh, then mourn not that life is a wilderness waste!
That each hope is illusive, each prospect is drear,
But remember that man, undeserving, is blest,
And rewarded with smiles for the fall of a tear.

KINDAR BURIAL SERVICE—VERSIFIED.

We commend our brother to thee, oh earth!
To thee he returns, from thee was his birth!
Of thee was he formed, he was nourished by thee;
Take the body, oh earth! the spirit is free.

Oh air! he once breathed thee, thro' thee he survived,
And in thee, and with thee, his pure spirit lived:
That spirit hath fled, and we yield him to thee;
His ashes be spread, like his soul, far and free.

Oh fire! we commit his dear reliques to thee,
Thou emblem of purity, spotless and free;
May his soul, like thy flames, bright and burning arise,
To its mansion of bliss, in the star-spangled skies.

Oh water! receive him; without thy kind aid
He had parched 'neath the sunbeams or mourned in the shade;
Then take of his body the share which is thine,
For the spirit hath fled from its mouldering shrine.

MARGARET MILLER DAVIDSON, at the time of her sister's death, was in her third year, having been born March 26, 1823. Her life seems in almost every respect a repetition of that of her departed sister. The same precocity was early developed. When she was six years old she read the English poets with "enthusiastic delight." While standing at the window with her mother she exclaimed—

See those lofty, those grand trees;
Their high tops waving in the breeze;
They cast their shadows on the ground,
And spread their fragrance all around.

At her mother's request she wrote down the little impromptu, but committed it to paper in a consecutive sentence, as so much prose. The act was, however, the commencement of her literary career, and she every day, for some time after, brought some little scrap of rhyme to her parent. She was at the same time delighting the children of the neighborhood by her improvised stories, which she would sometimes extend through a whole evening.

Her education was conducted at home, under her mother's charge. She advanced so rapidly in her studies that it was necessary to check her ardor, that over exertion might not injure her

health. When about seven years old, an English gentleman who had been much interested in the poems of Lucretia Davidson, visited her mother, in order to learn more concerning an author he so much admired. While the two were conversing, Margaret entered with a copy of Thomson's Seasons in her hand, in which she had marked the passages which pleased her. The gentleman, overcoming the child's timidity by his gentleness, soon became as much interested in the younger as in the elder sister, and the little incident led to a friendship which lasted through life.

During the summer she passed a few weeks at Saratoga Springs and New York. She enjoyed her visit to the city greatly, and returned home with improved health. In the winter she removed with her mother to the residence of a married sister in Canada. The tour was undertaken for the health of her parent, but with ill success, as an illness followed, which confined her for eighteen months to her bed, during which her life was often despaired of. The mother recovered, but in January, 1833, the daughter was attacked by scarlet fever, from which she did not become free until April. In May the two convalescents proceeded to New York. Margaret remained here several months, and was the life and soul of the household of which she was the guest. It was proposed by her little associates to act a play, provided she would write one. This she agreed to do, and in two days "produced her drama, *The Tragedy of Alethia*. It was not very voluminous," observes Mr. Irving, "but it contained within it sufficient of high character and astounding and bloody incident to furnish out a drama of five times its size. A king and queen of England resolutely bent upon marrying their daughter, the Princess Alethia, to the Duke of Ormond. The Princess most perversely and dolorously in love with a mysterious cavalier, who figures at her father's court under the name of Sir Percy Lennox, but who, in private truth, is the Spanish king, Rodrigo, thus obliged to maintain an incognito on account of certain hostilities between Spain and England. The odious nuptials of the princess with the Duke of Ormond proceed: she is led, a submissive victim, to the altar; is on the point of pledging her irrevocable word; when the priest throws off his sacred robe, discovers himself to be Rodrigo, and plunges a dagger into the bosom of the king. Alethia instantly plucks the dagger from her father's bosom, throws herself into Rodrigo's arms, and kills herself. Rodrigo flies to a cavern, renounces England, Spain, and his royal throne, and devotes himself to eternal remorse. The queen ends the play by a passionate apostrophe to the spirit of her daughter, and sinks dead on the floor.

"The little drama lies before us, a curious specimen of the prompt talent of this most ingenious child, and by no means more incongruous in its incidents than many current dramas by veteran and experienced playwrights.

"The parts were now distributed and soon learnt; Margaret drew out a play-bill in theatrical style, containing a list of the dramatis personæ, and issued regular tickets of admission. The piece went off with universal applause.

Margaret figuring, in a long train, as the princess, and killing herself in a style that would not have disgraced an experienced stage heroine."



Margaret Davidson

In October she returned home to Ballston, the family residence having been changed from Plattsburgh, as the climate on the lake had been pronounced too trying for her constitution. She amused the family, old and young, during the winter, by writing a weekly paper called *The Juvenile Aspirant*. Her education was still conducted by her mother, who was fully competent to the task, and unwilling to trust her at a boarding-school. She studied Latin with her brother, under a private tutor. When she was eleven her delicate frame, rendered still more sensitive by a two months' illness, received a severe shock from the intelligence of the death of her sister, resident in Canada. A change of scene being thought desirable, she paid another visit to New York, where she remained until June. In December she was attacked by a liver complaint, which confined her to her room until Spring. "During this fit of illness her mind had remained in an unusual state of inactivity; but with the opening of spring and the faint return of health, it broke forth with a brilliancy and a restless excitability that astonished and alarmed. 'In conversation,' says her mother, 'her sallies of wit were dazzling. She composed and wrote, incessantly, or rather would have done so, had I not interposed my authority to prevent this unceasing tax upon both her mental and physical strength. Fugitive pieces were produced every day, such as *The Shunamite*, *Belshazzar's Feast*, *The Nature of Mind*, *Boabdil el Chico*, &c. She seemed to exist only in the regions of poetry.' We cannot help thinking that these moments of intense poetical exaltation sometimes approached to delirium, for we are told by her mother that 'the image of her departed sister Lucretia mingled in all her aspirations; the holy elevation of Lucretia's character had taken deep hold of her imagination, and in her moments of enthusiasm she felt that she had close and intimate communion with her beautiful spirit.'"

In the autumn of 1835 the family removed to a pleasant residence, "Ruremont," near the Shot

Tower, on Long Island Sound, below Hell Gate.

Here Mrs. Davidson received a letter from her English visitor, inviting Margaret and herself to pass the winter with him and the wife he had recently married at Havana.

The first winter at the new home was a mournful one, for it was marked by the death of her little brother Kent. Margaret's own health was also rapidly failing—the fatal symptoms of consumption having already appeared. The accumulated grief was too much for the mother's feeble frame. "For three weeks," she says, "I hovered upon the borders of the grave, and when I arose from this bed of pain—so feeble that I could not sustain my own weight, it was to witness the rupture of a blood-vessel in her lung, caused by exertions to suppress a cough."

"Long and anxious were the days and nights spent in watching over her. Every sudden movement or emotion excited the hemorrhage. 'Not a murmur escaped her lips,' says her mother, 'during her protracted sufferings. "How are you, my love? how have you rested during the night?" "Well, dear mamma; I have slept sweetly." I have been night after night beside her restless couch, wiped the cold dew from her brow, and kissed her faded cheek in all the agony of grief, while she unconsciously slept on; or if she did awake, her calm sweet smile, which seemed to emanate from heaven, has, spite of my reason, lighted my heart with hope. Except when very ill, she was ever a bright dreamer. Her visions were usually of an unearthly cast: about heaven and angels. She was wandering among the stars; her sainted sisters were her pioneers; her cherub brother walked hand in hand with her through the gardens of paradise! I was always an early riser, but after Margaret began to decline I never disturbed her until time to rise for breakfast, a season of social intercourse in which she delighted to unite, and from which she was never willing to be absent. Often when I have spoken to her she would exclaim, "Mother, you have disturbed the brightest visions that ever mortal was blessed with! I was in the midst of such scenes of delight! Cannot I have time to finish my dream?" And when I told her how long it was until breakfast, "it will do," she would say, and again lose herself in her bright imaginings; for I considered these as moments of inspiration rather than sleep. She told me it was not sleep. I never knew but one except Margaret, who enjoyed this delightful and mysterious source of happiness—that one was her departed sister Lucretia. When awaking from these reveries, an almost ethereal light played about her eye, which seemed to irradiate her whole face. A holy calm pervaded her manner, and in truth she looked more like an angel who had been communing with kindred spirits in the world of light, than anything of a grosser nature."

It was during this illness that Margaret became acquainted with Miss Sedgwick. The disease unexpectedly yielding to care and skill, the invalid was enabled during the summer to make a tour to the western part of New York. Soon after her return, in September, the air of the river having been pronounced unfavorable for her health, the family removed to New York. Mar-

garet persevered in the restrictions imposed by her physicians against composition and study for six months; but was so unhappy in her inactive state, that with her mother's consent she resumed her usual habits. In May, 1837, the family returned to Ballston. In the fall an attack of bleeding at the lungs necessitated an order from her physicians that she should pass the winter within doors. The quiet was of service to her health. We have a pleasant and touching picture of her Christmas, in one of her poems written at the time.

TO MY MOTHER AT CHRISTMAS.

Wake, mother, wake to hope and glee,
The golden sun is dawning!
Wake, mother, wake, and hail with me
This happy Christmas morning!

Each eye is bright with pleasure's glow,
Each lip is laughing merrily;
A smile hath passed o'er winter's brow,
And the very snow looks cheerily.

Hark to the voice of the awakened day,
To the sleigh-bells gaily ringing,
While a thousand, thousand happy hearts
Their Christmas lays are singing.

'Tis a joyous hour of mirth and love,
And my heart is overflowing!
Come, let us raise our thoughts above,
While pure, and fresh, and glowing.

'Tis the happiest day of the rolling year,
But it comes in a robe of mourning,
Nor light, nor life, nor bloom is here
Its icy shroud adorning.

It comes when all around is dark,
'Tis meet it so should be,
For its joy is the joy of the happy heart,
The spirit's jubilee.

It does not need the bloom of spring,
Or summer's light and gladness,
For love has spread her beaming wing,
O'er winter's brow of sadness.

'Twas thus he came, beneath a cloud
His spirit's light concealing,
No crown of earth, no kingly robe
His heavenly power revealing.

His soul was pure, his mission love,
His aim a world's redeeming;
To raise the darkened soul above
Its wild and sinful dreaming.

With all his Father's power and love,
The cords of guilt to sever;
To ope a sacred fount of light,
Which flows, shall flow for ever.

Then we shall hail the glorious day,
The spirit's new creation,
And pour our grateful feelings forth,
A pure and warm libation.

Wake, mother, wake to chastened joy,
The golden sun is dawning!
Wake, mother, wake, and hail with me
This happy Christmas morning.

The winter was occupied by a course of reading in history, and by occasional composition. In May the family removed to Saratoga. Margaret fancied herself, under the balmy influences of the season, much better—but all others had abandoned hope. It is a needless and painful task to trace step by step the progress of disease. The clos-

ing scene came on the 25th of the following November.

The poetical writings of Lucretia Davidson, which have been collected, amount in all to two hundred and seventy-eight pieces, among which are five of several cantos each. A portion of these were published, with a memoir by Professor S. B. F. Morse, in 1829. The volume was well received, and noticed in a highly sympathetic and laudatory manner by Southey, in the *Quarterly Review*.* The poems were reprinted, with a life by Miss Sedgwick, which had previously appeared in Sparks's *American Biography*.

Margaret's poems were introduced to the world under the kind auspices of Washington Irving. Revised editions of both were published in 1850 in one volume, a happy companionship which will doubtless be permanent.

A volume of *Selections from the Writings of Mrs. Margaret M. Davidson, the Mother of Lucretia Maria and Margaret M. Davidson*, with a preface by Miss C. M. Sedgwick, appeared in 1844. It contains a prose tale, *A Few Eventful Days* in 1814; a poetical version of Ruth and of Ossian's *McFingal*, with a few Miscellaneous Poems.

Lieutenant L. P. Davidson, of the U. S. army, the brother of Margaret and Lucretia, who also died young, wrote verses with elegance and ease.†

EMMA C EMBURY.

MRS. EMBURY, the wife of Mr. Daniel Embury, a gentleman of wealth and distinguished by his intellectual and social qualities, a resident of Brooklyn, New York, is the daughter of James R. Manly, for a long while an eminent New York physician. She early became known to the public as a writer of verses in the columns of the *New York Mirror* and other journals under the signature of "Ianthé." In the year 1828 a volume from her pen was published, *Guido, and Other Poems, by Ianthé*. This was followed by a volume on *Female Education*, and a long series of tales and sketches in the magazines of the day, which were received with favor for their felicitous sentiment and ease in composition. Constance Latimer is one of these, which has given title to a collection of the stories, *The Blind Girl and Other Tales*. Her *Pictures of Early Life, Glimpses of Home Life or Causes and Consequences*, are similar volumes. In 1845 she contributed the letter-press, both prose and verse, to an illustrated volume in quarto, *Na-*

* The following lines were addressed from Greta Hall, in 1842, by Caroline Southey, "To the Mother of Lucretia and Margaret Davidson."

Oh, lady! greatly favored! greatly tried!
Was ever glory, ever grief like thine,
Since her's,—the mother of the Man divine—
The perfect one—the crowned, the crucified?
Wonder and joy, high hopes and chastened pride
Thrilled thee; intently watching, hour by hour,
The fast unfolding of each human flower,
In hues of more than earthly brilliance dyed—
And then, the blight—the fading—the first fear—
The sickening hope—the doom—the end of all;
Heart-withering, if indeed all ended here,
But from the dust, the coffin, and the pall,
Mother bereaved! thy tearful eyes upraise—
Mother of angels! join their songs of praise.

† Some lines from his pen, entitled *Longings for the West*, are printed in the *South Lit. Mess.* for Feb. 1843.

ture's Gems, or American Wild Flowers. She has also written a volume of poems, *Love's Token-Flowers*, in which these symbols of sentiment are gracefully interpreted. In 1848 appeared her volume, *The Waldorf Family, or Grandfather's Legends*, in which the romantic lore of Brittany is presented to the young.

Emme C. Embury

These writings, which exhibit good sense and healthy natural feeling, though numerous, are to be taken rather as illustrations of domestic life and retired sentiment than as the occupation of a professed literary career.

Of her poetry, her songs breathe an air of nature, with much sweetness.

**Mrs. Embury died at Brooklyn, Feb. 10, 1863. A volume of her *Poems* was published in 1869.

BALLAD.

The maiden sat at her busy wheel,
Her heart was light and free,
And ever in cheerful song broke forth
Her bosom's harmless glee;
Her song was in mockery of love,
And oft I heard her say,
"The gathered rose and the stolen heart
Can charm but for a day."

I looked on the maiden's rosy cheek,
And her lip so full and bright,
And I sighed to think that the traitor love
Should conquer a heart so light;
But she thought not of future days of woe,
While she carolled in tones so gay—
"The gathered rose and the stolen heart
Can charm but for a day."

A year passed on, and again I stood
By the humble cottage door;
The maid sat at her busy wheel,
But her look was blithe no more;
The big tear stood in her downcast eye,
And with sighs I heard her say,
"The gathered rose and the stolen heart
Can charm but for a day."

Oh, well I knew what had dimmed her eye,
And made her cheek so pale:
The maid had forgotten her early song,
While she listened to love's soft tale;
She had tasted the sweets of his poisoned cup,
It had wasted her life away—
And the stolen heart, like the gathered rose,
Had charmed but for a day.

LINES SUGGESTED BY THE MORAVIAN BURIAL-GROUND AT BETHLEHEM.

When in the shadow of the tomb
This heart shall rest,
Oh! lay me where spring flow'rets bloom
On earth's bright breast.
Oh! ne'er in vaulted chambers lay
My lifeless form;
Seek not of such mean, worthless prey
To cheat the worm.

In this sweet city of the dead
I fain would sleep,
Where flowers may deck my narrow bed,
And night dews weep.
But raise not the sepulchral stone
To mark the spot;
Enough, if by thy heart alone
'Tis ne'er forgot.

ABSENCE.

Come to me, love; forget each sordid duty
That chains thy footsteps to the crowded mart,
Come, look with me upon earth's summer beauty,
And let its influence cheer thy weary heart.
Come to me, love!

Come to me, love; the voice of song is swelling
From nature's harp in every varied tone,
And many a voice of bird and bee is telling
A tale of joy amid the forests lone.
Come to me, love!

Come to me, love; my heart can never doubt thee,
Yet for thy sweet companionship I pine;
Oh, never more can joy be joy without thee,
My pleasures, even as my life, are thine.
Come to me, love!

OH! TELL ME NOT OF LOFTY FATE.

Oh! tell me not of lofty fate,
Of glory's deathless name;
The bosom love leaves desolate,
Has naught to do with fame.
Vainly philosophy would soar—
Love's height it may not reach;
The heart soon learns a sweeter lore
Than ever sage could teach.
The cup may bear a poisoned draught,
The altar may be cold,
But yet the chalice will be quaffed—
The shrine sought as of old.
Man's sterner nature turns away
To seek ambition's goal!
Wealth's glittering gifts, and pleasure's ray,
May charm his weary soul;
But woman knows one only dream—
That broken, all is o'er;
For on life's dark and sluggish stream
Hope's sunbeam rests no more.

CAROLINE LEE HENTZ.

Mrs. HENTZ is a daughter of General John Whiting, and a native of Lancaster, Massachusetts. She married, in 1825, Mr. N. M. Hentz, a French gentleman, at that time associated with Mr. Bancroft in the Round Hill School at Northampton. Mr. Hentz was soon after appointed Professor in the college at Chapel Hill, North Carolina, where he remained for several years. They then removed to Covington, Kentucky, and afterwards to Cincinnati and Florence, Alabama. Here they conducted for nine years a prosperous female Academy, which in 1843 was removed to Tuscaloosa, in 1845 to Tuskegee, and in 1848 to Columbus, Georgia.

While at Covington, Mrs. Hentz wrote the tragedy of *De Lara, or the Moorish Bride*, for the prize of \$500, offered by the Arch Street Theatre, of Philadelphia. She was the successful competitor, and the play was produced, and performed for several nights with applause. It was afterwards published.

In 1843 she wrote a poem, *Human and Divine Philosophy*, for the Erosophic Society of the University of Alabama, before whom it was delivered by Mr. A. W. Richardson.

In 1846 Mrs. Hentz published *Aunt Patty's Scrap Bag*, a collection of short stories which she had previously contributed to the magazines. This was followed by *The Mob Cap*, 1848; *Linda, or the Young Pilot of the Belle Creole*, 1850; *Rena, or the Snow Bird*, 1851; *Marcus Warland, or the Long Moss Spring*; *Eoline, or Magnolia Vale*, 1852; *Wild Jack*; *Helen and Arthur, or Miss Thusa's Spinning Wheel*, 1853; *The Planter's Northern Bride*, two volumes, the longest of her novels, in 1854.

Mrs. Hentz has also written a number of fugitive poems which have appeared in various periodicals. Her second tragedy, *Lamora, or the Western Wilds*, an Indian play, was performed, and published in a newspaper at Columbus. The scenes and incidents of her stories are for the most part drawn from the Southern states, and are said to be written in the midst of her social circle, and in the intervals of the ordinary avocations of a busy life.

THE SNOW FLAKES.

Ye're welcome, ye white and feathery flakes,
That fall like the blossoms the summer wind shakes
From the bending spray—Oh! say do ye come,
With tidings to me, from my far distant home!

"Our home is above in the depths of the sky—
In the hollow of God's own hand we lie—
We are fair, we are pure, our birth is divine—
Say, what can we know of thee, or of thine?"

I know that ye dwell in the kingdoms of air—
I know ye are heavenly, pure, and fair;
But oft have I seen ye, far travellers roam,
By the cold blast driven, round my northern home.

"We roam over mountain, and valley, and sea,
We hang our pale wreaths on the leafless tree:
The herald of wisdom and mercy we go,
And perchance the far home of thy childhood we know.

"We roam, and our fairy track we leave,
While for nature a winding sheet we weave—
A cold, white shroud that shall mantle the gloom—
Till her Maker recalls her to glory and bloom."

Oh! foam of the shoreless ocean above!
I know thou descendest in mercy and love:
Oh! chill as thou art, yet benign is thy birth,
As the dew that imparts the green bosom of Earth.

And I've thought as I've seen thy tremulous spray,
Soft curling like mist on the branches lay,
In bright relief on the dark blue sky,
That thou meltest in grief when the sun came nigh.

"Say, whose is the harp whose echoing song
Breathes wild on the gale that wafts us along!
The moon, the flowers, the blossoming tree,
Wake the minstrel's lyre, they are brighter than we."

The flowers shed their fragrance, the moonbeams
their light,
Over scenes never veiled by your drap'ry of white;
But the clime where I first saw your downy flakes
fall,

My own native clime is far dearer than all.

Oh! fair, when ye clothed in their wintry mail,
The elms that o'ershadow my home in the vale,
Like warriors they looked, as they bowed in the
storm,
With the tossing plume and the towering form.

Ye fade, ye melt—I feel the warm breath
Of the redolent South o'er the desolate heath—
But tell me, ye vanishing pearls, where ye dwell,
When the dew-drops of Summer bespangle the
dell?

"We fade,—we melt into crystalline spheres—
We weep, for we pass through a valley of tears;
But onward to glory—away to the sky—
In the hollow of God's own hand we lie."

This esteemed author, whose numerous works of fiction, drawn from incidents of American life, and endeared to a large class of readers by their portrayal of domestic feelings, always received a kindly welcome from the public, died of an attack of pneumonia, at her home at Marianna, Florida, February 11, 1856.

Her later years after 1852, when she joined her elder children, who were settled in that region, were shaded by many cares and trials of sorrow in the loss of relatives and the illness of her husband, yet she continued to employ her pen to the last, sending forth new collections of her writings and new works of fiction. In addition to the titles already given, may be mentioned *Love after Marriage, and other Stories*; *The Banished Son*; *The Victim of Excitement*; *The Parlor Serpent*, and other novelettes; *The Flowers of Elocution*, a class-book; a collection of poems, dialogues, debates, &c., in 1855; *Robert Graham*, a sequel to *Linda*, in 1856, and her last volume, *Ernest Linwood*, finished shortly before her death. Her latest composition, written five days before her death, was a little poem, marking her pious resignation, entitled, "No Cross, no Crown."

Her husband, Professor Hentz, to whose protracted illness she had ministered in Florida with great anxiety, did not long survive her, dying at the residence of his son, Dr. Charles A. Hentz, at Marianna, November 4, 1856. He was French by birth, and a gentleman of many accomplishments. He had held the professorship of the Belles-Lettres and Modern Languages at Chapel Hill, North Carolina, and is highly spoken of for his devotion to the natural sciences and his attainments as an entomologist.

Since Mrs. Hentz's decease, a volume including her somewhat remarkable *Juvenile Poems* and her dramatic writings has been published by Mr. T. B. Peterson, of Philadelphia, prefaced by an appreciative biographical sketch from the pen of the Rev. W. C. Langdon.

HERMANN ERNST LUDEWIG,

A pioneer in the work of American Bibliography, was born at Dresden, in Saxony, October 14, 1809. He early acquired a taste for bibliographical pursuits, issuing at his own cost, in 1837, a publication entitled, *Livre des Ana, Essai de Catalogue Manuel*. He also published a treatise entitled, *Bibliothekonomie*. A few years later, he contributed to Naumann's "Serapeum,"

among other articles, those on "American Libraries," "Aids to American Bibliography," and "The Book Trade of the United States."

Mr. Ludewig came to the United States, and made the city of New York his residence, about 1842. Having studied law in Germany, he devoted himself to that profession in his adopted city, and soon acquired a profitable practice among its German population. Pursuing his taste for literature, and especially historical study, he was enlisted as a member of the National Institution at Washington, and of the American Ethnological Society at New York. His valuable volume, *The Literature of American Local History, a Bibliographical Essay*, was printed in 1846, and a "Supplement of American Local History" was added in a pamphlet, in 1848. In the preparation of these works, Mr. Ludewig had the assistance of the valuable collection of Mr. Peter Force, of Washington, and of Mr. George Brierly, of Hartford. He was also a special student of antiquities and of philology, and was about publishing, with Tuebner, in London, a work entitled, *Bibliotheca Glottica*, when he died suddenly, at Brooklyn, New York, December 12, 1856. The volume, left unfinished in the printer's hands by Mr. Ludewig, received additions and corrections by the late Professor W. W. Turner, and the whole, edited by Mr. Nicholas Tuebner, was published in 1858, by the London house of Tuebner & Co., in an octavo volume with the title, *The Literature of American Aboriginal Languages*. A brief memoir of Mr. Ludewig, by the editor, prefaces the work.

Of a vigorous physical frame, his temperament was warm and hearty, and his diligence and unaffected philanthropy, combined with his prepossessing appearance and manners to endear him to his friends. His extensive bibliographical and ethnographical library was sold, two years after his death, by Bangs, Merwin & Co., at their auction rooms in New York.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

Wendell Phillips was born in Boston, Mass., November 29, 1811. His father, John Phillips, was mayor of the city. Wendell was educated at Harvard College, graduating in 1831, where he pursued his studies at the Cambridge law school, and, at the conclusion of his course of study in 1833, was admitted to the Suffolk bar. In 1835 he became a prominent member of the rising Abolition party, and from that time has devoted himself earnestly to the cause. A collection of his writings, entitled *Speeches, Lectures, and Letters by Wendell Phillips*, was published at Boston in 1863. The volume is exclusively occupied with the author's discussion on various occasions of prominent questions relating to the subject of slavery and the aggressions of the slave power. During the progress of the war for the suppression of the great rebellion of 1861, Mr. Phillips delivered numerous orations, and, though occupying an ultra position on many points, with great popular influence. As a rhetorician, he possesses high merits. His style is polished and pointed; the matter of his

discourses learned and philosophical, frequently enlivened by wit and sarcasm; his delivery calm, melodious, and effective.

**Mr. Phillips succeeded to the presidency of the Anti-Slavery Society on the resignation of Mr. Garrison, and held that office until the dissolution of the Society in 1870. In the latter year he was the candidate of the "Labor Reform Party" for Governor of Massachusetts. A new edition of his *Speeches, Lectures, and Letters* appeared in 1869.

SARAH HELEN WHITMAN.

Mrs. WHITMAN is a daughter of Mr. Nicholas Power, of Providence, a direct descendant of a follower of Roger Williams in his banishment. She was married in 1828 to Mr. John Winslow Whitman, a descendant of Governor Winslow, with whom she removed to Boston, where her husband practised law with eminent success. In 1833 he was attacked by a disease which in a brief period closed his life. His widow returned to her native city of Providence, where she has since resided.

Sarah Helen Whitman

Mrs. Whitman published in 1853 *Hours of Life and Other Poems*, a few of which are translations from the German. She has also written in connection with her sister, Miss Anna Power, two fairy ballads entitled *Cinderella*, and *The Sleeping Beauty*. Revised editions of these, preparatory to their issue in an illustrated volume, were printed in 1867-8. She has also contributed to leading American periodicals elaborate critical articles on German and other authors of modern Europe, in the chief languages of which she is a proficient.

Mrs. Whitman's volume of poems is a book of a rare passionate beauty, marked by fine mental characteristics. The chief poem, "Hours of Life," is a picture of the soul in its progress through time, and its search out of disappointment and experience for peace and security. Its learned philosophical spirit is not less remarkable than its tenderness and spiritual melody.

The volume also contains numerous descriptions of scenery and poems of sentiment, in which passion is intimately blended with nature. Several of these are devoted to the memory of the late Edgar A. Poe, whose wild poetic creations and melancholy career have awakened in the author's mind a peculiar sympathy and imaginative interest. In 1860 appeared *Edgar Poe and his Critics*, which Mr. George W. Curtis has termed "not a eulogy, but a criticism which is profound by the force of sympathy, and vigorous for its clear comprehension."

QUEST OF THE SOUL--FROM THE HOURS OF LIFE.

* * * * *

O'erwearied with life's restless change
From extacy to agony,
Its fleeting pleasures born to die,
The mirage of its phantasia,
Its worn and melancholy range
Of hopes that could no more estrange

The married heart of memory,
Doomed, while we drain life's perfumed wine,
For the dull Lethæan wave to pine,
And, for each thrill of joy, to know
Despair's slow pulse or sorrow's throe—
I sought some central truth to span
These wide extremes of good and ill—
I longed with one bold glance to scan
Life's perfect sphere,—to rend at will
The gloom of Erebus,—dread zone—
Coiled like a serpent round the throne
Of heaven,—the realm where Justice veils
Her heart and holds her even scales,—
Where awful Nemesis awaits
The doomed, by Pluto's iron gates.

In the long noon-tide of my sorrow,
I questioned of the eternal morrow;
I gazed in sullen awe
Far through the illimitable gloom
Down-deepening like the swift mælstroom,
The doubting soul to draw
Into eternal solitudes,
Where unrelenting silence broods
Around the throne of Law.

I questioned the dim chronicle
Of ages gone before—
I listened for the triumph songs
That rang from shore to shore,
Where the heroes and the conquerors wrought
The mighty deeds of yore—
Where the foot-prints of the martyrs
Had bathed the earth in gore,
And the war-horns of the warriors
Were heard from shore to shore.

Their blood on desert plains was shed—
Their voices on the wind had fled—
They were the drear and shadowy DEAD!

Still, through the storied past, I sought
An answer to my sleepless thought;
In the cloisters old and hoary
Of the mediæval time—
In the rude ancestral story
Of the ancient Runic rhyme.

I paused on Grecian plains, to trace
Some remnant of a mightier race,
Serene in sorrow and in strife,
Calm conquerors of Death and Life,
Types of the god-like forms that shone
Upon the sculptured Parthenon.

But still, as when Prometheus bare
From heaven the fiery dart,
I saw the "vulture passions" tear
The proud Caucasian heart—
The war of destiny with will
Still conquered, yet conflicting still.

I heard loud Hallelujas
From Israel's golden lyre,
And I sought their great Jehovah
In the cloud and in the fire.
I lingered by the stream that flowed
"Fast by the oracle of God"—
I bowed, its sacred wave to sip—
Its waters fled my thirsting lip.
The serpent trail was over all
Its borders,—and its palms that threw
Aloft their waving coronal,
Were blistered by a poison dew.
Serenely elements I sought,
Sublimely altitudes of thought,

The truth Saint John and Plato saw,
The mystic light, the inward law;
The Logos ever found and lost,
The aureola of the Ghost.

I hailed its faint auroral beam
In many a Poet's delphic dream,
On many a shrine where faith's pure flame
Through fable's gorgeous oriel came.
Around the altars of the god,
In holy passion hushed, I trod,
Where once the mighty voice of Jove
Rang through Dodona's haunted grove.
No more the dove with sable plumes*
Swept through the forest's gorgeous glooms;
The shrines were desolate and cold,
Their pæans hushed, their story told,
In long, inglorious silence lost,
Like fiery tongues of Pentecost.

No more did music's golden surge
The mortal in immortal merge:
High canticles of joy and praise
Died with the dream of other days;
I only heard the Mænad's wail,
That shriek that made the orient pale:
Evohe!—ah evohel
The mystic burden of a woe
Whose dark enigma none may know; †
The primal curse—the primal throe.
Evohe!—ah—evohel
Nature shuddered at the cry
Of that ancient agony.

Still the fabled Python bound me—
Still the serpent coil enwound me—
Still I heard the Mænad's cry,
Evohe!—ah—evohel!

* * * * *
Wearied with man's discordant creed,
I sought on Nature's page to read
Life's history, ere yet she shined
Her essence in the incarnate mind;
Intent her secret laws to trace
In primal solitudes of space,
From her first, faint atomic throes,
To where her orbéd splendor glows
In the vast, silent spheres that roll
For ever towards their unknown goal.

I turned from dull alchemical lore
With starry Chaldeans to soar,
And sought, on fancy's wing, to roam
That glorious galaxy of light
Where mingling stars, like drifting foam,
Melt on the solemn shores of night;
But still the surging glory chased
The dark through night's chaotic waste,
And still, within its deepening voids,
Crumbled the burning asteroids.

Long gloating on that hollow gloom,
Methought that in some vast mælstroom,

* "The priestesses of Dodona assert that two black pigeons flew from Thebes in Egypt; one of which settled in Lybia, the other among themselves: which latter, resting on a beech-tree, declared with a human voice that here was to be the oracle of Jove."—*Herodotus, Book II, ch. 52.*

† "The Mænads, in their wild incantations, carried serpents in their hands, and with frantic gestures, cried out *Eva! Eva!* Epiphanius thinks that this invocation related to the mother of mankind; but I am inclined to believe that it was the word *Epha* or *Opha*, rendered by the Greeks, *Opbis*, a serpent. I take *Abaddon* to have been the name of the same opbite God whose worship has so long infected the world. The learned *Helmsius* makes *Abaddon* the same as the serpent Python."—*Jacob Bryant's Analysis of Ancient Mythology.*

While Mænads cry aloud *Evoe, Evoe!*
That voice that is contagion to the world.
Shelley's Prometheus.

The stars were hurrying to their doom,—
Bubbles upon life's boundless sea,
Swift meteors of eternity,
Pale sparks of mystic fire, that fall
From God's unwaning coronal.

Is there, I asked, a living woe
In all those burning orbs that glow
Through the blue ether!—do they share
Our dim world's anguish and despair—
In their vast orbits do they fly
From some avenging destiny—
And shall their wild eyes pale beneath
The dread anathema of Death?

Our own fair earth—shall she too drift,
For ever shrouded in a weft
Of stormy clouds, that surge and swirl
Around her in her dizzy whirl:—
For ever shall a shadow fall
Backward from her golden wall,
Its dark cane stretching, ghast and grey,
Into outer glooms away!—

From the sad, unsated quest
Of knowledge, how I longed to rest
On her green and silent breast!

I languished for the dews of death
My fevered heart to steep,
The heavy, honey-dews of death,
The calm and dreamless sleep.

I left my fruitless lore apart,
And leaned my ear on Nature's heart,
To hear, far from life's busy throng,
The chime of her sweet undersong.
She pressed her balmy lips to mine,
She bathed me in her sylvan springs;
And still, by many a rural shrine,
She taught me sweet and holy things.
I felt her breath my temples fan,
I learned her temperate laws to scan,
My soul, of hers, became a conscious part;
Her beauty melted through my inmost heart.

Still I languished for the word
Her sweet lips had never spoken,
Still, from the pale shadow-land,
There came nor voice nor token;
No accent of the Holy Ghost
Whispered of the loved and lost;
No bright wanderer came to tell
If, in worlds beyond the grave,
Life, love, and beauty, dwell.

* * * * *

A holy light began to stream
Athwart the cloud-rifts, like a dream
Of heaven; and lo! a pale, sweet face,
Of mournful grandeur and imperial grace—
A face whose mystic sadness seemed to borrow
Immortal beauty from that mortal sorrow—
Looked on me; and a voice of solemn cheer
Uttered its sweet evangels on my ear;
The open secrets of that eldest lore
That seems less to reveal than to restore.

"Pluck thou the Life-tree's golden fruit,
Nor seek to bare its sacred root;
Live, and in life's perennial faith
Renounce the heresy of death:
Believe, and every sweet accord
Of being, to thine ear restored,
Shall sound articulate and clear;
Perfected love shall banish fear,
Knowledge and wisdom shall approve
The divine synthesis of love."

"Royally the lilies grow
On the grassy leas,
Basking in the sun and dew,
Swinging in the breeze.
Doth the wild-fowl need a chart
Through the illimitable air?
Heaven lies folded in my heart;
Seek the truth that slumbers there;
Thou art Truth's eternal heir."

"Let the shadows come and go;
Let the stormy north wind blow:
Death's dark valley cannot bind thee
In its dread abode;
There the Morning Star shall find thee,
There the living God.
Sin and sorrow cannot hide thee—
Death and hell cannot divide thee
From the love of God."

In the mystic agony
On the Mount of Calvary,
The Saviour with his dying eyes
Beheld the groves of Paradise.

"Then weep not by the charnel stone
Nor veil thine eyelids from the sun.
Upward, through the death-dark glides,
The spirit on resurgent tides
Of light and glory on its way:
Wilt thou by the ceremonies stay!—
Thou the risen Christ shalt see
In redeemed Humanity.
Though mourners at the portal wept,
And angels lingered where it slept,
The soul but tarried for a night,
Then plumed its wings for loftier flight."

"Is thy heart so lonely!—Lo,
Ready to share thy joy and woe,
Poor wanderers tarry at thy gate,
The way-worn and the desolate,
And angels at thy threshold wait:
Would'st thou love's holiest guerdon win—
Arise, and let the stranger in."

"The friend whom not thy fickle will,
But the deep heart within thee, still
Yearneth to fold to its embrace,
Shall seek thee through the realms of space,
Keep the image Nature sealed
On thy heart, by love annealed,
Keep thy faith serene and pure;
Her royal promises are sure,
Her sweet betrothals shall endure."

"Hope thou all things and believe;
And, in child-like trust, achieve
The simplest mandates of the soul,
The simplest good, the nearest goal;
Move but the waters and their pulse
The broad ocean shall convulse."

"When love shall reconcile the will
Love's mystic sorrow to fulfil,
Its fiery baptism to share,—
The burden of its cross to bear,—
Earth shall to equilibrium tend,
Ellipses shall to circles bend,
And life's long agony shall end."

"Then pluck the Life-tree's golden fruit,
No blight can reach its sacred root.
E'en though every blossom fell
Into Hades, one by one,
Love is deeper far than Hell—
Shadows cannot quench the sun."

"Can the child-heart promise more
Than the father hath in store!—

The blind shall see—the dead shall live;
Can the man-child forfeit more
Than the father can forgive?
The Dragon, from his empire driven,
No more shall find his place in Heaven,
Till e'en the Serpent power approve
The divine potency of love."

"Guard thy faith with holy care,—
Mystic virtues slumber there;
'Tis the lamp within the soul
Holding genii in control:
Faith shall walk the stormy water—
In the unequal strife prevail—
Nor, when comes the dread avatar
From its fiery splendors quail.
Faith shall triumph o'er the grave,
Love shall bless the life it gave."

THE TRAILING ARBUTUS.

There's a flower that grows by the greenwood tree,
In its desolate beauty more dear to me,
Than all that bask in the noontide beam
Through the long, bright summer by fount and stream.

Like a pure hope, nursed beneath sorrow's wing,
Its timid buds from the cold moss spring,
Their delicate hues like the pink sea-shell,
Or the shaded blush of the hyacinth's bell,
Their breath more sweet than the faint perfume
That breathes from the bridal orange-bloom.

It is not found by the garden wall,
It wreathes no brow in the festal hall,
But it dwells in the depths of the shadowy wood,
And shines, like a star, in the solitude.
Never did numbers its name prolong,
Ne'er hath it floated on wings of song,
Bard and minstrel have passed it by,
And left it, in silence and shade, to die.
But with joy to its cradle the wild-bees come,
And praise its beauty with drony hum,
And children love, in the season of spring,
To watch for its earliest blossoming.

In the dewy morn of an April day,
When the traveller lingers along the way,
When the sod is sprinkled with tender green
Where rivulets water the earth, unseen,
When the floating fringe on the maple's crest
Rivals the tulip's crimson vest,
And the budding leaves of the birch-trees throw
A trembling shade on the turf below,
When my flower awakes from its dreamy rest
And yields its lips to the sweet south-west,
Then, in those beautiful days of spring,
With hearts as light as the wild-bird's wing,
Flinging their tasks and their toys aside,
Gay little groups through the wood-paths glide,
Peeping and peering among the trees
As they scent its breath on the passing breeze,
Hunting about, among lichens grey,
And the tangled mosses beside the way,
Till they catch the glance of its quiet eye,
Like light that breaks through a cloudy sky.

For me, sweet blossom, thy tendrils cling
Round my heart of hearts, as in childhood's spring,
And thy breath, as it floats on the wandering air,
Wakes all the music o' memory there.
Thou recallest the time when, a fearless child,
I roved all day through the wood-walks wild,
Seeking thy blossoms by bank and brae
Wherever the snow-drifts had melted away.

Now as I linger, 'mid crowds alone,
Haunted by echoes of music flown,

When the shadows deepen around my way
And the light of reason but leads astray,
When affections, nurtured with fondest care
In the trusting heart, become traitors there,
When, weary of all that the world bestows,
I turn to nature for calm repose,
How fain my spirit, in some far glen,
Would fold her wings, 'mid thy flowers again!

A STILL DAY IN AUTUMN.

I love to wander through the woodlands hoary,
In the soft gloom of an autumnal day,
When Summer gathers up her robes of glory
And, like a dream of beauty, glides away.

How through each loved, familiar path she lingers,
Serenely smiling through the golden mist,
Tinting the wild grape with her dewy fingers,
Till the cool emerald turns to amethyst,—

Kindling the faint stars of the hazel, shining
To light the gloom of Autumn's mouldering halls,
With hoary plumes the clematis entwining,
Where, o'er the rock, her withered garland falls.

Warm lights are on the sleepy uplands waning
Beneath dark clouds along the horizon rolled,
Till the slant sunbeams through their fringes rain-
ing,

Bathe all the hills in melancholy gold.

The moist winds breathe of crisped leaves and flow-
ers,

In the damp hollows of the woodland sown,
Mingling the freshness of autumnal showers
With spicy airs from cedarn alleys blown.

Beside the brook and on the umbered meadow,
Where yellow fern-tufts fleck the faded ground,
With folded lids beneath their palmy shadow,
The gentian nods, in dewy slumbers bound.

Upon those soft, fringed lids the bee sits brooding
Like a fond lover loth to say farewell;
Or, with shut wings, through silken folds intruding,
Creeps near her heart his drowsy tale to tell.

The little birds upon the hillside lonely,
Flit noiselessly along from spray to spray,
Silent as a sweet, wandering thought, that only
Shows its bright wings and softly glides away.

The scentless flowers, in the warm sunlight dream-
ing,

Forget to breathe their fulness of delight,—
And through the tracéd woods soft airs are stream-
ing,

Still as the dew-fall of the summer night.

So, in my heart, a sweet, unwonted feeling
Stirs, like the wind in ocean's hollow shell,
Through all its secret chambers sadly stealing,
Yet finds no words its mystic charm to tell.

BLOOMS NO MORE.

Oh primavera, gioventù dell' anno,
Bella madre di fiori,
Tu torni ben, ma teco
Non tornano i sereni
E fortunati di delle mie gioie.

GUARINI.

I dread to see the summer sun
Come glowing up the sky,
And early pansies, one by one,
Opening the violet eye.

Again the fair azalia bows
Beneath her snowy crest;
In yonder hedge the hawthorn blows,
The robin builds her nest;

The tulips lift their proud tiars,
The lilac waves her plumes;
And, peeping through my lattice bars,
The rose-acacia blooms.

But she can bloom on earth no more,
Whose early doom I mourn;
Nor Spring nor Summer can restore
Our flower, untimely shorn.

She was our morning glory,
Our primrose, pure and pale,
Our little mountain daisy,
Our lily of the vale.

Now dim as folded violets,
Her eyes of dewy light;
And her rosy lips have mournfully
Breathed out their last good-night.

'Tis therefore that I dread to see
The glowing Summer sun;
And the balmy blossoms on the tree,
Unfolding one by one.

HENRY REED.

HENRY REED, the late Professor of Literature and Moral Philosophy in the University of Pennsylvania, whose sudden death among the passengers of the steamer *Arctic* cast a shade over the intelligent circle in which he moved, belonged to an old and honored family in the state. His grandfather was Joseph Reed, the President of Pennsylvania, the secretary and confidant of Washington, and the incorruptible patriot, whose memorable answer to a munificent proposal of bribery and corruption from the British commissioners in 1778, is among the oft-repeated anecdotes of the Revolution:—"I am not worth purchasing, but, such as I am, the king of Great Britain is not rich enough to do it."

The wife of this honored lawyer and civilian also holds a place in the memoirs of the Revolution. Esther de Berdt, as she appears from the correspondence and numerous anecdotes in the biography prepared by her grandson, the subject of this notice,* was a lady of marked strength of character and refined disposition. She was the daughter of Dennis de Berdt, a London merchant much connected with American affairs, and the predecessor of Dr. Franklin as agent for the Province of Massachusetts. Having become acquainted with Mr. Reed in the society of Americans in which her father moved, she became his wife under circumstances of mournful interest, after the death of her parent, when removing to America she encountered the struggle of the Revolution, sustaining her family with great fortitude during the necessary absence of her husband on public duties. After acting well her part of a mother in America in those troublous times, and receiving the congratulations of Washington, she died in Philadelphia before the contest was closed, in 1780. The memoir by her grandson is a touching and delicate tribute to her memory, and a valuable contribution to the historical literature of the country.

Henry Reed was born in Philadelphia, July 11,

1808. He received his early education in the classical school of James Ross, a highly esteemed teacher of his day in Philadelphia. Passing to the University of Pennsylvania, he attained his degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1825. He then pursued the study of the law in the office of John Sargent, and was admitted to the bar in 1829. After a short interval, he was, in the year 1831, elected Assistant Professor of English Literature in his University, and shortly after Assistant Professor of Moral Philosophy. In 1835 he was elected Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature. It was on a leave of absence from these college duties, that, in the spring of 1854, he left America for a summer visit to Europe, a pilgrimage which he had long meditated; and it was on his return in the ill-fated *Arctic* that he perished in the wreck of that vessel, September 27 of the same year. He had thus passed one-half of his entire period of life in the literary duties of his college, as professor.



Henry Reed

When we add to these few dates, Professor Reed's marriage in 1834 to Elizabeth White Bronson, a grand-daughter of Bishop White, we have completed the external record of his life, save in the few publications which he gave to the world. A diligent scholar, and of a thoroughbred cultivation in the best schools of English literature and criticism, of unwearied habits of industry, he would probably, as life advanced, have further served his country by new offerings of the fruits of his mental discipline and studies.

The chief compositions of Professor Reed were several courses of lectures which he delivered to the public at the University of Pennsylvania, and of which a collection has been published since his death, by his brother, Mr. William B. Reed, with the title, *Lectures on English Literature, from Chaucer to Tennyson*. The tastes, mental habits, and associations of the writer, are fully exhibited in these productions, which cover many topics of moral and social philosophy, besides the criticism of particular authors. As a scholar and thinker, Mr. Reed belonged to a school of English writers

* *The Life of Esther De Berdt, afterwards Esther Reed, of Pennsylvania.* Privately printed. Philadelphia: C. Sherman, Printer, 1868.

who received their first impulses from the genius of Wordsworth and Coleridge. It is characterized by its sound conservatism, reverential spirit, and patient philosophical investigation. He was early brought into communication with Wordsworth, whom he assisted by the supervision and arrangement of an American edition of his poems. The preface to this work, and an elaborate article in the *New York Review*, of January, 1839, which appeared from his pen, show his devotion to this master of modern poetry. After the death of the poet, he superintended the publication of the American edition of the memoirs by Dr. Christopher Wordsworth.

With the Coleridge family, he maintained a similar correspondence and intimate relation. A memoir which he prepared of Sara Coleridge for the *Literary World*,* though brief, was so carefully and characteristically executed, that it appeared not long after reprinted entire among the obituaries of the *Gentleman's Magazine*.

A passage, referring to his foreign tour, from the personal introductory notice prefixed to the Lectures, will exhibit this relation to his English friends.

No American, visiting the Old World as a private citizen, ever received a kinder or more discriminating welcome. The last months of his life were pure sunshine. Before he landed in England, his friends, the family of Dr. Arnold, whom he had only known by correspondence, came on board the ship to receive him; and his earliest and latest hours of European sojourn were passed under the roof of the great poet whose memory he most revered, and whose writings had interwoven themselves with his intellectual and moral being. "I do not know," he said in one of his letters to his family, "what I have ever done to deserve all this kindness." And so it was throughout. In England he was at home in every sense; and scenes, which to the eye were strange, seemed familiar by association and study. His letters to America were expressions of grateful delight at what he saw and heard in the land of his forefathers, and at the respectful kindness with which he was everywhere greeted; and yet of earnest and loyal yearning to the land of his birth—his home, his family, and friends. It is no violation of good taste here to enumerate some of the friends for whose kind welcome Mr. Reed was so much indebted; I may mention the Wordsworths, Southey, Coleridges, and Arnolds, Lord Mahon, Mr. Baring, Mr. Aubrey De Vere, Mr. Babbage, Mr. Henry Taylor, and Mr. Thackeray—names, one and all, associated with the highest literary or political distinction.

He visited the Continent, and went, by the ordinary route, through France and Switzerland, as far south as Milan and Venice, returning by the Tyrol to Inspruck and Munich, and thence down the Rhine to Holland. But his last associations were with the cloisters of Canterbury (that spot, to my eye, of matchless beauty), the garden vales of Devonshire, the valley of the Wye, and the glades of Rydal. His latest memory of this earth was of beautiful England in her summer gurb of verdure. The last words he ever wrote were in a letter of the 20th September to his venerable friend, Mrs. Wordsworth, thanking her and his English friends generally for all she and they had done for him.

Professor Reed edited several books in con-

nexion with his courses of instruction. In 1845 he prepared an edition of Alexander Reid's Dictionary of the English Language, and in 1847 edited "with an introduction and illustrative authorities," G. F. Graham's English Synonymes—the series of poetical citations added by him, being confined to Shakespeare, Milton, and Wordsworth. He also edited American reprints of Thomas Arnold's Lectures on Modern History, and Lord Mahon's History of England from the Peace of Utrecht to the Peace of Paris.

In 1851 he edited the Poetical Works of Thomas Gray, for which he prepared a new memoir, written with his accustomed judgment and precision. An Oration on a True Education was delivered by him before the Zelosophic Society of the University of Pennsylvania in 1848. To this enumeration is to be added a life of his grandfather, Joseph Reed, published in Mr. Sparks's series of American biography.*

The life and correspondence of Joseph Reed have been given to the public at length by Mr. William B. Reed, who is also the author of several published addresses and pamphlets, chiefly on historical subjects. Among them are *A Letter on American History* in 1847, originally written for circulation among a few friends interested in the organization of a department of that study in Girard College; and a Reprint of the original Letters from Washington to Joseph Reed, in connexion with the Sparks and Lord Mahon controversy.† ** In 1867 he replied, in a series of pamphlets, to the statements in Bancroft's *History of the United States* relative to Joseph Reed.‡ His chief work is *World Essays: Among My Books*.

POETICAL AND PROSE READING.‡

It is a good practical rule to keep one's reading well proportioned in the two great divisions, prose and poetry. This is very apt to be neglected, and the consequence is a great loss of power, moral and intellectual, and a loss of some of the highest enjoyments of literature. It sometimes happens that some readers devote themselves too much to poetry; this is a great mistake, and betrays an ignorance of the true use of poetical studies. When this happens, it is generally with those whose reading lies chiefly in the lower and merely sentimental region of poetry, for it is hardly possible for the imagination to enter truly into the spirit of the great poets, without having the various faculties of the mind so awakened and invigorated, as to make a knowledge of the great prose writers also a necessity of one's nature.

The disproportion lies usually in the other direction—prose reading to the exclusion of poetry. This is owing chiefly to the want of proper culture, for although there is certainly a great disparity of imaginative endowment, still the imagination is part of the universal mind of man, and it is a work of education to bring it into action in minds even the least imaginative. It is chiefly to the wilfully unimaginative mind that poetry, with all its wisdom and all its glory, is a sealed book. It sometimes happens, however, that a mind, well gifted with imaginative power, loses the capacity to relish poetry simply by the neglect of reading metrical literature. This is a

* Life and Correspondence of Joseph Reed, Military Secretary of General Washington at Cambridge, President of the Executive Council of Pennsylvania, &c. 2 vols. 8vo. Phila. 1847.

† *Ante*, vol. I. p. 190.

‡ *Ante*, vol. II. p. 106.

§ From Professor Reed's Lectures on English Literature.

sad mistake, inasmuch as the mere reader of prose cuts himself off from the very highest literary enjoyments; for if the giving of power to the mind be a characteristic, the most essential literature is to be found in poetry, especially if it be such as English poetry is, the embodiment of the very highest wisdom and the deepest feeling of our English race. I hope to show in my next lecture, in treating the subject of our language, how rich a source of enjoyment the study of English verse, considered simply as an organ of expression and harmony, may be made; but to readers who confine themselves to prose, the metrical form becomes repulsive instead of attractive. It has been well observed by a living writer, who has exercised his powers alike in prose and verse, that there are readers "to whom the poetical form merely and of itself acts as a sort of veil to every meaning, which is not habitually met with under that form, and who are puzzled by a passage occurring in a poem, which would be at once plain to them if divested of its cadence and rhythm; not because it is thereby put into language in any degree more perspicuous, but because prose is the vehicle they are accustomed to for this particular kind of matter, and they will apply their minds to it in prose, and they will refuse their minds to it in verse."

The neglect of poetical reading is increased by the very mistaken notion that poetry is a mere luxury of the mind, alien from the demands of practical life—a light and effortless amusement. This is the prejudice and error of ignorance. For look at many of the strong and largely cultivated minds, which we know by biography and their own works, and note how large and precious an element of strength is their studious love of poetry. Where could we find a man of more earnest, energetic, practical cast of character than Arnold?—eminent as an historian, and in other the gravest departments of thought and learning, active in the cause of education, zealous in matters of ecclesiastical, political, or social reform; right or wrong, always intensely practical and single-hearted in his honest zeal; a champion for truth, whether in the history of ancient politics or present questions of modern society; and, with all, never suffering the love of poetry to be extinguished in his heart, or to be crowded out of it, but turning it perpetually to wise uses, bringing the poetic truths of Shakespeare and of Wordsworth to the help of the cause of truth; his enthusiasm for the poets breaking forth, when he exclaims, "What a treat it would be to teach Shakespeare to a good class of young Greeks in regenerate Athens; to dwell upon him line by line and word by word, and so to get all his pictures and thoughts leisurely into one's mind, till I verily think one would, after a time, almost give out light in the dark, after having been steeped, as it were, in such an atmosphere of brilliance!"

This was the constitution not of one man alone, but of the greatest minds of the race; for if our Anglo-Saxon character could be analysed, a leading characteristic would be found to be the admirable combination of the practical and the poetical in it. This is reflected in all the best English literature, blending the ideal and the actual, never severing its highest spirituality from a steady basis of sober good sense—philosophy and poetry for ever disclosing affinities with each other. It was no false boast when it was said that "Our great poets have been our best political philosophers;" nor would it be to add, that they have been our best moralists. The reader, then, who, on the one hand, gives himself wholly to visionary poetic dreamings, is false to his Saxon blood; and equally false is he who divor-

ces himself from communion with the poets. There is no great philosopher in our language in whose genius imagination is not an active element; there is no great poet in whose character the philosophic element does not largely enter. This should teach us a lesson in our studies of English literature.

For the combination of prose and poetic reading, a higher authority is to be found than the predominant characteristic of the Saxon intellect as displayed in our literature. In the *One Book*, which, given for the good of all mankind, is supernaturally fitted for all phases of humanity and all conditions of civilization, observe that the large components of it are history and poetry. How little else is there in the Bible! In the Old Testament all is chronicle and song, and the high-wrought poetry of prophecy. In the New Testament are the same elements, with this difference, that the actual and the imaginative are more interpenetrated—narrative and parable, fact and poetry blended in matchless harmony; and even in the most argumentative portion of holy Writ, the poetic element is still present, to be followed by the vision and imagery of the Apocalypse.

Such is the unquestioned combination of poetry and prose in sacred Writ—the best means, we must believe, for the universal and perpetual good of man; and if literature have, as I have endeavored to prove, a kindred character, of an agency to build up our incorporeal being, then does it follow that we should take this silent warning from the pages of Revelation, and combine in our literary culture the same elements of the actual and the ideal or imaginative.

COMPANIONSHIP OF THE SEXES IN THE STUDY OF LITERATURE.

All that is essential literature belongs alike to mind of woman and of man; it demands the same kind of culture from each, and most salutary may the companionship of mind be found, giving reciprocal help by the diversity of their power. Let us see how this will be. In the first place, a good habit of reading, whether in man or woman, may be described as the combination of passive reciprocity from the book and the mind's reaction upon it; this equipoise is true culture. But, in a great deal of reading, the passiveness of impression is well nigh all, for it is luxurious indolence, and the reactive process is neglected. With the habitual novel-reader, for instance, the luxury of reading becomes a perpetual stimulant, with no demand on the mind's own energy, and slowly wearing it away. The true enjoyment of books is when there is a co-operating power in the reader's mind—an active sympathy with the book; and those are the best books which demand that of you. And here let me notice how unfortunate and, indeed, mischievous a term is the word "taste" as applied in intercourse with literature or art; a metaphor taken from a passive sense, it fosters that lamentable error, that literature, which requires the strenuous exertion of action and sympathy, may be left to mere passive impressions. The temptation to receive an author's mind unreflectingly and passively is common to us all, but greater, I believe, for women, who gain, however, the advantages of a reader's sympathy and a more unquestioning faith. The man's mind reacts more on the book, sets himself more in judgment upon it, and trusts less to his feelings; but, in all this, he is in more danger of bringing his faculties separately into action; he is more apt to be misled by our imperfect systems of metaphysics, which give us none but the most meagre theories of the human mind, and which are destined, I believe, to be swept away, if ever a great philosopher should devote himself to

the work of analysing the processes of thought. That pervading error of drawing a broad line of demarcation between our moral and intellectual nature, instead of recognising the intimate interdependence of thought and feeling, is a fallacy that scarce affects the workings of a woman's spirit. If a gifted and cultivated woman take a thoughtful interest in a book, she brings her whole being to bear on it, and hence there will often be a better assurance of truth in her conclusions than in man's more logical deductions, just as, by a similar process, she often shows finer and quicker tact in the discrimination of character. It has been justly remarked, that, with regard "to women of the highest intellectual endowments, we feel that we do them the utmost injustice in designating them by such terms as 'clever,' 'able,' 'learned,' 'intellectual,' they never present themselves to our minds as such. There is a sweetness, or a truth, or a kindness—some grace, some charm, some distinguishing moral characteristic which keeps the intellect in due subordination, and brings them to our thoughts, temper, mind, affections, one harmonious whole."

A woman's mind receiving true culture and preserving its fidelity to all womanly instincts, makes her, in our intercourse with literature, not only a companion, but a counsellor and a helpmate, fulfilling in this sphere the purposes of her creation. It is in letters as in life, and there (as has been well said) the woman "who praises and blames, persuades and resists, warns or exhorts upon occasion given, and carries her love through all with a strong heart, and not a weak fondness—she is the true helpmate."

Cowper, speaking of one of his female friends, writes, "She is a critic by nature and not by rule, and has a perception of what is good or bad in composition, that I never knew deceive her; inasmuch that when two sorts of expressions have pleaded equally for the precedence in my own esteem, and I have referred, as in such cases I always did, the decision of the point to her, I never knew her at a loss for a just one."

His best biographer, Southey, alluding to himself, and to the influence exerted on Wordsworth's mind by the genius of the poet's sister, adds the comment, "Were I to say that a poet finds his best advisers among his female friends, it would be speaking from my own experience, and the greatest poet of the age would confirm it by his. But never was any poet more indebted to such friends than Cowper. Had it not been for Mrs. Unwin, he would probably never have appeared in his own person as an author; had it not been for Lady Austin, he never would have been a popular one."

The same principles which cause the influences thus salutary to authorship, will carry it into reading and study, so that by virtue of this companionship the logical processes in the man's mind shall be tempered with more of affection, subdued to less of wilfulness, and to a truer power of sympathy; and the woman's spirit shall lose none of its earnest, confiding apprehensiveness in gaining more of reasoning and reflection; and so, by reciprocal influences, that vicious divorcement of our moral and intellectual natures shall be done away with, and the powers of thought and the powers of affection be brought into that harmony which is wisdom. The woman's mind must rise to a wiser activity, the man's to a wiser passiveness; each true to its nature, they may consort in such just companionship that strength of mind shall pass from each to each; and thus chastened and invigorated, the common humanity of the sexes rises higher than it could be carried by either the powers peculiar to man or the powers peculiar to woman.

Now in proof of this, if we were to analyse the philosophy which Coleridge employed in his judgment on books, and by which he may be said to have made criticism a precious department of literature—raising it into a higher and purer region than was ever approached by the contracted and shallow dogmatism of the earlier schools of critics—it would, I think, be proved that he differed from them in nothing more than this, that he cast aside the wilfulness and self-assurance of the more reasoning faculties; his marvellous powers were wedded to a child-like humility and a womanly confidingness, and thus his spirit found an avenue, closed to feeble and less docile intellects, into the deep places of the souls of mighty poets; his genius as a critic rose to its majestic height, not only by its inborn manly strength, but because, with woman-like faith, it first bowed beneath the law of obedience and love.

It is a beautiful example of the companionship of the manly and womanly mind, that this great critic of whom I have been speaking proclaimed, by both principle and practice, that the sophistications which are apt to gather round the intellects of men, clouding their vision, are best cleared away by that spiritual condition more congenial to the souls of women, the interpenetrating the reasoning powers with the affections.

Coleridge taught his daughter that there is a spirit of love to which the truth is not obscured; that there are natural partialities, moral sympathies, which clear rather than cloud the vision of the mind; that in our communion with books, as with mankind, it is not true that "love is blind." The daughter has preserved the lesson in lines worthy of herself, her sire, and the precious truth embodied in them:

Passion is blind, not love; her wondrous might
Informs with three-fold power man's inward sight;
To her deep glance the soul, at large displayed,
Shows all its mingled mass of light and shade:
Men call her blind, when she but turns her head,
Nor scan the fault for which her tears are shed,
Can dull Indifference or Hate's troubled gaze
See through the secret heart's mysterious maze?
Can Scorn and Envy pierce that "dread abode"
Where true faults rest beneath the eye of God?
Not theirs, 'mid inward darkness, to discern
The spiritual splendours, how they shine and burn.
All bright endowments of a noble mind
They, who with joy behold them, soonest find;
And better none its stains of frailty know
Than they who fain would see it white as snow.

GEORGE STILLMAN HILLARD

Was born at Machias, Maine, September 22, 1808. He was educated at the Boston Latin school, of which he afterwards published some curious reminiscences. He entered Harvard, where his name appears in the catalogue of graduates in 1828, and where, in the senior year of his course, he was one of the editors of the college periodical, *The Harvard Register*. He next passed to the law school of the college and the office of Charles P. Curtis, where he pursued his legal studies, and soon became an accomplished member of the Suffolk bar. In 1833 or 1834 Mr. Hillard was, with Mr. George Ripley, a conductor of the weekly

Geo. S. Hillard

Unitarian newspaper, the *Christian Register*. In 1835 he delivered the anniversary address on the

Fourth of July before the city authorities. He has been a member of the city council, the State Legislature, the Constitutional Convention of 1853, and also U. S. Attorney in Mass., 1866-71.

The literary occupations with which Mr. Hillard has varied an active professional life are numerous. He edited in 1839 a Boston edition of the Poetical Works of Spenser, to which he wrote a critical introduction. In 1843 he was the Phi Beta Kappa orator at Cambridge.

In 1847 he delivered twelve lectures, in the course of the Lowell Institute, on the genius and writings of John Milton, which remain unpublished. Having made a tour to Europe in the years 1846 and 1847, he published in 1853, some time after his return, a record of a portion of his journey, entitled *Six Months in Italy*. It is a book of thoughts, impressions, and careful description of objects of history, art, and of social characteristics of a permanent interest.

In 1852 Mr. Hillard was chosen by the city council of Boston to deliver the public eulogy, in connexion with the procession and funeral services of the thirtieth of November, in memory of Daniel Webster. His address on this occasion was marked by its ease, dignity, and eloquence.

Besides these writings, Mr. Hillard is the author of a memoir of Captain John Smith, in Mr. Sparks's series of American Biography.

As a contributor to the best journals of his time articles from his pen have frequently appeared on select topics. He was one of the body of excellent writers attached to Mr. Buckingham's New England Magazine, where he wrote a series of Literary Portraits, the articles Selections from the Papers of an Idler, etc. To the North American Review and Christian Examiner he has occasionally furnished critical articles. In addition to the addresses already enumerated we may mention discourses on Geography and History, read before the American Institute of Instruction, Boston, 1846; on the Dangers and Duties of the Mercantile Profession, before the Mercantile Library Association of Boston, in 1850; and an oration before the New England Society of the Pilgrims of New York, in 1851.

** Mr. Hillard in later years has edited a volume of *Selections from the Writings of Walter Savage Landor*, 1856; prepared a series of graduated *Readers*, and written a pamphlet on the *Political Duties of the Educated Classes*, 1866. He is the author of three privately printed *Memoirs*: of H. R. Cleveland, James Brown, and Jeremiah Mason. His *Life and Campaigns of George B. McClellan* appeared in 1864; and in 1873 he had in press *The Life of George Ticknor*.

RUINS IN ROME—FROM SIX MONTHS IN ITALY.

The traveller who visits Rome with a mind at all inhabited by images from books, especially if he come from a country like ours, where all is new, enters it with certain vague and magnificent expectations on the subject of ruins, which are pretty sure to end in disappointment. The very name of a ruin paints a picture upon the fancy. We construct at once an airy fabric which shall satisfy all the claims of the imaginative eye. We build it of such material that every fragment shall have a beauty of its own. We shatter it with such graceful desolation that all the lines shall be picturesque, and every

broken outline traced upon the sky shall at once charm and sadden the eye. We wreath it with a becoming drapery of ivy, and crown its battlements with long grass, which gives a voice to the wind that waves it to and fro. We set it in a becoming position, relieve it with some appropriate background, and touch it with soft melancholy light—with the mellow hues of a deepening twilight, or, better still, with the moon's idealizing rays.

In Rome, such visions, if they exist in the mind, are rudely dispelled by the touch of reality. Many of the ruins in Rome are not happily placed for effect upon the eye and mind. They do not stand apart in solitary grandeur, forming a shrine for memory and thought, and evolving an atmosphere of their own. They are often in unfavorable positions, and bear the shadow of disenchanting proximities. The tide of population flows now in different channels from those of antiquity, and in far less volume; but Rome still continues a large capital, and we can nowhere escape from the debasing associations of actual life. The trail of the present is everywhere over the past. The forum is a cattle-market strewn with wisps of hay, and animated with bucolical figures that never played upon the pipe of Tityrus, or taught the woods to repeat the name of Amaryllis. The pert villa of an English gentleman has intruded itself into the palace of the Cæsars—as discordant an object to a sensitive Idealist as the pink parasol of a lady's-maid, which put to flight the reveries of some romantic traveller under the shadow of the great pyramid. The Temple of Antoninus Pius is turned into the custom-house. The mausoleum of Augustus is encrusted with paltry houses, like an antique coin embedded in lava, and cannot even be discovered without the help of a guide. The beautiful columns of the Theatre of Marcellus—Virgil's Marcellus—are stuck upon the walls of the Orsini Palace, and defaced by dirty shops at the base. Ancient grandeur is degraded to sordid modern uses. "Mummy is become merchandise; Mizraim cures wounds, and Pharaoh is sold for balsams."

To most men, ruins are merely phenomena, or, at most, the moral of a tale; but to the antiquary they are texts. They have a secondary interest, founded upon the employment they have given to the mind, and the learning they have called forth. We value everything in proportion as it awakens our faculties, and supplies us with an end and aim. The scholar, who finds in a bath or a temple a nucleus for his vague and divergent reading to gather around, feels for it something like gratitude as well as attachment; for though it was merely a point of departure, yet, without it, the glow and ardor of the chase would not have quickened his languid energies into life. Scott, in his introduction to the "Monastery," has described with much truth as well as humor the manner in which Captain Clutterbuck became interested in the ruins of Kennahair—how they supplied him with an object in life, and how his health of body and mind improved the moment he had something to read about, think about, and talk about. Every ruin in Rome has such devoted and admiring students, and many of these shapeless and mouldering fabrics have been the battle-grounds of antiquarian controversy, in which the real points at issue have been lost in the learned dust which the combatants have raised. The books which have been written upon the antiquities of Rome would make a large library; but when we walk down, on a sunny morning, to look at the Basilica of Constantine or the Temple of Nerva, we do not think of the folios which are slumbering in the archives, but only of the objects before us.

THE PICTURESQUE IN ROME—FROM SIX MONTHS IN ITALY.

Every young artist dreams of Rome as the spot where all his visions may be realized; and it would indeed seem that there, in a greater degree than anywhere else, were gathered those influences which expand the blossoms, and ripen the fruit of genius. Nothing can be more delicious than the first experiences of a dreamy and imaginative young man who comes from a busy and prosaic city, to pursue the study of art in Rome. He finds himself transported into a new world, where everything is touched with finer lights and softer shadows. The hurry and bustle to which he has been accustomed are no longer perceived. No sounds of active life break the silence of his studies, but the stillness of a Sabbath morning rests over the whole city. The figures whom he meets in the streets move leisurely, and no one has the air of being due at a certain place at a certain time. All his experiences, from his first waking moment till the close of the day, are calculated to quicken the imagination and train the eye. The first sound which he hears in the morning, mingling with his latest dreams, is the dash of a fountain in a neighboring square. When he opens his window, he sees the sun resting upon some dome or tower, grey with time, and heavily freighted with traditions. He takes his breakfast in the ground-floor of an old palazzo, still bearing the stamp of faded splendor, and looks out upon a sheltered garden, in which orange and lemon trees grow side by side with oleanders and roses. While he is sipping his coffee, a little girl glides in, and lays a bunch of violets by the side of his plate, with an expression in her serious black eyes which would make his fortune if he could transfer it to canvas. During the day, his only difficulty is how to employ his boundless wealth of opportunity. There are the Vatican and the Capitol, with treasures of art enough to occupy a patriarchal life of observation and study. There are the palaces of the nobility, with their stately architecture, and their rich collections of painting and sculpture. Of the three hundred and sixty churches in Rome, there is not one which does not contain some picture, statue, mosaic, or monumental structure, either of positive excellence or historical interest. And when the full mind can receive no more impressions, and he comes into the open air for repose, he finds himself surrounded with objects which quicken and feed the sense of art. The dreary monotony of uniform brick walls, out of which doors and windows are cut at regular intervals, no longer disheartens the eye, but the view is everywhere varied by churches, palaces, public buildings, and monuments, not always of positive architectural merit, but each with a distinctive character of its own. The very fronts of the houses have as individual an expression as human faces in a crowd. His walks are full of exhilarating surprises. He comes unawares upon a fountain, a column, or an obelisk—a pine or a cypress—a ruin or a statue. The living forms which he meets are such as he would gladly pause and transfer to his sketch-book—ecclesiastics with garments of flowing black, and shawl-hats upon their heads—capuchins in robes of brown—peasant girls from Albano, in their holiday boddices, with black hair lying in massive braids, large brown eyes, and broad, low foreheads—beggars with white beards, whose rags flutter picturesquely in the breeze, and who ask alms with the dignity of Roman senators. Beyond the walls are the villas, with their grounds and gardens, like landscapes sitting for their pictures; and then the infinite, inexhaustible Campagna, set in its splendid frame of mountains, with its tombs and aqueducts, its skeleton cities and nameless ruins, its clouds and cloud-shadows, its memories and traditions. He

sees the sun go down behind the dome of St. Peter's, and light up the windows of the drum with his red blaze, and the dusky veil of twilight gradually extend over the whole horizon. In the moonlight evenings he walks to the Colosseum, or to the piazza of St. Peter's, or to the ruins of the Forum, and under a light which conceals all that is unsightly, and idealizes all that is impressive, may call up the spirit of the past, and bid the buried majesty of old Rome start from its tomb.

To these incidental influences which train the hand and eye of an artist, indirectly, and through the mind, are to be added many substantial and direct advantages,—such as the abundance of models to draw from, the facility of obtaining assistance and instruction, the presence of an atmosphere of art, and the quickening impulse communicated by constant contact with others engaged in the same pursuits, and animated with the same hopes. If, besides all these external influences, the mind of the young artist be at peace,—if he be exempt from the corrosion of anxious thoughts, and live in the light of hope, there would seem to be nothing wanting to develop every germ of power, and to secure the amplest harvest of beauty.

HUGH MOORE.

A SELF-EDUCATED man, and practical printer, was born in Amherst, N. H., Nov. 19, 1808. He served his time as an apprentice with his brother-in-law, Elijah Mansur, at Amherst; published *Time's Mirror*, a weekly newspaper, at Concord for a short time, in the autumn of 1828; commenced the Democratic Spy at Sanbornton, October, 1829, which was removed to Gilford in 1830, and discontinued in June, the same year. He was afterwards editor of the Burlington Centinel, and at one time connected with the Custom House in Boston. He died at Amherst, February 13, 1837.

The New Hampshire Book, which gives two specimens of his poetical pieces, which were written when he was quite young, speaks of his death as occurring when he was "about entering upon a station of increased honor and responsibility."

OLD WINTER IS COMING.

Old Winter is coming again—alack!

How icy and cold is he!

He cares not a pin for a shivering back—

He's a saucy old chap to white and black—

He whistles his chills with a wonderful knock,

For he comes from a cold cuntry!

A witty old fellow this Winter is—

A mighty old fellow for glee!

He cracks his jokes on the pretty, sweet miss,

The wrinkled old maiden, unfit to kiss,

And freezes the dew of their lips: for this

Is the way with old fellows like he!

Old Winter's a frolicsome blade I wot—

He is wild in his humor, and free!

He'll whistle along, for "the want of thought,"

And set all the warmth of our furs at naught,

And ruffle the laces by pretty girls bought—

A frolicsome fellow is he!

Old winter is blowing his gusts along,

And merrily shaking the tree!

From morning 'till night he will sing his song—

Now moaning, and short—now howling, and long,

His voice is loud—for his lungs are strong—

A merry old fellow is he!

Old Winter's a tough old fellow for blows,

As tough as ever you see!

He will trip up our *trotters*, and rend our clothes,

And stiffen our limbs from our fingers to toes—

He minds not the cries of his friends or his foes—

A tough old fellow is he!

A cunning old fellow is Winter, they say,

A cunning old fellow is he!

He peeps in the crevices day by day,

To see how we're passing our time away—

And marks all our doings from grave to gay

I'm afraid he is peeping at me!

SPRING IS COMING.

Every breeze that passes o'er us,

Every stream that leaps before us,

Every tree in silvan brightness

Bending to the soft winds' lightness;

Every bird and insect humming

Whispers sweetly, "Spring is coming!"

Rouse thee, boy! the sun is beaming

Brightly in thy chamber now;

Rouse thee, boy! nor slumber, dreaming

Of sweet maiden's eye and brow.

See! o'er Nature's wide dominions,

Beauty revels as a bride;

All the plumage of her pinions

In the rainbow's hues is dyed!

Gentle maiden, vainly weeping

O'er some loved and faithless one;

Rouse thee! give thy tears in keeping

To the glorious morning sun!

Roam thou where the flowers are springing,

Where the whirling stream goes by;

Where the birds are sweetly singing

Underneath a blushing sky!

Rouse thee, hoary man of sorrow!

Let thy grief no more subdue;

God will cheer thee on the morrow,

With a prospect ever new.

Though you now weep tears of sadness,

Like a withered flower bedewed;

Soon thy heart shall smile in gladness

With the holy, just, and good!

Frosty Winter, cold and dreary,

Totters to the arms of Spring,

Like the spirit, sad and weary,

Taking an immortal wing.

Cold the grave to every bosom,

As the Winter's keenest breath;

Yet the buds of joy will blossom

Even in the vale of Death!

B. B. THATCHER.

BENJAMIN B. THATCHER was born in the state of Maine in the year 1809. His father was a distinguished lawyer, and for many years a representative in Congress. The son, on the completion of his course at Bowdoin College in 1826, commenced the study of law, and was admitted to practice at Boston, where he resided during the remainder of his life. He was a constant contributor to the leading literary periodicals of the day, and in 1832 published a work entitled *Indian Biography*, which forms two volumes of Harpers' Family Library. He afterwards prepared two volumes on *Indian Traits*, for a juvenile series, "The Boys' and Girls' Library," issued by the same house. He also wrote a brief memoir of Phillis Wheatley. In 1838 he visited Europe for the benefit of his health, but returned

after passing nearly two years in England, in a worse state than that in which he left home. He died on the fourteenth of July, 1840. His poems are numerous, and mostly of a meditative and descriptive character. They are all brief, and like most of his prose productions, are scattered over a number of annuals and magazines.

THE LAST REQUEST.

Bury me by the ocean's side—

Oh! give me a grave on the verge of the deep,

Where the noble tide

When the sea-gales blow, my marble may sweep—

And the glistening turf

Shall burst o'er the surf,

And bathe my cold bosom in death as I sleep!

Bury me by the sea—

That the vesper at eve-fall may ring o'er my grave,

Like the hymn of the bee,

Or the hum of the shell, in the silent wave!

Or an anthem roar

Shall be rolled on the shore

By the storm, like a mighty march of the brave!

Bury me by the deep—

Where a living footstep never may tread;

And come not to weep—

Oh! wake not with sorrow the dream of the dead,

But leave me the dirge

Of the breaking surge,

And the silent tears of the sea on my head!

And grave no Parian praise;

Gather no bloom for the heartless tomb,—

And burn no holy blaze

To flatter the awe of its solemn gloom!

For the holier light

Of the star-eyed night,

And the violet morning, my rest will illumine:—

And honors more dear

Than of sorrow and love, shall be strown on my clay

By the young green year,

With the fragrant dews and crimson array.—

Oh! leave me to sleep

On the verge of the deep,

Till the skies and the seas shall have passed away!

HANNAH F. GOULD.

HANNAH FLAGG GOULD is the daughter of a soldier of the Revolution, who fought in the battle of Lexington, and served in the army throughout the war. She was born at Lancaster, Vermont, but removed soon after to Newburyport, Mass. While yet a child she lost her mother. Her father survived for several years, his declining age being tenderly cared for and cheered by his constant companion, his daughter, whose subsequent poems contain many touching traces of their intercourse.

Hannah Flagg Gould

Miss Gould's poems, after a favorable reception in several periodicals, were collected in a volume in 1832. By 1835, a second had accumulated, and a third appeared in 1841. In 1846, she collected a volume of her prose contributions, entitled *Gathered Leaves*.

Miss Gould's poems are all short, and simple in subject, form, and expression. They are natural, harmonious, and sprightly. She treats of the

patriotic themes of the Revolution, and the scenes of nature and incidents of society about the ordinary path of woman; and her household themes have gained her a widely extended audience.

Some of her prettiest poems were written for children, with whom they are favorites. In 1850, she published *The Youth's Coronal*, a little collection of verses of this class.

THE FROST.

The Frost looked forth one still, clear night,
And whispered, "Now I shall be out of sight,
So through the valley and over the height,

In silence I'll take my way.
I will not go on like that blustering train,
The wind and the snow, the hail and the rain,
Who make so much bustle and noise in vain,
But I'll be as busy as they!"

Then he flew to the mountain, and powdered its crest;

He lit on the trees, and their boughs he drest
In diamond beads—and over the breast

Of the quivering lake, he spread
A coat of mail, that it need not fear
The downward point of many a spear,
That he hung on its margin, far and near,
Where a rock could rear its head.

He went to the windows of those who slept,
And over each pane, like a fairy, crept;
Wherever he breathed, wherever he stepped,

By the light of the morn were seen
Most beautiful things; there were flowers and trees,
There were beves of birds and swarms of bees;
There were cities with temples and towers; and these

All pictured in silver sheen!

But he did one thing that was hardly fair—
He peeped in the cupboard, and finding there
That all had forgotten for him to prepare,

"Now, just to set them a-thinking,
I'll bite this basket of fruit," said he,
"This costly pitcher I'll burst in three;
And the glass of water they've left for me
Shall 'tchick!' to tell them I'm drinking!"

MARY DOW.

"Come in, little stranger," I said,
As she tapped at my half-open door,
While the blanket pinned over her head,
Just reached to the basket she bore.

A look full of innocence fell
From her modest and pretty blue eye,
As she said, "I have matches to sell,
And hope you are willing to buy.

"A penny a bunch is the price;
I think you'll not find it too much;
They're tied up so even and nice,
And ready to light with a touch."

I asked, "what's your name, little girl?"
"T is Mary," said she, "Mary Dow."
And carelessly tossed off a curl,
That played o'er her delicate brow.

"My father was lost in the deep,
The ship never got to the shore;
And mother is sad, and will weep,
When she hears the wind blow and sea roar.

"She sits there at home without food,
Beside our poor sick Willie's bed;
She paid all her money for wood,
And so I sell matches for bread.

"For every time that she tries,
Some things she'd be paid for, to make,
And lays down the baby, it cries,
And that makes my sick brother wake.

"I'd go to the yard and get chips,
But then it would make me too sad;
To see men there building the ships,
And think they had made one so bad.

"I've one other gown, and with care,
We think it may decently pass,
With my bonnet that's put by to wear
To meeting and Sunday-school class.

"I love to go there, where I'm taught
Of One, who's so wise and so good,
He knows every action and thought,
And gives e'en the raven his food.

"For He, I am sure, who can take
Such fatherly care of a bird,
Will never forget or forsake
The children who trust to his word.

"And now, if I only can sell
The matches I brought out to-day,
I think I shall do very well,
And mother 'll rejoice at the pay."

"Fly home, little bird," then I thought,
"Fly home full of joy to your nest!"
For I took all the matches she brought,
And Mary may tell you the rest."

IT SNOWS.

It snows! it snows! from out the sky
The feathered flakes, how fast they fly,
Like little birds, that don't know why
They're on the chase, from place to place,
While neither can the other trace.
It snows! it snows! a merry play
Is o'er us, on this heavy day!

As dancers in an airy hall,
That hasn't room to hold them all,
While some keep up, and others fall,
The atoms shift, then, thick and swift,
They drive along to form the drift,
That weaving up, so dazzling white,
Is rising like a wall of light

But now the wind comes whistling loud,
To snatch and waft it, as a cloud,
Or giant phantom in a shroud;
It spreads! it curls! it mounts and whirls,
At length a mighty wing unfurls;
And then, away! but, where, none knows,
Or ever will.—It snows! it snows!

To-morrow will the storm be done;
Then, out will come the golden sun:
And we shall see, upon the run
Before his beams, in sparkling streams,
What now a curtain o'er him seems.
And thus, with life, it ever goes;
'Tis shade and shine!—It snows! it snows!

THE VETERAN AND THE CHILD.

"Come, grandfather, show how you carried your gun
To the field, where America's freedom was won,
Or bore your old sword, which you say was new then,
When you rose to command, and led forward your men;
And tell how you felt with the balls whizzing by,
Where the wounded fell round you, to bleed and to die!"

The prattler had stirred, in the veteran's breast,
 The embers of fires that had long been at rest.
 The blood of his youth rushed anew through his
 veins;
 The soldier returned to his weary campaigns;
 His perilous battles at once fighting o'er,
 While the soul of nineteen lit the eye of four-score.

"I carried my musket, as one that must be
 But loosed from the hold of the dead, or the free!
 And fearless I lifted my good, trusty sword,
 In the hand of a mortal, the strength of the Lord!
 In battle, my vital flame freely I felt
 Should go, but the chains of my country to melt!

"I sprinkled my blood upon Lexington's sod,
 And Charlestown's green height to the war-drum
 I trod.

From the fort, on the Hudson, our guns I depressed,
 The proud coming sail of the foe to arrest.
 I stood at Stillwater, the Lakes and White Plains,
 And offered for freedom to empty my veins!

"Dost now ask me, child, since thou hear'st where
 I've been,

Why my brow is so furrowed, my locks white and
 thin—

Why this faded eye cannot go by the line,
 Trace out little beauties, and sparkle like thine;
 Or why so unstable this tremulous knee,
 Who bore 'sixty years since,' such perils for thee!

"What! sobbing so quick? are the tears going to
 start?

Come! lean thy young head on thy grandfather's
 heart!

It has not much longer to glow with the joy
 I feel thus to clasp thee, so noble a boy!
 But when in earth's bosom it long has been cold,
 A man, thou 'lt recall, what, a babe, thou art told."

HYMN OF THE REAPERS.

Our Father, to fields that are white,
 Rejoicing, the sickle we bear,
 In praises our voices unite
 To thee, who hast made them thy care.

The seed, that was dropped in the soil,
 We left, with a holy belief
 In One, who, beholding the toil,
 Would crown it at length with the sheaf.

And ever our faith shall be firm
 In thee, who hast nourished the root;
 Whose finger has led up the germ,
 And finished the blade and the fruit!

The heads, that are heavy with grain,
 Are bowing and asking to fall:
 Thy hand is on mountain and plain,
 Thou maker and giver of all!

Thy blessings shine bright from the hills,
 The valleys thy goodness repeat;
 And, Lord, 't is thy bounty that fills
 The arms of the reaper with wheat!

Oh! when with the sickle in hand,
 The angel thy mandate receives,
 To come to the field with his band
 To bind up, and bear off thy sheaves,

May we be as free from the blight,
 As ripe to be taken away,
 As full in the year, to thy sight,
 As that which we gather to-day!

Our Father, the heart and the voice
 Flow out our fresh offerings to yield.
 The Reapers! the Reapers rejoice,
 And send up their song from the field!

Miss Gould died at the age of seventy-seven, at her residence in Newburyport, Massachusetts, September 5, 1865. An obituary notice in the *Boston Transcript* pays this tribute to her amiable career as a Christian lady and author:—

"Miss Gould led a quiet life in the homestead where she dwelt for half a century; a life which would have been as secluded as it was unostentatious, but for her genial hospitality, and the many visitors, among them not a few of our distinguished authors, who sought the acquaintance of a lady widely known as a charming writer when American literature was in its infancy, and when but few of her own sex joined her in contributing to its growth. The personal character of the deceased was of rare excellence. She united the graces of a Christian to the attractions of a cultivated mind; and in her pursuit of letters never neglected the simplest womanly duties or failed to exhibit the womanly virtues of home. As a daughter her devotion to her venerated father was untiring in its respect, affection, and watchful care; and throughout her life her friendship was sought and prized both by the young and the old. Her memory will be tranquilly cherished in many hearts; and her pleasant and pathetic lyrics will continue to be read for their fine feeling, unaffected simplicity, and patriotic and religious sentiments."

BENJAMIN MOORE NORMAN.

The author of several works relating to the geography and archæology of America, was born at Hudson, New York, December 22, 1809. His father, William E. Norman, an Englishman by birth and descent, was settled in that place as a bookseller, and bore a high character for uprightness and intelligence. The name given to his son, that of the estimable Bishop Moore, is indicative of his love of Episcopacy, and of the class of society which he cultivated. He numbered among his friends many persons of great worth, among others Dr. Croswell, of New Haven, and the late William L. Stone, of the New York *Commercial Advertiser*, who wrote of him, in an obituary notice, that "he left to his children the rich inheritance of an honest name."

On the father's death, the son was called from a clerkship in New York, to take charge of the business at Hudson. In 1830 he visited Europe, and was present in Paris during the Revolution of that year, of his observations of which he kept an account, which, with the journals of subsequent visits to the West Indies and to England, were destroyed by a fire in New Orleans. He became established in the latter city, as a bookseller, in 1837, after conducting the business for a time in Philadelphia. The loss of his wife, to whom he had been married scarcely a year, by yellow fever, in New Orleans, in 1841, led him to an unusual sympathy with the sufferers by this pestilence in subsequent seasons. He became one of the most devoted and self-sacrificing of the many philanthropic citizens whom the Southern metropolis has always found, when the need arose, within her limits. It was also owing to this personal affliction that he became a traveller in Yucatan, giving the results of his observations to the public in an octavo volume, issued in New York, at the close of 1842, entitled *Rambles in Yucatan; or, Notes of Travel through the Peninsula, including a visit to the*

Remarkable Ruins of Chi-chen, Kabal, Yayi, and Uxmal. The volume, in octavo, was illustrated by numerous engravings in lithograph, from drawings made by the author. A second edition of this work, with the title slightly altered, appeared in 1843. The interest which had been excited by the explorations of Messrs. Catherwood and Stephens, in the countries visited by Mr. Norman, was sustained by the fidelity of his observations in a new field, and his unaffected narrative of what he had seen. A collection of idols and remains of utensils and instruments collected by Mr. Norman in Yucatan, were presented by him to the New York Historical Society. His researches attracted attention abroad, and led to his election as a member of the Royal Antiquarian Society of Copenhagen. He was also a member of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Science, of the American Ethnological Society, and of the New York Historical Society.

In 1845, Mr. Norman published, at New Orleans, a little work entitled, *New Orleans and its Environs; containing a Brief Historical Sketch of the Territory and State of Louisiana and the City of New Orleans, from the Earliest Period to the Present Time, presenting a Complete Guide to the Southern Metropolis.* In the same year he also published, at New York, *Rambles by Land and Water; or, Notes of Travel in Cuba and Mexico*, the result of a tour the previous season. As in his former work on Yucatan, he presented various observations of antiquities, and his book, like its predecessor, was well received by his countrymen. With the exception of an Essay on Agriculture, read before the Agriculturists and Mechanics' Association of Louisiana, at Baton Rouge, in 1847, this completes the list of Mr. Norman's publications. In the later years of his life, during which he continued his business as a bookseller in New Orleans, his health was much impaired, but he always found strength, as he had the earnest desire, to minister to the necessities of others, being, as we have intimated, foremost in his labors of philanthropy, not only in the frequent seasons of pestilence, but in the furtherance of charitable and religious institutions for the relief of destitute females and others. In these and kindred labors of love he was frequently associated with the Rev. Dr. Hawks, who then held a pastoral charge in the city, whose warm friendship he gained no less by this disinterested benevolence than by his fondness for history and antiquities.

The last year of Mr. Norman's life was spent with his wife, whom he had married in 1855, in various journeys in pursuit of health, in Texas and in Mississippi. He died of an attack of pneumonia, which his broken constitution was unable to resist, near Summit, in the latter State, February 1, 1860. His remains were brought to the banks of his native Hudson, and lie, marked by a simple stone with a pious inscription, in the cemetery at Poughkeepsie.

PARK BENJAMIN.

PARK BENJAMIN is descended from a New England family, which came originally from Wales.

His father resided as a merchant in Démerara, in British Guiana. The son in his infancy suffered from an illness, the improper treatment of which left him with a permanent lameness. He was brought to America, was educated in New England, studied law at Cambridge, and was admitted to practice in Connecticut. He soon, however, withdrew from the law to the pursuits of literature, embarking in the editorship of the New England Magazine in March, 1835, shortly after the retirement of its projector, Mr. Buckingham. In less than a year he brought the work to New York, continuing it with the publishing house of Dearborn and Co., with which he became connected, as the American Monthly Magazine, five volumes of which were published from January, 1836, to June, 1838. He next published the New Yorker, a weekly journal, in association with Horace Greeley; and in January, 1840, established the New World, a weekly newspaper of large size, which met the wants of the day by its cheap, wholesale republication of the English magazine literature. It was also well sustained by a corps of spirited writers which the editor drew round him in its original departments. Of those more immediately connected with the conduct of the paper were Epes Sargent, James Aldrich, H. C. Deming, and Rufus W. Griswold; while among the frequent contributors were Judge W. A. Duer, Judge J. D. Hammond, author of the Life and Times of Silas Wright, H. W. Herbert, Charles Lannan, W. M. Evarts, John O. Sargent, John Jay, E. S. Gould, and many others.

Mr. Aldrich was a merchant of New York, and the writer of a number of poems which find a place in the collections, though never brought together by the author into a volume. One of the most popular of these is entitled

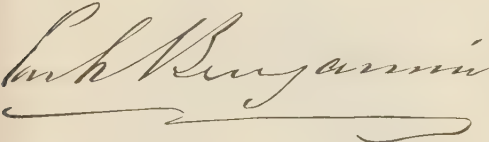
A DEATH-BED.

Her suff'ring ended with the day,
Yet lived she at its close,
And breathed the long, long night away
In statue-like repose.
But when the sun in all his state,
Illumed the eastern skies,
She passed through glory's morning-gate,
And walked in Paradise!

The success of the New World led to the cheap publishing enterprises of Winchester, which were conducted with boldness, and had for the time a marked effect on the book trade. Mr. Benjamin conducted the New World for nearly five years, when it passed into the hands of Mr. Charles Eames, a writer of marked ability, by whom it was edited for a short time in 1845, when it was finally discontinued. In 1846 Mr. Benjamin projected, at Baltimore, The Western Continent, a weekly newspaper on the plan of the New World. It was published only for a short time. The next year he published another weekly paper on a similar plan, involving a liberal outlay of expenditure, The American Mail, of which twelve numbers were issued from June 5 to August 21.

Mr. Benjamin's poems, lyrics, and occasional effusions are numerous, but have not been collected. They are to be found scattered over the entire periodical literature of the country for the last twenty years. His only distinct publications

have been several college poems of a descriptive and satirical character. A poem on *The Meditation of Nature* was delivered before the alumni of Washington College, at Hartford, in 1832; *Poetry, a Satire*, before the Mercantile Library Association of New York, the same year; *Infatuation*, before the Mercantile Library of Boston, in 1844.



Park Benjamin died, after a brief illness, at his residence in the city of New York, September 12, 1864. In his later years he was much before the public as a popular lecturer on social and other topics, his discourses on which were varied with the recitations of humorous or satirical poems of his own composition. Though a fertile author of occasional poems, and of numerous prose contributions to periodicals, no collection of his writings has been published. His style, both in prose and verse, was marked by ease and fluency.

THE DEPARTED.

The departed! the departed!
They visit us in dreams,
And they glide above our memories
Like shadows over streams;
But where the cheerful lights of home
In constant lustre burn,
The departed, the departed,
Can never more return.

The good, the brave, the beautiful,
How dreamless is their sleep,
Where rolls the dirge-like music
Of the ever-tossing deep!
Or where the hurrying night winds
Pale winter's robes have spread
Above their narrow palaces,
In the cities of the dead!

I look around and feel the awe
Of one who walks alone
Among the wrecks of former days,
In mournful ruin strown
I start to hear the stirring sounds
Among the cypress trees,
For the voice of the departed
Is borne upon the breeze.

That solemn voice! it mingles with
Each free and careless strain;
I scarce can think earth's minstrelsy
Will cheer my heart again.
The melody of summer waves,
The thrilling notes of birds,
Can never be so dear to me
As their remembered words.

I sometimes dream their pleasant smiles
Still on me sweetly fall,
Their tones of love I faintly hear
My name in sadness call.
I know that they are happy,
With their angel-plumage on,
But my heart is very desolate
To think that they are gone.

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INDOLENCE.

Time! thou destroy'st the relics of the past,
And hidest all the footprints of thy march
On shattered column and on crumbled arch,
By moss and ivy growing green and fast.
Hurled into fragments by the tempest-blast,
The Rhodian monster lies: the obelisk,
That with sharp line divided the broad disc
Of Egypt's sun, down to the sands was cast:
And where these stood, no remnant-trophy stands,
And even the art is lost by which they rose:
Thus, with the monuments of other lands,
The place that knew them now no longer knows.
Yet triumph not, oh, Time; strong towers decay,
But a great name shall never pass away!

SPORT.

To see a fellow of a summer's morning,
With a large foxhound of a slumberous eye
And a slim gun, go slowly lounging by,
About to give the feathered bipeds warning,
That probably they may be shot hereafter,
Excites in me a quiet kind of laughter;
For, though I am no lover of the sport
Of harmless murder, yet it is to me
Almost the funniest thing on earth to see
A corpulent person, breathing with a snort,
Go on a shooting frolic all alone;
For well I know that when he's out of town,
He and his dog and gun will all lie down,
And undestructive sleep till game and light are
frown.

STEPHEN GREENLEAF BULFINCH.

A UNITARIAN CLERGYMAN, and contributor to the collection of hymns in use in that denomination, was born in Boston, June 18th, 1809. At nine years of age he was taken to Washington, in the District of Columbia, where his father, Charles Bulfinch, had been appointed architect of the Capitol. He was graduated at the Columbian College, D. C., in 1826, and entered the Divinity School at Cambridge the following year. From 1830 to 1837, with some interruptions, he ministered as a Unitarian clergyman at Augusta, Georgia. After this he preached and kept school at Pittsburgh, Pa., for a short time, and was then engaged in similar relations for six years at Washington, D. C. In 1845 he became settled at Nashua, N. H., and in 1852 removed to Boston. He died at Cambridge, October 12, 1870.

His writings are a volume, *Contemplations of the Saviour*, published at Boston in 1832; a volume of *Poems* published at Charleston, South Carolina, in 1834; *The Holy Land*, issued in Ware's Sunday Library in 1834; *Lays of the Gospel*, 1845; a devotional volume, *Communion Thoughts*, 1852; *The Harp and the Cross*, 1857; *Honor*; or, *The Slave Dealer's Daughter*, 1864; *Manual of the Evidences of Christianity*, 1866; *Studies in the Evidences of Christianity*, 1869.

LINES ON VISITING TALLULAH FALLS, GEORGIA.

The forest, Lord! is thine;
Thy quickening voice calls forth its buds to light;
Its thousand leaflets shine,
Bathed in thy dews, and in thy sunbeams bright.
Thy voice is on the air,
Where breezes murmur through the pathless shades;
Thy universal care
These awful deserts, as a spell pervades.

Father! these rocks are thine,
Of Thee the everlasting monument,
Since at thy glance divine,
Earth trembled and her solid hills were rent.

Thine is this flashing wave,
Poured forth by thee from its rude mountain urn,
And thine yon secret cave,
Where haply, gems of orient lustre burn.

I hear the eagle scream;
And not in vain his cry! Amid the wild
Thou hearest! Can I deem
Thou wilt not listen to thy human child?

God of the rock and flood!
In this deep solitude I feel thee nigh.
Almighty, wise and good,
Turn on thy suppliant child a parent's eye.

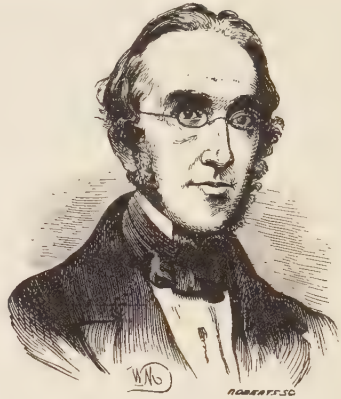
Guide through life's vale of fear
My placid current, from defilement free,
Till, seen no longer here,
It finds the ocean of its rest in Thee!

ROBERT CHARLES WINTHROP.

MR. WINTHROP is justly and honorably considered a representative man of Massachusetts. Tracing his descent through six generations of a family always eminent in the state, he arrives at the first emigrant of the name, John Winthrop, who became the first Governor of the colony, and who bore not only the truncheon of office but the pen of the chronicler.*

His son John, the Governor of Connecticut, was also a man of liberal tastes, was one of the founders of the Royal Society, and contributed to its proceedings and collections. His second wife was a step-daughter of Hugh Peters. Of his two sons, one of them, Fitz John, was Governor of Connecticut, and the younger, Wait Still (a family and not a fanciful Puritanical designation), became Chief Justice of the Superior Court of Massachusetts. The latter left a son John, who renewed the connexion with the Royal Society and removed to England. His son John married in New England and was a gentleman of wealth and leisure, passing his time in New London, Conn. His son, Thomas Lindall Winthrop, in the fifth generation of the American founder of the family, filled the position of Lieutenant Governor of Massachusetts. He married a daughter of Sir John Temple, the associate of Franklin in England, and a grand-daughter of Governor James Bowdoin.

Thus honorably connected, in the direct and collateral branches of the family tree, Robert Charles Winthrop was born in Boston, May 12, 1809. He was educated at the Boston Latin school, and once, as "a medal boy," received a set of books from the city authorities. He was graduated at Harvard in 1828. For the next three years he studied law with Daniel Webster. Being a man of fortune, with an inherited taste for public life, he chose employment in affairs of the state in preference to the more private pursuit of the law. He took a prominent part in military affairs as captain of the Boston Light Infantry and other civic stations of the kind. In 1834 he became a member of the Massachusetts State Legislature, and was speaker of its House of Representatives from 1838 till his election to Congress in 1840.



Robt. C. Winthrop.

After seven years' service in the national House of Representatives he was chosen its speaker for the sessions of 1848-9. In 1850 he was appointed by the executive of Massachusetts to succeed Webster in the Senate, when the latter withdrew to the office of Secretary of State under President Fillmore. In 1851 he was a candidate for the office of Governor of Massachusetts, and received 65,000 votes, the two other candidates receiving about 40,000 and 30,000 respectively; but an absolute majority being required for an election by the people, he was defeated by a coalition of the minority parties in the legislature.

Besides his political relations Mr. Winthrop is President of the Massachusetts Historical Society, of which his father was also President, and which he lately represented in 1854, delivering a speech of much ability at the semi-centennial anniversary of the New York Historical Society; a member of the American Antiquarian Society, and of other kindred institutions.

The claims to literary distinction of Mr. Winthrop are through his Addresses and Orations. A series of these is strung along the whole course of his public life; all marked by their careful execution, literary propriety, and marked utility. They are easy, natural, finished performances, whether addressed to the State Legislature or the larger audience of national Representatives; whether in the popular political meeting, at an Agricultural, Scientific, or Historical Anniversary, or at the brilliant Public Dinner. The prominent trait of the orator and rhetorician, as he shows himself on these occasions, is self-command; command of himself and of his subject. In person at once lithe and full-formed, tall and erect, he speaks with plenary, distinct tone, without the least effort. Each thought takes its appropriate place in his skilful method, which seems rather the result of a healthy physique of the mind than of art. In temper he is moderate, as his counsels

* *Ande*, vol. i. pp. 30-33.

in affairs of state have shown. This disposition is reflected in his discourses. The style has a tendency to expansion which might degenerate into weakness were it not relieved by the frequent points of a poetical or fanciful nature, at times of great ingenuity.

The Congressional speeches of Mr. Winthrop, with others of a special character, are included in a volume of *Addresses and Speeches on Various Occasions*, published in 1852. It includes, besides his political efforts, his address on the laying the corner-stone of the national monument to Washington at the Seat of Government, July 4, 1848; his Maine Historical Society address on the life of James Bowdoin, and several educational and other themes. Since that volume was issued he has published his address before the association of the alumni of Harvard in 1852; a Lecture on Algernon Sidney before the Boston Mercantile Library Association in 1853; and in the same season his Lecture on Archimedes and Franklin, which gave the suggestion and impulse to the erection of a statue of Franklin in Boston.*

PEACE BETWEEN ENGLAND AND AMERICA.†

If it be a fit subject for reproach, to entertain the most anxious and ardent desire for the peace of this country, its peace with England, its peace with all the world, I submit myself willingly to the fullest measure of that reproach. War between the United States and Great Britain for Oregon! Sir, there is something in this idea too monstrous to be entertained for a moment. The two greatest nations on the globe, with more territorial possessions than they know what to do with already, and bound together by so many ties of kindred, and language, and commercial interest, going to war for a piece of barren earth! Why, it would put back the cause of civilization a whole century, and would be enough not merely to call down the rebuke of men, but the curse of God. I do not yield to the honorable gentleman in a just concern for the national honor. I am ready to maintain that honor, whenever it is really at stake, against Great Britain as readily as against any other nation. Indeed, if war is to come upon us, I am quite willing that it should be war with a first-rate power—with a foeman worthy of our steel.

Oh! the blood more stirr,
To rouse a lion, than to start a hare.

If the young Queen of England were the veritable Victoria whom the ancient poets have sometimes described as descending from the right hand of Jupiter to crown the banner of predestined Triumph, I would still not shrink from the attempt to vindicate the rights of my country on every proper occasion. To her forces, however, as well as to ours, may come the "*cita mors*," as well as the "*Victoria lata*." We have nothing to fear from a protracted war with any nation, though our want of preparation might give us the worst of it in the first encounter. We are all and always ready for war, when there is no other alternative for maintaining our country's honor. We are all and always ready for any war into which a Christian man, in a civilized land, and in this age of the world, can have the face to enter. But I thank God that there are very few such cases. War and honor are fast getting to have less and less to do with each other. The highest honor of any

country is to preserve peace, even under provocations which might justify war. The deepest disgrace to any country is to plunge into war under circumstances which leave the honorable alternative of peace. I heartily hope and trust, Sir, that in deference to the sense of the civilized world, in deference to that spirit of Christianity which is now spreading its benign and healing influences over both hemispheres with such signal rapidity, we shall explore the whole field of diplomacy, and exhaust every art of negotiation, before we give loose to that passion for conflict which the honorable gentleman from Pennsylvania seems to regard as so grand and glorious an element of the American character.

OBJECTS AND LIMITS OF SCIENCE.*

There are fields enough for the wildest and most extravagant theorizings, within his own appropriate domain, without overlapping the barriers which separate things human and divine. Indeed, I have often thought that modern science had afforded a most opportune and providential safety-valve for the intellectual curiosity and ambition of man, at a moment when the progress of education, invention, and liberty, had roused and stimulated them to a pitch of such unprecedented eagerness and ardor. Astronomy, Chemistry, and more than all, Geology, with their incidental branches of study, have opened an inexhaustible field for investigation and speculation. Here, by the aid of modern instruments and modern modes of analysis, the most ardent and earnest spirits may find ample room and verge enough for their insatiate activity and audacious enterprise, and may pursue their course not only without the slightest danger of doing mischief to others, but with the certainty of promoting the great end of scientific truth.

Let them lift their vast reflectors or refractors to the skies, and detect new planets in their hiding-places. Let them waylay the fugitive comets in their flight, and compel them to disclose the precise period of their orbits, and to give bonds for their punctual return. Let them drag out reluctant satellites from "their habitual concealments." Let them resolve the unresolvable nebulae of Orion or Andromeda. They need not fear. The sky will not fall, nor a single star be shaken from its sphere.

Let them perfect and elaborate their marvellous processes for making the light and the lightning their ministers, for putting "a pencil of rays" into the hand of art, and providing tongues of fire for the communication of intelligence. Let them foretell the path of the whirlwind and calculate the orbit of the storm. Let them hang out their gigantic pendulums, and make the earth do the work of describing and measuring her own motions. Let them annihilate human pain, and literally "charm ache with air, and agony with ether." The blessing of God will attend all their toils, and the gratitude of man will await all their triumphs.

Let them dig down into the bowels of the earth. Let them rive asunder the massive rocks, and unfold the history of creation as it lies written on the pages of their piled up strata. Let them gather up the fossil fragments of a lost Fauna, reproducing the ancient forms which inhabited the land or the seas, bringing them together, bone to his bone, till Leviathan and Behemoth stand before us in bodily presence and in their full proportions, and we almost tremble lest these dry bones should live again! Let them put nature to the rack, and torture her, in all her forms, to the betrayal of her inmost secrets and confidences. They need not forbear. The founda-

* "Life and Public Services of R. C. Winthrop," American Review, March, 1848. Loring's Hundred Boston Orators. Wheeler's Blog, and Politt. Hist. of Congress, 1848, vol. I.

† From a Speech in Congress, 1844.

* From an Address to the Alumni of Harvard University, 1852.

tions of the round world have been laid so strong that they cannot be moved.

But let them not think by searching to find out God. Let them not dream of understanding the Almighty to perfection. Let them not dare to apply their tests and solvents, their modes of analysis or their terms of definition, to the secrets of the spiritual kingdom. Let them spare the foundations of faith. Let them be satisfied with what is revealed of the mysteries of the Divine Nature. Let them not break through the bounds to gaze after the Invisible,—lest the day come when they shall be ready to cry to the mountains, Fall on us, and to the hills, Cover us!

VISIT OF CICERO TO THE GRAVE OF ARCHIMEDES.*

While Cicero was quæstor in Sicily,—the first public office which he ever held, and the only one to which he was then eligible, being but just thirty years old, (for the Roman laws required for one of the humblest of the great offices of state the very same age which our American Constitution requires for one of the highest.)—he paid a visit to Syracuse, then among the greatest cities of the world.

The magistrates of the city, of course, waited on him at once, to offer their services in showing him the lions of the place, and requested him to specify anything which he would like particularly to see. Doubtless, they supposed that he would ask immediately to be conducted to some one of their magnificent temples, that he might behold and admire those splendid works of art with which,—notwithstanding that Marcellus had made it his glory to carry not a few of them away with him for the decoration of the Imperial City,—Syracuse still abounded, and which soon after tempted the cupidity, and fell a prey to the rapacity, of the infamous Verres.

Or, haply, they may have thought that he would be curious to see and examine the ear of Dionysius, as it was called,—a huge cavern, cut out of the solid rock in the shape of a human ear, two hundred and fifty feet long and eighty feet high, in which that execrable tyrant confined all persons who came within the range of his suspicion,—and which was so ingeniously contrived and constructed, that Dionysius, by applying his own ear to a small hole, where the sounds were collected as upon a tympanum, could catch every syllable that was uttered in the cavern below, and could deal out his proscription and his vengeance accordingly, upon all who might dare to dispute his authority, or to complain of his cruelty.

Or they may have imagined perhaps, that he would be impatient to visit at once the sacred fountain of Arethusa, and the seat of those Sicilian Muses whom Virgil so soon after invoked in commencing that most inspired of all uninspired compositions, which Pope has so nobly paraphrased in his glowing and glorious Eclogue—the Messiah.

To their great astonishment, however, Cicero's first request was, that they would take him to see the tomb of *Archimedes*. To his own still greater astonishment, as we may well believe, they told him in reply, that they knew nothing about the tomb of Archimedes, and had no idea where it was to be found, and they even positively denied that any such tomb was still remaining among them.

But Cicero understood perfectly well what he was talking about. He remembered the exact description of the tomb. He remembered the very verses which had been inscribed on it. He remembered

the sphere and the cylinder which Archimedes had himself requested to have wrought upon it, as the chosen emblems of his eventful life. And the great orator forthwith resolved to make search for it himself.

Accordingly, he rambled out into the place of their ancient sepulchres, and, after a careful investigation, he came at last to a spot overgrown with shrubs and bushes, where presently he descried the top of a small column just rising above the branches. Upon this little column the sphere and the cylinder were at length found carved, the inscription was painfully decyphered, and the tomb of Archimedes stood revealed to the reverent homage of the illustrious Roman quæstor.

This was in the year 76 before the birth of our Saviour. Archimedes died about the year 212 before Christ. One hundred and thirty-six years, only, had thus elapsed since the death of this celebrated person, before his tombstone was buried up beneath briars and brambles, and before the place and even the existence of it were forgotten, by the magistrates of the very city, of which he was so long the proudest ornament in peace, and the most effective defender in war.

What a lesson to human pride, what a commentary on human gratitude, was here! It is an incident almost precisely like that which the admirable and venerable Dr. Watts imagined or imitated, as the topic of one of his most striking and familiar Lyrics:—

Theron, amongst his travels, found
A broken statue on the ground;
And searching onward as he went,
He traced a ruined monument.
Mould, moss, and shades had overgrown
The sculpture of the crumbling stone,
Yet ere he pass'd, with much ado,
He guessed, and spelled out, Sci-pl-o.
"Enough," he cried; "I'll dredge no more
In turning the dull stoics o'er;
* * * * *
For when I feel my virtue fall,
And my ambitious thoughts prevail,
I'll take a turn among the tombs,
And see whereto all glory comes."

I do not learn, however, that Cicero was cured of his eager vanity and his insatiate love of fame by this "turn" among the Syracusan tombs. He was then only just at the threshold of his proud career, and he went back to pursue it to its bloody end, with unabated zeal, and with an ambition only extinguishable with his life.

And after all, how richly, how surpassingly, was this local ingratitude and neglect made up to the memory of Archimedes himself, by the opportunity which it afforded to the greatest orator of the greatest Empire of antiquity, to signalize his appreciation and his admiration of that wonderful genius, by going out personally into the ancient graveyards of Syracuse, and with the robes of office in their newest gloss around him, to search for his tomb and to do honor to his ashes! The greatest orator of Imperial Rome anticipating the part of Old Mortality upon the gravestone of the great mathematician and mechanic of antiquity! This, surely, is a picture for mechanics in all ages to contemplate with a proud satisfaction and delight.

Our previous notice closed with the lecture on "*Archimedes and Franklin*," which Mr. Winthrop delivered in Boston, in 1853, before the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association. The spirit of the whole oration, as well as its final recommendation, appealed to the people of Boston to erect in their city a suitable statue or monument to their early representative and

* From the Lecture, "*Archimedes and Franklin*," November 29, 1853.

benefactor, Franklin. The suggestion was not suffered to pass unheeded. It was immediately taken up by the society, and seconded by liberal contributions, and ended in the erection of the beautiful bronze statue of Franklin which now graces the city of Boston. Mr. Winthrop was appropriately called upon to deliver the address at the "inauguration" of this work of art, which was celebrated by one of the most interesting and imposing processions ever witnessed in the city. The ceremonies took place on the 17th of September, 1856, the anniversary of the original foundation of the city, and of the adoption of the Constitution of the United States. Mr. Winthrop's oration, in a philosophic vein, presented Franklin in the leading positions of his life and aspects of his character, as mechanic, philosopher, statesman, and patriot, diplomatic agent abroad, and true philanthropist. It was published separately, and is included in the handsomely printed "Memorial of the Inauguration," published by the city of Boston. A year previously to this, on the same anniversary day, Mr. Winthrop delivered an address, instinct with a genuine love of literature, on the occasion of the laying of the corner-stone of the public library of the city of Boston, which, as in the case of the Franklin statue, was supplemented by another, on the opening and dedication of this noble institution. He also, in May, 1857, delivered an address, genial, anecdotal, and historical, at the opening of the grand musical festival at the Boston Music Hall, the first ever held in the United States. Two addresses, not the least thoughtful and interesting of Mr. Winthrop's occasional orations, were delivered in the spring of 1859; the one entitled, *Christianity, neither Sectarian nor Sectal, the Great Remedy for Social and Political Evils*, before the Young Men's Christian Associations, of Boston and Richmond; the other, *Luxury and the Fine Arts, in some of their Moral and Historical Relations*, in aid of a fund for the erection of Ball's equestrian statue of Washington in Boston. These eloquent addresses, replete with historical anecdote and illustration, may be classed together for their exhibition of the orator's views on the religious and moral needs of the country and times.

Subsequently to this period, the course of Mr. Winthrop's public services of this class was, for a time, interrupted, by a visit to Europe, attended by severe domestic affliction, in the sickness and death of several members of his family. These events, with his own ill health, also prevented his taking that active part in rallying the country, at the outbreak of the rebellion, which might have been anticipated from his patriotic public career, however he may have differed in opinion from the existing administration. In the summer of 1862, he followed Governor Andrew and Edward Everett in an address at a mass meeting, held on Boston Common, in aid of recruiting the army in the field. In the Presidential political campaign of 1864, he advocated the election of General McClellan. When the hearts of all true patriots were appealed to by the assassination of Lincoln, Mr. Winthrop regarded with deep admiration and

reverence the character of the martyred President.

Returning to Mr. Winthrop's literary services of the last few years, we find them centring mainly about the Massachusetts Historical Society, of which he still holds the presidency. In 1861, he prepared for the society a *Memoir of the Hon. Nathan Appleton* (8vo, 79 pp.), which has been published separately, as well as in a volume of the proceedings of the society. In July, 1864, he paid a special tribute in the society to the memory of the late Josiah Quincy, which has been published in like manner. In January, 1865, he paid a like tribute to his friend, the late Edward Everett, at the meeting of the Historical Society, and at a gathering of citizens at Faneuil Hall. All of the addresses which we have mentioned have been published.

Mr. Winthrop's most elaborate recent work is the volume of *Life and Letters of John Winthrop* the elder, his eminent ancestor, the founder of Massachusetts (Boston, Ticknor & Fields, 8vo, pp. 452). This includes the period of Winthrop's life, his youth and early manhood, passed in England, down to the period of his emigration to America. It is largely composed of original materials, drawn from diaries and private correspondence, which, as they display the domestic and family history, and, to a great degree, the religious experiences, and, finally, the motives of Winthrop's coming to America, are of the utmost value to an appreciation of the character of this founder, and of the nature of the first settlement of New England. The memoir, among other notable incidents, supplies an item of interest to be added to our previous notice of Governor Winthrop, in the fact, for the first time fully set forth, of his studies at the University of Cambridge, where, it appears, he was an attendant for some eighteen months, entering Trinity College at the age of fourteen, and leaving the university about the time of his early courtship and marriage, at seventeen. Another volume which Mr. Winthrop has in preparation will exhibit Governor Winthrop's subsequent career in America to his death.

** The second and concluding volume of the biography of Governor Winthrop was published in 1867. It was entitled: *Life and Letters of John Winthrop, From His Embarkation for New England in 1630, with the Charter and Company of the Massachusetts Bay, to his Death in 1649*. The appendix contained a number of official and private letters, addressed to, or written by, him. The fulness of detail in the work reveals much of the spirit of the primitive settlers, while also making the narrative life-like and picturesque.

In the same year appeared *Addresses and Speeches on Various Occasions from 1852 to 1867*, with an affectionate dedication "to George Peabody, whose noble endowments, at home and abroad, have won the admiration of the world." While a previous volume had contained the principal speeches and addresses delivered by Hon. Robert C. Winthrop during some fifteen years of public life, as a member of the State

Legislature and Congress, the latter collection included those relating to an equal number of years of private life. They cannot but at least fulfil the modest hope of their cultured author, and "do something towards illustrating the history of the times, by recalling events of local or national interest, and by the notices which they contain of distinguished persons or of important institutions." In addition to the addresses previously noticed, the second volume included: a Speech on the *Fall of Richmond*, delivered at Faneuil Hall, Boston, April 4, 1865; on the *Death of President Lincoln*, April 20, 1865; on the *Six Hundredth Birthday of Dante*, May 11, 1865; *Tribute to George Livermore*, September, 14, 1865; *Tribute to Jared Sparks*, April 3, 1866—these four before the Massachusetts Historical Society;—*The Jubilee of the American Bible Society*, at the New York Academy of Music, May 10, 1866; the *Death of General Scott*, before the Massachusetts Historical Society, June, 1866; *George Peabody*—Remarks made at a banquet given to General Grant and the Trustees of the Peabody Educational Fund, New York, May 22, 1867. In an appendix were printed: *Letters on the Repeal of the Missouri Compromise*; *The Policy of the Old Line Whigs, or, Conciliation and Forbearance to Avert a Conflict*; and *The National Union Convention at Philadelphia*.

Mr. Winthrop made another visit to Europe after the issue of these works, and remained abroad eighteen months. On his return, he resumed his active and responsible duties in connection with various intellectual and benevolent institutions, in a number of which he holds the presidency. Nearly all these have been, at one time or another, indebted to his pen for standard papers and reports, while in some of them he has done much work without words. These include the Boston Provident Association, the Massachusetts Historical Society, the Peabody Museum, the Peabody Educational Fund, etc. His *Remarks at the Opening of the Bureau of Charity* of the first named association,—one of the best systematized relief societies in the country—May 19, 1869, has been printed. The *Reports of the Peabody Education Fund* for 1870 and 1871 contain his commemorative addresses on the death of Mr. Peabody and Admiral Farragut respectively, while that for 1872 prints his memorial to the Legislature of Mississippi in relation to unpaid bonds of that State held by the trust fund.

Mr. Winthrop delivered a lecture at the Lowell Institute, Boston, January 5, 1869, introductory to the course on the "Early History of Massachusetts" by the members of the Historical Society, and entitled, *Massachusetts and Its Early History*, wherein he traced the successive contributions by her sons to her historical literature, extending from the very founding of the colony to the present day. In the next year he delivered the most elaborate of his recent addresses: the *Oration on the Two Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of the Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth*, December 21, 1870. It was a worthy acknowledgment of the indebtedness of all New England to the first settlers of their land, who, for conscience sake,

crossed the ocean to found free institutions on Plymouth Rock. He also delivered the *Eulogy Pronounced at the Funeral of George Peabody, at Peabody, Mass., February 8, 1870*; *Tribute to the Memory of Hon. John Pendleton Kennedy*, September, 8, 1870; *Tribute to Sir Walter Scott on the One Hundredth Anniversary of his Birthday*, August 15, 1871; and an address at the Dedication of the Brookline Town Hall, in which town Mr. Winthrop has resided for some years past, February 22, 1873.

**EULOGY OF GEORGE PEABODY.

Think me not unmindful, my friends, that, for the manifestation of a true spirit of benevolence, two mites will suffice as well as untold millions,—a cup of cold water, as well as a treasure-house of silver and gold. Think me not unmindful, either, of the grand and glorious results, for the welfare of mankind, which have been accomplished by purely moral or religious influences; by personal toil and trust, by the force of Christian character and example, by the exercise of some great gifts of intellect or eloquence, by simple self-devotion and self-sacrifice, without any employment whatever of pecuniary means;—by missionaries in the cause of Christ, by reformers of prisons and organizers of hospitals, by Sisters of Charity, by visitors of the poor, by champions of the oppressed; by such women as Elizabeth Fry and Florence Nightingale, and such men as John Howard and William Wilberforce; or, to go further back in history, by men like our own John Eliot, the early apostle to the Indians, or like that sainted Vincent de Paul, whose memory has been so justly honored in France for more than two centuries. But philanthropy of this sort, I need not say, stands on a somewhat different plane, and cannot fairly enter into this comparison.

It is enough to say of our lamented friend, as we have seen and known him of late, that in him were united—as rarely, if ever, before—the largest desire and the largest ability to do good; that his will was, at least, commensurate with his wealth; and that nothing but the limited extent of even the most considerable earthly estate prevented his enjoying the very antepast of celestial bliss:—

"For when the power of imparting good
Is equal to the will, the human soul
Requires no other heaven."

And now, my friends, what wonder is it, that all that was mortal of such a man has come back to us, to-day, with such a convoy, and with such accompanying honors, as well might have befitted some mighty conqueror, or some princely hero? Was he not, indeed, a conqueror? Was he not, indeed, a hero? Oh! it is not on the battle-field, or on the blood-stained ocean, alone, that conquests are achieved and victories won. There are battles to be fought, there is a life-long warfare to be waged, by each one of us, in our own breasts, and against our own selfish natures. And what conflict is harder than that which awaits the accumulator of great wealth! Who can ever forget, or remember without a shudder, the emphatic testimony to the character of that conflict, which was borne by our blessed Saviour,—who knew what was in man better than any man knows it for himself,—when he said, "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God;" and when he bade that rich young man, "Sell all

that he had and distribute to the poor, and then come and follow him!"

It would be doing grievous injustice to our lamented friend, were we to deny or conceal that there were elements in his character which made his own warfare, in this respect, a stern one. He was no stranger to the love of accumulation. He was no stranger to the passion for gaining and saving and hoarding. There were in his nature the germs, and more than the germs, of economy and even of parsimony; and sometimes they would sprout, and spring up, in spite of himself. Nothing less strong than his own will, nothing less indomitable than his own courage, could have enabled him, by the grace of God, to strive successfully against that greedy, grudging, avaricious spirit, which so often besets the talent for acquisition. In a thousand little ways, you might perceive, to the last, how much within him he had contended against, how much within him he had overcome and vanquished. All the more glorious and signal was the victory! All the more deserved and appropriate are these trappings of triumph, with which his remains have been restored to us! You rob him of his richest laurel, you refuse him his brightest crown, when you attempt to cover up or disguise any of those innate tendencies, any of those acquired habits, any of those besetting temptations, against which he struggled so bravely and so triumphantly. Recount, if you please, every penurious or mercenary act of his earlier or his later life, which friends have ever witnessed, — if they have ever witnessed any, — or which malice has ever whispered or hinted at, — and malice, we know, has not spared him in more ways than one, — and you have only added to his titles to be received and remembered as a hero and a conqueror.

As such a conqueror, then, you have received him from that majestic turreted Iron-clad, which the gracious monarch of our motherland has deputed as her own messenger to bear him back to his home. As such a conqueror, you have canopied his funeral car with the flag of his country; — aye, with the flags of both his countries, between whom I pray God that his memory may ever be a pledge of mutual forbearance and affectionate regard. As such a conqueror, you mark the day and the hour of his burial by minute-guns, and fire a farewell shot, it may be, as the clods of his native soil are heaped upon his breast.

We do not forget, however, amidst all this martial pomp, how eminently he was a man of peace; or how earnestly he desired, or how much he had done, to inculcate a spirit of peace, national and international. I may not attempt to enter here, to-day, into any consideration of the influence of his specific endowments, at home or abroad, American or English; but I may say, in a single word, that I think history will be searched in vain for the record of any merely human acts, recent or remote, which have been more in harmony with that angelic chorus, which, just as the fleet, with this sad freight, had entered on its funeral voyage across the Atlantic, the whole Christian World was uniting to ring back again to the skies from which it first was heard; — any merely human acts, which while, as I have said, they have waked a fresh and more fervent echo of "Glory to God in the highest," have done more to promote "Peace on earth and good-will towards men."

Here, then, my friends, in this home of his infancy, where, seventy years ago, he attended the common village school, and served his first apprenticeship as a humble shop-boy; — here, where,

seventeen years ago, his first large public donation was made, accompanied by that memorable sentiment, "Education: a debt due from present to future generations:" — here, where the monuments and memorials of his affection and his munificence surround us on every side, and where he had chosen to deposit that unique enamelled portrait of the Queen, that exquisite gold metal, the gift of his Country, that charming little autograph note from the Empress of France, that imperial photograph of the Pope, inscribed by his own hand, and whatever other tributes had been most precious to him in life; — here, where he has desired that his own remains should finally repose, near to the graves of his father and mother, enforcing that desire by those touching words, almost the last which he uttered, "Danvers, — Danvers, — don't forget," — here let us thank God for his transcendent example; and here let us resolve, that it shall neither fail to be treasured up in our hearts, and sacredly transmitted to our children and our children's children, nor be wholly without an influence upon our own immediate lives. Let it never be said that the tomb and the trophies are remembered and cherished, but the example forgotten or neglected.

** THE PILGRIM FATHERS AT PLYMOUTH.*

I must not detain you for a moment by the details of that perilous voyage across the Atlantic, with its "many fierce storms, with which the ship was badly shaken and her upper works made very leaky; and one of the mainbeams in the midships bowed and cracked." I must not detain you by dwelling on that "serious consultation" in mid-ocean about putting back, when "the great iron screw which the passengers brought out of Holland" was so providentially found "for the buckling of the mainbeam," and "raising it into its place." All this is described in the journal of Bradford with a pathos and a power which could not be surpassed.

I must not detain you either by attempting to portray, in any words of my own, their arrival, on the 21st of November, within the sheltering arm of yonder noble Cape, — "the coast fringed with ice — dreary forests, interspersed with sandy tracts, filling the background;" — "no friendly light-houses, as yet, hanging out their cressets on your headlands; no brave pilot boat hovering like a sea-bird on the tops of the waves, to guide the shattered bark to its harbor; no charts and soundings making the secret pathways of the deep plain as a gravelled road through a lawn." All this was depicted, at the great second centennial celebration of the settlement of Barnstable, by my lamented friend Edward Everett, with a grandeur of diction and imagery which no living orator can approach. They seem still ringing in my ear from his own lips, — for I was by his side on that occasion, and no one who heard him on that day can ever forget his tones or his words, as, "with a spirit raised above mere natural agencies," he exclaimed, — "I see the mountains of New England rising from their rocky thrones. They rush forward into the ocean, settling down as they advance, and there they range themselves, a mighty bulwark around the heaven-directed vessel. Yes,

* From the Oration on the Two Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of the Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth, 21 December, 1870, by Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, LL.D., President of the Massachusetts Historical Society, Boston, 1871.

the everlasting God himself stretches out the arm of his mercy and his power in substantial manifestation, and gathers the meek company of his worshippers as in the hollow of his hand!"

Nor will I detain you for a moment on the simple but solemn covenant which the Pilgrim Fathers formed and signed in the cabin of the Mayflower on the same 21st of November,—the earliest "original compact" of self-government of which we have any authentic record in the annals of our race. That has had ample illustration on many other occasions, and has just been the subject of special commemoration by the New England Historic-Genealogical Society in Boston.

I turn at once to what concerns this day and this hour. I turn at once to that third exploring party which left the Mayflower—not quite blown up by the rashness of a mischievous boy, and still riding at anchor in Cape Cod harbor—on the 16th of December; and for whose wanderings in search of a final place of settlement our friend Dr. Dexter has supplied so precise a chronological table. I turn to those "ten of our men," with "two of our seamen," and with six of the ship's company,—eighteen in all,—in an open shallop, who, after spending a large part of two days "in getting clear of a sandy point, which lay within less than a furlong of the ship,"—"the weather being very cold and hard," two of their number "very sick" and one of them almost "swooning with the cold," and the gunner for a day and a night seemingly "sick unto death,"—found "smoother water and better sailing" on the 17th, but "so cold that the water froze on their clothes and made them many times like coats of iron;" who were startled at midnight by "a great and hideous cry," and after a fearful but triumphant "first encounter," early the next morning, with a band of Indians, who assailed them with savage yells and showers of arrows, and after a hardly less fearful encounter with a furious storm, which "split their mast in three pieces," and swept them so far upon the breakers that the cry was suddenly heard from the helmsman, "About with her, or else we are all cast away," found themselves at last, when the darkness of midnight had almost overtaken them, "under the lee of a small island, and remained all that night in safety," "keeping their watch in the rain."

There they passed the 19th, exploring the island, and perhaps repairing their shattered mast. The record is brief but suggestive: "Here we made our rendezvous all that day, being Saturday." But briefer still, and how much more suggestive and significant, is the entry of the following day!—

"10. (20) of December, on the Sabbath day we rested."

I pause,—I pause for a moment,—at that most impressive record. Among all the marvellous concisenesses and tersenesses of a Thucydides or a Tacitus,—condensing a whole chapter of philosophy, or the whole character of an individual or a people, into the compass of a motto,—I know of nothing terser or more condensed than this; nor any thing which develops and expands, as we ponder it, into a fuller or finer or more characteristic picture of those whom it describes. "On the Sabbath day we rested." It was no mere secular or physical rest. The day before had sufficed for that. But alone, upon a desert island, in the depths of a stormy winter; wellnigh without food, wholly without shelter;

after a week of such experiences, such exposure and hardship and suffering, that the bare recital at this hour almost freezes our blood; without an idea that the morrow should be other or better than the day before; with every conceivable motive, on their own account, and on account of those whom they had left in the ship, to lose not an instant of time, but to hasten and hurry forward to the completion of the work of exploration which they had undertaken,—they still "remembered the Sabbath day to keep it holy." "On the Sabbath day we rested."

It does not require one to sympathize with the extreme Sabbatarian strictness of Pilgrim or Puritan, in order to be touched by the beauty of such a record and of such an example. I know of no monument on the face of the earth, ancient or modern, which would appeal more forcibly to the hearts of all who reverence an implicit and heroic obedience to the commands of God, than would an unadorned stone on yonder Clark's island, with the simple inscription, "20 Dec. 1620—On the Sabbath day we rested." There is none to which I would myself more eagerly contribute. But it should be paid for by the penny contributions of the Sabbath-school children of all denominations throughout the land, among whom that beautiful Jubilee Medal has just been distributed.

And what added interest is given to that record, what added force to that example, by the immediate sequel! The record of the very next day runs,—“On Monday we sounded the harbour and found it a very good harbour for our shipping; we marched also into the land, and found divers corn-fields and little running brooks, a place very good for situation; so we returned to our ship again with good news to the rest of our people, which did much comfort their hearts.”

That was the day, my friends, which we are here to commemorate. On that Monday, the 21st of December, 1620, from a single shallop, those "ten of our men," with "two of our seamen," and with six of the ship's company, landed upon this shore. The names of almost all of them are given, and should not fail of audible mention on an occasion like this. Miles Standish heads the roll. John Carver comes second. Then follow William Bradford, Edward Winslow, John Tilley, Edward Tilley, John Howland, Richard Warren, Steven Hopkins, and Edward Dotey. The "two of our seamen" were John Alderton and Thomas English; and the two of the ship's company whose names are recorded were Master Copin and Master Clarke, from the latter of whom the Sabbath Island was called.

They have landed. They have landed at last, after sixty-six days of weary and perilous navigation since bidding a final farewell to the receding shores of their dear native country. They have landed at last; and when the sun of that day went down, after the briefest circuit of the year, New England had a place and a name—a permanent place, a never to be obliterated name in the history, as well as in the geography, of civilized Christian man.

"They whom once the desert beach
Pent within its bleak domain,—
Soon their ample sway shall stretch
O'er the plenty of the plain!"

I will not say that the corner-stone of New England had quite yet been laid. But its symbol and perpetual synonyme had certainly been found. That one grand Rock,—even then without its fel-

low along the shore, and destined to be without its fellow on any shore throughout the world, — Nature had laid it, — The Architect of the Universe had laid it, — “when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy.” There it had reposed, unseen of human eye, the storms and floods of centuries beating and breaking upon it. There it had reposed, awaiting the slow-moving feet, which, guided and guarded by no mere human power, were now to make it famous forever. The Pilgrims trod it, as it would seem, unconsciously, and left nothing but authentic tradition to identify it. “Their rock was not as our rock.” Their thoughts at that hour were upon no stone of earthly mould. If they observed at all what was beneath their feet, it may indeed have helped them still more fervently to lift their eyes to Him who had been predicted and promised “as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land;” and may have given renewed emphasis to the psalm which perchance they may have recalled, — “From the end of the earth will I cry unto thee, when my heart is overwhelmed: lead me to the rock that is higher than I.” Their trust was only on the Rock of Ages.

We have had many glowing descriptions and not a few elaborate pictures of this day's doings; and it has sometimes been a matter of contention whether Mary Chilton or John Alden first leapt upon the shore, — a question which the late Judge Davis proposed to settle by humorously suggesting that the friends of John Alden should give place to the lady, as a matter of gallantry. But the Mayflower, with John Alden, and Mary Chilton, and all the rest of her sex, and all the children, was still in the harbor of Cape Cod. The aged Brewster, also, was on board the Mayflower with them; and sorely needed must his presence and consolation have been, as poor Bradford returned to the ship, after a week's absence, to find that his wife had fallen overboard and was drowned the very day after his departure.

I may not dwell on these or any other details, except to recall the fact that on Friday, the 25th, they weighed anchor, — it was Christmas Day, though they did not recognize it, as so many of us are just preparing to recognize it, as the brightest and best of all the days of the year; — that on Saturday, the 26th, the Mayflower “came safely into a safe harbour;” and that on Monday, the 28th, the landing was completed. Not only was the time come and the place found, but the whole company of those who were for ever to be associated with that time and that place were gathered at last where we are now gathered to do homage to their memory.

I make no apology, sons and daughters of New England, for having kept always in the foreground of the picture I have attempted to draw, the religious aspects and incidents of the event we have come to commemorate. Whatever civil or political accompaniments or consequences that event may have had, it was in its rise and progress, in its inception and completion, eminently and exclusively a religious movement. The Pilgrims left Scrooby as a church. They settled in Amsterdam and in Leyden as a church. They embarked in the Mayflower as a church. They came to New England as a church; and Morton, at the close of the introduction to Bradford's History, as given by Dr. Young in his *Chronicles*, entitles it “The Church of Christ at Plymouth in New England, first begun in Old England, and carried on in Holland and Plymouth aforesaid.”

They had no license, indeed, from either Pope or Primate. It was a church not only without a bishop, but without even a pastor; with only a layman to lead their devotions and administer their discipline. A grand layman he was, — Elder Brewster: it would be well for the world if there were more laymen like him, at home and abroad. In yonder Bay, it is true, before setting foot on Cape Cod, they entered into a compact of civil government; but the reason expressly assigned for so doing was, that “some of the strangers amongst them (*i. e.*, not Leyden men, but adventurers who joined them in England) had let fall in the ship that when they came ashore they would use their own liberty, for none had power to command them,” or, as elsewhere stated, because they had observed “some not well affected to unity and concord, but gave some appearance of faction.” They came as a Church: all else was incidental, the result of circumstances, a protection against outsiders. They came to secure a place to worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences, free from the molestations and persecutions which they had encountered in England; and free, too, from the uncongenial surroundings, the irregular habits of life, the strange and uncouth language, the licentiousness of youth, the manifold temptations, and “the neglect of observation of the Lord's day as a Sabbath,” which they had so lamented in Holland.

We cannot be too often reminded that it was religion which effected the first permanent settlement in New England. All other motives had failed. Commerce, the fisheries, the hope of discovering mines, the ambition of founding Colonies, all had been tried, and all had failed. But the Pilgrims asked of God; and “He gave them the heathen for their inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for their possession.” Religious faith and fear, religious hope and trust, — the fear of God, the love of Christ, an assured faith in the Holy Scriptures, and an assured hope of a life of bliss and blessedness to come, — these, and these alone, proved sufficient to animate and strengthen them for the endurance of all the toils and trials which such an enterprise involved. Let it never be forgotten that if the corner-stone of New England was indeed laid by the Pilgrim Fathers, two centuries and a half ago to-day, it was in the cause of religion they laid it; and whatever others may have built upon it since, or may build upon it hereafter, — “gold, silver, precious stones, wood, hay, stubble,” — God forbid that on this Anniversary the foundation should be ignored or repudiated!

As we look back ever so cursorily over the great procession of American History as it starts from yonder Rock, and winds on and on to the present hour, we may descry many other scenes, many other actors, remote and recent, in other parts of the Union as well as in our own, of the highest interest and importance. There are Conant and Endicott with their little rudimental plantations at Cape Ann and at Salem. There is the elder Winthrop, with the Massachusetts Charter, at Boston, of whom the latest and best of New England Historians (Dr. Palfrey) has said “that it was his policy, more than any other man's, that organized into shape, animated with practical vigor, and prepared for permanency, those primeval sentiments and institutions that have directed the course of thought and action in New England in later times.” There is the younger

Winthrop, not far behind, with the Charter of Connecticut, of whose separate Colonies Hooker and Haynes and Hopkins and Eaton and Davenport and Ludlow had laid the foundations. There is Roger Williams, "the Apostle of soul freedom," as he has been called, with the Charter of Rhode Island. There is the brave and generous Stuyvesant of the New Netherlands. There are the Catholic Calverts, and the noble Quaker Penn, building up Maryland and Pennsylvania alike, upon principles of toleration and philanthropy. There is the benevolent and chivalrous Oglethorpe, assisted by Whitefield and the sainted Wesleys, planting his Moravian Colony in Georgia. There is Franklin, with his first proposal of a Continental Union, and with his countless inventions in political as well as physical science. There is James Otis with his great argument against Writs of Assistance, and Samuel Adams with his inexorable demand for the removal of the British regiments from Boston. There are Quincy with his grand remonstrance against the Port Bill, and Warren, offering himself as the Proto-martyr on Bunker Hill. There is Jefferson with the Declaration of Independence fresh from his own pen, with John Adams close at his side, as its "Colossus on the floor of Congress." There are Hamilton and Madison and Jay bringing forward the Constitution in their united arms; and there, leaning on their shoulders, and on that Constitution, but towering above them all, is WASHINGTON, the consummate commander, the incomparable President, the world-honored Patriot. There are Marshall and Story as the expounders of the Constitution, and Webster as its defender. There is John Quincy Adams with his powerful and persistent plea for the sacred Right of Petition. There is Jackson with his Proclamation against Nullification. There is Lincoln with his ever memorable Proclamation of Emancipation. And there, closing for the moment that procession of the dead,—for I presume not to marshal the living,—is George Peabody with his world-wide munificence and his countless benefactions. Other figures may present themselves to other eyes as that grand Panorama is unrolled. Other figures will come into view as that great procession advances. But be it prolonged, as we pray God it may be, even "to the crack of doom," first and foremost, as it moves on and on in radiant files,—“searing the eyeballs” of oppressors and tyrants, but rejoicing the hearts of the lovers of freedom throughout the world,—will ever be seen and recognized the men whom we commemorate to-day,—the Pilgrim Fathers of New England. No herald announces their approach. No pomp or parade attends their advent. "Shielded and helmed and weapon'd with the truth," no visible guards are around them, either for honor or defence. Bravely but humbly, and almost unconsciously, they assume their perilous posts, as pioneers of an advance which is to know no backward steps, until, throughout this Western hemisphere, it shall have prepared the way of the Lord and of liberty. They come with no charter of human inspiration. They come with nothing but the open Bible in their hands, leading a march of civilization and human freedom, which shall go on until time shall be no more,—if only that Bible shall remain open, and shall be accepted and revered, by their descendants as it was by themselves, as the Word of God!

It is a striking coincidence that while they were just taking the first steps in the movement which

terminated at Plymouth Rock, that great clerical Commission was appointed by King James, which prepared what has everywhere been received as the standard English version of the Holy Scriptures; and which, though they continued to use the Geneva Bible themselves, has secured to their children and posterity a translation which is the choicest treasure of literature as well as of religion. Nor can I fail to remember, with the warmest interest, that, at this moment, while we are engaged in this Fifth Jubilee Commemoration, a similar Commission is employed, for the first time, in subjecting that translation to the most critical revision;—not with a view, certainly, to attempt any change or improvement of its incomparable style and language, but only to purge the sacred volume from every human interpolation or error.

No more beautiful scene has been witnessed in our day and generation, nor one more auspicious of that Christian unity which another world shall witness, if not this, than the scene presented in Westminster Abbey, in the exquisite chapel of Henry VII., by that Revision Commission, in immediate preparation for entering on their great task, on the morning of the 22d of June last;—"such a scene," as the accomplished Dean Alford has well said, "as has not been enacted since the name of Christ was first named in Britain." I can use no other words than his, in describing it: "Between the latticed shrine of King Henry VII. and the flat pavement tomb of Edward VI. was spread 'God's board,' and round that pavement tomb knelt, shoulder to shoulder, bishops and dignitaries of the Church of England, professors of her Universities, divines of the Scottish Presbyterian and Free Churches, and of the Independent, Baptist, Wesleyan, Unitarian Churches in England,—a representative assembly, such as our Church has never before gathered under her wing, of the Catholic Church by her own definition,—of 'all who profess and call themselves Christians.'" It was a scene to give character to an age; and should the commission produce no other valuable fruit, that opening Communion will make it memorable to the end of time.

Yes, the open Bible was the one and all-sufficient support and reliance of the Pilgrim Fathers. They looked, indeed, for other and greater reformations in religion than any which Luther or Calvin had accomplished or advocated; but they looked for them to come from a better understanding and a more careful study of the Holy Scriptures, and not from any vainglorious human wisdom or scientific investigations. As their pastor Robinson said, in his farewell discourse, "He was confident the Lord had more truth and light yet to break forth out of his Holy Word."

Let me not seem, my friends, to exaggerate the importance to our country of the event which we this day celebrate. The Pilgrims of the Mayflower did not establish the earliest permanent English settlement within the territories which now constitute our beloved country. I would by no means overlook or disparage the prior settlement at Jamestown in Virginia. The Old Dominion, with all its direct and indirect associations with Sir Walter Raleigh, and with Shakspeare's accomplished patron and friend, the Earl of Southampton,—with Pocahontas, too, and Captain John Smith,—must always be remembered by the old Colony with the respect and affection due to an elder sister. "I said an elder, not a better." Yet we may well envy some of her claims to distinction. More than ten years before an English

foot had planted itself on the soil of New England, that Virginia Colony had effected a settlement; and more than a year before the landing of the Pilgrims, — on the 30th of July, 1619, — the first Representative Legislative Assembly ever held within the limits of the United States was convened at Jamestown. That Assembly passed a significant Act against drunkenness; and an Act somewhat quaint in its terms and provisions, but whose influence might not be unwholesome at this day, against "excessive apparel," — providing that every man should be assessed in the church for all public contributions, "if he be unmarried, according to his own apparel; if he be married, according to his own and his wife's, or either of their apparel." Such a statute would have been called puritanical, if it had emanated from a New England Legislature. It might even now, however, do something to diminish the dimensions, and simplify the material, and abate the luxurious extravagance, of modern dress. But that first Jamestown Assembly passed another most noble Act, for the conversion of the Indians and the education of their children, which entitles Virginia to claim pre-eminence, or certainly priority, in that great work of Christian philanthropy, for which our Fathers, with glorious John Eliot at their head, did so much, and for which their sons, alas! have accomplished so little, — unless, perhaps, under the new and noble Indian policy of the last twelve months. The political organization of Virginia was almost mature, while that of New England was still in embryo.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

Was born at Salem, Massachusetts, of a family of whom we have some glimpses in one of his late prefaces. His earliest American ancestor came from England, in the early part of the seventeenth century, "a soldier, legislator, judge, a ruler in the church;" like the venerable Dudley "no libertine," in his opinions, since he persecuted the Quakers with the best of them. His son was a man of respectability in his day, for he took part in the burning of the witches. The race established by these founders of the family, "from father to son, for above a hundred years followed the sea; a grey-headed shipmaster in each generation retiring from the quarter-deck to the homestead, while a boy of fourteen took the hereditary place before the mast, confronting the salt spray, and the gale which had blustered against his sire and grandsire." From this old home at Salem, bleached and weatherbeaten, like most of the old houses there, Nathaniel Hawthorne went forth one day to College. He was a fellow student with Longfellow at Bowdoin, Maine, where he was graduated in 1825. His earliest acknowledged publications were his series of papers in the *Token*, from year to year; the popular annual conducted by Mr. S. G. Goodrich, who early appreciated the fine sensitive genius which adorned his pages — though the public, which seldom has any profound understanding of literature in a book of amusement, scarcely recognised the new author. A portion of these stories and essays were collected in a volume, with the title *Twice Told Tales*, in 1837. Longfellow reviewed the book with enthusiasm, in the *North American*; but the publication languished, and a second edition was rather urged by his friends than called for by the public, when it appeared with a second

It was about this time that Hawthorne became connected for a while with the occupants of the Brook Farm at Roxbury; a community of literati and philosophers, who supported the freedom of a rural life by the independent labor of their hands. Hawthorne took part in the affair, dropped his pen for the hoe, and looked over the horns and bristles of the brutes it was his lot to provide for, to the humanities gathered around him. Though he spiritualized the affair quite beyond any recognition of its actual condition, Brook Farm was the seed, in his mind, of the Blithedale Romance.

His next publication was *The Journal of an African Cruiser*, which he re-wrote from the MS. of his friend and college companion, Mr. Horatio Bridge, of the United States Navy. It is a carefully prepared volume of judicious observation of the Canaries, the Cape de Verd, Liberia, Madeira, Sierra Leone, and other places of interest on the West Coast of Africa.

Hawthorne had now changed his residence to Concord, carrying with him his newly married wife, Miss Peabody, where he occupied the Old Manse, which he has described with quaint and touching fidelity in the introduction to the further collection of his papers from the magazines, the *New England*, the *American Monthly*, and a new gleaming of the fruitful old *Token* — to which he gave the title, *Mosses from an Old Manse*. He lived in close retirement in this old spot, concentrating his mind upon his habitual fancies for three years, during which time, if we are to take literally, and it is probably not far from the truth, the pleasant sketch of his residences by his friend, Mr. G. W. Curtis, he was not seen by more than a dozen of the villagers.

In 1846 Mr. Polk was President, and Mr. Bancroft the historian Secretary of the Navy, when



The Old Manse.

Hawthorne's friends secured his appointment as Surveyor in the Custom-House at Salem. He held this post for a year, discharging its duties with unflinching regularity, and meditating the characters of his associates, as the event proved, when he was dismissed on a change of the political powers

at Washington, and wrote *The Scarlet Letter*, in the preface to which he gives an account of his Custom-House Experiences, with a literary photograph of that honored building and its occupants.

The *Scarlet Letter* was at last a palpable hit, It was published by Ticknor & Co., and had been wisely enlarged at the suggestion of the author's friend, Mr. J. T. Fields, a member of the firm, from a sketch containing the germ of the story, to an entire volume.

The *Scarlet Letter* is a psychological romance. The hardest Mrs. Malaprop would never venture to call it a novel. It is a tale of remorse, a study of character, in which the human heart is anatomized, carefully, elaborately, and with striking poetic and dramatic power. Its incidents are simply these: A woman, in the early days of Boston, becomes the subject of the discipline of the court of those times, and is condemned to stand in the pillory and wear henceforth, in token of her shame, the scarlet letter A attached to her bosom. She carries her child with her to the pillory. Its other parent is unknown. At this opening scene her husband, from whom she had been separated in Europe, preceding him by ship across the Atlantic, reappears from the forest, whither he has been thrown by shipwreck on his arrival. He was a man of a cold intellectual temperament, and devotes his life thereafter to search for his wife's guilty partner, and a fiendish revenge. The young clergyman of the town, a man of a devout sensibility and warmth of heart, is the victim, as the Mephistophilean old physician fixes himself by his side, to watch over him and protect his health, an object of great solicitude to his parishioners, and, in reality, to detect his suspected secret, and gloat over his tortures. This slow, cool, devilish purpose, like the concoction of some sublimated hell broth, is perfected gradually and inevitably. The wayward, elfish child, a concentration of guilt and passion, binds the interests of the parties together, but throws little sunshine over the scene. These are all the characters, with some casual introductions of the grim personages and manners of the period, unless we add the scarlet letter, which, in Hawthorne's hands, skilled to these allegorical, typical semblances, becomes vitalized as the rest. It is the hero of the volume. The denouement is the death of the clergyman on a day of public festivity, after a public confession, in the arms of the pilloried, branded woman. But few as are these main incidents thus briefly told, the action of the story, or its passion, is "long, obscure, and infinite." It is a drama in which thoughts are acts. The material has been thoroughly fused in the writer's mind, and springs forth an entire perfect creation.

The public, on the appearance of the *Scarlet Letter*, was for once apprehensive, and the whole retinue of literary reputation-makers fastened upon the genius of Hawthorne. He had retired from Salem to Berkshire, Massachusetts, where he occupied a small, charmingly situated farmer's house at Lenox, on the Lake called the Stockbridge Bowl. There he wrote the *House of the Seven Gables*, published in 1851, one of the most elaborate and powerfully drawn of his later volumes.

In the preface to this work Mr. Hawthorne establishes a separation between the demands of the novel and the romance, and under the privilege of

the latter, sets up his claim to a certain degree of license in the treatment of the characters and incidents of his coming story. This license is in the direction of the spiritualities of the piece, in favor of a process semi-allegorical, by which an acute analysis may be wrought out, and the truth of feeling be minutely elaborated; an apology, in fact, for the preference of character to action, and of character for that which is allied to the darker elements of life—the dread blossoming of evil in the soul, and its fearful retributions. The House of the Seven Gables, one for each deadly sin, may be no unmet adumbration of the corrupted soul of man. It is a ghostly, mouldy abode, built in some eclipse of the sun, and rafted with curs d'ark; founded on a grave, and sending its turrets heavenward, as the lightning rod transcends its summit, to invite the wrath supernatural. Every darker shadow of human life lingers in and about its melancholy shelter. There all the passions allied to crime,—pride in its intensity, avarice with its steely gripe, and unrelenting conscience, are to be expiated in the house built on injustice. Wealth there withers, and the human heart grows cold; and thither are brought as accessories the chill glance of speculative philosophy, the descending hopes of the aged laborer, whose vision closes on the workhouse, the poor necessities of the humblest means of livelihood, the bodily and mental dilapidation of a wasted life.

A residence for woman, child and man,
A dwelling-place,—and yet no habitation
A Home,—but under some prodigious ban
Of excommunication.

O'er all there hung a shadow and a fear;
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
And said as plain as whisper in the ear,
The place is haunted!

Yet the sunshine casts its rays into the old building, as it must, were it only to show us the darkness.

The story of the House of the Seven Gables is a tale of retribution, of expiation, extending over a period of two hundred years, it taking all that while to lay the ghost of the earliest victim, in the time of the Salem witchcraft; for, it is to Salem that this blackened old dwelling, mildewed with easterly scud, belongs. The yeoman who originally struck his spade into the spot, by the side of a crystal spring, was hanged for a wizard, under the afflictive dispensation of Cotton Mather. His land passed by force of law under cover of an old sweeping grant from the State, though not without hard words and thoughts and litigations, to the possession of the Ahab of the Vineyard, Colonel Pyncheon, the founder of the house, whose statuesque death-scene was the first incident of the strongly ribbed tenement built on the ground thus suspiciously acquired. It was a prophecy of the old wizard on his execution at Gallows' Hill, looking steadfastly at his rival, the Colonel, who was there, watching the scene on horseback, that "God would give him blood to drink." The sudden death of apoplexy was thereafter ministered to the magnates of the Pyncheon family. After an introductory chapter detailing this early history of the house, we are

introduced to its broken fortunes of the present day, in its decline. An old maid is its one tenant, left there with a life interest in the premises by the late owner, whose vast wealth passed into the hands of a cousin, who immediately, touched by this talisman of property, was transformed from a youth of dissipation into a high, cold, and worldly state of respectability. His portrait is drawn in the volume with the repeated limnings and labor of a Titian, who, it is known, would expend several years upon a human head. We see him in every light, walk leisurely round the vast circle of that magical outline, his social position, till we close in upon the man, narrowing slowly to his centre of falsity and selfishness. For a thorough witch laugh over fallen hollow-heartedness and pretence, there is a terrible sardonic greeting in the roll-call of his uncompleted day's performances as he sits in the fatal chamber, death-cold, having drunk the blood of the ancient curse. Other inmates gather round old maid Hepzibah. A remote gable is rented to a young artist, a daguerreotypist, and then comes upon the scene the brother of the old maid, Clifford Pyncheon, one day let out from life incarceration for—what circumstantial evidence had brought home to him—the murder of the late family head. Thirty years had obliterated most of this man's moral and intellectual nature, save in a certain blending of the two with his physical instinct for the sensuous and beautiful. A rare character that for our spiritual dinner to work upon! The agent he has provided, nature's ministrant to this feebleness and disease, to aid in the rebuilding of the man, is a sprig of unconscious spontaneous girlhood—who enters the thick shades of the dwelling of disaster as a sunbeam, to purify and nourish its stagnant life. Very beautiful is this conception, and subtly wrought the chapters in which the relation is developed. Then we have the sacrifice of pride and solitary misanthropy in the petty retail shop Hepzibah opens for the increasing needs of the rusty mansion.

The scene passes on, while Hepzibah, her existence bound up in the resuscitation of Clifford, supported by the salient life of the youthful womanhood of Phoebe, fulfils her destiny at the Old House—where, for a little sprinkling of pleasantry to this sombre tale, comes a voracious boy to devour the gingerbread Jim Crows, elephants, and other seductive fry of the quaintly arranged window. His stuffed hide is a relief to the empty-waistcoated ghosts moving within. There is a humble fellow too, one Uncle Venner, a good-natured servitor at small chores—a poor devil in the eye of the world—of whom Hawthorne, with kindly eye, makes something by digging down under his tattered habiliments to his better-preserved human heart. He comes to the shop, and is a kind of out-of-door appendant to the fortunes of the house.

The Nemesis of the House is pressing for a new victim. Judge Pyncheon's thoughts are intent on an old hobby of the establishment, the procurement of a deed which was missing, and which was the evidence wanting to complete the title to a certain vast New Hampshire grant—a portentous and arch-deceiving ignis fatuus of the family. Clifford is supposed to know something of this matter; but, knowledge or not, the Judge is the

one man in the world whom he will not meet. Every instinct of his nature rises within him, in self-protection of his weak, sensitive life, against the stern magnetic power of the coarse, granite judge. More than that lies underneath. Clifford had been unjustly convicted by those suspicious death-marks of his suddenly deceased relative—and the Judge had suffered it, holding all the time the key which would have unlocked the mystery,—besides some other shades of criminality. To escape an interview with this man, Clifford and Hepzibah leave the house in flight, while Judge Pyncheon sits in the apartment of his old ancestor, waiting for him. He is dead in his chair of apoplexy.

The fortunes of the House, after this tremendous purgation, look more brightly for the future. The diverted patrimony of his ex-respectability—the Governor in posse of Massachusetts—returns to its true channel to irrigate the dry heart of the Old Maid, and furnish Clifford the luxuries of the beautiful. The daguerreotypist, who turns out to be the descendant of the wizard,—the inventor of the curse—marries Phoebe, of course, and the parties have left the Old House, mouldering away in its by-street, for the sunny realm of a country summer retreat.

A *Wonder Book for Boys and Girls*, a series of delicately modernized versions of old classical myths and legends, followed, in a vein of fancy, pleasantry, and earnest sympathy, with the fresh simple mind of childhood.

Several small earlier volumes of a similar adaptation for the young, entitled *Grandfather's Chair*, in which biographical events of the old Puritan history were arranged about that family heirloom, with another volume of *Biographical Stories*, were also about this time collected and published together.

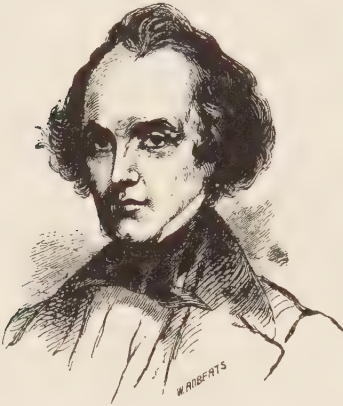
Then came in answer to the increasing demand, a new collection from the bountiful stock of the magazines and annuals, *The Snow Image and other Twice Told Tales*, at least as quaint, poetical, and reflective as its predecessors.

Hawthorne had now attained those unexpected desiderata, a public and a purse, and with the contents of the latter he purchased a house in Concord—not the Old Manse, for that had passed into the hands of a son of the old clergyman; but a cottage once occupied by Alcott, the philosopher of the Orphic Sayings. His latest book, the *Blithedale Romance*, dates from this new home, the "Way-side."

It has been generally understood that the character of Zenobia in this work was drawn, in some of its traits, from the late Margaret Fuller, who was an occasional visitor to the actual Brook Farm. The work, however, is anything but a literal description. In philosophical delineation of character, and its exhibition of the needs and shortcomings of certain attempts at improvement of the social state, set in a framework of imaginative romance, it is one of the most original and inventive of the author's productions.

In 1852, when his old friend and college companion, Franklin Pierce, was nominated for the Presidency, Mr. Hawthorne came forward as his biographer—a work which he executed in moderate space and with literary decorum. When the President was duly installed the following year,

Hawthorne was not forgotten. One of the most lucrative offices of the government was bestowed upon him — the consulship at Liverpool — which he retained till 1857.



Nathaniel Hawthorne

The neglect of Hawthorne's early writings compared with the subsequent acknowledgment of their merits, is a noticeable fact in the history of American literature. He has himself spoken of it. In a preface to a new edition of the *Tales*, in 1851, he says: "The author of 'Twice Told Tales' has a claim to one distinction, which, as none of his literary brethren will care about disputing it with him, he need not be afraid to mention. He was, for a good many years, the obscurest man of letters in America. These stories were published in magazines and annuals, extending over a period of ten or twelve years, and comprising the whole of the writer's young manhood, without making (so far as he has ever been aware) the slightest impression on the public. One or two among them, the 'Rill from the Town Pump,' in perhaps a greater degree than any other, had a pretty wide newspaper circulation; as for the rest, he has no ground for supposing that, on their first appearance, they met with the good or evil fortune to be read by anybody." And he goes on to say how the most "effervescent" period of his productive faculties was chilled by this neglect. He burnt at this period many of his writings quite as good as what the public have since eagerly called for.

This early neglect is the more remarkable, as there is scarcely a trait of his later writings which did not exist in perfection in the first told tales. Without undervaluing the dramatic unity, the constructive ability, and the philosophical development of the *Scarlet Letter*, the *House with the Seven Gables*, and the *Blithedale Romance*, this neglect was the more extraordinary looking at the maturity and finished execution of the early writings, which contained something more than the germ of the author's later and more successful volumes. Though in the longer works,

dramatic unity of plot, sustained description, and acute analysis, are supported beyond the opportunities of a short tale, it would be easy to enumerate sketches of ordinary length in the early writings which exhibit these qualities to advantage. The genius of Mr. Hawthorne, from the outset, has been marked by its thorough mastery of means and ends. Even his style is of that nature of simplicity,—a pure, colorless medium of his thought—that it seems to have attained its perfection at once, without undergoing those changes which mark the improvements of writers of composite qualities. The whole matter which he works in is subdued to his hand; so that the plain current of his language, without any foreign aid of ornament, is equal to all his necessities, whether he is in company with the laughter of playful children, the dignified ancestral associations of family or history, or the subtle terrors and dismays of the spiritual world. The calm, equable, full, unvarying style is everywhere sufficient.

In the mastery of the supernatural, or rather spiritual, working in the darker passages of life, the emotions of guilt and pain, the shadows which cross the happiest existence, Hawthorne has a peculiar vein of his own. For these effects he relies upon the subtle analogies or moralities which he traces with exquisite skill, finding constantly in nature, art, and the commonest experiences of life, the ready material of his weird and gentle homilies. This fondness for allegory and the parable reacts upon his every-day topics, giving to his description fullness and circumstantiality of detail, to which he is invited by his warm sympathy with what is passing on about him. However barren the world may appear to many minds, it is full of significance to him. In his solitude and retirement, for into whatever public positions he may be oddly cast he will always be in retirement, the genius of the author will create pictures to delight, solace, and instruct the players of the busy world, who see less of the game than this keen-sighted, sympathetic looker-on.

THE GRAY CHAMPION.

There was once a time when New England groaned under the actual pressure of heavier wrongs than those threatened ones which brought on the Revolution. James II., the bigoted successor of Charles the Voluptuous, had annulled the charters of all the colonies, and sent a harsh and unprincipled soldier to take away our liberties and endanger our religion. The administration of Sir Edmund Andros lacked scarcely a single characteristic of tyranny: a Governor and Council, holding office from the King, and wholly independent of the country; laws made and taxes levied without concurrence of the people, immediate or by their representatives; the rights of private citizens violated, and the titles of all landed property declared void; the voice of complaint stifled by restrictions on the press; and finally, disaffection overawed by the first band of mercenary troops that ever marched on our free soil. For two years our ancestors were kept in sullen submission, by that filial love which had invariably secured their allegiance to the mother country, whether its head chanced to be a Parliament, Protector, or popish Monarch. Till these evil times, however, such allegiance had been merely nominal, and the colonists had ruled themselves, enjoying

far more freedom than is even yet the privilege of the native subjects of Great Britain.

At length, a rumor reached our shores, that the Prince of Orange had ventured on an enterprise, the success of which would be the triumph of civil and religious rights and the salvation of New England. It was but a doubtful whisper; it might be false, or the attempt might fail; and, in either case, the man that stirred against King James would lose his head. Still the intelligence produced a marked effect. The people smiled mysteriously in the streets, and threw bold glances at their oppressors; while far and wide there was a subdued and silent agitation, as if the slightest signal would rouse the whole land from its sluggish despondency. Aware of their danger, the rulers resolved to avert it by an imposing display of strength, and perhaps to confirm their despotism by yet harsher measures. One afternoon in April, 1689, Sir Edmund Andros and his favorite councillors, being warm with wine, assembled the red-coats of the Governor's Guard, and made their appearance in the streets of Boston. The sun was near setting when the march commenced.

The roll of the drum, at that unquiet crisis, seemed to go through the streets less as the martial music of the soldiers, than as a muster-call to the inhabitants themselves. A multitude, by various avenues, assembled in King street, which was destined to be the scene, nearly a century afterwards, of another encounter between the troops of Britain and a people struggling against her tyranny. Though more than sixty years had elapsed since the Pilgrims came, this crowd of their descendants still showed the strong and sombre features of their character, perhaps more strikingly in such a stern emergency than on happier occasions. There was the sober garb, the general severity of mien, the gloomy but undismayed expression, the scriptural forms of speech, and the confidence in Heaven's blessing on a righteous cause, which would have marked a band of the original Puritans, when threatened by some peril of the wilderness. Indeed, it was not yet time for the old spirit to be extinct; since there were men in the street, that day, who had worshipped there beneath the trees, before a house was reared to the God for whom they had become exiles. Old soldiers of the Parliament were here too, smiling grimly at the thought that their aged arms might strike another blow against the house of Stuart. Here, also, were the veterans of King Philip's war, who had burned villages and slaughtered young and old with pious fierceness, while the godly souls throughout the land were helping them with prayer. Several ministers were scattered among the crowd, which, unlike all other mobs, regarded them with such reverence, as if there were sanctity in their very garments. These holy men exerted their influence to quiet the people, but not to disperse them. Meantime, the purpose of the Governor in disturbing the peace of the town, at a period when the slightest commotion might throw the country into a ferment, was almost the universal subject of inquiry, and variously explained.

"Satan will strike his master-stroke presently," cried some, "because he knoweth that his time is short. All our godly pastors are to be dragged to prison! We shall see them at a Smithfield fire in King street!"

Hereupon, the people of each parish gathered closer round their minister, who looked calmly upwards and assumed a more apostolic dignity, as well befitted a candidate for the highest honor of his profession, the crown of martyrdom. It was actually fancied, at that period, that New England

might have a John Rogers of her own, to take the place of that worthy in the Primer.

"The Pope of Rome has given orders for a new St. Bartholomew!" cried others. "We are to be massacred, man and male child!"

Neither was this rumor wholly discredited, although the wiser class believed the Governor's object somewhat less atrocious. His predecessor under the old charter, Bradstreet, a venerable companion of the first settlers, was known to be in town. There were grounds for conjecturing, that Sir Edmund Andros intended at once to strike terror by a parade of military force, and to confound the opposite faction by possessing himself of their chief.

"Stand firm for the old charter, Governor!" shouted the crowd, seizing upon the idea. "The good old Governor Bradstreet!"

While this cry was at the loudest, the people were surprised by the well-known figure of Governor Bradstreet himself, a patriarch of nearly ninety, who appeared on the elevated steps of a door, and, with characteristic mildness, besought them to submit to the constituted authorities.

"My children," concluded this venerable person, "do nothing rashly. Cry not aloud, but pray for the welfare of New England, and expect patiently what the Lord will do in this manner!"

The event was soon to be decided. All this time the roll of the drum had been approaching through Cornhill, louder and deeper, till, with reverberations from house to house, and the regular tramp of martial footsteps, it burst into the street. A double rank of soldiers made their appearance, occupying the whole breadth of the passage, with shouldered matchlocks, and matches burning, so as to present a row of fires in the dusk. Their steady march was like the progress of a machine, that would roll irresistibly over everything in its way. Next, moving slowly, with a confused clatter of hoofs on the pavement, rode a party of mounted gentlemen, the central figure being Sir Edmund Andros, elderly, but erect and soldier-like. Those around him were his favorite councillors, and the bitterest foes of New England. At his right hand rode Edward Randolph, our arch enemy, that "blasted wretch," as Cotton Mather calls him, who achieved the downfall of our ancient government, and was followed with a sensible curse through life and to his grave. On the other side was Bullivant, scattering jests and mockery as he rode along. Dudley came behind, with a downcast look, dreading, as well he might, to meet the indignant gaze of the people, who beheld him, their only countryman by birth, among the oppressors of his native land. The captain of a frigate in the harbor, and two or three civil officers under the Crown, were also there. But the figure which most attracted the public eye, and stirred up the deepest feeling, was the Episcopal clergyman of King's Chapel, riding haughtily among the magistrates in his priestly vestments, the fitting representative of prelacy and persecution, the union of church and state, and all those abominations which had driven the Puritans to the wilderness. Another guard of soldiers, in double rank, brought up the rear.

The whole scene was a picture of the condition of New England, and its moral, the deformity of any government that does not grow out of the nature of things and the character of the people. On one side the religious multitude, with their sad visages and dark attire, and on the other, the group of despotic rulers, with the high churchman in the midst, and here and there a crucifix at their bosoms, all magnificently clad, flushed with wine, proud of

unjust authority, and scoffing at the universal groan. And the mercenary soldiers, waiting but the word to deluge the street with blood, showed the only means by which obedience could be secured.

"Oh! Lord of Hosts!" cried a voice among the crowd, "provide a Champion for thy people!"

This ejaculation was loudly uttered, and served as a herald's cry to introduce a remarkable personage. The crowd had rolled back, and were now huddled together nearly at the extremity of the street, while the soldiers had advanced no more than a third of its length. The intervening space was empty—a paved solitude, between lofty edifices, which threw almost a twilight shadow over it. Suddenly, there was seen the figure of an ancient man, who seemed to have emerged from among the people, and was walking by himself along the centre of the street, to confront the armed band. He wore the old Puritan dress, a dark cloak and a steeple-crowned hat, in the fashion of at least fifty years before, with a heavy sword upon his thigh, but a staff in his hand, to assist the tremulous gait of age.

When at some distance from the multitude, the old man turned slowly round, displaying a face of antique majesty, rendered doubly venerable by the hoary beard that descended on his breast. He made a gesture at once of encouragement and warning, then turned again and resumed his way.

"Who is this gray patriarch?" asked the young men of their sires.

"Who is this venerable brother?" asked the old men among themselves.

But none could make reply. The fathers of the people, those of fourscore years and upwards, were disturbed, deeming it strange that they should forget one of such evident authority, whom they must have known in their early days, the associate of Winthrop and all the old Councillors, giving laws, and making prayers, and leading them against the savage. The elderly men ought to have remembered him, too, with locks as gray in their youth, as their own were now. And the young! How could he have passed so utterly from their memories—that hoary sire, the relic of long departed times, whose awful benediction had surely been bestowed on their uncovered heads in childhood.

"Whence did he come? What is his purpose? Who can this old man be?" whispered the wondering crowd.

Meanwhile, the venerable stranger, staff in hand, was pursuing his solitary walk along the centre of the street. As he drew near the advancing soldiers, and as the roll of their drum came full upon his ear, the old man raised himself to a loftier mien, while the decrepitude of age seemed to fall from his shoulders, leaving him in gray but unbroken dignity. Now, he marched onwards with a warrior's step, keeping time to the military music. Thus the aged form advanced on one side, and the whole parade of soldiers and magistrates on the other, till, when scarcely twenty yards remained between, the old man grasped his staff by the middle, and held it before him like a leader's truncheon.

"Stand!" cried he.

The eye, the face, and attitude of command; the solemn yet warlike peal of that voice, fit either to rule a host in the battle-field or be raised to God in prayer, were irresistible. At the old man's word and outstretched arm, the roll of the drum was hushed at once, and the advancing line stood still. A tremulous enthusiasm seized upon the multitude. That stately form, combining the leader and the saint, so gray, so dimly seen, in such an ancient garb, could only belong to some old champion of

the righteous cause, whom the oppressor's drum had summoned from his grave. They raised a shout of awe and exultation, and looked for the deliverance of New England.

The Governor, and the gentlemen of his party, perceiving themselves brought to an unexpected stand, rode hastily forward, as if they would have pressed their snorting and affrighted horses right against the hoary apparition. He, however, blenched not a step, but glancing his severe eye round the group which half encompassed him, at last bent it sternly on Sir Edmund Andros. One would have thought that the dark old man was chief ruler there, and that the Governor and Council, with soldiers at their back, representing the whole power and authority of the Crown, had no alternative but obedience.

"What does this old fellow here?" cried Edward Randolph, fiercely. "On, Sir Edmund! Bid the soldiers forward, and give the dotard the same choice that you give all his countrymen—to stand aside or be trampled on!"

"Nay, nay, let us show respect to the good grand-sire," said Bullivant, laughing. "See you not he is some old round-headed dignitary, who hath lain asleep these thirty years, and knows nothing of the change of times? Doubtless, he thinks to put us down with a proclamation in Old Noll's name!"

"Are you mad, old man?" demanded Sir Edmund Andros, in loud and harsh tones. "How dare you stay the march of King James's Governor?"

"I have staid the march of a King himself, ere now," replied the gray figure, with stern composure. "I am here, Sir Governor, because the cry of an oppressed people hath disturbed me in my secret place; and beseeching this favor earnestly of the Lord, it was vouchsafed me to appear once again on earth in the good old cause of his saints. And what speak ye of James? There is no longer a popish tyrant on the throne of England, and by to-morrow noon his name shall be a by-word in this very street, where ye would make it a word of terror. Back, thou that wast a Governor, back! With this night thy power is ended—to-morrow, the prison!—back, lest I foretell the scaffold!"

The people had been drawing nearer and nearer, and drinking in the words of their champion, who spoke in accents long disused, like one unaccustomed to converse, except with the dead of many years ago. But his voice stirred their souls. They confronted the soldiers, not wholly without arms, and ready to convert the very stones of the street into deadly weapons. Sir Edmund Andros looked at the old man; then he cast his hard and cruel eye over the multitude, and beheld them burning with that lurid wrath, so difficult to kindle or to quench; and again he fixed his gaze on the aged form, which stood obscurely in an open space, where neither friend nor foe had thrust himself. What were his thoughts, he uttered no word which might discover. But whether the oppressor was over-awed by the Gray Champion's look, or perceived his peril in the threatening attitude of the people, it is certain that he gave back, and ordered his soldiers to commence a slow and guarded retreat. Before another sunset, the Governor, and all that rode so proudly with him, were prisoners, and long ere it was known that James had abdicated King William was proclaimed throughout New England.

But where was the Gray Champion? Some reported that when the troops had gone from King street, and the people were thronging tumultuously in their rear, Bradstreet, the aged Governor, was seen to embrace a form more aged than his own. Others soberly affirmed, that while they marvelled

at the venerable grandeur of his aspect, the old man had faded from their eyes, melting slowly into the hues of twilight, till where he stood there was an empty space. But all agreed that the hoary shape was gone. The men of that generation watched for his reappearance, in sunshine and in twilight, but never saw him more, nor knew when his funeral passed, nor where his gravestone was.

And who was the Gray Champion? Perhaps his name might be found in the records of that stern Court of Justice which passed a sentence too mighty for the age, but glorious in all after times for its humbling lesson to the monarch and its high example to the subject. I have heard, that whenever the descendants of the Puritans are to show the spirit of their sires the old man appears again. When eighty years had passed he walked once more in King street. Five years later, in the twilight of an April morning, he stood on the green, beside the meeting-house, at Lexington, where now the obelisk of granite, with a slab of slate inlaid, commemorates the first fallen of the Revolution. And when our fathers were toiling at the breastwork on Bunker's Hill, all through that night the old warrior walked his rounds. Long, long may it be ere it comes again! His hour is one of darkness, and adversity, and peril. But should domestic tyranny oppress us, or the invader's step pollute our soil, still may the Gray Champion come; for he is the type of New England's hereditary spirit; and his shadowy march on the eve of danger must ever be the pledge that New England's sons will vindicate their ancestry.

SIGHTS FROM A STEEPLE.

So! I have climbed high, and my reward is small. Here I stand, with wearied knees, earth, indeed, at a dizzy depth below, but heaven far, far beyond me still. O that I could soar up into the very zenith, where man never breathed, nor eagle ever flew, and where the ethereal azure melts away from the eye, and appears only a deepened shade of nothingness! And yet I shiver at that cold and solitary thought. What clouds are gathering in the golden west, with direful intent against the brightness and the warmth of this summer afternoon! They are ponderous air-ships, black as death, and freighted with the tempest; and at intervals their thunder, the signal-guns of that unearthly squadron, rolls distant along the deep of heaven. These nearer heaps of fleecy vapor—methinks I could roll and toss upon them the whole day long!—seem scattered here and there, for the repose of tired pilgrims through the sky. Perhaps—for who can tell?—beautiful spirits are disporting themselves there, and will bless my mortal eye with the brief appearance of their curly locks of golden light, and laughing faces, fair and faint as the people of a rosy dream. Or, where the floating mass so imperfectly obstructs the color of the firmament, a slender foot and fairy limb, resting too heavily upon the frail support, may be thrust through, and suddenly withdrawn, while longing fancy follows them in vain. Yonder again is an airy archipelago, where the sunbeams love to linger in their journeyings through space. Every one of those little clouds has been dipped and steeped in radiance, which the slightest pressure might disengage in silvery profusion, like water wrung from a sea-maid's hair. Bright they are as a young man's visions, and, like them, would be realized in chillness, obscurity, and tears. I will look on them no more.

In three parts of the visible circle, whose centre is this spire, I discern cultivated fields, villages, white country-seats, the waving lines of rivulets,

little placid lakes, and here and there a rising ground, that would fain be termed a hill. On the fourth side is the sea, stretching away towards a viewless boundary, blue and calm, except where the passing anger of a shadow flits across its surface, and is gone. Hitherward, a broad inlet penetrates far into the land; on the verge of the harbor, formed by its extremity, is a town; and over it am I, a watchman, all-heeding and unheeding. Oh! that the multitude of chimneys could speak, like those of Madrid, and betray, in smoky whispers, the secrets of all who, since their first foundation, have assembled at the hearths within! Oh, that the Limping Devil of Le Sage would perch beside me here, extend his wand over this contiguity of roofs, uncover every chamber, and make me familiar with their inhabitants! The most desirable mode of existence might be that of a spiritualized Paul Pry, hovering invisible round man and woman, witnessing their deeds, searching into their hearts, borrowing brightness from their felicity, and shade from their sorrow, and retaining no emotion peculiar to himself. But none of these things are possible; and if I would know the interior of brick walls, or the mystery of human bosoms, I can but guess.

Yonder is a fair street, extending north and south. The stately mansions are placed each on its carpet of verdant grass, and a long flight of steps descends from every door to the pavement. Ornamental trees, the broad-leaved horse chestnut, the elm so lofty and bending, the graceful but infrequent willow, and others whereof I know not the names, grow thrivily among brick and stone. The oblique rays of the sun are intercepted by these green citizens, and by the houses, so that one side of the street is shaded and pleasant walk. On its whole extent there is now but a single passenger, advancing from the upper end; and he, unless distance, and the medium of a pocket-spyglass do him more than justice, is a fine young man of twenty. He saunters slowly forward, slapping his left hand with his folded gloves, bending his eyes upon the pavement, and sometimes raising them to throw a glance before him. Certainly, he has a pensive air. Is he in doubt, or in debt? Is he, if the question be allowable, in love? Does he strive to be melancholy and gentlemanlike? Or, is he merely overcome by the heat? But I bid him farewell, for the present. The door of one of the houses, an aristocratic edifice, with curtains of purple and gold waving from the windows, is now opened, and down the steps come two ladies, swinging their parasols, and lightly arrayed for a summer ramble. Both are young, both are pretty; but methinks the left hand lass is the fairer of the twain; and though she be so serious at this moment, I could swear that there is a treasure of gentle fun within her. They stand talking a little while upon the steps, and finally proceed up the street. Meantime, as their faces are now turned from me, I may look elsewhere.

Upon that wharf, and down the corresponding street, is a busy contrast to the quiet scene which I have just noticed. Business evidently has its centre there, and many a man is wasting the summer afternoon in labor and anxiety, in losing riches, or in gaining them, when he would be wiser to flee away to some pleasant country village, or shaded lake in the forest, or wild and cool sea-beach. I see vessels unloading at the wharf, and precious merchandise strown upon the ground, abundantly as at the bottom of the sea, that market whence no goods return, and where there is no captain nor supercargo to render an account of sales. Here, the clerks are diligent with their paper and pencils, and sailors ply the block

and tackle that hang over the hold, accompanying their toil with cries, long drawn and roughly melodious, till the bales and puncheons ascend to upper air. At a little distance, a group of gentlemen are assembled round the door of a warehouse. Grave seniors be they, and I would wager—if it were safe, in these times, to be responsible for any one—that the least eminent among them, might vie with old Vincentio, that incomparable trafficker of Pisa. I can even select the wealthiest of the company. It is the elderly personage, in somewhat rusty black, with powdered hair, the superfluous whiteness of which is visible upon the cape of his coat. His twenty ships are wafted on some of their many courses by every breeze that blows, and his name—I will venture to say, though I know it not—is a familiar sound among the far separated merchants of Europe and the Indies.

But I bestow too much of my attention in this quarter. On looking again to the long and shady walk, I perceive that the two fair girls have encountered the young man. After a sort of shyness in the recognition, he turns back with them. Moreover, he has sanctioned my taste in regard to his companions by placing himself on the inner side of the pavement, nearest the Venus to whom I—enacting, on a steeple-top, the part of Paris on the top of Ida—adjudged the golden apple.

In two streets, converging at right angles towards my watchtower, I distinguish three different processions. One is a proud array of voluntary soldiers in bright uniform, resembling from the height whence I look down, the painted veterans that garrison the windows of a toyshop. And yet, it stirs my heart; their regular advance, their nodding plumes, the sun-flash on their bayonets and musket-barrels, the roll of their drums ascending past me, and the life ever and anon piercing through—these things have awakened a warlike fire, peaceful though I be. Close to their rear marches a battalion of schoolboys, ranged in crooked and irregular platoons, shouldering sticks, thumping a harsh and unripe clatter from an instrument of tin, and ridiculously aping the intricate manoeuvres of the foremost band. Nevertheless, as slight differences are scarcely perceptible from a church spire, one might be tempted to ask, 'Which are the boys?—or rather, 'Which the men?' But, leaving these, let us turn to the third procession, which, though sadder in outward show, may excite identical reflections in the thoughtful mind. It is a funeral. A hearse, drawn by a black and bony steed, and covered by a dusty pall; two or three coaches rumbling over the stones, their drivers half-asleep; a dozen couple of careless mourners in their every-day attire; such was not the fashion of our fathers, when they carried a friend to his grave. There is now no doleful clang of the bell, to proclaim sorrow to the town. Was the King of Terrors more awful in those days than in our own, that wisdom and philosophy have been able to produce this change? Not so. Here is a proof that he retains his proper majesty. The military men, and the military boys, are wheeling round the corner, and meet the funeral full in the face. Immediately, the drum is silent, all but the tap that regulates each simultaneous footfall. The soldiers yield the path to the dusty hearse and unpretending train, and the children quit their ranks, and cluster on the sidewalks, with timorous and instinctive curiosity. The mourners enter the church-yard at the base of the steeple, and pause by an open grave among the burial-stones; the lightning glimmers on them as they lower down the coffin, and the thunder rattles heavily while they throw the earth upon its lid. Verily, the shower is near, and I tremble for

the young man and the girls, who have now disappeared from the long and shady street.

How various are the situations of the people covered by the roofs beneath me, and how diversified are the events at this moment befalling them! The newborn, the aged, the dying, the strong in life, and the recent dead, are in the chambers of these many mansions. The full of hope, the happy, the miserable, and the desperate, dwell together within the circle of my glance. In some of the houses over which my eyes roam so coldly, guilt is entering into hearts that are still tenanted by a debased and trodden virtue—guilt is on the very edge of commission, and the impending deed might be averted; guilt is done, and the criminal wonders if it be irrevocable. There are broad thoughts struggling in my mind, and, were I able to give them distinctness, they would make their way in eloquence. Lo! the rain-drops are descending.

The clouds, within a little time, have gathered over all the sky, hanging heavily, as if about to drop in one unbroken mass upon the earth. At intervals, the lightning flashes from their brooding hearts, quivers, disappears, and then comes the thunder, travelling slowly after its twin-born flame. A strong wind has sprung up, howls through the darkened streets, and raises the dust in dense bodies, to rebel against the approaching storm. The disbanded soldiers fly, the funeral has already vanished like its dead, and all people hurry homeward—all that have a home; while a few lounge by the corners, or trudge on desperately, at their leisure. In a narrow lane, which communicates with the shady street, I discern the rich old merchant, putting himself to the top of his speed, lest the rain should convert his hair-powder to a paste. Unhappy gentleman! By the slow vehemence, and painful moderation wherewith he journeys, it is but too evident that Podagra has left its thrilling tenderness in his great toe. But yonder, at a far more rapid pace, come three other of my acquaintance, the two pretty girls and the young man, unseasonably interrupted in their walk. Their footsteps are supported by the risen dust, the wind lends them its velocity, they fly like three seabirds driven landward by the tempestuous breeze. The ladies would not thus rival Atalanta, if they but knew that any one were at leisure to observe them. Ah! as they hasten onward, laughing in the angry face of nature, a sudden catastrophe has chanced. At the corner where the narrow lane enters into the street, they come plump against the old merchant, whose tortoise motion has just brought him to that point. He likes not the sweet encounter; the darkness of the whole air gathers speedily upon his visage, and there is a pause on both sides. Finally, he thrusts aside the youth with little courtesy, seizes an arm of each of the two girls, and plods onward, like a magician with a prize of captive fairies. All this is easy to be understood. How disconsolate the poor lover stands! regardless of the rain that threatens an exceeding damage to his well fashioned habiliments, till he catches a backward glance of mirth from a bright eye, and turns away with whatever comfort it conveys.

The old man and his daughters are safely housed, and now the storm lets loose its fury. In every dwelling I perceive the faces of the chambermaids as they shut down the windows, excluding the impetuous shower, and shrinking away from the quick fiery glare. The large drops descend with force upon the slated roofs, and rise again in smoke. There is a rush and roar, as of a river through the air, and muddy streams bubble majestically along the pavement, whirl their dusky foam into the kennel, and

disappear beneath iron grates. Thus did Arethusa sink. I love not my station here aloft, in the midst of the tumult which I am powerless to direct or quell, with the blue lightning wrinking on my brow, and the thunder muttering its first awful syllables in my ear. I will descend. (Yet let me give another glance to the sea, where the foam breaks out in long white lines upon a broad expanse of blackness, or boils up in far distant points, like snowy mountain-tops in the eddies of a flood;) and let me look once more at the green plain, and little hills of the country, over which the giant of the storm is riding in robes of mist, and at the town, whose obscured and desolate streets might besem a city of the dead; and turning a single moment to the sky, now gloomy as an author's prospects, I prepare to resume my station on lower earth. But stay! A little speck of azure has widened in the western heavens; the sunbeams find a passage, and go rejoicing through the tempest; and on yonder darkest cloud, born, like hallowed hopes, of the glory of another world, and the trouble and tears of this, brightens forth the Rainbow!

Mr. Hawthorne continued in the enjoyment of the lucrative office of Consul at Liverpool during the Presidency of his friend Mr. Pierce, at the close of which he gave a year or two to travel in Great Britain and the Continent. The fruit of his Italian residence was shown in his next work, written in England, and published in that country and America in the spring of 1860: *The Marble Faun, or the Romance of Monte Beni*, a work of admitted power and subtle delineation of character, resting upon a strange theory of transformation, physical and moral, weaving the influences of far-distant heathenism with the conditions of modern society in the eternal city. The prevalent tone of the book is sombre and melancholy, and in some measure revolting, but it is redeemed by art, and relieved by many passages of delicacy of sentiment, and by a series of local descriptions of the statuary, gardens, and palaces of Rome, of great beauty.

In 1863, Mr. Hawthorne published *Our Old Home; a Series of English Sketches*, descriptive of scenes and incidents of his residence in Great Britain. Like all his writings, these papers are marked by their happy amenity of style, a rare descriptive talent, and peculiar philosophic introspection. Though with a keen enjoyment of English life, and particularly its historic associations, they occasionally exhibit a caustic satiric vein, or candid critical spirit, which brought down many animadversions upon the author in England, where, however, his genius has always been warmly appreciated. Shortly after this publication, while engaged in the composition of a new novel of New England life, *The Dolliver Romance*, a few chapters only of which were completed, the author, whose health had been for some months failing, died suddenly, on the 19th of May, 1864, at Plymouth, N. H., while on a tour with his friend Mr. Franklin Pierce.

**Since the death of Mr. Hawthorne, six volumes of extracts from his private diaries have been given to the public. These fragmentary sketches, and suggestive hints for literary studies, including an outline of his experiences at Brook Farm from April to September, 1841, reveal more of the character and inner life of

this secluded and peculiarly sensitive author than his elaborate works. They are entitled: *Passages from the American Note-Books; Passages from the English Note-Books; and The Italian Journals*. They were followed in 1872 by *Septimius Felton, or the Elixir of Life*. This posthumous romance, printed in its first and somewhat crude draft, was conceived in the moodiest spirit of its introspective creator. Although assigned to the times of the American Revolution, it has little to do with its vital issues and incidents; yet the opening scenes relating to the first shots of the yeomanry on the raiders at Lexington, are in his best vein. Another volume of his miscellanies is announced for 1873.

A new and complete edition of Hawthorne's works has been lately issued in twenty volumes; also a compact and illustrated library edition in seven volumes.

Mrs. Nathaniel Hawthorne published *Notes on England and Italy* in 1869, a volume graphically descriptive of foreign scenery and art. She died in London, aged sixty, February 26, 1871, and was buried in Kensal Green Cemetery, near the grave of Leigh Hunt.*

** A REMINISCENCE OF EARLY LIFE — FROM AMERICAN NOTE BOOKS.

SALEM, Oct. 4th. Union Street, [Family Mansion.]

. . . Here I sit in my old accustomed chamber, where I used to sit in days gone by. . . . Here I have written many tales, — many that have been burned to ashes, many that doubtless deserved the same fate. This claims to be called a haunted chamber, for thousands upon thousands of visions have appeared to me in it; and some few of them have become visible to the world. If ever I should have a biographer, he ought to make great mention of this chamber in my memoirs, because so much of my lonely youth was wasted here, and here my mind and character were formed; and here I have been glad and hopeful, and here I have been despondent. And here I sat a long, long time, waiting patiently for the world to know me, and sometimes wondering why it did not know me sooner, or whether it would ever know me at all, — at least, till I were in my grave. And sometimes it seemed as if I were already in the grave, with only life enough to be chilled and benumbed. But oftener I was happy, — at least, as happy as I then knew how to be, or was aware of the possibility of being. By and by, the world found me out in my lonely chamber, and called me forth, — not, indeed, with a loud roar of acclamation, but rather with a still, small voice, — and forth I went, but found nothing in the world that I thought preferable to my old solitude till now. . . . And now I begin to understand why I was imprisoned so many years in this lonely chamber, and why I could never break through the viewless bolts and bars; for if I had sooner made my escape into the world, I should have grown hard and rough, and been covered with earthly dust, and my heart might have become callous by rude encounters with the multitude. . . . But living in solitude till the fulness of time was come, I still kept the dew of my youth, and the freshness of my heart. . . . I used to think that I

* "A Fresh Grave in Kensal Green," by M. D. Conway, *Harper's Weekly*, April 22, 1871, p. 369-70.

could imagine all passions, all feelings, and states of the heart and mind; but how little did I know! . . . Indeed, we are but shadows; we are not endowed with real life, and all that seems most real about us is but the thinnest substance of a dream,—till the heart be touched. That touch creates us,—then we begin to be,—thereby we are beings of reality and inheritors of eternity. . .

When we shall be endowed with our spiritual bodies, I think that they will be so constituted that we may send thoughts and feelings any distance in no time at all, and transfuse them warm and fresh, into the consciousness of those whom we love. . . . But, after all, perhaps it is not wise to intermix fantastic ideas with the reality of affection. Let us content ourselves to be earthly creatures, and hold communion of spirit in such modes as are ordained to us.

**** WITHIN ST. PETER'S—FROM THE MARBLE FAUN.**

Often more than to the other churches, she wandered into Saint Peter's. Within its vast limits, she thought, and beneath the sweep of its great dome, there should be space for all forms of Christian truth; room both for the faithful and the heretic to kneel; due help for every creature's spiritual want.

Hilda had not always been adequately impressed by the grandeur of this mighty cathedral. When she first lifted the heavy leathern curtain, at one of the doors, a shadowy edifice in her imagination had been dazzled out of sight by the reality. Her preconception of Saint Peter's was a structure of no definite outline, misty in its architecture, dim and gray and huge, stretching into an interminable perspective, and overarched by a dome like the cloudy firmament. Beneath that vast breadth and height, as she had fancied them, the personal man might feel his littleness, and the soul triumph in its immensity. So in her earlier visits, when the compassed splendor of the actual interior glowed before her eyes, she had profanely called it a great prettiness; a gay piece of cabinet-work, on a Titanic scale; a jewel casket, marvellously magnified.

This latter image best pleased her fancy; a casket, all inlaid, in the inside, with precious stones of various hue, so that there should not be a hair's-breadth of the small interior unadorned with its resplendent gem. Then, conceive this minute wonder of a mosaic box, increased to the magnitude of a cathedral, without losing the intense lustre of its littleness, but all its petty glory striving to be sublime. The magic transformation from the minute to the vast has not been so cunningly effected, but that the rich adornment still counteracts the impression of space and loftiness. The spectator is more sensible of its limits than of its extent.

Until after many visits, Hilda continued to mourn for that dim, illimitable interior, which with her eyes shut she had seen from childhood, but which vanished at her first glimpse through the actual door. Her childish vision seemed preferable to the cathedral, which Michael Angelo, and all the great architects, had built; because, of the dream edifice, she had said, "How vast it is!" while of the real Saint Peter's she could only say, "After all, it is not so immense!" Besides, such as the church is, it can nowhere be made visible at one glance. It stands in its own way. You see an aisle or a transept; you see the nave, or the tribune; but, on account of its ponderous

piers and other obstructions, it is only by this fragmentary process that you get an idea of the cathedral.

There is no answering such objections. The great church smiles calmly upon its critics, and, for all response, says, "Look at me!" and if you still murmur for the loss of your shadowy perspective, there comes no reply, save, "Look at me!" in endless repetition, as the one thing to be said. And, after looking many times, with long intervals between, you discover that the cathedral has gradually extended itself over the whole compass of your idea; it covers all the site of your visionary temple, and has room for its cloudy pinnacles beneath the dome.

One afternoon, as Hilda entered Saint Peter's in sombre mood, its interior beamed upon her with all the effect of a new creation. It seemed an embodiment of whatever the imagination could conceive, or the heart desire, as a magnificent, comprehensive, majestic symbol of religious faith. All splendor was included within its verge, and there was space for all. She gazed with delight even at the multiplicity of ornament. She was glad at the cherubim that fluttered upon the pilasters, and of the marble doves, hovering, unexpectedly, with green olive-branches of precious stones. She could spare nothing, now, of the manifold magnificence that had been lavished, in a hundred places, richly enough to have made world-famous shrines in any other church, but which here melted away into the vast, sunny breadth, and were of no separate account. Yet each contributed its little all towards the grandeur of the whole.

She would not have banished one of those grim popes, who sit each over his own tomb, scattering cold benedictions out of their marble hands; nor a single frozen sister of the Allegoric family, to whom—as, like hired mourners at an English funeral, it costs them no wear and tear of heart—is assigned the office of weeping for the dead. If you choose to see these things, they present themselves; if you deem them unsuitable and out of place, they vanish, individually, but leave their life upon the walls.

The pavement! it stretched out illimitably, a plain of many-colored marble, where thousands of worshippers might kneel together, and shadowless angels tread among them without brushing their heavenly garments against those earthly ones. The roof! the dome! Rich, gorgeous, filled with sunshine, cheerfully sublime, and fadeless after centuries, those lofty depths seemed to translate the heavens to mortal comprehension, and help the spirit upward to a yet higher and wider sphere. Must not the faith that built this matchless edifice, and warmed, illuminated, and overflowed from it, include whatever can satisfy human aspirations at the loftiest, or minister to human necessity at the sorest? If religion had a material home, was it not here?

As the scene which we but faintly suggest shone calmly before the New England maiden at her entrance, she moved, as if by very instinct, to one of the vases of holy water, upborne against a column by two mighty cherubs. Hilda dipped her fingers, and had almost signed the cross upon her breast, but forbore, and trembled, while shaking the water from her finger-tips. She felt as if her mother's spirit, somewhere within the dome, were looking down upon her child, the daughter of Puritan forefathers, and weeping to behold her ensnared by these gaudy superstitions. So she

strayed sadly onward, up the nave, and towards the hundred golden lights that swarm before the high altar. Seeing a woman, a priest, and a soldier, kneel to kiss the toe of the brazen St. Peter, who protrudes it beyond his pedestal, for the purpose, polished bright with former salutations, while a child stood on tiptoe to do the same, the glory of the church was darkened before Hilda's eyes. But again she went onward into remoter regions. She turned into the right transept, and thence found her way to a shrine, in the extreme corner of the edifice, which is adorned with a mosaic copy of Guido's beautiful Archangel, treading on the prostrate fiend.

This was one of the few pictures, which, in these dreary days, had not faded nor deteriorated in Hilda's estimation; not that it was better than many in which she no longer took an interest; but the subtle delicacy of the painter's genius was peculiarly adapted to her character. She felt, while gazing at it, that the artist had done a great thing, not merely for the Church of Rome, but for the cause of good. The moral of the picture, the immortal youth and loveliness of Virtue, and its irresistible might against ugly Evil, appealed as much to Puritans as Catholics.

Suddenly, and as if it were done in a dream, Hilda found herself kneeling before the shrine, under the ever-burning lamp that throws its ray upon the Archangel's face. She laid her forehead on the marble steps before the altar, and sobbed out a prayer; she hardly knew to whom, whether Michael, the Virgin, or the Father; she hardly knew for what, save only a vague longing, that thus the burden of her spirit might be lightened a little.

In an instant she snatched herself up, as it were, from her knees, all athrob with the emotions which were struggling to force their way out of her heart by the avenue that had so nearly been opened for them. Yet there was a strange sense of relief won by that momentary, passionate prayer; a strange joy, moreover, whether from what she had done, or for what she had escaped doing, Hilda could not tell. But she felt as one half stifled, who has stolen a breath of air.

Next to the shrine where she had knelt, there is another, adorned with a picture by Guercino, representing a maiden's body in the jaws of the sepulchre, and her lover weeping over it; while her beatified spirit looks down upon the scene, in the society of the Saviour and a throng of saints. Hilda wondered if it were not possible, by some miracle of faith, so to rise above her present despondency that she might look down upon what she was, just as Petronilla in the picture looked at her own corpse. A hope, born of hysterical trouble, fluttered in her heart. A presentiment, or what she fancied such, whispered her, that before she had finished the circuit of the cathedral, relief would come.

The unhappy are continually tantalized by similar delusions of succor near at hand; at least, the despair is very dark that has no such will-o'-the-wisp to glimmer in it.

****THE ALARM AT CONCORD—FROM SEPTIMIUS FELTON.**

Our story is an internal one, dealing as little as possible with outward events, and taking hold of these only where it cannot be helped, in order by means of them to delineate the history of a mind bewildered in certain errors. We would not willingly, if we could, give a lively and picturesque

surrounding to this delineation, but it is necessary that we should advert to the circumstances of the time in which this inward history was passing. We will say, therefore, that that night there was a cry of alarm passing all through the succession of country towns and rural communities that lay around Boston, and dying away towards the coast and the wilder forest borders. Horsemen galloped past the line of farm-houses shouting alarm! alarm! There were stories of marching troops coming like dreams through the midnight. Around the little rude meeting-houses there was here and there the beat of a drum, and the assemblage of farmers with their weapons. So all that night there was marching, there was mustering, there was trouble; and, on the road from Boston, a steady march of soldiers' feet onward, onward into the land whose last warlike disturbance had been when the red Indians trod it.

Septimius heard it, and knew, like the rest, that it was the sound of coming war. "Fools that men are!" said he, as he rose from bed and looked out at the misty stars; "they do not live long enough to know the value and purport of life, else they would combine together to live long, instead of throwing away the lives of thousands as they do. And what matters a little tyranny in so short a life? What matters a form of government for such ephemeral creatures?"

As morning brightened, these sounds, this clamor,—or something that was in the air and caused the clamor,—grew so loud that Septimius seemed to feel it even in his solitude. It was in the atmosphere,—storm, wild excitement, a coming deed. Men hurried along the usually lonely road in groups, with weapons in their hands,—the old fowling-piece of seven-foot barrel, with which the Puritans had shot ducks on the river and Walden Pond; the heavy harquebus, which perhaps had levelled one of King Philip's Indians; the old King gun, that blazed away at the French of Louisburg or Quebec,—hunter, husbandman, all were hurrying each other. It was a good time, everybody felt, to be alive, a nearer kindred, a closer sympathy between man and man; a sense of the goodness of the world, of the sacredness of country, of the excellence of life; and yet its slight account compared with any truth, any principle; the weighing of the material and ethereal, and the finding the former not worth considering, when, nevertheless, it had so much to do with the settlement of the crisis. The ennobling of brute force; the feeling that it had its godlike side; the drawing of heroic breath amid the scenes of ordinary life, so that it seemed as if they had all been transfigured since yesterday. O, high, heroic, tremulous juncture, when man felt himself almost an angel; on the verge of doing deeds that outwardly look so fiendish! O, strange rapture of the coming battle! We know something of that time now; we that have seen the muster of the village soldiery on the meeting-house green, and at railway stations; and heard the drum and fife, and seen the farewells; seen the familiar faces that we hardly knew, now that we felt them to be heroes; breathed higher breath for their sakes: felt our eyes moistened; thanked them in our souls for teaching us that nature is yet capable of heroic moments; felt how a great impulse lifts up a people, and every cold, passionless, indifferent spectator,—lifts him up into religion, and makes him join in what becomes an act of devotion, a prayer, when perhaps he but half approves.

Septimius could not study on a morning like this. He tried to say to himself that he had nothing to do with this excitement; that his studious life kept him away from it; that his intended profession was that of peace; but say what he might to himself, there was a tremor, a bubbling impulse, a tingling in his ears,—the page that he opened glimmered and dazzled before him.

"Septimius! Septimius!" cried Aunt Keziah, looking into the room, "in Heaven's name, are you going to sit here to-day, and the redcoats coming to burn the house over our heads? Must I sweep you out with the broomstick? For shame, boy! for shame!"

"Are they coming, then, Aunt Keziah?" asked her nephew. "Well, I am not a fighting-man."

"Certain they are. They have sacked Lexington, and slain the people, and burnt the meeting-house. That concerns even the parsons; and you reckon yourself among them. Go out, go out, I say, and learn the news!"

Whether moved by these exhortations, or by his own stifled curiosity, Septimius did at length issue from his door, though with that reluctance which hampers and impedes men whose current of thought and interest runs apart from that of the world in general; but forth he came, feeling strangely, and yet with a strong impulse to fling himself headlong into the emotion of the moment. It was a beautiful morning, spring-like and summer-like at once. If there had been nothing else to do or think of, such a morning was enough for life only to breathe its air and be conscious of its inspiring influence.

Septimius turned along the road towards the village, meaning to mingle with the crowd on the green, and there learn all he could of the rumors that vaguely filled the air, and doubtless were shaping themselves into various forms of fiction.

As he passed the small dwelling of Rose Garfield, she stood on the doorstep, and bounded forth a little way to meet him, looking frightened, excited, and yet half pleased, but strangely pretty; prettier than ever before, owing to some hasty adornment or other, that she would never have succeeded so well in giving to herself if she had had more time to do it in.

"Septimius—Mr. Felton," cried she, asking information of him who, of all men in the neighborhood, knew nothing of the intelligence afloat; but it showed a certain importance that Septimius had with her. "Do you really think the redcoats are coming? Ah, what shall we do? What shall we do? But you are not going to the village, too, and leave us all alone?"

"I know not whether they are coming or no, Rose," said Septimius, stopping to admire the young girl's fresh beauty, which made a double stroke upon him by her excitement, and, moreover, made her twice as free with him as ever she had been before; for there is nothing truer than that any breaking up of the ordinary state of things is apt to shake women out of their proprieties, break down barriers, and bring them into perilous proximity with the world. "Are you alone here? Had you not better take shelter in the village?"

"And leave my poor, bedridden grandmother!" cried Rose, angrily. "You know I can't, Septimius. But I suppose I am in no danger. Go to the village, if you like."

"Where is Robert Hagburn?" asked Septimius.

"Gone to the village this hour past, with his grandfather's old firelock on his shoulder," said

Rose; "he was running bullets before daylight."

"Rose, I will stay with you," said Septimius.

"O gracious, here they come, I'm sure!" cried Rose. "Look yonder at the dust. Mercy! a man at a gallop!"

In fact, along the road, a considerable stretch of which was visible, they heard the clatter of hoofs and saw a little cloud of dust approaching at the rate of a gallop, and disclosing, as it drew near, a hatless countryman in his shirt-sleeves, who, bending over his horse's neck, applied a cart-whip lustily to the animal's flanks, so as to incite him to most unwonted speed. At the same time, glaring upon Rose and Septimius, he lifted up his voice and shouted in a strange, high tone, that communicated the tremor and excitement of the shout to each auditor: "Alarum! alarum! alarum! The redcoats! The redcoats! To arms! alarum!"

And trailing this sound far wavering behind him like a pennon, the eager horseman dashed onward to the village.

"O dear, what shall we do?" cried Rose, her eyes full of tears, yet dancing with excitement. "They are coming! they are coming! I hear the drum and fife."

"I really believe they are," said Septimius, his cheek flushing and growing pale, not with fear, but the inevitable tremor, half painful, half pleasurable, of the moment. "Hark! there was the shrill note of a fife. Yes, they are coming!"

He tried to persuade Rose to hide herself in the house, but that young person would not be persuaded to do so, clinging to Septimius in a way that flattered while it perplexed him. Besides, with all the girl's fright, she had still a good deal of courage, and much curiosity too, to see what these redcoats were of whom she heard such terrible stories.

"Well, well, Rose," said Septimius; "I doubt not we may stay here without danger,—you, a woman, and I, whose profession is to be that of peace and good-will to all men. They cannot, whatever is said of them, be on an errand of massacre. We will stand here quietly; and, seeing that we do not fear them, they will understand that we mean them no harm."

They stood, accordingly, a little in front of the door by the well-curb, and soon they saw a heavy cloud of dust, from amidst which shone bayonets; and anon, a military band, which had hitherto been silent, struck up, with drum and fife, to which the tramp of a thousand feet fell in regular order; then came the column, moving massively, and the redcoats who seemed somewhat wearied by a long night-march, dusty, with bedraggled gaiters, covered with sweat which had run down from their powdered locks. Nevertheless, these ruddy, lusty Englishmen marched stoutly, as men that needed only a half-hour's rest, a good breakfast, and a pot of beer apiece, to make them ready to face the world. Nor did their faces look any-wise rancorous; but at most, only heavy, cloddish, good-natured, and humane.

"O heavens, Mr. Felton!" whispered Rose, "why should we shoot these men, or they us? they look kind, if homely. Each of them has a mother and sisters, I suppose, just like our men."

"It is the strangest thing in the world that we can think of killing them," said Septimius.

"Human life is so precious."

Just as they were passing the cottage, a halt was called by the commanding officer, in order that some little rest might get the troops into a

better condition, and give them breath before entering the village, where it was important to make as imposing a show as possible. During this brief stop, some of the soldiers approached the well-curb, near which Rose and Septimius were standing, and let down the bucket to satisfy their thirst. A young officer, a petulant boy, extremely handsome, and of gay and buoyant deportment, also came up.

"Get me a cup, pretty one," said he, patting Rose's cheek with great freedom, though it was somewhat and indefinitely short of rudeness; "a mug, or something to drink out of, and you shall have a kiss for your pains."

"Stand off, sir!" said Septimius, fiercely; "it is a coward's part to insult a woman."

"I intend no insult in this," replied the handsome young officer, suddenly snatching a kiss from Rose, before she could draw back. "And if you think it so, my good friend, you had better take your weapon and get as much satisfaction as you can, shooting at me from behind a hedge."

Before Septimius could reply or act, — and, in truth, the easy presumption of the young Englishman made it difficult for him, an inexperienced recluse as he was, to know what to do or say, — the drum beat a little tap, recalling the soldiers to their rank and to order. The young officer hastened back, with a laughing glance at Rose and a light, contemptuous look of defiance at Septimius, the drums rattling out in full beat, and the troops marched on.

"What impertinence!" said Rose, whose indignant color made her look pretty enough almost to excuse the offence.

* * * * *

Thus it was, that, drawing wild inferences from phenomena of the mind and heart common to people who, by some morbid action within themselves, are set ajar with the world, Septimius continued still to come round to that strange idea of undyingness which had recently taken possession of him. And yet he was wrong in thinking himself cold, and that he felt no sympathy in the fever of patriotism that was throbbing through his countrymen. He was restless as a flame; he could not fix his thoughts upon his book; he could not sit in his chair, but kept pacing to and fro, while through the open window came noises to which his imagination gave diverse interpretation. Now it was a distant drum; now shouts; by and by there came the rattle of musketry, that seemed to proceed from some point more distant than the village; a regular roll, then a ragged volley, then scattering shots. Unable any longer to preserve this unnatural indifference, Septimius snatched his gun, and, rushing out of the house, climbed the abrupt hillside behind, whence he could see a long way towards the village, till a slight bend hid the uneven road. It was quite vacant, not a passenger upon it. But there seemed to be confusion in that direction; an unseen and inscrutable trouble, blowing thence towards him, intimated by vague sounds, — by no sounds. Listening eagerly, however, he at last fancied a mustering sound of the drum; then it seemed as if it were coming towards him; while in advance rode another horseman, the same kind of headlong messenger, in appearance, who had passed the house with his ghastly cry of alarm; then appeared scattered countrymen, with guns in their hands, straggling across fields. Then he caught sight of the regular array of British soldiers, filling the road with their front, and march-

ing along as firmly as ever, though at a quick pace, while he fancied that the officers looked watchfully around. As he looked, a shot rang sharp from the hillside towards the village; the smoke curled up, and Septimius saw a man stagger and fall in the midst of the troops. Septimius shuddered; it was so like murder that he really could not tell the difference; his knees trembled beneath him; his breath grew short, not with terror, but with some new sensation of awe.

Another shot or two came almost simultaneously from the wooded height, but without any effect that Septimius could perceive. Almost at the same moment a company of the British soldiers wheeled from the main body, and, dashing out of the road, climbed the hill, and disappeared into the wood and shrubbery that veiled it. There were a few straggling shots, by whom fired, or with what effect, was invisible, and meanwhile the main body of the enemy proceeded along the road. They had now advanced so nigh that Septimius was strangely assailed by the idea that he might, with the gun in his hand, fire right into the midst of them, and select any man of that now hostile band to be a victim. How strange, how strange it is, this deep, wild passion that nature has implanted in us to be the death of our fellow-creatures, and which coexists at the same time with horror! Septimius levelled his weapon, and drew it up again; he marked a mounted officer, who seemed to be in chief command, whom he knew that he could kill. But no! he had really no such purpose. Only it was such a temptation. And in a moment the horse would leap, the officer would fall and lie there in the dust of the road, bleeding, gasping, breathing in spasms, breathing no more.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

WHOSE polished verses and playful satiric wit are the delight of his contemporaries, as they will be cherished bequests of our own day to posterity, is a son of the author of the *Annals*, the Doctor of Divinity at Cambridge. At that learned town of Massachusetts, he was born August 29, 1809. He was educated at the Phillips Academy at Exeter, and graduated at Harvard in 1829. He then gave a year to the law, during which time he was entertaining the good people of Cambridge with various anonymous effusions of a waggish poetical character, in the *Collegian*,* a periodical published by a number of undergraduates of Harvard University in 1830, in which John O. Sargent wrote the versatile papers in prose and verse, signed Charles Sherry; and the accomplished William H. Simmons, a brilliant rhetorician, and one of the purest readers we have ever listened to, was "Lockfast," translating Schiller, enthusiastic on Ossian, and snapping up college jokes and trifles; and Robert Habersham, under the guise of "Mr. Airy," and Theodore Wm. Snow as "Geoffrey la Touche," brought their quotas to the literary picnic. Holmes struck out a new vein among them, just as Præd had done in the *Etonian* and Knight's *Quarterly Magazine*. Of the twenty-five pieces published by him, some half dozen have been collected in his "Poems." The "Meeting of the Dryads," on occasion of

* The *Collegian*. In six numbers. Cambridge: Hillard & Brown.

a Presidential thinning of the college trees; "The Spectre Pig" and "Evening by a Tailor," are among them.

As a lawyer, Holmes, like most of the American literati who have generally begun with that profession, was evidently falling under the poets' censure, "penning a stanza when he should engross;" when he turned his attention to medicine, and forswore for a time the Muses. He was, however, guilty of some very clever anonymous contributions to a volume, the *Harbinger*, mainly written by himself, Park Benjamin, and Epes Sargent, and which was published for the benefit of a charitable institution.* In 1833, the year of this production, he visited Europe, residing chiefly at Paris, in the prosecution of his medical studies.

After nearly three years' residence abroad, he returned to take his medical degree at Cambridge, in 1836, when he delivered *Poetry, a Metrical Essay*, before the Harvard Phi Beta Kappa; which he published the same year, in the first acknowledged volume of his Poems.† In "Poetry," he describes four stages of the art, the Pastoral, Martial, Epic, and Dramatic; successfully illustrating the two former by his lines on "The Cambridge Churchyard" and "Old Ironsides," which last has become a national lyric, having first been printed in the *Boston Daily Advertiser* when the frigate Constitution lay at the Navy Yard in Charlestown, and the department had resolved upon breaking her up—a fate from which she was preserved by the verses, which ran through the newspapers with universal applause, and were circulated in the city of Washington in handbills.‡

In this poem he introduced a descriptive passage on Spring, at once literal and poetical, in a vein which he has since followed out with brilliant effect. The volume also contained "The Last Leaf," and "My Aunt," which established Holmes's reputation for humorous quaintness. In his preface he offers a vindication of the extravagant in literature; but it is only a dull or unthinking mind which would quarrel with such extravagances as his humor sometimes takes on, or deny the force of his explanation that, "as material objects in different lights repeat themselves in shadows variously elongated, contracted, or exaggerated, so our solid and sober thoughts caricature themselves in fantastic shapes, inseparable from their originals, and having a unity in their extravagance, which proves them to have retained their proportions in certain respects, however differing in outline from their prototypes."

In 1838 Dr. Holmes became Professor of Anatomy and Physiology at Dartmouth. On his marriage in 1840, he established himself in Boston, where he acquired the position of a fashionable and successful practitioner of medicine. In 1847 he was made Parkman Professor of Anatomy and Physiology, in the Medical School at Harvard.

His chief professional publications are his Boys-

ton Prize Dissertations for 1836-7, on *Indigenous Intermittent Fever in New England, Nature and Treatment of Neuralgia, and Utility and Importance of Direct Exploration in Medical Practice; Lectures on Homœopathy and other Delusions* in 1841; Report on Medical Literature to the American Association, 1848; and occasional articles in the journals, of which the most important is "the Contagiousness of Puerperal Fever," in the *New England Journal of Medicine and Surgery*, April, 1843.

Dr. Holmes is celebrated for his *vers d'occasion*, cleverly introduced with impromptu graces (of course, entirely unpremeditated) at medical feasts and Phi Beta Kappa Festivals, and other social gatherings, which are pretty sure to have some fanciful descriptions of nature, and laugh loudly at the quackeries, both the properly professional, and the literary and social of the day. His *Terpsichore* was pronounced on one of these opportunities, in 1843. His *Stethoscope Song* was one of these effusions; his *Modest Request* at Everett's inauguration at Harvard another, and many more will be remembered.

Urania, a Rhymed Lesson, with some shrewd hits at the absurd, and suggestions of the practical in the social economy of the day, was delivered before the Boston Mercantile Library Association, in 1846. *Astrea* is a Phi Beta Kappa poem, pronounced by the author at Yale College in 1850.

In 1852 Dr. Holmes delivered a course of lectures on the *English Poets of the Nineteenth Century*, a portion of which he subsequently repeated in New York. The style was precise and animated; the illustrations, sharp and cleanly cut. In the criticism, there was a leaning rather to the bold and dashing bravura of Scott and Byron, than the calm philosophical mood of Wordsworth. Where there was any game on the wing, when the "servile herd" of imitators and the poetasters came in view, they were dropped at once by a felicitous shot. Each lecture closed with a copy of verses humorous or sentimental, growing out of the prevalent mood of the hour's discussion.

In look and manners, Dr. Holmes is the vivacious sparkling personage his poems would indicate. His smile is easily invoked; he is fond of pun and inevitable at repartee, and his conversation runs on copiously, supplied with choice discriminating words laden with the best stores of picked fact from the whole range of science and society; and of ingenious reflection in a certain vein of optimism. As a medical lecturer, his style must be admirable, at once clear and subtle, popular and refined.

In the winter season he resides at Boston; latterly amusing himself with the profitable variety of visiting the towns and cities of the Northern and Middle States in the delivery of lectures, of which he has a good working stock on hand. The anatomy of the popular lecture he understands perfectly—how large a proportion of wit he may safely associate with the least quantity of dulness; and thus he carries pleasure and refinement from the charmed salons of Beacon street to towns and villages in the back districts, suddenly opened to light and civilization by the straight cut of the railroad. In summer, or rather in spring, summer, and autumn, the Doctor is at his

* The *Harbinger*; a May Gift, dedicated to the ladies who have so kindly aided the New England Institution for the Education of the Blind. Boston: Carter, Hendee & Co., 1833. 12mo. pp. 96.

† Poems by Oliver Wendell Holmes. Boston: Otis, Broad-ers & Co., 1836. 12mo. pp. 163.

‡ Benjamin's American Monthly Magazine, January, 1837.

home on the Housatonic, at Pittsfield, with acres around him, inherited from his maternal ancestors, the Wendells, in whom the whole township was once vested. In 1735, the Hon. Jacob Wendell bought the township of Pontoosuc, and his grandson now resides on the remnant of twenty-four thousand ancestral acres.*

In remembrance of one of the ancient Indian deeds he calls his residence Canoe Place. He has described the river scenery of the vicinity in a poem which has been lately printed.†



Oliver Wendell Holmes

The muse of Holmes is a foe to humbug. There is among his poems "A professional ballad—the Stethoscope Song," descriptive of the practices of a young physician from Paris, who went about knocking the wind out of old ladies, and terrifying young ones, mistaking, all the while, a buzzing fly in the instrument for a frightful array of diseases expressed in a variety of terrible French appellations. The exposure of this young man is a hint of the author's process with the social grievances and absurdities of the day. He clears the moral atmosphere of the morbid literary and other pretences afloat. People breathe freer for his verses. They shake the cobwebs out of the system, and keep up in the world that brisk healthy current of common sense, which is to the mind what circulation is to the body. A tincture of the Epicurean Philosophy is not a bad corrective of ultraism, Fourierism, transcendentalism, and other morbidities. Dr. Holmes sees a thing objectively in the open air, and understands what is due to nature, and to the inevitable conventionalisms of society. He is a lover of the fields, trees, and streams, and out-of-door life; but we question whether his muse is ever clearer in its metaphysics than when on some convivial occasion it ranges a row of happy faces, reflected in the wax-illuminated plateau of the dining table.

OUR YANKEE GIRLS.

Let greener lands and bluer skies,
If such the wide earth shows,
With fairer cheeks and brighter eyes,
Match us the star and rose;
The winds that lift the Georgian's veil
Or wave Circassia's curls,
Waft to their shores the sultan's sail,—
Who buys our Yankee girls!

The gay grisette, whose fingers touch
Love's thousand chords so well;
The dark Italian, loving much,
But more than *one* can tell;
And England's fair-haired, blue-eyed dame,
Who binds her brow with pearls;—
Ye who have seen them, can they shame
Our own sweet Yankee girls!

And what if court and castle vaunt
Its children loftier born f—
Who heeds the silken tassels' flaunt
Beside the golden corn?
They ask not for the dainty toil
Of ribboned knights and earls,
The daughters of the virgin soil,
Our freeborn Yankee girls!

By every hill whose stately pines
Wave their dark arms above
The home where some fair being shines,
To warm the wilds with love,
From barest rock to bleakest shore
Where farthest sail unfurls,
That stars and stripes are streaming o'er,—
God bless our Yankee girls!

OLD IRONSIDES.

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rung the battle shout,
And burst the cannon's roar;—
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more!

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood
Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood
And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee;—
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea!

O better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave;
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,—
The lightning and the gale!

THE CHURCH-YARD AT CAMBRIDGE.

Our ancient church! its lowly tower,
Beneath the loftier spire,
Is shadowed when the sunset hour
Clothes the tall shaft in fire;
It sinks beyond the distant eye,
Long ere the glittering vane,
High wheeling in the western sky,
Has faded o'er the plain.

* O. W. Holmes's remarks at the Berkshire Jubilee, August, 1844.

† The Knickerbocker Gallery.

Like Sentinel and Nun, they keep
 Their vigil on the green;
 One seems to guard, and one to weep,
 The dead that lie between;
 And both roll out, so full and near,
 Their music's mingling waves,
 They shake the grass, whose pennoned spear
 Leans on the narrow graves.

The stranger parts the flaunting weeds,
 Whose seeds the winds have strown
 So thick beneath the line he reads,
 They shade the sculptured stone;
 The child unveils his clustered brow,
 And ponders for a while
 The graven willow's pendent bough,
 Or rudest cherub's smile.

But what to them the dirge, the knell?
 These were the mourner's share;—
 The sullen clang, whose heavy swell
 Throbb'd through the beating air;—
 The rattling cord,—the rolling stone,—
 The shelving sand that slid,
 And, far beneath, with hollow tone
 Rung on the coffin's lid.

The slumberer's mound grows fresh and green,
 Then slowly disappears;
 The mosses creep, the gray stones lean
 Earth hides his date and years;
 But long before the once-loved name
 Is sunk or worn away,
 No lip the silent dust may claim,
 That pressed the breathing clay.

Go where the ancient pathway guides,
 See where our sires laid down
 Their smiling babes, their cherished brides,
 The patriarchs of the town;
 Hast thou a tear for buried love?
 A sigh for transient power?
 All that a century left above,
 Go, read it in an hour!

The Indian's shaft, the Briton's ball,
 The sabre's thirsting edge,
 The hot shell shattering in its fall,
 The bayonet's rending wedge,—
 Here scattered death; yet seek the spot,
 No trace thine eye can see,
 No altar,—and they need it not
 Who leave their children free!

Look where the turbid rain-drops stand
 In many a chiselled square,
 The knightly crest, the shield, the brand
 Of honored names were there;—
 Alas! for every tear is dried
 Those blazoned tablets knew,
 Save when the icy marble's side
 Drips with the evening dew.

Or gaze upon yon pillared stone,
 The empty urn of pride;
 There stand the Goblet and the Sun,—
 What need of more beside?
 Where lives the memory of the dead,
 Who made their tomb a toy?
 Whose ashes press that nameless bed?
 Go, ask the village boy!

Lean o'er the slender western wall,
 Ye ever-roaming girls;
 The breath that bids the blossom fall
 May lift your floating curls,
 To sweep the simple lines that tell
 An exile's date and doom;

And sigh, for where his daughters dwell,
 They wreath the stranger's tomb.

And one amid these shades was born,
 Beneath this turf who lies,
 Once beaming as the summer's morn,
 That closed her gentle eyes;—
 If sinless angels love as we,
 Who stood thy grave beside,
 Three seraph welcomes waited thee,
 The daughter, sister, bride!

I wandered to thy buried mound
 When earth was hid below
 The level of the glaring ground,
 Choked to its gates with snow,
 And when with summer's flowery waves
 The lake of verdure rolled,
 As if a Sultan's white-robed slaves
 Had scattered pearls and gold.

Nay, the soft pinions of the air,
 That lift this trembling tone,
 Its breath of love may almost bear,
 To kiss thy funeral stone;—
 And, now thy smiles have past away,
 For all the joy they gave,
 May sweetest dews and warmest ray
 Lie on thine early grave!

When damps beneath, and storms above,
 Have bowed these fragile towers,
 Still o'er the graves yon locust-grove
 Shall swing its Orient flowers;—
 And I would ask no mouldering bust,
 If e'er this humble line,
 Which breathed a sigh o'er others' dust,
 Might call a tear on mine.

L'INCONNUE.

Is thy name Mary, maiden fair?
 Such should, methinks, its music be
 The sweetest name that mortals bear,
 Were best befitting thee;
 And she, to whom it once was given,
 Was half of earth and half of heaven.
 I hear thy voice, I see thy smile,
 I look upon thy folded hair;
 Ah! while we dream not they beguile,
 Our hearts are in the snare;
 And she, who chains a wild bird's wing,
 Must start not if her captive sing.
 So, lady, take the leaf that falls,
 To all but thee unseen, unknown;
 When evening shades thy silent walls,
 Then read it all alone;
 In stillness read, in darkness seal,
 Forget, despise, but not reveal!

THE LAST LEAF.

I saw him once before,
 As he passed by the door,
 And again
 The pavement stones resound
 As he totters o'er the ground
 With his cane.

They say that in his prime,
 Ere the pruning-knife of Time
 Cut him down,
 Not a better man was found
 By the Crier on his round
 Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,
 And he looks at all he meets
 Sad and wan,

And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
"They are gone."

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has prest
In their bloom,
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said,—
Poor old lady, she is dead
Long ago,—
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow.

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff,
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here;
But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches, and all that,
Are so queer!

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring,—
Let them smile, as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling.

MY AUNT.

My aunt! my dear unmarried aunt!
Long years have o'er her flown;
Yet still she strains the aching clasp
That binds her virgin zone;
I know it hurts her,—though she looks
As cheerful as she can;
Her waist is ampler than her life,
For life is but a span.

My aunt, my poor deluded aunt!
Her hair is almost gray;
Why will she train that winter curl
In such a spring-like way?
How can she lay her glasses down,
And say she reads as well
When, through a double convex lens,
She just makes out to spell!

Her father,—grandpapa! forgive
This erring lip its smiles,—
Vowed she should make the finest girl
Within a hundred miles.
He sent her to a stylish school;
'Twas in her thirteenth June;
And with her, as the rules required,
"Two towels and a spoon."

They braced my aunt against a board,
To make her straight and tall;
They laced her up, they starved her down,
To make her light and small;
They pinched her feet, they singed her hair,
They screwed it up with pins;—
O never mortal suffered more
In penance for her sins.

So, when my precious aunt was done,
My grandsire brought her back;

(By daylight, lest some rabid youth
Might follow on the track;)
"Ah!" said my grandsire, as he shook
Some powder in his pan,
"What could this lovely creature do
Against a desperate man!"
Alas! nor chariot, nor barouche,
Nor bandit cavalcade
Tore from the trembling father's arms
His all-accomplished maid.
For her how happy had it been!
And Heaven had spared to me
To see one sad, ungathered rose
On my ancestral tree.

EVENING—BY A TAILOR.

Day hath put on his jacket, and around
His burning bosom buttoned it with stars.
Here will I lay me on the velvet grass,
That is like padding to earth's meagre ribs,
And hold communion with the things about me.
Ah me! how lovely is the golden braid,
That binds the skirt of night's descending robe!
The thin leaves, quivering on their silken threads,
Do make a music like to rustling satin,
As the light breezes smoothe their downy nap.

Ha! what is this that rises to my touch
So like a cushion? Can it be a cabbage?
It is, it is that deeply injured flower,
Which boys do flout us with;—but yet I love thee,
Thou giant rose, wrapped in a green surtout.
Doubtless in Eden thou didst blush as bright
As these, thy puny brethren; and thy breath
Sweetened the fragrance of her spicy air;
But now thou seemest like a bankrupt beau,
Stripped of his gaudy hues and essences,
And growing portly in his sober garments.

Is that a swan that rides upon the water!
O no, it is that other gentle bird,
Which is the patron of our noble calling.
I well remember, in my early years,
When these young hands first closed upon a goose;
I have a scar upon my thimble finger,
Which chronicles the hour of young ambition.
My father was a tailor, and his father,
And my sire's grandsire, all of them were tailors;
They had an ancient goose,—it was an heir-loom
From some remoter tailor of our race.
It happened I did see it on a time
When none was near, and I did deal with it,
And it did burn me,—oh, most fearfully!

It is a joy to straighten out one's limbs,
And leap elastic from the level counter,
Leaving the petty grievances of earth,
The breaking thread, the din of clashing shears,
And all the needles that do wound the spirit,
For such a pensive hour of soothing silence.
Kind Nature, shuffling in her loose undress,
Lays bare her shady bosom; I can feel
With all around me;—I can hail the flowers
That sprig earth's mantle,—and yon quiet bird,
That rides the stream, is to me as a brother.
The vulgar know not all the hidden pockets,
Where Nature stows away her loveliness.
But this unnatural posture of the legs
Cramps my extended calves, and I must go
Where I can coil them in their wonted fashion.

ON LENDING A PUNCH-BOWL.

This ancient silver bowl of mine—it tells of good old
times,
Of joyous days, and jolly nights, and merry Christ-
mas chimes;

They were a free and jovial race, but honest, brave,
and true,
That dipped their ladle in the punch when this old
bowl was new.

A Spanish galleon brought the bar,—so runs the an-
cient tale;

'Twas hammered by an Antwerp smith, whose arm
was like a flail;

And now and then between the strokes, for fear his
strength should fail,

He wiped his brow, and quaffed a cup of good old
Flemish ale.

'Twas purchased by an English squire to please his
loving dame,

Who saw the cherubs, and conceived a longing for
the same;

And oft, as on the ancient stock another twig was
found,

'Twas filled with cradle spiced and hot, and handed
smoking round.

But, changing hands, it reached at length a Puritan
divine,

Who used to follow Timothy, and take a little wine,
But hated punch and prelacy; and so it was, per-
haps,

He went to Leyden, where he found conventicles
and schnaps.

And then, of course, you know what's next,—it left
the Dutchman's shore

With those that in the Mayflower came,—a hundred
souls and more,—

Along with all the furniture, to fill their new
abodes,—

To judge by what is still on hand, at least a hun-
dred loads.

'Twas on a dreary winter's eve, the night was clos-
ing dim,

When old Miles Standish took the bowl, and filled it
to the brim;

The little Captain stood and stirred the posset with
his sword,

And all his sturdy men at arms were ranged about
the board.

He poured the fiery Hollands in,—the man that
never feared,—

He took a long and solemn draught, and wiped his
yellow beard;

And one by one the musketeers,—the men that
fought and prayed,—

All drank as 't were their mother's milk, and not a
man afraid.

That night, affrighted from his nest, the screaming
eagle flew,

He heard the Pequot's ringing whoop, the soldier's
wild halloo;

And there the sachem learned the rule he taught to
kith and kin;

"Run from the white man when you find he smells
of Hollands gin!"

A hundred years, and fifty more, had spread their
leaves and snows,

A thousand rubs had flattened down each little che-
rub's nose;

When once again the bowl was filled, but not in
mirth or joy,

'Twas mingled by a mother's hand to cheer her part-
ing boy.

Drink, John, she said, 'twill do you good,—poor
child you'll never bear

This working in the dismal trench, out in the mid-
night air;

And if,—God bless me,—you were hurt, 't would
keep away the chill;

So John *did* drink,—and well he wrought that night
at Bunker's Hill!

I tell you, there was generous warmth in good old
English cheer;

I tell you, 't was a pleasant thought to bring its sym-
bol here.

'Tis but the fool that loves excess;—hast thou a
drunken soul?

Thy bane is in thy shallow skull, not in my silver
bowl!

I love the memory of the past,—its pressed yet fra-
grant flowers,—

The moss that clothes its broken walls,—the ivy on
its towers,—

Nay, this poor bauble it bequeathed,—my eyes grow
moist and dim,

To think of all the vanished joys that danced around
its brim.

Then fill a fair and honest cup, and bear it straight
to me;

The goblet hallows all it holds, whate'er the liquid
be;

And may the cherubs on its face protect me from the
sin,

That dooms one to those dreadful words,—“My
dear, where *have* you been?”

THE PILGRIM'S VISION.

In the hour of twilight shadows

The Puritan looked out;

He thought of the “bloudy Salvages”

That lurked all round about,

Of Wituwamet's pictured knife

And Pecksuot's whooping shout;

For the baby's limbs were feeble,

Though his father's arms were stout.

His home was a freezing cabin

Too bare for the hungry rat,

Its roof was thatched with ragged grass

And bald enough of that;

The hole that served for casement

Was glazed with an ancient hat;

And the ice was gently thawing

From the log whereon he sat.

Along the dreary landscape

His eyes went to and fro,

The trees all clad in icicles,

The streams that did not flow;

A sudden thought flashed o'er him,—

A dream of long ago,—

He smote his leathern jerkin

And murmured “Even so!”

“Come hither, God-be-Glorified,

And sit upon my knee,

Behold the dream unfolding,

Whereof I spake to thee

By the winter's hearth in Leyden

And on the stormy sea;

True is the dream's beginning,—

So may its ending be!

“I saw in the naked forest

Our scattered remnant cast

A screen of shivering branches

Between them and the blast;

The snow was falling round them,

The dying fell as fast;

I looked to see them perish,

When lo, the vision passed.

"Again mine eyes were opened ;—
 The feeble had waxed strong,
 The babes had grown to sturdy men,
 The remnant was a throng;
 By shadowed lake and winding stream
 And all the shores along,
 The howling demons quaked to hear
 The Christian's godly song.

"They slept,—the village fathers,—
 By river, lake, and shore,
 When far adown the steep of Time
 The vision rose once more;
 I saw along the winter snow
 A spectral column pour,
 And high above their broken ranks
 A tattered flag they bore.

"Their Leader rode before them,
 Of bearing calm and high,
 The light of Heaven's own kindling
 Throned in his awful eye;
 These were a Nation's champions
 Her dread appeal to try;
 God for the right! I faltered,
 And lo, the train passed by.

"Once more ;—the strife is ended,
 The solemn issue tried,
 The Lord of Hosts, his mighty arm
 Has helped our Israel's side;
 Grey stone and grassy hillock
 Tell where our martyrs died,
 But peaceful smiles the harvest,
 And stainless flows the tide.

"A crash,—as when some swollen cloud
 Cracks o'er the tangled trees!
 With side to side, and spar to spar,
 Whose smoking decks are these!
 I know Saint George's blood-red cross,
 Thou Mistress of the Seas,—
 But what is she, whose streaming bars
 Roll out before the breeze?

"Ah, well her iron ribs are knit,
 Whose thunders strive to quell
 The bellowing throats, the blazing lips,
 That pealed the Armada's knell!
 The mist was cleared,—a wreath of stars
 Rose o'er the crimsoned swell,
 And, wavering from its haughty peak,
 The cross of England fell!

"O trembling Faith! though dark the morn,
 A heavenly torch is thine;
 While feebler races melt away,
 And paler orbs decline,
 Still shall the fiery pillar's ray
 Along the pathway shine,
 To light the chosen tribe that sought
 This Western Palestine!

"I see the living tide roll on ;
 It crowns with flaming towers
 The icy capes of Labrador,
 The Spaniard's ' land of flowers!'
 It streams beyond the splintered ridge
 That parts the Northern showers;
 From eastern rock to sunset wave
 The Continent is ours!"

He ceased,—the grim old Puritan,—
 Then softly bent to cheer
 The pilgrim-child whose wasting face
 Was meekly turned to hear;
 And drew his toil-worn sleeve across,
 To brush the manly tear
 From cheeks that never changed in woe,
 And never blanched in fear.

The weary pilgrim slumbers,
 His resting-place unknown;
 His hands were crossed, his lids were closed,
 The dust was o'er him strown;
 The drifting soil, the mouldering leaf,
 Along the sod were blown;
 His mound has melted into earth,
 His memory lives alone.

So let it live unfading,
 The memory of the dead,
 Long as the pale anemone
 Springs where their tears were shed,
 Or, raining in the summer's wind
 In flakes of burning red,
 The wild rose sprinkles with its leaves
 The turf where once they bled!

Yea, when the frowning bulwarks
 That guard this holy strand
 Have sunk beneath the trampling surge
 In beds of sparkling sand,
 While in the waste of ocean
 One hoary rock shall stand,
 Be this its latest legend,—
 HERE WAS THE PILGRIM'S LAND!

Since our previous notice was closed, in 1855, Dr. Holmes has struck out an entirely new vein of popular literature, in his admirable series of prose articles in the *Atlantic Monthly*. Boston had been for a long time without any journal of a general literary interest, to serve as a repository for the miscellaneous writings of its many men of wit and refined scholars, when that periodical was commenced, at the end of the year 1857. Fortunately for its success, Dr. Holmes was enlisted at the start as a contributor. His reputation with the public was chiefly that of a poet and lecturer; few, perhaps, were prepared to anticipate his rapid development in a new walk of composition. He began his articles with the revival of a title which he had given twenty-five years before to a couple of pleasant papers in Buckingham's *New England Magazine*, *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*. At first the device appeared a mere vehicle for the delivery of various opinions and observations, wittily expressed, on the conversational topics of the day; but as the author, encouraged by the applause of the public, proceeded, his work assumed something more of a dramatic nature, and the slight sketches of character took form and consistency. Before he got through even with this first series, it was evident that the humorous essayist was fast crystallizing into a sufficiently profound novelist. By a few simple touches, he brought out in strong relief several characters about the breakfast table, who somehow became present to our minds when they had served their immediate purpose as interlocutors, in breaking and giving new impulse to the stream of the autocrat's monologue. The divinity student, the schoolmistress, the poor relation, the landlady's daughter, "our Benjamin Franklin," and especially "the young fellow called John," were as distinct as if they had been introduced to our notice with the formal regularity of Mr. James's two horsemen, or any other duly authenticated heroes of romance. In fact, the Doctor's essays had become a book of more unity and felicity of construction than

ninety-nine out of a hundred of the volumes laying claim to that title. When it was published, at the end of the year, with illustrations of the *dramatis personæ*, by Hoppin, the public read it with avidity, and naturally asked for more. To the *Autocrat* then succeeded in the magazine *The Professor at the Breakfast Table*, a thought graver in its matter, with a decided leaning to theological discussion, with an infusion of liberal principles, and a deeper pathos and interest in the romance of "Iris," and a quaint personage entitled "Little Boston," a creation dedicated to the pride and antiquity of that renowned city. Some of the previous characters of the "*Autocrat*" appeared in company with the "*Professor*," and the monthly instalment, as usual, was enlivened or rendered pathetic by a humorous or serious copy of verses.

This second series of papers having run their annual course in the magazine, and, like their predecessors, been gathered into a volume, the author next commenced, in the same journal, *The Professor's Story*, which, on its conclusion, was published with the new title, *Elsie Venner: a Romance of Destiny*. It was an advance of the writer into the regular domain of the novelist, with a greater dependence upon plot and character than in any of his previous writings. The story turns upon a curious physiological condition. A daughter inherits the traits of the rattlesnake, infused into her system from her mother, who had been bitten by that poisonous reptile when the birth of the child was expected. The development of the strange, wayward impulses consequent upon this taint, in the midst of the society of a New England village, the seat of a ladies' academy, and filled with the usual employments, religious and social, of such assemblages of country people, supplies the material of the tale. As a shrewd sketch of social life, in the region where the scene is laid, the book has extraordinary merits. Its characters are clearly perceived and discriminated, and strongly drawn. The style is eminently bright, yet pure and simple, excellent in straightforward narrative, idiomatic in dialogue, and an admirable vehicle for the frequently witty or half-satirical turn of observation and reflection. Like all the great novelists, the author is a bit of a reformer in his work. He has been a close student of human nature, and particularly of New England human nature; he brings also a professional microscopic insight into his study of manners and character. The result is, that his pictures have an air of truth and originality. In spite of the allowance for the problematical condition of the heroine, it may be questioned whether America has produced a more real, life-like work of fiction than *Elsie Venner*—certainly none which has been more happily relieved by wit and humor.

Shortly after the publication of this last work, Dr. Holmes, in 1861, issued a collection of his professional writings, with the title, *Currents and Counter-currents in Medical Science, with other Addresses and Essays*. Its leading paper is an address bearing the name, "Currents and Counter-currents in Medical Science," which

was delivered before the Massachusetts Medical Society, at the annual meeting, in May, 1860. This witty essay alarmed some of the faculty, who mistook its candor for an attack upon their venerable profession, as if any calling were strong enough to take upon its shoulders and sustain like an infallible church all the errors of the past. Dr. Holmes, in fact, belongs to a new and happily increasing race in medicine, who are for throwing off the incrustations of habit, false theory, or interest, alias quackery, to follow nature in the simplicity of her processes. He makes quick work with a large part of the pharmacopœia, and would, for the sake of mankind, throw the greater part of physic to the sea, were he not, as he intimates, too tender-hearted to poison the fishes. He would increase the power of his art by narrowing its applications. There is no heresy in all this, and the cause ought hardly to have needed the Doctor's wit to have brought him off triumphantly. The lectures on "Homœopathy and its Kindred Delusions," includes notices of the royal cure of the king's evil, the weapon ointment, and the sympathetic disease, famed by Sir Kenelm Digby, Bishop Berkeley's much beloved tar water, and our own Perkins's metallic tractors—provocative topics for the lively pen of the author. A paper of original study on *The Mechanism of Vital Actions*, also appears in this volume, a contribution to the *North American Review* of 1857.

In February, 1862, Dr. Holmes communicated to the Massachusetts Historical Society a paper commenting upon and illustrating a curious manuscript—a collection of recipes, written in 1643, by Edward Stafford, a London physician, for the use of Governor Winthrop, and preserved among the papers of the latter. In this communication to the Society, Dr. Holmes, in a lively commentary on Stafford's recipes, sportively reviews some of the absurdities of the medical practice of the seventeenth century, with his accustomed learning and good humor. This entertaining and instructive article is printed in the volume of the society's proceedings published in 1862.

During the recent civil war, Dr. Holmes wrote a number of spirited war lyrics, which did much to animate the national heart in the prolonged struggle. He has also, from time to time, published other occasional poems, which have been incorporated in several new editions of his poetical works, recently issued by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields.

*The later writings of Oliver Wendell Holmes show the same gifts of versatility, and the old-time fascination, whether his pen chance to be that of the poet, humorist, philosophic moralist, or exact scientific practitioner. *Soundings from the Atlantic*, published in 1864, divided its ten articles between topics of war times, chief of which was "My Hunt After the Captain," and pencillings on scientific themes. It was followed by *Border Lines in some Provinces of Medical Science*; and in 1871 appeared a kindred essay on *Mechanism in Thought and Morals*. This thoughtful exposition of the functions of the brain, was originally delivered as an address

before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard, and was printed with notes and after-thoughts.

Dr. Holmes gave the public another story of New England in 1867, — *The Guardian Angel* — a natural sequence to *Elsie Venner*, wherein, on a ground-plan of commonplace village-life made attractive by his shrewd and witty delineations of character, he worked out a philosophic purpose of exhibiting "successive developments of inherited bodily aspects and habits," specially trenching on some of the mysterious phases of hysteria. A relief to the sober shades of the story is given in the droll sketch of Gifted Hopkins, the village poet, or rather rhymester.

The Poet at the Breakfast Table, issued in 1873, completed the series of the most brilliant and well-sustained magazine articles written in America. It had to do more with various phases of professional life, and illustrated the peculiar effects of occupations on the personal thoughts and manners. Before laying down the pen, Dr. Holmes wrote:

"I have unburdened myself in this book, and in some other pages, of what I was born to say. Many things that I have said in my riper days have been aching in my soul since I was a mere child. I say aching, because they conflicted with many of my inherited beliefs, or rather traditions. I did not know then that two strains of blood were striving in me for the mastery — two! twenty, perhaps — twenty thousand, for aught I know — but represented to me by two — paternal and maternal. But I do know this: I have struck a good many chords, first and last, in the consciousness of other people. I confess to a tender feeling for my little brood of thoughts. When they have been welcomed and praised, it has pleased me; and if at any time they have been rudely handled and spitefully treated, it has cost me a little worry. I don't despise reputation, and I should like to be remembered as having said something worth lasting well enough to last."

** THE POET AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE.

At my left hand sits as singular-looking a human being as I remember seeing outside of a regular museum or tent-show. His black coat shines as if it had been polished; and it has been polished on the wearer's back, no doubt, for the arms and other points of maximum attrition are particularly smooth and bright. Round shoulders, — stooping over some minute labor, I suppose. Very slender limbs, with bends like a grasshopper's; sits a great deal, I presume; looks as if he might straighten them out all of a sudden, and jump instead of walking. Wears goggles very commonly; says it rests his eyes, which he strains in looking at very small objects. Voice has a dry creak, as if made by some small piece of mechanism that wanted oiling. I don't think he is a botanist, for he does not smell of dried herbs, but carries a camphorated atmosphere about with him, as if to keep the moths from attacking him. I must find out what is his particular interest. One ought to know something about his immediate neighbors at the table. This is what I said to myself, before opening a conversation with him. Everybody in our ward of the city was in a great stir about a certain election, and I thought I might as well begin with that as anything.

— How do you think the vote is likely to go to-morrow? — I said.

— It isn't to-morrow, — he answered, — it's next month.

— Next month! — said I. — Why, what election do you mean?

— I mean the election to the Presidency of the Entomological Society, sir, — he creaked, with an air of surprise, as if nobody could by any possibility have been thinking of any other. Great competition, sir, between the dipterists and the lepidopterists as to which shall get in their candidate. Several close ballottings already; adjourned for a fortnight. Poor concerns both of 'em. Wait till our turn comes.

— I suppose you are an entomologist? — I said with a note of interrogation.

— Not quite so ambitious as that, sir. I should like to put my eyes on the individual entitled to that name! A *society* may call itself an Entomological Society, but the man who arrogates such a broad title as that to himself, in the present state of science, is a pretender, sir, a dilettante, an impostor! No man can be truly called an entomologist, sir; the subject is too vast for any single human intelligence to grasp.

— May I venture to ask, — I said, a little awed by his statement and manner, — what is your special province of study?

I am often spoken of as a Coleopterist, — he said, — but I have no right to so comprehensive a name. The genus *Scarabæus* is what I have chiefly confined myself to, and ought to have studied exclusively. The beetles proper are quite enough for the labor of one man's life. Call me a *Scarabæist* if you will; if I can prove myself worthy of that name, my highest ambition will be more than satisfied.

I think, by way of compromise and convenience, I shall call him the *Scarabee*. He has come to look wonderfully like those creatures, — the beetles, I mean, — by being so much among them. His room is hung round with cases of them, each impaled on a pin driven through him, something as they used to bury suicides. These cases take the place for him of pictures and all other ornaments. That Boy steals into his room sometimes, and stares at them with great admiration, and has himself undertaken to form a rival cabinet, chiefly consisting of flies, so far, arranged in ranks superintended by an occasional spider.

The Old Master, who is a bachelor, has a kindly feeling for this little monkey, and those of his kind.

— I like children, — he said to me one day at table, — I like 'em, and I respect 'em. Pretty much all the honest truth-telling there is in the world is done by them. Do you know they play the part in the household which the king's jester, who very often had a mighty long head under his cap and bells, used to play for a monarch? There's no radical club like a nest of little folks in a nursery. Did you ever watch a baby's fingers? I have, often enough, though I never knew what it was to own one. — The Master paused half a minute or so, — sighed, — perhaps at thinking what he had missed in life, — looked up at me a little vacantly. I saw what was the matter; he had lost the thread of his talk.

— Baby's fingers, — I intercalated.

— Yes, yes; did you ever see how they will poke those wonderful little fingers of theirs into every fold and crack and crevice they can get at? That is their first education, feeling their way into

the solid facts of the material world. When they begin to talk it is the same thing over again in another shape. If there is a crack or a flaw in your answer to their confounded shoulder-hitting questions, they will poke and poke until they have got it gaping just as the baby's fingers have made a rent out of that atom of a hole in his pinafore that your old eyes never took notice of. Then they make such fools of us by copying on a small scale what we do in the grand manner. I wonder if it ever occurs to our dried-up neighbor there to ask himself whether That Boy's collection of flies is n't about as significant in the Order of Things as his own Museum of Beetles?

—I could n't help thinking that perhaps That Boy's questions about the simpler mysteries of life might have a good deal of the same kind of significance as the Master's inquiries into the Order of Things.

**** THE RACE OF LIFE — FROM THE AUTOCRAT.**

—O, indeed, no! — I am not ashamed to make you laugh, occasionally. I think I could read you something I have in my desk which would probably make you smile. Perhaps I will read it one of these days, if you are patient with me when I am sentimental and reflective; not just now. The ludicrous has its place in the universe; it is not a human invention, but one of the Divine ideas, illustrated in the practical jokes of kittens and monkeys long before Aristophanes or Shakespeare. How curious it is that we always consider solemnity and the absence of all gay surprises and encounter of wits as essential to the idea of the future life of those whom we thus deprive of half their faculties and then call *blessed*! There are not a few who, even in this life, seem to be preparing themselves for that smileless eternity to which they look forward, by banishing all gaiety from their hearts and all joyousness from their countenances. I meet one such in the street not infrequently, a person of intelligence and education, but who gives me (and all that he passes) such a rayless and chilling look of recognition, — something as if he were one of Heaven's assessors, come down to "doom" every acquaintance he met, — that I have sometimes begun to sneeze on the spot, and gone home with a violent cold, dating from that instant. I don't doubt he would cut his kitten's tail off, if he caught her playing with it. Please tell me, who taught her to play with it?

No, no! — give me a chance to talk to you, my fellow-boarders, and you need not be afraid that I shall have any scruples about entertaining you, if I can do it, as well as giving you some of my serious thoughts, and perhaps my sadder fancies. I know nothing in English or any other literature more admirable than that sentiment of Sir Thomas Browne: "EVERY MAN TRULY LIVES, SO LONG AS HE ACTS HIS NATURE, OR SOME WAY MAKES GOOD THE FACULTIES OF HIMSELF."

I find the great thing in this world is, not so much where we stand, as in what direction we are moving. To reach the port of heaven, we must sail sometimes with the wind and sometimes against it, — but we must sail, and not drift, nor lie at anchor. There is one very sad thing in old friendships, to every mind that is really moving onward. It is this: that one cannot help using his early friends as the seaman uses the log, to mark his progress. Every now and then we throw an old schoolmate over the stern with a string of

thought tied to him, and look — I am afraid with a kind of luxurious and sanctimonious compassion — to see the rate at which the string reels off, while he lies there bobbing up and down, poor fellow! and we are dashing along with the white foam and bright sparkle at our bows; — the ruffled bosom of prosperity and progress, with a sprig of diamonds stuck in it! But this is only the sentimental side of the matter; for grow we must, if we outgrow all that we love.

Don't misunderstand that metaphor of heaving the log, I beg you. It is merely a smart way of saying that we cannot avoid measuring our rate of movement by those with whom we have long been in the habit of comparing ourselves; and when they once become stationary, we can get our reckoning from them with painful accuracy. We see just what we were when they were our peers, and can strike the balance between that and whatever we may feel ourselves to be now. No doubt we may sometimes be mistaken. If we change our last simile to that very old and familiar one of a fleet leaving the harbor and sailing in company for some distant region, we can get what we want out of it. There is one of our companions; — her streamers were torn into rags before she had got into the open sea, then by and by her sails blew out of the ropes one after another, the waves swept her deck, and as night came on we left her a seeming wreck, as we flew under our pyramid of canvas. But lo! at dawn she is still in sight, — it may be in advance of us. Some deep ocean-current has been moving her on, strong, but silent, — yes, stronger than these noisy winds that puff our sails until they are swollen as the cheeks of jubilant cherubim. And when at last the black steam-tug with the skeleton arms, which comes out of the mist sooner or later and takes us all in tow, grapples her and goes off panting and groaning with her, it is to that harbor where all wrecks are refitted, and where, alas! we, towering in our pride, may never come.

So you will not think I mean to speak lightly of old friendships, because we cannot help instituting comparisons between our present and former selves by the aid of those who were what we were, but are not what we are. Nothing strikes one more, in the race of life, than to see how many give out in the first half of the course. "Commencement day" always reminds me of the start for the "Derby," when the beautiful high-bred three-year olds of the season are brought up for trial. That day is the start, and life is the race. Here we are at Cambridge, and a class is just "graduating." Poor Harry! he was to have been there too, but he has paid forfeit; step out here into the grass back of the church; ah! there it is: —

"HUNC LAPIDEM POSUERUNT
SOCII MÆRENTES."

But this is the start, and here they are, — coats bright as silk, and manes as smooth as *eau lastrale* can make them. Some of the best of the colts are pranced round, a few minutes each, to show their paces. What is that old gentleman crying about? and the old lady by him, and the three girls, what are they all covering their eyes for? O, that is their *colt* which has just been trotted up on the stage. Do they really think those little thin legs can do anything in such a slashing sweepstakes as is coming off in these next forty years? O, this terrible gift of second-sight that

comes to some of us when we begin to look through the silvered rings of the *arcus senilis*!

Ten gears gone. First turn in the race. A few broken down; two or three bolted. Several show in advance of the ruck. *Cassock*, a black colt, seems to be ahead of the rest; those black colts commonly get the start, I have noticed, of the others, in the first quarter. *Meteor* has pulled up.

Twenty years. Second corner turned. *Cassock* has dropped from the front, and *Judez*, an iron-gray, has the lead. But look! how they have thinned out! Down flat, — five, — six, — how many? They lie still enough! they will not get up again in this race, be very sure! And the rest of them, what a "tailing off"! Anybody can see who is going to win, — perhaps.

Thirty years. Third corner turned. *Dives*, bright sorrel, ridden by the fellow in a yellow jacket, begins to make play fast; is getting to be the favorite with many. But who is that other one that has been lengthening his stride from the first, and now shows close up to the front? Don't you remember the quiet brown colt *Asteroid*, with the star in his forehead? That is he; he is one of the sort that lasts; look out for him! The black "colt," as we used to call him, is in the background, taking it easily in a gentle trot. There is one they used to call the *Filly*, on account of a certain feminine air he had; well up, you see; the *Filly* is not to be despised, my boy!

Forty years. More dropping off, — but places much as before.

Fifty years. Race over. All that are on the course are coming in at a walk; no more running. Who is ahead? Ahead? What! and the winning-post a slab of white or gray stone standing out from that turf where there is no more jockeying or straining for victory! Well, the world marks their places in its betting-book; but be sure that these matter very little, if they have run as well as they knew how!

**THE BRAIN — FROM THE AUTOCRAT.

— Our brains are seventy-year clocks. The Angel of Life winds them up once for all, then closes the case, and gives the key into the hand of the Angel of the Resurrection.

Tic-tac! tic-tac! go the wheels of thought; our will cannot stop them; they cannot stop themselves; sleep cannot still them; madness only makes them go faster; death alone can break into the case, and, seizing the ever-swinging pendulum, which we call the heart, silence at last the clicking of the terrible escapement we have carried so long beneath our wrinkled foreheads.

If we could only get at them, as we lie on our pillows and count the dead beats of thought after thought and image after image jarring through the overtired organ! Will nobody block those wheels, uncouple that pinion, cut the string that holds those weights, blow up the infernal machine with gunpowder? What a passion comes over us sometime for silence and rest! — that this dreadful mechanism, unwinding the endless tapestry of time, embroidered with spectral figures of life and death, could have but one brief holiday! Who can wonder that men swing themselves off from beams in hempen lassos? — that they jump off from parapets into the swift and gurgling waters beneath? — that they take counsel of the grim friend who has but to utter his one peremptory monosyllable and the restless machine is shivered as a vase that is dashed upon a marble

floor? Under that building which we pass every day there are strung dungeons, where neither hook, nor bar, nor bed-cord, nor drinking-vessel from which a sharp fragment may be shattered, shall by any chance be seen. There is nothing for it, when the brain is on fire with the whirling of its wheels, but to spring against the stone wall and silence them with one crash. Ah, they remembered that, — the kind city fathers, — and the walls are nicely padded, so that one can take such exercise as he likes without damaging himself on the very plain and serviceable upholstery. If anybody would only contrive some kind of a lever that one could thrust in among the works of this horrid automaton and check them, or alter their rate of going, what would the world give for the discovery?

**THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS.

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main, —
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed, —
Its iris of ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!
Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathed horn!
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice
that sings: —

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

**THE DEACON'S MASTERPIECE: OR THE WONDERFUL "ONE-HOSS SHAY."

A Logical Story.

Have you heard of the wonderful one-hoss shay,
That was built in such a logical way
It ran a hundred years to a day,
And then, of a sudden, it — ah, but stay,
I'll tell you what happened without delay,
Scaring the parson into fits,
Frightening people out of their wits, —
Have you ever heard of that, I say?

Seventeen hundred and fifty-five.

Georgius Secundus was then alive,—
Snuffy old drone from the German hive.
That was the year when Lisbon-town
Saw the earth open and gulp her down,
And Braddock's army was done so brown,
Left without a scalp to its crown.
It was on the terrible Earthquake-day
That the Deacon finished the one-hoss shay.

Now in building of chaises, I tell you what,
There is always *somewhere* a weakest spot,—
In hub, tire, fellow, in spring or thill,
In panel, or crossbar, or floor, or sill,
In screw, bolt, thoroughbrace,—lurking still,
Find it somewhere you must and will,—
Above or below, or within or without,—
And that's the reason, beyond a doubt,
A chaise *breaks down*, but does n't *wear out*.

But the Deacon swore, (as Deacons do,
With an "I dew vum," or an "I tell yeou,")
He would build one shay to beat the taown
'n' the keounty 'n' all the kentry raoun';
It should be so built that it *could n't* break down:
—"Fur," said the Deacon, "'t's mighty plain
That the weakes' place mus' stan' the strain;
'n' the way t' fix it, uz I maintain,

Is only jest
T' make that place uz strong uz the rest."

So the Deacon inquired of the village folk
Where he could find the strongest oak,
That could n't be split nor bent nor broke,—
That was for spokes and floor and sills;
He sent for lancewood to make the thills;
The crossbars were ash, from the straightest trees;
The panels of white-wood, that cuts like cheese,
But lasts like iron for things like these;
The hubs of logs from the "Settler's ellum,"—
Last of its timber,—they could n't sell 'em,
Never an axe had seen their chips,
And the wedges flew from between their lips,
Their blunt ends frizzled like celery-tips;
Step and prop-iron, bolt and screw,
Spring, tire, axle, and linchpin too,
Steel of the finest, bright and blue;
Thoroughbrace bison-skin, thick and wide;
Boot, top, dasher, from tough old hide
Found in the pit when the tanner died.
That was the way he "put her through."—
"There!" said the Deacon, "naow she 'll dew."

Do! I tell you, I rather guess
She was a wonder, and nothing less!
Colts grew horses, beards turned gray,
Deacon and deaconess dropped away,
Children and grandchildren—where were they?
But there stood the stout old one-hoss shay
As fresh as on Lisbon-earthquake-day!

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED; it came and found
The deacon's masterpiece strong and sound.
Eighteen hundred increased by ten;—
"Hahnsum kerridge" they called it then.
Eighteen hundred and twenty came;—
Running as usual; much the same.
Thirty and forty at last arrive,
And then come fifty, and FIFTY-FIVE.

Little of all we value here
Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year
Without both feeling and looking queer.
In fact there 's nothing that keeps its youth,
So far as I know, but a tree and truth.
(This is a moral that runs at large;
Take it.—You 're welcome.—No extra charge.)

FIRST OF NOVEMBER,—the Earthquake-day.—
There are traces of age in the one-hoss shay,
A general flavor of mild decay,
But nothing local, as one may say.
There could n't be,—for the Deacon's art
Had made it so like in every part
That there was n't a chance for one to start.
For the wheels were just as strong as the thills,
And the floor was just as strong as the sills,
And the panels just as strong as the floor,
And the whippetree neither less nor more,
And the back-crossbar as strong as the fore,
And spring and axle and hub *encore*.
And yet, *as a whole*, it is past a doubt
In another hour it will be worn out!

First of November, 'Fifty-five!
This morning the parson takes a drive.
Now, small boys, get out of the way!
Here comes the wonderful one-hoss shay,
Drawn by a rat-tailed, ewe-necked bay.
"Huddup!" said the parson.—Off went they.

The parson was working his Sunday's text,—
Had got to *fiftly*, and stopped perplexed
At what the—Moses—was coming next.
All at once the horse stood still,
Close by the meet'n'-house on the hill.
—First a shiver, and then a thrill,
Then something decidedly like a spill,—
And the parson was sitting upon a rock,
At half past nine by the meet'n'-house-clock,—
Just the hour of the Earthquake shock!
—What do you think the parson found,
When he got up and stared around?
The poor old chaise in a heap or mound,
As if it had been to the mill and ground!
You see, of course, if you 're not a dunce,
How it went to pieces all at once,—
All at once, and nothing first,—
Just as bubbles do when they burst.
End of the wonderful one-hoss shay.
Logic is logic. That 's all I say.

CONTENTMENT.

"Man wants but little here below."

Little I ask; my wants are few;
I only wish a hut of stone,
(A *very plain* brown stone will do.)
That I may call my own;—
And close at hand is such a one,
In yonder street that fronts the sun.

Plain food is quite enough for me;
Three courses are as good as ten;—
If Nature can subsist on three,
Thank Heaven for three. Amen!
I always thought cold victual nice;—
My *choice* would be vanilla-ice.

I care not much for gold or land;—
Give me a mortgage here and there,—
Some good bank-stock,—some note of hand,
Or trifling railroad share;—
I only ask that Fortune send
A *little* more than I shall spend.

Honors are silly toys, I know,
And titles are but empty names;—
I would, *perhaps*, be Plenipo,—
But only near St. James;
I'm very sure I should not care
To fill our Gubernator's chair.

Jewels are bawbles; 't is a sin
To care for such unfruitful things;—

One good-sized diamond in a pin, —

Some, *not so large*, in rings, —

A ruby, and a pearl, or so,

Will do for me; — I laugh at show.

My dame should dress in cheap attire;

(Good, heavy silks are never dear;) —

I owe perhaps I *might* desire

Some shawls of true Cashmere, —

Some marrowy crapes of China silk,

Like wrinkled skins on scalded milk.

I would not have the horse I drive

So fast that folks must stop and stare;

An easy gait — two, forty-five —

Suits me; I do not care; —

Perhaps, for just a *single spur*,

Some seconds less would do no hurt.

Of pictures I should like to own

Titians and Raphaels three or four, —

I love so much their style and tone, —

One Turner, and no more, —

(A landscape, — foreground golden dirt, —
The sunshine painted with a squirt.)

Of books but few, — some fifty score

For daily use, and bound for wear;

The rest upon an upper floor; —

Some *little luxury there*

Of red morocco's gilded gleam,

And vellum rich as country cream.

Busts, cameos, gems, — such things as these,

Which others often show for pride,

I value for their power to please,

And selfish churls deride; —

One Stradivarius, I confess,

Two Meerschauts, I would fain possess.

Wealth's wasteful tricks I will not learn,

Nor ape the glittering upstart fool; —

Shall not carved tables serve my turn,

But *all* must be of buhl?

Give grasping pomp its double share, —

I ask but *one* recumbent chair.

Thus humble let me live and die,

Nor long for Midas' golden touch,

If Heaven more generous gifts deny,

I shall not miss them *much*, —

Too grateful for the blessing lent

Of simple tastes and mind content!

** BILL AND JOE.

Come, dear old comrade, you and I

Will steal an hour from days gone by —

The shining days when life was new

And all was bright as morning dew,

The lusty days of long ago,

When you were Bill and I was Joe.

Your name may flaunt a titled trail,

Proud as a cockerel's rainbow tail;

And mine as brief appendix wear

As Tam O'Shanter's luckless mare;

To-day, old friend, remember still

That I am Joe and you are Bill.

You've won the great world's envied prize,

And grand you look in people's eyes,

With H O N., and LL D.,

In big brave letters, fair to see —

Your fist, old fellow! Off they go!

How are you, Bill? How are you, Joe?

You've worn the judge's ermine robe,

You've taught your name to half the globe

You've sung mankind a deathless strain,

You've made the dead past live again:

The world may call you what it will,

But you and I are Joe and Bill.

The chaffing young folks stare and say,

"See those old buffers, bent and gray;

They talk like fellows in their teens;

Mad, poor old boys! That's what it means!" —

And shake their heads; they little know

The throbbing hearts of Bill and Joe —

How Bill forgets his hour of pride,

While Joe sits smiling at his side;

How Joe, in spite of time's disguise,

Finds the old schoolmate in his eyes —

Those calm, stern eyes, that melt and fill,

As Joe looks fondly up to Bill.

Ah! pensive scholar, what is fame?

A fitful tongue of leaping flame;

A giddy whirlwind's fickle gust,

That lifts a pinch of mortal dust:

A few swift years, and who can show

Which dust was Bill, and which was Joe.

The weary idol takes his stand,

Holds out his bruised and aching hand,

While gaping thousands come and go —

How vain it seems, this empty show? —

Till all at once his pulses thrill:

'Tis poor old Joe's "God bless you, Bill!"

And shall we breathe in happier spheres

The names that pleased our mortal ears,

In some sweet lull of heart and song,

For earth-born spirits none too long,

Just whispering of the world below,

Where this was Bill, and that was Joe?

No matter; while our home is here,

No sounding name is half so dear,

When fades at length our lingering day,

Who cares what pompous tombstones say

Read on the hearts that love us still

Hic jacet Joe. *Hic jacet* Bill.

BRANTZ MAYER

Was born in Baltimore, Maryland, September 27, 1809. His father, Christian Mayer, was a native of Ulm, in Würtemberg; his mother was a lady

Brantz Mayer.

of Pennsylvania. He was educated at St. Mary's College, and privately by the late Michael Powers. He then went to India, visiting Java, Sumatra, and China; returned in 1828; studied law, travelled throughout Europe, and practised his profession in America, taking a part in politics till 1841, when he received the appointment of Secretary of Legation at Mexico. There he resided till 1843, when he resigned. Since that time, he has practised law at his native city, edited the *Baltimore American* for a portion of the time, written numerous articles for the press, daily, monthly, and quarterly, all of which have appeared anonymously. His acknowledged publications are observations and speculations on Mexico, deduced from his residence there, and historical memoirs. His *Mexico as it was and as it is*, was published in 1844, and his *Mexico*—

Astec, Spanish, and Republican, in two volumes in 1851.

In 1844, he also published *A Memoir, and the Journal of Charles Carroll of Carrollton during his Mission to Canada with Chase and Franklin* in 1776, in 8vo.

In 1851, he delivered the Anniversary Discourse before the Maryland Historical Society, which he published with the title, *Tah-gah-jute; or Logan and Captain Michael Cresap*. It is a vindication of a worthy backwoodsman and captain of the Revolution from the imputation of cruelty in the alleged "speech" of Logan, handed down by Jefferson. Logan is made out a passionate drunken savage, passing through various scenes of personal revenge, and ending his career in a melee induced by himself, under the idea that in a fit of intoxication he had murdered his wife. Colonel Cresap, on the other hand, appears not only entirely disconnected with the attack on Logan's family, but becomes of interest as a well tried, courageous pioneer of the western civilization—a type of his class, and well worthy a chapter in the historical narrative of America. The history of the speech is somewhat of a curiosity. It was not spoken at all, but was a simple message, communicated in an interview with a single person, an emissary from the British camp, by whom it was reported on his return. This discourse, expanded, was published by Mr. Munsell, in 1867.

In 1854, Mr. Mayer published *Captain Canot, or Twenty Years of an African Slave*, a book which, from its variety of adventure, and a certain story-telling faculty in its pages, may easily be mistaken, as it has been, for a work of pure invention. But such is not the case. Captain Canot, whose name is slightly altered, is an actual personage, who supplied the author with the facts which he has woven into his exciting narrative. The force of the book consists in its cool, matter-of-fact account of the wild life of the Slave Trader on the western coast of Africa; the rationale of whose iniquitous proceedings is unblushingly avowed, and given with a fond and picturesque detail usually reserved for topics for which the civilized world has greater respect and sympathy. As a picture of a peculiar state of life it has a verisimilitude, united with a romantic interest worthy the pages of De Foe.

The Maryland Historical Society, with which several of the literary labors of Mr. Mayer have been identified, of which he was president several years, and to which he has been a liberal benefactor, was founded on the 27th February, 1844, at a meeting called by him. It became possessed of a valuable building, the Athenæum, four years later, in conjunction with the Baltimore Library Company, by a voluntary subscription of citizens; and recently in 1854, the Library Company having ceded its collection of books and rights in the property to the Historical Society, the latter is now in the enjoyment of one of the most valuable endowments of the kind.

This building was erected under the direction of the architect Robert Cary Long, a gentleman of taste and energy in his profession, and a cultivator of literature. He came to New York in 1848, where he was fast establishing himself in general estimation, when he was suddenly cut off at the outset of what promised to be an

active career, by the cholera in July, 1849. He was about publishing a work on architecture, had delivered an ingenious paper before the New York Historical Society on *Astec Architecture*, and written a series of Essays on topics growing out of his profession, entitled *Architectonics*, in the *Literary World*. He was a man of active mind, intent on the practical employment of his talents, while his amiable qualities endeared him to his friends in society.

On the completion of the Athenæum, the Inaugural Discourse was delivered by Mr. Mayer, who took for his subject *Commerce, Literature, and Art*.

The joint library in 1854 numbered about fourteen thousand volumes. The collection of MSS., of which a catalogue has been issued, is peculiarly valuable and well arranged. The Maryland State MSS. are numerous, including the "Gilmor Papers," presented to the Society by Robert Gilmor, embracing the Early and Revolutionary Period. The "Peabody Index," prepared by Henry Stevens at the expense of George Peabody, the banker in London, is a catalogue in eleven costly volumes of 1729 documents, in the State Paper office in London, of the Colonial Period. The Library has also a collection of Coins and Medals, and a Gallery of Art, which is a nucleus for the exhibitions in the city.

** The later works of Mr. Mayer are: *Observations on Mexican History and Archaeology*, published by the Smithsonian Institution, 1856; *Mexican Antiquities*, 1858; and *Memoir of Jared Sparks*, 1867. Since March, 1863, he has been in the Pay Department of the U. S. Army, and in 1873 he was on duty at San Francisco.

LITERARY INFLUENCES IN AMERICA.

It was remarked by Mr. Legaré,—one of the purest scholars given by America to the world—in advising a young friend, at the outset of his life, that, "nothing is more perilous in America than to be too long learning, or to get the name of bookish." Great, indeed, is the experience contained in this short paragraph! It is a sentence which nearly banishes a man from the fields of wealth, for it seems to deny the possibility of the concurrent lives of thought and action. The "bookish" man cannot be the "business" man! And such, indeed, has been the prevailing tone of public sentiment for the last thirty or forty years, since it became the parental habit to cast our children into the stream of trade to buffet their way to fortune, as soon as they were able either to make their labor pay, or to relieve their parents from a part of the expense of maintenance. Early taught that the duty of life is incompatible with the pursuits of a student, the young man whose school years gave promise of renown, speedily finds himself engaged in the mechanical pursuit of a business upon which his bread depends, and either quits for ever the book he loved, or steals to it in night and secrecy, as Numa did to the tangled crypt when he wooed Egeria!

In the old world there are two classes to which Literature can always directly appeal,—government, and the aristocracy. That which is elegant, entertaining, tasteful, remotely useful, or merely designed for embellishment, may call successfully on men who enjoy money and leisure, and are ever eager in the pursuit of new pleasures. This is particularly the case with individuals whose revenues are the mere alluvium of wealth,—the deposit of the golden tide flowing in with regularity,—but not with those

whose fortunes are won from the world in a struggle of enterprise. Such men do not enjoy the refreshing occupation of necessary labor, and consequently, they crave the excitement of the intellect and the senses. Out of this want, in Europe, has sprung the Opera,—that magnificent and refined luxury of extreme wealth—that sublime assemblage of all that is exquisite in dress, decoration, declamation, melody, picture, motion, art,—that marriage of music and harmonious thought, which depends, for its perfect success, on the rarest organ of the human frame. The patrons of the Opera have the time and the money to bestow as rewards for their gratification; and yet, I am still captious enough to be discontented with a patronage, springing, in a majority of cases, from a desire for sensual relaxation, and not offered as a fair recompense in the barter that continually occurs in this world between talent and money. I would level the mind of the mass *up* to such an appreciative position, that, at last, it would regard Literature and Art as wants, not as pastimes,—as the substantial food, and not the frail confectionery of life.

And what is the result, in our country, of this unprotective sentiment towards Literature? The answer is found in the fact that nearly all our young men whose literary tastes and abilities force them to use the pen, are driven to the daily press, where they sell their minds, by retail, in paragraphs;—where they print their crudities without sufficient thought or correction;—where the iron tongue of the engine is for ever bellowing for novelty;—where the daily morsel of opinion must be coined into phrases for daily bread,—and where the idea, which an intelligent editor should expand into a volume, must be condensed into an aphoristic sentence.

Public speaking and talk, are also the speediest mediums of plausible conveyance of opinion in a Republic. The value of talk from the pulpit, the bar, the senate, and the street corner, is inappreciable in America. There is no need of its cultivation among us, for fluency seems to be a national gift. From the slow dropping chat of the provoking button-holder, to the prolonged and rotund tumidities of the stump orator—everything can be achieved by a harangue. It is a fearful facility of speech! Men of genius talk the results of their own experience and reflection. Men of talent talk the results of other men's minds: and thus, in a country where there are few habitual students,—where there are few professed authors,—where all are mere *writers*, where there is, in fact, scarcely the seedling germ of a national literature, we are in danger of becoming mere telegraphs of opinion, as ignorant of the full meaning of the truths we convey as are the senseless wires of the electric words which thrill and sparkle through their iron veins!

It is not surprising, then, that the mass of American reading consists of newspapers and novels;—that nearly all our good books are imported and reprinted;—that, with a capacity for research and composition quite equal to that of England, our men become editors instead of authors. No man but a well paid parson, or a millionaire, can indulge in the expensive delights of amateur authorship. Thus it is that Sue is more read than Scott. Thus it is that the *intense* literature of the weekly newspapers is so prosperous, and that the laborer, who longs to mingle cheaply the luxuries of wealth, health, and knowledge, purchases, on his way homeward, with his pay in his pocket, on Saturday night, a lottery ticket, a Sunday newspaper, and a dose of quack physic, so that he has the chance of winning a fortune by Monday, whilst he is purifying his

body and amusing his mind, without losing a day from his customary toil!

In this way we trace downward from the merchant and the literary man to the mechanic, the prevailing notion in our country of necessary devotion to labor as to a dreary task, without respite or relaxation. This is the expansive illustration of Mr. Legaré's idea, that no man must get, in America, the repute of being "bookish." And yet, what would become of the world without these derided "bookish" men?—these recorders of history—these developers of science—these philosophers—these writers of fiction—these thousand scholars who are continually adding by almost imperceptible contributions to the knowledge and wealth of the world! Some there are, who, in their day and generation, indeed *appear* to be utterly useless;—men who *seem* to be literary idlers, and yet, whose works tell upon the world in the course of ages. Such was the character of the occupations of Atticus, in Rome, and of Horace Walpole, in England. Without Atticus,—the elegant scholar, who stood aloof from the noisy contests of politics and cultivated letters,—we should never have had the delicious correspondence addressed to him by Cicero. Without the vanity, selfishness, avarice, and dilettantism of Walpole, we should never have enjoyed that exquisite mosaic-work of history, wit, anecdote, character and incident, which he has left us in the letters addressed to his various friends. Too idle for a sustained work, too gossiping for the serious strain that would have excluded the malice, scandal, and small talk of his compositions,—he adopted the easy chat of familiar epistles, and converted his correspondence into an intellectual curiosity shop whose relics are now becoming of inestimable value to a posterity which is greedy for details.

No character is to be found in history that unites in itself so many various and interesting objects as that of the friend of Atticus. Cicero was a student, a scholar, a devoted friend of art, and, withal, an eminent "man of business." He was at home in the Tusculum and the Senate. It was supposed, in his day, that a statesman should be an accomplished man. It was the prevailing sentiment, that polish did not impair strength. It was believed that the highest graces of oratory—the most effective wisdom of speech,—the conscientious advice of patriotic oratory,—could only be expected from a zealous student who had exhausted the experience of the world without the dread of being "bookish." It was the opinion that cultivation and business moved hand in hand,—and that Cicero could criticise the texture of a papyrus, the grain and chiselling of a statue, or the art of a picture, as well as the foreign and domestic relations of Rome. Taste, architecture, morals, poetry, oratory, gems, rare manuscripts, curious collections, government, popular favor, all, in turn, engaged his attention, and, for all, he displayed a remarkable aptitude. No man thought he was less a "business man" because he filled his dwelling with groups of eloquent marble; because he bought and read the rarest books; because he chose to mingle only with the best and most intellectual society; because he shunned the demagogue and never used his arts even to suppress crime! Cicero would have been Cicero had he never been consul. Place gave nothing to him but the chance to save his country. It can bestow no fame; for fame is won by the qualities that should win place; whilst place is too often won by the tricks that should condemn the practitioner. It were well, both on the score of accomplishment and of personal biography, that our own statesmen would recollect the

history of a man whose books and orations will endear him to a posterity which will scarcely know that he was a ruler in Rome!

SAMUEL TYLER.

SAMUEL TYLER was born 22d October, 1809, in Prince George's County, Maryland. His father, Grafton Tyler, is a tobacco planter and farmer, and resides on the plantation where Samuel was born, and where his ancestors have dwelt for several generations. Samuel received his early education at a school in the neighborhood, and subsequently at the seminary of Dr. Carnahan at George Town, in the District of Columbia. The Doctor, soon afterwards, was elected President of Princeton College in New Jersey, and the Rev. James M'Vean became his successor. The Latin and Greek languages and their literatures were the studies which were at once the pleasure and the business of this instructor's life. Inspired with his teacher's enthusiasm, the young Tyler became a pupil worthy of his master. So fascinated was he with Greek literature, that for the last year he remained at this school he devoted fourteen hours out of every twenty-four to the study, until the Greek forms of expression became as familiar as those of his native tongue.

In 1827 Mr. Tyler passed a short time at Middlebury College, Vermont. Returning to Maryland, he entered himself as a student of law in the office in Frederick City of John Nelson, since Attorney-General of the United States, and also a distinguished member of the Baltimore bar. The Frederick bar had, for many years, been distinguished for its learning and ability; and therefore Frederick City was considered the best law school in Maryland. Cases were tried in the Frederick Court after the most technical rules of practice, as much so as at any time in Westminster Hall. The late Chief-Justice of the United States, Mr. Taney, built up his professional character at the Frederick bar, and stepped from it to the first place at the bar of Baltimore city.

Mr. Tyler was admitted to the bar in 1831, and has continued to reside, in the prosecution of his profession, in Frederick city, as affording more leisure for the indulgence of his literary pursuits than a large city, where the practice of his profession would be likely to engross his whole time.

An article on "Balfour's Inquiry into the Doctrine of Universal Salvation," in the Princeton Review for July, 1836, was the beginning of Mr. Tyler's authorship. In the Princeton Review for July, 1840, he published an article on the Baconian Philosophy; and in the same journal for July, 1841, an article on Leuhart the mathematician. In the Princeton Review for April, 1843, Mr. Tyler published an article on Psychology, followed by other papers; in July of the same year, on the Influence of the Baconian Philosophy; in October, 1844, on Agricultural Chemistry, in review of Liebig; July, 1845, on the Connexion between Philosophy and Revelation; July, 1846, on Bush on the Soul; and in the number for July, 1852, an article on Humboldt's Cosmos. Mr. Tyler is the author of the article on Whately's Logic in the number of the American Quarterly Review published immediately before that journal was merged in the New York Review.

He also wrote the article on Brougham's Natural Theology and that on Ranch's Psychology in the Baltimore Literary and Religious Magazine, edited by Dr. R. J. Breckinridge.

In 1844 Mr. Tyler published the first, and in 1846 the second edition of his *Discourse of the Baconian Philosophy*. This work has received the approbation of eminent thinkers and men of science in America, and has been signalized by the approbation of Sir William Hamilton.

A convention of delegates elected by the people of Maryland, assembled in 1850 to frame a new Constitution for the state. The subject of reforming the laws was a matter that engaged much of the consideration of the body. Amongst other things, it was proposed to incorporate in the new constitution a provision abolishing what is called special pleading in actions at law. This induced Mr. Tyler to address to the convention, of which he was not a member, a written defence of the importance of retaining special pleading in law procedure; and also showing that all law procedure should be simplified. This view of the subject of law reform finally prevailed, and a provision was incorporated in the new constitution requiring the Legislature to elect three commissioners to simplify the pleadings and practice in all the Courts of the State. Mr. Tyler was elected one of these commissioners. In the division of the work amongst himself and his colleagues it was assigned to him to prepare the first report, which should embrace a general discussion of the subject of law reform, and also present a simplified system of special pleading for all the courts of law in the state. When the report was published, its profound discussion on the relative merits of the Common Law and the Civil Law won the approbation of many of the first lawyers of the county.

In 1848 Mr. Tyler published in New York *Burns as a Poet and as a Man*; in 1858, *The Progress of Philosophy in the Past and in the Future*; also a *Memoir of Roger Brooke Taney, LL. D.*; in 1871, an edition of *Stephen on Pleading*; and in 1873, a dissertation on *The Theory of the Beautiful*. Since 1867, he has held the professorship of law in Columbian University, Washington, D. C.

GEORGE BURGESS.

THE author of a new poetical version of the Book of Psalms, and Bishop of the Diocese of Maine, was born at Providence, Rhode Island, October 31, 1809. Upon being graduated at Brown University in 1826, he became a tutor in that institution, and subsequently continued his studies at the Universities of Bonn, Göttingen, and Berlin. After entering the ministry, he was rector of Christ Church, Hartford, from 1834 to 1847, when he was consecrated to the episcopate.

In 1840, he published *The Book of Psalms, translated into English Verse*, an animated and successful version. He is also the author of *Pages from the Ecclesiastical History of New England*; *The Last Enemy, Conquering and Conquered*, two academic poems, and several published Sermons.

*- Bishop Burgess died on a return voyage from the West Indies, April 23, 1866. *The American Metrical Psalter* was published by him in 1864, and was followed three years later by a

volume of Poems. In 1869 appeared a *Memoir of the Life of the Rt. Rev. George Burgess, D. D.*, by Rev. A. Burgess.

PSALM XLVII.

O, all ye nations, clap your hands,
And let your shouts of victory ring,
To praise the Lord of all your lands,
The broad creation's awful King.
He treads the realms beneath our feet,
He breaks the hostile armies down,
And gives and guards his chosen seat,
The home of Jacob's old renown.
God is gone up with shouting throngs;
Before him pealed the trumpet's call!
Oh, sing to God with lofty songs;
Sing praises to the Lord of all!

Oh, sing to God a royal strain,
To earth's high King a raptured cry!
God o'er the nations spreads his reign,
God lifts his holy seat on high.

The heirs of many a Gentile throne,
With God's and Abraham's seed adore.
The shields of earth are all his own,
As high as heaven his glorious soar.

ALBERT PIKE.

ALBERT PIKE was born at Boston on the 29th of December, 1809. When he was four years old his family removed to Newburyport, where his boyhood was passed, until his matriculation at Harvard in his sixteenth year. Not having the requisite means of support he soon left college, and became an assistant teacher and afterwards principal of the Newburyport Academy. After a few years passed in teaching in this and other towns, during which he continued his classical studies in private, he started in the spring of 1831 for the West. Arriving at St. Louis, having travelled over much of the intervening distance on foot, he joined a band of forty in an expedition to Santa Fé. He arrived at that place on the 25th of the following November, and passed about a year as a clerk in a store, and in travelling about with merchandise in the country. In September, 1832,

Albert Pike

he left Taos with a company of trappers, visited the head-waters of the Red river and the Brazos, and with four others, separating from the main party, directed his course to Arkansas, and arrived at Fort Smith in November, well nigh naked and penniless. He passed the winter in teaching near the fort, and after attempting to establish a school at a place in the settlements, which was broken up in consequence of his falling ill of a fever, accepting the invitation of the editor of the Arkansas Advocate, at Little Rock, who had been greatly pleased by some poetical communications he had furnished to the paper, became his partner. In 1834 he succeeded to the entire proprietorship of the journal. In 1836 he sold out his newspaper property and commenced the practice of the law, having studied and been admitted to the profession during his editorial career. He also published at Boston a volume containing an account in prose of his adventurous journeyings, and a number of poems suggested by the noble scenery through which he had passed.

He has since published *Hymns to the Gods*, written in his earlier days of school-keeping. A number of other poems by him have also appeared in several periodicals.

Mr. Pike served with distinction as a volunteer in the Mexican war. He occupied a prominent position as a public man in the Southwest. He published in 1854, *Nugæ*, by Albert Pike, printed for private distribution, a collection of his poems, including the Hymns to the Gods. ** In 1859 appeared, *Statutes, etc., of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite*. During the late contest, he fought on the side of the Confederacy. Since 1868 he has resided in Washington, D. C. A new edition of *Hymns to the Gods, and Other Poems*, has recently been privately printed.

HYMN TO CERES.

Goddess of bounty! at whose spring-time call,
When on the dewy earth thy first tones fall,
Pierces the ground each young and tender blade,
And wonders at the sun; each dull, grey glade
Is shining with new grass; from each chill hole,
Where they had lain enchained and dull of soul,
The birds come forth, and sing for joy to thee,
Among the springing leaves; and fast and free,
The rivers toss their chains up to the sun,
And through their grassy banks leapingly run,
When thou hast touched them;—thou who ever art
The goddess of all beauty;—thou whose heart
Is ever in the sunny meads and fields;
To whom the laughing earth looks up and yields
Her waving treasures;—thou that in thy car
With winged dragons, when the morning star
Sheds his cold light, touchest the morning trees
Until they spread their blossoms to the breeze;—

O, pour thy light
Of truth and joy upon our souls this night,
And grant to us all plenty and good ease!

O thou, the goddess of the rustling corn!
Thou to whom reapers sing, and on the lawn
Pile up their baskets with the full eared wheat;
While maidens come, with little dancing feet,
And bring thee poppies, weaving thee a crown
Of simple beauty, bending their heads down
To garland thy full baskets; at whose side,
Among the sheaves of wheat, doth Bacchus ride
With bright and sparkling eyes, and feet and mouth
All wine-stained from the warm and sunny south;
Perhaps one arm about thy neck he twines,
While in his car ye ride among the vines,
And with the other hand he gathers up
The rich, full grapes, and holds the glowing cup
Unto thy lips—and then he throws it by,
And crowns thee with bright leaves to shade thine

eye,
So it may gaze with richer love and light
Upon his beaming brow: If thy swift flight
Be on some hill

Of vine-hung Thrace—O, come, while night is still,
And greet with heaping arms our gladdened sight!

Lo! the small stars, above the silver wave,
Come wandering up the sky, and kindly lave
The thin clouds with their light, like floating sparks
Of diamonds in the air; or spirit barks,
With unseen riders, wheeling in the sky.
Lo! a soft mist of light is rising high,
Like silver shining through a tint of red,
And soon the queenéd moon her love will shed,
Like pearl mist, on the earth and on the sea,
Where thou shalt cross to view our mystery.
Lo! we have torches here for thee, and urns,
Where incense with a floating odor burns,

And altars piled with various fruits and flowers,
 And ears of corn, gathered at early hours;
 And odors fresh from India, with a heap
 Of many-colored poppies:—Lo! we keep
 Our silent watch for thee, sitting before
 Thy ready altars, till to our lone shore
 Thy chariot wheels
 Shall come, while ocean to the burden reels,
 And utters to the sky a stifled roar.

FAREWELL TO NEW ENGLAND.

Farewell to thee, New England!
 Farewell to thee and thine!
 Good-bye to leafy Newbury,
 And Rowley's hills of pine!
 Farewell to thee, brave Merrimac!
 Good-bye old heart of blue!
 May I but find, returning,
 That all, like thee, are true!
 Farewell to thee, old Ocean!
 Grey father of mad waves!
 Whose surge, with constant motion,
 Against the granite raves.
 Farewell to thee, old Ocean!
 I shall see thy face orce more,
 And watch thy mighty waves again,
 Along my own bright shore.
 Farewell the White Hill's summer-snow,
 Ascutney's cone of green!
 Farewell Monadnock's regal glow,
 Old Holyoke's emerald sheen!
 Farewell grey hills, broad lakes, sweet dells,
 Green fields, trout-peopled brooks!
 Farewell the old familiar bells!
 Good-bye to home and books!
 Good-bye to all! to friend and foe!
 Few foes I leave behind:
 I bid to all, before I go,
 A long farewell, and kind.
 Proud of thee am I, noble land!
 Home of the fair and brave!
 Thy motto evermore should stand,
 "Honor, or honor's grave!"
 Whether I am on ocean tossed,
 Or hunt where the wild deer run,
 Still shall it be my proudest boast,
 That I'm New England's son.
 So, a health to thee, New England,
 In a parting cup of wine!
 Farewell to leafy Newbury,
 And Rowley's woods of pine!

ADRIAN ROUQUETTE.

THE Abbé Adrian Rouquette, an ecclesiastic of the Roman Catholic Church, a native of Louisiana, is of mingled European and American parentage; his father, Dominique Rouquette, being a Frenchman, and his mother, Louise Cousin, a native of Louisiana. He was born in New Orleans, and received his education in France, at the Royal College of Nantes; studied for the bar but relinquished it for the church, becoming attached to the Catholic seminary at New Orleans, where he officiated on stated occasions during the week, passing the rest of his time in retirement and study at his residence at Mandeville, in the parish of St. Tammany, in that state. He has cultivated poetic writing in both French and English, with ease and elegance, and is also the author of some eloquent prose compositions. His chief volume of poems, *Les Savanes, Poésies Amé-*

ricaines, was published at Paris and New Orleans in 1841. It contains numerous expressions of sentiment and emotion of the school of Chateaubriand, in his American writings, several of whose



A. Rouquette

themes he pursues. There are also poems of personal feeling exhibiting warmth and tenderness. Of the American descriptive passages we may present a *Souvenir of Kentucky*, written in 1838:—

SOUVENIR DE KENTUCKY.

Kentucky, the bloody land!

* * * * *
 Le Seigneur dit à Osée: "Après cela, néanmoins, je l'attirerai doucement à moi, je l'amènerai dans la solitude, et je lui parlerai au cœur."

(*La Bible Osée.*)

Enfant, je dis un soir: Adieu, ma bonne mère!
 Et je quittai gaiment sa maison et sa terre.
 Enfant, dans mon exil, une lettre, un matin,
 (O Louise!) m'apprit que j'étais orphelin!
 Enfant, je vis les bois du Kentucky sauvage,
 Et l'homme se souvient des bois de son jeune âge!
 Ah! dans le Kentucky les arbres sont bien beaux:
 C'est la terre de sang, aux indiens tombeaux,
 Terre aux belles forêts, aux séculaires chênes,
 Aux bois suivis de bois, aux magnifiques scènes;
 Imposant cimetière, où dorment en repos
 Tant de rouges-tribus et tant de blanches-peaux;
 Ou l'ombre du vieux Boon, immobile génie,
 Semble écouter, la nuit, l'éternelle harmonie,
 Le murmure éternel des immenses déserts,
 Ces mille bruits confus, ces mille bruits divers,
 Cet orgue des forêts, cet orchestre sublime,
 O Dieu! que seul tu fis, que seul ton souffle anime!
 Quand au vaste clavier pèse un seul de tes doigts,
 Soudain, roulent dans l'air mille flots à la fois:
 Soudain, au fond des bois, sonores basiliques,
 Bourdonne un océan de sauvages musiques;
 Et l'homme, à tous ces sons de l'orgue universel,
 L'homme tombe à genoux, en regardant le ciel!
 Et tombe, il croit, il prie; et, chrétien sans étude,
 Il retrouve, étonné, Dieu dans la solitude!

A portion of this has been vigorously rendered by a writer in the *Southern Quarterly Review*.*

"Here, with its Indian tombs, the Bloody Land
Spreads out:—majestic forests, secular oaks,
Woods stretching into woods; a witching realm,
Yet haunted with dread shadows;—a vast grave,
Where, laid together in the sleep of death,
Rest myriads of the red men and the pale.
Here, the stern forest genius, veteran Boon,
Still harbors: still he hearkens, as of yore,
To never ceasing harmonies, that blend,
At night, the murmurs of a thousand sounds,
That rise and swell capricious, change yet rise,
Borne from far wastes immense, whose mingling
strains—

The forest organ's tones, the sylvan choir—
Thy breath alone, O God! can'st animate,
Making it fruitful in the matchless space!
Thy mighty fingers pressing on its keys,
How suddenly the billowy tones roll up
From the great temples of the solemn depths,
Resounding through the immensity of wood
To the grand gushing harmonies, that speak
For thee, alone, O Father. As we hear
The unanimous concert of this mighty chaunt,
We bow before thee; eyes uplift to Heaven,
We pray thee, and believe. A Christian sense
Informs us, though untaught in Christian books
Awed into worship, as we learn to know
That thou, O God, art in the solitude!"

In 1846 the Abbé Rouquette pronounced an animated Discourse at the Cathedral of St. Louis, on occasion of the anniversary of the Battle of New Orleans. In 1848 he published *Wild Flowers*, a volume of sacred poetry, written in English, in which his style is restrained. It falls in the rank of occasional verses, within the range of topics growing out of the peculiar views of his church, and shows a delicate sensibility in its choice of subjects.

In 1852 a prose work appeared from his pen, entitled *La Thebaide en Amerique, ou Apologie de la Vie Solitaire et Contemplative*; a species of tract in which the religious retreats from the world supported by the Roman Catholic church, are defended by various philosophical and other considerations, colored by the writer's sentimental poetic view. *L'Antoniade* and *Poèmes Patriotiques* were printed in 1860; and in 1873, *Catharina Tegahkwitha*, a poem in English and Indian in character, which has won the praise of critics.

THE NOOK.

L'humble coin qu'il me faut pour prier et chanter.
The humble nook where I may sing and pray.

Victor Laprade.

The nook! O lovely spot of land,
Where I have built my cell;
Where, with my Muse, my only friend,
In peacefulness I dwell.

The nook! O verdant seat of bliss,
My shelter from the blast
Midst deserts, smiling oases,
Where I may rest at last.

The nook! O home of birds and flowers,
Where I may sing and pray;
Where I may dream, in shady bowers,
So happy night and day.

The nook! O sacred, deep retreat,
Where crowds may ne'er intrude;

Where men with God and Angels meet
In peaceful solitude;

O paradise, where I have flown;
O woody, lovely spot,
Where I may live and die alone,
Forgetful and forgot!

TO NATURE, MY MOTHER.

Dear Nature is the kindest mother still.—Byron.

O nature, powerful, smiling, calm,
To my unquiet heart,
Thy peace, distilling as a balm,
Thy mighty life impart.

O nature, mother still the same,
So lovely mild with me,
To live in peace, unsung by fame—
Unchanged, I come to thee;

I come to live as saints have lived—
I fly where they have fled,
By men unholy never grieved,
In prayer my tears to shed.

Alone with thee, from cities far,
Dissolved each earthly tie,
By some divine, magnetic star,
Attracted still on high.

Oh! that my heart, inhaling love
And life with ecstasy,
From this low world to worlds above,
Could rise exultingly!

FRANCOIS DOMINIQUE ROUQUETTE, the brother of the preceding, is also an author. He was born January 2, 1810, at New Orleans, educated there under Prof. Rochefort at the Orleans college, and pursued his classical studies at Nantes, in France. In 1828 he returned to the United States; studied law with Rawle, the author of the work on the Constitution of the United States, at Philadelphia; but preferring the profession of literature, returned to France, where he published a volume of poetry, *Les Meschac-bennes*, and was encouraged by Beranger, Victor Hugo, Barthelemy, and others. It was followed by *Fleurs d'Amerique*. M. Rouquette has led the life of a traveller or of retirement, and has prepared a work on the Choctaw Nation, which he proposes to publish in French and English, as he writes with ease in both languages.

JONES VERY

Is the author of a volume of *Essays and Poems* published in Boston in 1839. It contains three articles in prose on Epic Poetry, Shakespeare, and Hamlet, and a collection of Poems, chiefly sonnets, which are felicitous in their union of thought and emotion. They are expressions of the spiritual life of the author, and in a certain metaphysical vein and simplicity, their love of nature, and sincerity of utterance, remind us of the meditations of the philosophical and pious writers in the old English poetry of the seventeenth century. The subtle essay on Shakespeare illustrates the universality of his genius by a condition of the higher Christian life.

Jones Very

The author of these productions is a native and resident of Salem, Massachusetts. His father was

a sea captain, with whom he made several voyages to Europe. Upon the death of this parent he prepared himself for college, and was a graduate of Harvard of 1836, where he became for awhile a tutor of Greek. "While he held this office," says Griswold, "a religious enthusiasm took possession of his mind, which gradually produced so great a change in him, that his friends withdrew him from Cambridge, and he returned to Salem, where he wrote most of the poems in the collection of his writings."*

TO THE PAINTED COLUMBINE.

Bright image of the early years
When glowed my cheek as red as thou,
And life's dark throng of cares and fears
Were swift-winged shadows o'er my sunny brow!

Thou blushest from the painter's page,
Robed in the mimic tints of art;
But Nature's hand in youth's green age
With fairer hues first traced thee on my heart.

The morning's blush, she made it thine,
The morn's sweet breath, she gave it thee,
And in thy look, my Columbine!
Each fond-remembered spot she bade me see.

I see the hill's far-gazing head,
Where gay thou noddest in the gale;
I hear light-bounding footsteps tread
The grassy path that winds along the vale.

I hear the voice of woodland song
Break from each bush and well-known tree,
And on light pinions borne along,
Comes back the laugh from childhood's heart of glee.

O'er the dark rock the dashing brook,
With look of anger, leaps again,
And, hastening to each flowery nook,
Its distant voice is heard far down the glen.

Fair child of art! thy charms decay,
Touched by the withered hand of Time;
And hushed the music of that day,
When my voice mingled with the streamlet's chime;

But in my heart thy cheek of bloom
Shall live when Nature's smile has fled;
And, rich with memory's sweet perfume,
Shall o'er her grave thy tribute incense shed.

There shalt thou live and wake the glee
That echoed on thy native hill;
And when, loved flower! I think of thee,
My infant feet will seem to seek thee still.

THE WIND-FLOWER.

Thou lookest up with meek confiding eye
Upon the clouded smile of April's face,
Unharm'd though Winter stands uncertain by
Eyeing with jealous glance each opening grace.
Thou trustest wisely! in thy faith arrayed
More glorious thou than Israel's wisest King;
Such faith was his whom men to death betrayed
As thine who hear'st the timid voice of Spring,
While other flowers still hide them from her call
Along the river's brink and meadow bare.
These will I seek beside the stony wall,
And in thy trust with childlike heart would share,
O'erjoyed that in thy early leaves I find
A lesson taught by him who loved all human kind.

THE NEW BIRTH.

'Tis a new life;—thoughts move not as they did
With slow uncertain steps across my mind,
In thronging haste fast pressing on they bid
The portals open to the viewless wind
That comes not save when in the dust is laid
The crown of pride that gilds each mortal brow,
And from before man's vision melting fade
The heavens and earth;—their walls are falling
now,—
Fast crowding on, each thought asks utterance
strong;
Storm-lifted waves swift rushing to the shore,
On from the sea they send their shouts along,
Back through the cave-worn rocks their thunders
roar;
And I a child of God by Christ made free
Start from death's slumbers to Eternity.

DAY.

Day! I lament that none can hymn thy praise
In fitting strains, of all thy riches bless;
Though thousands sport them in thy golden rays,
Yet none like thee their Maker's name confess.
Great fellow of my being! woke with me
Thou dost put on thy dazzling robes of light,
And onward from the east go forth to free
Thy children from the bondage of the night;
I hail thee, pilgrim! on thy lonely way,
Whose looks on all alike benignant shine;
A child of light, like thee, I cannot stay,
But on the world I bless must soon decline,
New rising still, though setting to mankind,
And ever in the eternal West my dayspring find.

NIGHT.

I thank thee, Father, that the night is near
When I this conscious being may resign;
Whose only task thy words of love to hear,
And in thy acts to find each act of mine;
A task too great to give a child like me,
The myriad-handed labors of the day,
Too many for my closing eyes to see,
Thy words too frequent for my tongue to say;
Yet when thou seest me burthened by thy love,
Each other gift more lovely then appears,
For dark-robed night comes hovering from above,
And all thine other gifts to me endears;
And while within her darkened couch I sleep,
Thine eyes untired above will constant vigils keep.

THE LATTER RAIN.

The latter rain,—it falls in anxious haste
Upon the sun-dried fields and branches bare,
Loosening with searching drops the rigid waste,
As if it would each root's lost strength repair;
But not a blade grows green as in the Spring,
No swelling twig puts forth its thickening leaves;
The robins only 'mid the harvests sing
Pecking the grain that scatters from the sheaves;
The rain falls still,—the fruit all ripened drops,
It pierces chestnut burr and walnut shell,
The furrowed fields disclose the yellow crops,
Each bursting pod of talents used can tell,
And all that once received the early rain
Declare to man it was not sent in vain.

NATURE.

The bubbling brook doth leap when I come by,
Because my feet find measure with its call,

* Poets and Poetry of America.

The birds know when the friend they love is nigh,
 For I am known to them both great and small;
 The flower that on the lovely hill-side grows
 Expects me there when Spring its bloom has given;
 And many a tree and bush my wanderings knows,
 And e'en the clouds and silent stars of heaven;
 For he who with his Maker walks aright,
 Shall be their lord as Adam was before;
 His ear shall catch each sound with new delight,
 Each object wear the dress that then it wore;
 And he, as when erect in soul he stood,
 Hear from his Father's lips that all is good.

THE PRAYER.

Wilt thou not visit me?
 The plant beside me feels thy gentle dew;
 And every blade of grass I see,
 From thy deep earth its moisture drew.

Wilt thou not visit me?
 Thy morning calls on me with cheering tone;
 And every hill and tree
 Lend but one voice, the voice of Thee alone.

Come, for I need thy love,
 More than the flower the dew, or grass the rain
 Come gentle as thy holy dove,
 And let me in thy sight rejoice to live again.

I will not hide from thee,
 When thy storms come, though fierce may be their
 wrath;
 But bow with leafy stem,
 And strengthened follow on thy chosen path.

Yes, Thou wilt visit me;
 Nor plant nor tree thy eye delight so well,
 As when from sin set free
 My spirit loves with thine in peace to dwell.

MARGARET FULLER OSSOLI.

MARGARET FULLER, whose native disposition, tastes, association with her contemporaries, and remarkable fate, will secure her a permanent place among the biographies of literary women, was born in Cambridgeport, Mass., the 23d of May, 1810. In a chapter of autobiography which was found among her papers, she speaks of her father as a working lawyer (he was also a politician and member of Congress), with the ordinary activities of men of his class; but of her mother as of a delicate, sensitive, spontaneous nature. During her early years the whole attention of Margaret was confined to books. She was taught the Latin and English grammar at the same time, and began to read the former language at six years of age. Her father set her this task-work of study, which soon grew into a necessity. At fifteen she describes her day's performances to a friend. She was studying Greek, French, and Italian literature, Scottish metaphysics—we may be sure a full share of English reading—and writing a critical journal of the whole at night. The result of this was a forced product of the parental discipline; but it would have been no product at all without a vigorous, generous nature. This the pupil possessed. Her temperament, bold and confident, assimilated this compulsory education; and she extracted a passionate admiration for Rome out of her Latin studies. The passage in which she records this is noticeable as an illustration of her character:—

In accordance with this discipline in heroic common sense, was the influence of those great Romans, whose thoughts and lives were my daily food during those plastic years. The genius of Rome displayed itself in Character, and scarcely needed an occasional wave of the torch of thought to show its lineaments, so marble strong they gleamed in every light. Who, that has lived with those men, but admires the plain force of fact, of thought passed into action? They take up things with their naked hands. There is just the man, and the block he casts before you,—no divinity, no demon, no unfulfilled aim, but just the man and Rome, and what he did for Rome. Everything turns your attention to what a man can become, not by yielding himself freely to impressions, not by letting nature play freely through him, but by a single thought, an earnest purpose, an indomitable will, by hardihood, self-command, and force of expression. Architecture was the art in which Rome excelled, and this corresponds with the feeling these men of Rome excite. They did not grow,—they built themselves up, or were built up by the fate of Rome, as a temple for Jupiter Stator. The ruined Roman sits among the ruins; he flies to no green garden; he does not look to heaven; if his intent is defeated, if he is less than he meant to be, he lives no more. The names which end in “us,” seem to speak with lyric cadence. That measured cadence,—that tramp and march,—which are not stilted, because they indicate real force, yet which seem so when compared with any other language,—make Latin a study in itself of mighty influence. The language alone, without the literature, would give one the *thought* of Rome. Man present in nature, commanding nature too sternly to be inspired by it, standing like the rock amid the sea, or moving like the fire over the land, either impassive or irresistible; knowing not the soft mediums or fine flights of life, but by the force which he expresses, piercing to the centre.

We are never better understood than when we speak of a “Roman virtue,” a “Roman outline.” There is somewhat indefinite, somewhat yet unfulfilled in the thought of Greece, of Spain, of modern Italy; but Rome! it stands by itself, a clear Word. The power of will, the dignity of a fixed purpose is what it utters. Every Roman was an Emperor. It is well that the infallible church should have been founded on this rock; that the presumptuous Peter should hold the keys, as the conquering Jove did before his thunderbolts, to be seen of all the world. The Apollo tends flocks with Admetus; Christ teaches by the lonely lake, or plucks wheat as he wanders through the fields some Sabbath morning. They never come to this stronghold; they could not have breathed freely where all became stone as soon as spoken, where divine youth found no horizon for its all-promising glance, but every thought put on before it dared issue to the day in action, its *toga virilis*.

Suckled by this wolf, man gains a different complexion from that which is fed by the Greek honey. He takes a noble bronze in camps and battle-fields; the wrinkles of councils well beem his brow, and the eye cuts its way like the sword. The Eagle should never have been used as a symbol by any other nation: it belonged to Rome.

The history of Rome abides in mind, of course, more than the literature. It was degeneracy for a Roman to use the pen; his life was in the day. The “vaunting” of Rome, like that of the North American Indians, is her proper literature. A man rises; he tells who he is, and what he has done; he speaks of his country and her brave men; he knows that a conquering god is there, whose agent is his own

right hand; and he should end like the Indian, "I have no more to say."

It never shocks us that the Roman is self-conscious. One wants no universal truths from him, no philosophy, no creation, but only his life, his Roman life felt in every pulse, realized in every gesture. The universal heaven takes in the Roman only to make us feel his individuality the more. The Will, the Resolve of Man!—it has been expressed,—fully expressed!

I steadily loved this ideal in my childhood, and this is the cause, probably, why I have always felt that man must know how to stand firm on the ground, before he can fly. In vain for me are men more, if they are less, than Romans. Dante was far greater than any Roman, yet I feel he was right to take the Mantuan as his guide through hell, and to heaven.

This education acting upon a sensitive nature made excitement a necessity. Her school life, described by herself in the sketch of Mariana in her book the *Summer on the Lakes*, appears a constant effort to secure activity for herself and the notice of others by fantastic conduct. One of her companions at Cambridge, the Rev. F. H. Hedge, then a student of Harvard, describes her at thirteen: "A child in years, but so precocious in her mental and physical developments, that she passed for eighteen or twenty. Agreeably to this estimate, she had her place in society as a lady full-grown." At twenty-two, led by the review articles of Carlyle, she entered upon the study of German literature, reading the works of Goethe, Schiller, Tieck, Novalis, and Richter, within the year. She was at this time fond of society, as she always was. Her admiration of the personal qualities of others was strong and undisguised. In possession of power and authority and self-will, in the world of books, nature was not to be defeated: she was dependent to a proportionate degree upon the sympathy of others. In this way she became a kind of female confessor, listening to the confidences and experiences of her young friends.

In 1833 she removed with her father to Groton. His death occurred there shortly after, in 1835, and the following year Margaret Fuller became a teacher in Boston of Latin and French in Mr. Alcott's school, and had her own æsthetic classes of young ladies in French, German, and Italian, with whom she read portions of Schiller, Goethe, Lessing, Tasso, Ariosto, and Dante.

In 1837 she became principal teacher in the Greene-street school at Providence, "to teach the elder girls her favorite branches."

These literary engagements are of less consequence in her biography than her friendships—of the story of which the memoirs published after her death are mostly composed. She became acquainted with Miss Martineau on her visit to this country in 1835. Her intimacy with Emerson grew up in visits to Concord about the same time. His notices of her conversation and spiritual refinement are graphic. Her conversational powers, in the familiarity of the congenial society at Concord, were freely exercised. Emerson says, "the day was never long enough to exhaust her opulent memory; and I, who knew her intimately for ten years—from July, 1836, till August, 1846, when she sailed for Europe—never saw her without surprise at her new powers." Nor was this

charm confined to her philosophical friends: she had the art of drawing out her humblest companions. Her mind, with all its fine culture, was essentially manly, giving a common-sense, dogmatic tone to her remarks. It is noticeable how large a space criticism occupies in her writings. It is her chief province; and criticism as exhibited by her pen or words, whether antagonistic or otherwise, is but another name for sympathy.

The Providence arrangement does not appear to have lasted long. She soon took up her residence in Boston or its vicinity, employing herself in 1839 in a species of lectureship or class of ladies—they were called *Conversations*—in which German philosophy, æsthetic culture of the Fine Arts, etc., were made the topics of instruction. These exercises are thus described "by a very competent witness," in Mr. Emerson's portion of the *Memoirs*, in a few sentences, which show the spirit in which they were received by her admirers:—"Margaret used to come to the conversations very well dressed, and altogether looked sumptuously. She began them with an exordium, in which she gave her leading views; and those exordiums were excellent, from the elevation of the tone, the ease and flow of discourse, and from the tact with which they were kept aloof from any excess, and from the gracefulness with which they were brought down, at last, to a possible level for others to follow. She made a pause, and invited the others to come in. Of course, it was not easy for every one to venture her remark, after an eloquent discourse, and in the presence of twenty superior women, who were all inspired. But whatever was said, Margaret knew how to seize the good meaning of it with hospitality, and



M. Fuller

to make the speaker feel glad, and not sorry, that she had spoken."

She also employed herself at this time, as afterwards, in composition. She published in 1839 a translation of Eckermann's *Conversations* with Goethe, and in 1841 the *Letters of Gunderode and Bettine*. The two first volumes of the *Dial* were edited by her in 1840-41. For this quarterly pub-

lication, supported by the writings of Emerson and his friends, she wrote papers on Goethe, Beethoven, the Rhine and Romaic ballads, and the poems of Sterling. The Dial made a reputation for itself and its conductors; but they might have starved on its products. Emerson tells us that "as editor she received a compensation which was intended to be two hundred dollars per annum, but which, I fear, never reached even that amount."

In 1843 she travelled to the West, to Lake Superior and Michigan, and published an account of the journey, full of subtle reflection, and with some studies of the Indian character, in the book entitled *Summer on the Lakes*.

In 1844 Margaret Fuller came to New York, induced by an offer of well paid, regular employment upon the Tribune newspaper. She resided in the family of Mr. Greeley, in a picturesquely situated house on the East river, one of the last footholds of the old rural beauties of the island falling before the rapid mercantile encroachments of the city. Here she wrote a series of somewhat sketchy but always forcible criticisms on the higher literature of the day, a complete collection of which would add to her reputation. A portion of them were included in the volume from her pen, *Papers on Literature and Art*, published in New York in 1846. Her work entitled *Woman in the Nineteenth Century* was published at this time from the Tribune office.

In the spring of 1846 she accompanied her friends, Mr. Marcus Spring of Brooklyn, New York, and his wife to Europe. Her contributions to the Tribune were continued in letters from England and the Continent. She saw the chief literary celebrities, Wordsworth, De Quincey, Chalmers, and Carlyle. At Paris she became intimate with George Sand. At Rome she took part in the hopes and revolutionary movements of Mazzini, and when the revolution broke out was appointed by the Roman commissioner for the service of the wounded, during the siege by the French troops, to the charge of the hospital of the Fate-Bene Fratelli. In a letter to Emerson dated June, 1849, she describes her visits to the sick and wounded, and her walks with the convalescents in the beautiful gardens of the Pope's palace on the Quirinal:—"The gardener plays off all his water-works for the defenders of the country, and gathers flowers for me, their friend." At this time she acquainted her mother with her marriage.

Shortly after her arrival at Rome, in 1847, she had been separated on the evening of Holy Thursday from her companions at vespers in St. Peter's. A stranger, an Italian, seeing her perplexity, offered her assistance. This was the son of the Marquis Ossoli. The acquaintance was continued, and Ossoli offered his hand. He was at first refused, but afterwards they were married in December, after the death of his father. The marriage was for a while kept secret, on the ground that the avowal of his union with a person well known as a liberal would render him liable to exile by the government, while he might, by secrecy, be ready to avail himself of employment under the new administration then looked forward to. September 5, 1848, their child, Angelo, was born at Rieti among the mountains.

The fortunes of the revolution being now broken by the occupation of the French, Ossoli with his wife and child left Rome on their way to America. They passed some time in Florence, and on the 17th May, 1850, embarked from Leghorn in the ship *Elizabeth*, bound for New York. The captain fell ill of small-pox, and died the 3d of June, off Gibraltar. On the 9th they set sail again; the child sickened of the disease and recovered; on the 15th of July the vessel was off the Jersey coast, and the passengers made their preparations for arriving in port the next day. That night the wind increased to a gale of great violence. The ship was driven past Rockaway to the beach of Fire Island, where, early on the morning of the 16th, she struck upon the sand. The bow was elevated and the passengers took refuge in the fore-castle, the sea sweeping over the vessel. Some of the passengers were saved by floating ashore on a plank. One of them, Horace Sumner of Boston, perished in the attempt. It was proposed to Margaret to make the trial. She would not be separated from her husband and child, but would wait for the life-boat. It never came. The fore-castle became filled with water. The small party left went on the deck by the fore-mast. A sea struck the quarter. The vessel was entirely broken up. The dead body of the child floated to the shore; the husband and wife were lost in the sea. This happened at nine o'clock in the morning, in mid-summer of the year, and at a place the usual resort at that time of pleasure-loving citizens. As if to enhance the sudden contrast of life and death the disaster took place within full sight of the people on the shore. The simple expedient of passing a rope to the land, attached to a barrel, at the proper time, might, one of the most experienced of those present told us, have saved every life: but the captain was not there.

It was known that Madame Ossoli had with her the manuscript of a History of the Revolution in Italy, which her study of the people, her knowledge of the leaders, her love of freedom, and participation in the struggle, well qualified her to write. Diligent search was made for it among the property which came ashore from the wreck, but it could not be found. The waves had closed over that too—which might long have survived the longest term of life.

So perished this intellectual, sympathetic, kind, generous, noble-hearted woman.

The materials for the study of her life are ample in the jointly prepared Memoirs by her friends, the Rev. James Freeman Clarke, the Rev. F. H. Hedge, the Rev. W. H. Channing, and Ralph Waldo Emerson. These able writers have taken separate portions of her career, with which they have been particularly acquainted, for illustration, and the result is a biography preservative of far more than is usually kept for posterity of the peculiar moods and humors of so individual a life.

A DIALOGUE.

POET. Approach me not, man of cold, steadfast eye and compressed lips. At thy coming nature shrouds herself in dull mist; fain would she hide her sighs and smiles, her buds and fruits even in a veil of snow. For thy unkindly breath, as it pierces her

mystery, destroys its creative power. The birds draw back into their nests, the sunset hues into their clouds, when you are seen in the distance with your tablets all ready to write them into prose.

CRITIC. O my brother, my benefactor, do not thus repel me. Interpret me rather to our common mother; let her not avert her eyes from a younger child. I know I can never be dear to her as thou art, yet I am her child, nor would the fated revolutions of existence be fulfilled without my aid.

POET. How meanest thou? What have thy measurements, thy artificial divisions and classifications, to do with the natural revolutions? In all real growths there is a "give and take" of unerring accuracy; in all the acts of thy life there is falsity, for all are negative. Why do you not receive and produce in your kind, like the sunbeam and the rose? Then new light would be brought out, were it but the life of a weed, to bear witness to the healthful beatings of the divine heart. But this perpetual analysis, comparison, and classification, never add one atom to the sum of existence.

CRITIC. I understand you.

POET. Yes, that is always the way. You understand me, who never have the arrogance to pretend that I understand myself.

CRITIC. Why should you?—that is my province. I am the rock which gives you back the echo. I am the tuning-key, which harmonizes your instrument, the regulator to your watch. Who would speak, if no ear heard? nay, if no mind knew what the ear heard?

POET. I do not wish to be heard in thought but in love, to be recognised in judgment but in life. I would pour forth my melodies to the rejoicing winds. I would scatter my seed to the tender earth. I do not wish to hear in prose the meaning of my melody. I do not wish to see my seed neatly put away beneath a paper label. Answer in new poems to the soul of our souls. Wake me to sweeter childhood by a fresher growth. At present you are but an excrement produced by my life; depart, self-conscious Egotist, I know you not.

CRITIC. Dost thou so adore Nature, and yet deny me? Is not Art the child of Nature, Civilization of Man? As Religion into Philosophy, Poetry into Criticism, Life into Science, Love into Law, so did thy lyric in natural order transmute itself into my review.

POET. Review! Science! the very etymology speaks. What is gained by looking again at what has already been seen? What by giving a technical classification to what is already assimilated with the mental life?

CRITIC. What is gained by living at all?

POET. Beauty loving itself,—Happiness!

CRITIC. Does not this involve consciousness?

POET. Yes! consciousness of Truth manifested in the individual form.

CRITIC. Since consciousness is tolerated, how will you limit it?

POET. By the instincts of my nature, which rejects yours as arrogant and superfluous.

CRITIC. And the dictate of my nature compels me to the processes which you despise, as essential to my peace. My brother (for I will not be rejected), I claim my place in the order of nature. The Word descended and became flesh for two purposes, to organize itself, and to take cognizance of its organization. When the first Poet worked alone, he paused between the cantos to proclaim, "It is very good." Dividing himself among men, he made some to create, and others to proclaim the merits of what is created.

POET. Well! if you were content with saying,

"it is very good;" but you are always crying, "it is very bad," or ignorantly prescribing how it might be better. What do you know of it? Whatever is good could not be otherwise than it is. Why will you not take what suits you, and leave the rest? True communion of thought is worship, not criticism. Spirit will not flow through the sluices nor endure the locks of canals.

CRITIC. There is perpetual need of protestantism in every church. If the church be catholic, yet the priest is not infallible. Like yourself, I sigh for a perfectly natural state, in which the only criticism shall be tacit rejection, even as Venus glides not into the orbit of Jupiter, nor do the fishes seek to dwell in fire. But as you soar towards this as a Maker, so do I toil towards the same aim as a Seeker. Your pinions will not upbear you towards it in steady flight. I must often stop to cut away the brambles from my path. The law of my being is on me, and the ideal standard seeking to be realized in my mind bids me demand perfection from all I see. To say how far each object answers this demand is my criticism.

POET. If one object does not satisfy you, pass on to another, and say nothing.

CRITIC. It is not so that it would be well with me. I must penetrate the secret of my wishes, verify the justice of my reasonings. I must examine, compare, sift, and winnow; what can bear this ordeal remains to me as pure gold. I cannot pass on till I know what I feel and why. An object that defies my utmost rigor of scrutiny is a new step on the stair I am making to the Olympian tables.

POET. I think you will not know the gods when you get there, if I may judge from the cold presumption I feel in your version of the great facts of literature.

CRITIC. Statement of a part always looks like ignorance, when compared with the whole, yet may promise the whole. Consider that a part implies the whole, as the everlasting No the everlasting Yes, and permit to exist the shadow of your light, the register of your inspiration.

As he spake the word he paused, for with it his companion vanished, and left floating on the cloud a starry banner with the inscription "Afflatur Numine." The Critic unfolded one on whose flag-staff he had been leaning. Its heavy folds of pearly gray satin slowly unfolding, gave to view the word NOTITIA, and *Causarum* would have followed, when a sudden breeze from the west caught it, those heavy folds fell back round the poor man, and stifled him probably,—at least he has never since been heard of.

JAMES H. PERKINS.

JAMES HANDASYD PERKINS, a writer of an acute mind and versatile powers, was born in Boston July 31, 1810. His parents were Samuel G. Perkins and Barbara Higginson. He was educated by Mr. S. P. Miles, afterwards a tutor of mathematics at Harvard, and at the Phillips Academy at Exeter, and the Round Hill school at Northampton. He wrote clever tales and verses at this period, humorous and sentimental.

At the age of eighteen he entered the counting-house of his uncle, Mr. Thomas H. Perkins, who was engaged in the Canton trade. He remained faithful to the discharge of the routine duties of this occupation for more than two years. The necessities of a poetic and naturally despondent nature, however, grew upon him, and demanded other employment for his faculties. In the winter of 1830 he found relief in a business tour to Eng-

land and thence to the West Indies, of which his faithful friend and biographer, Mr. William Henry Channing, has preserved some interesting memorials. His letters on the journey are spirited and abounding with character; thoughtful on serious points and amusing in the lighter.

Returning home in the summer of 1831, he abandoned mercantile life and sought a home in the West. He took up his residence at Cincinnati, and devoted his attention to the study of the law with his friend the Hon. Timothy Walker. He studied laboriously and conscientiously; but the toil was too severe in the practice of the profession for an infirm constitution, and a scrupulous conscience was still more in the way. His pen offered the next field, and he laid on the shifting foundation of the magazines and newspapers some of the corner-stones of the "Literature of the West." He conducted the Western Monthly Magazine, and edited the Evening Chronicle, a weekly paper which he purchased in the winter of 1835, and united with the Cincinnati Mirror then published by Mr. William D. Gallagher and Mr. Thomas H. Shreve, who has been since prominently associated with the Louisville Gazette. The last mentioned gentleman remarks of his friend's powers, "Had Mr. Perkins devoted himself to humorous literature he would have stood at the head of American writers in that line."* His fancy was fresh and original; and his descriptive talent, as exhibited in Mr. Channing's collection of his writings, a pleasurable and ready faculty.

Literature, however meritorious, was hardly, under the circumstances, a sufficient reliance. Mr. Perkins was now a married man in need of a settled support, when the failure of his publisher induced him to engage in rural life. Failing in the scheme of a plantation on the Ohio he took a few acres near Cincinnati with the view of raising a nursery of fruit trees. To acquire information in this new line, and make arrangements for the publication of two books which he meditated on the "Constitutional Opinions of Judge Marshall," and "Reminiscences of the St. Domingo Insurrection," of which his father had been an eye-witness, he paid a visit to New England. Neither of his plans was carried out; but a new and honorable career was found for him on his return to Cincinnati in the performance of the duty of Minister at Large, a mission of benevolence to which he devoted the remainder of his life. He brought his characteristic fervor to the work, and gave a practical direction to the charities of the city; abnegating, in his view, being but subordinate to the elevation of the poor in the self-respect and rewards of labor. He also identified himself with the cause of prison discipline and reform, and gave much attention to education. He was a generous supporter of the Mercantile Library Association of Cincinnati. He was the first President of the Cincinnati Historical Society in 1844, and was afterwards Vice-President of the Ohio Historical Society; his fondness for the latter pursuits being liberally witnessed by his publication, *The Annals of the West*, and his subsequent series of historical sketches of that region in the North

American Review from 1839 to 1847, characterized by their research and excellent descriptive style.*

In the latter part of his life, Mr. Perkins interested himself in a plan of Christian Union, to which he was led by his quick sensitive mind.

His death, December 14, 1849, was under melancholy circumstances. He had been thrown, during the day, into a state of nervous agitation by the supposed loss of his children, who had failed to return home at a time appointed, and in the evening he proposed a walk to recover his spirits. He took his course to a ferry-boat on the river, and in a state of depression threw himself into the stream and was drowned.

Thus closed the career of a man of subtle powers, keen and delicate perceptions, of honorable attainments in literature, and of philanthropic usefulness in the business affairs of society.

From the few verses preserved in the interesting memoirs by Mr. Channing, who has traced his career with an unaffected admiration of his virtues, and with the warmth of personal friendship, we select two passages which exhibit something of the nature of the man.

POVERTY AND KNOWLEDGE.

Ah, dearest, we are young and strong,
With ready heart and ready will
To tread the world's bright paths along;
But poverty is stronger still.

Yet, my dear wife, there is a might
That may bid poverty defiance,—
The might of knowledge; from this night
Let us on her put our reliance.

Armed with her sceptre, to an hour
We may condense whole years and ages;
Bid the departed, by her power,
Arise, and talk with seers and sages.

Her word, to teach us, may bid stop
The noonday sun; yea, she is able
To make an ocean of a drop,
Or spread a kingdom on our table.

In her great name we need but call
Scott, Schiller, Shakspeare, and, behold!
The suffering Mary smiles on all,
And Falstaff riots as of old.

Then, wherefore should we leave this hearth,
Our books, and all our pleasant labors,
If we can have the whole round earth,
And still retain our home and neighbours?

Why wish to roam in other lands?
Or mourn that poverty hath bound us?
We have our hearts, our heads, our hands,
Enough to live on,—friends around us,—

And, more than all, have hope and love.
Ah, dearest, while those last, be sure
That, if there be a God above,
We are not and cannot be poor!

* The articles are, Fifty Years of Ohio, July, 1838; Early French Travellers in the West, January, 1839; English Discoveries in the Ohio Valley, July, 1839; The Border War of the Revolution, October, 1839; The Pioneers of Kentucky, January, 1846; Settlement of the North-Western Territory, October, 1847. He also wrote for the North American Review of January, 1850, an article on Australia; and for the New York Review, July, 1839, an article on The French Revolution.

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG CHILD.

Stand back, uncovered stand, for lo!
The parents who have lost their child
Bow to the majesty of woe!

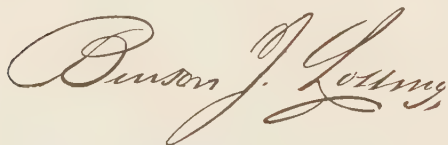
He came, a herald from above,—
Pure from his God he came to them,
Teaching new duties, deeper love;
And, like the boy of Bethlehem,
He grew in stature and in grace.
From the sweet spirit of his face
They learned a new, more heavenly joy,
And were the better for their boy.
But God hath taken whom he gave,
Recalled the messenger he sent!
And now beside the infant's grave
The spirit of the strong is bent.

But though the tears must flow, the heart
Ache with a vacant, strange distress,—
Ye did not from your infant part
When his clear eye grew heavenless,
That eye is beaming still, and still
Upon his Father's errand he,
Your own dear, bright, unearthly boy,
Worketh the kind, mysterious will,
And from this fount of bitter grief
Will bring a stream of joy;—
O, may this be your faith and your relief!

Then will the world be full of him; the sky,
With all its placid myriads, to your eye
Will tell of him; the wind will breathe his tone;
And slumbering in the midnight, they alone,
Your father and your child, will hover nigh.
Believe in him, behold him everywhere,
And sin will die within you,—earthly care
Fall to its earth,—and heavenward, side by side,
Ye shall go up beyond this realm of storms,
Quick and more quick, till, welcomed there above,
His voice shall bid you, in the might of love,
Lay down these weeds of earth, and wear your native forms.

BENSON J. LOSSING.

BENSON J. LOSSING, the son of a farmer, was born in the town of Beekman, Dutchess County, N. Y. His paternal ancestors came from Holland in 1670, and were the first settlers in the county. His maternal ancestors were among the early English settlers on Long Island, who came from Massachusetts Bay and intermarried with the Dutch at New Amsterdam, now New York.



At a common district school Mr. Lossing received a meagre portion of the elementary branches of an English education. After the death of his mother, young Lossing, after passing a short time on a farm, in the autumn of 1826, was apprenticed to a watchmaker in Poughkeepsie, the county town of his native place. So satisfactory had his conduct been during this period, that before the expiration of his apprenticeship his employer made him an offer of partnership in his business, which was accepted.

Meantime, he devoted every moment of leisure to study, although opportunities as yet for obtaining books were extremely limited. His business connexion proving unsuccessful he relinquished it, after an experiment of upwards of two years; and in the autumn of 1835, he became joint owner and editor of the *Poughkeepsie Telegraph*, the leading weekly paper of the county. The co-partnership of Killey and Lossing continued for six years.

In January, 1836, was commenced the publication of a small semi-monthly paper entirely devoted to literature, entitled *The Poughkeepsie Casket*, which was solely edited by Mr. Lossing. The Casket was a great favorite throughout Dutchess and the neighboring counties, and gave evident token of the correct taste and sound judgment of its youthful editor. Having, moreover, a taste for art, and being desirous of illustrating his little periodical, Mr. Lossing placed himself under the tuition of J. A. Adams, the eminent wood-engraver in the city of New York, pleased with the practical application of engraving to his editorial business. The same autumn he went to New York to seek improvement in the use of the pencil by drawing in the Academy of Design.

About this time, Mr. Lossing was called upon to undertake the editorship of the *Family Magazine*, which work he also illustrated in a superior manner. He now became permanently settled in New York as an engraver, but continued his business connexion in Poughkeepsie until the autumn of 1841. While engaged throughout the day in his increasing engraving business, he performed his editorial labors at night and early in the morning, and at the same period, during the winter of 1840–41, wrote a valuable little volume entitled *An Outline History of the Fine Arts*, which was published as No. 103 of Harpers' Family Library. In the autumn of 1846, he wrote a book entitled *Seventeen Hundred and Seventy-Six*, consisting of upwards of five hundred pages royal octavo, and illustrated by seventy engravings; and shortly after, produced three biographical and historical pamphlets of upwards of one hundred pages each; together with the *Lives of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence*, a duodecimo volume of over four hundred pages. This, and the subsequent year, he also edited a small paper entitled *The Young People's Mirror*, published by Edward Walker, which met with a ready reception from that class of the community.

In June, 1848, Mr. Lossing conceived the idea and plan of the *Pictorial Field Book of the Revolution*. He defined the size of the proposed pages; drew some rough sketches in sepia as indications of the manner in which he intended to introduce the illustrations, and with a general description of the plan of his work, submitted it to the consideration of the Messrs. Harper and Brothers. Four days afterwards they had concluded a bargain with him, involving an expenditure of much labor and many thousands of dollars; and something within a month afterwards Mr. Lossing was on his way to the battle-fields and other localities of interest connected with the war for Independence. In the collection of his materials, he travelled upwards of nine thousand miles, not in a continuous journey from place to place, but a series of journeys, undertaken whenever he could leave his re-

gular business, the supervision of which he never omitted. Although the Field Book was upwards of four years in hand, yet the aggregate time occupied in travelling, making sketches and notes, drawing a large portion of the pictures on the blocks for engraving, and writing the work, was only about twenty months. The work was published in thirty numbers, the first issued on the first of June, 1850; the last in December, 1852. It was just beginning to be widely and generally known, and was enjoying a rapidly increasing sale, when the great conflagration of the Harpers' establishment in 1853 destroyed the whole remainder of the edition. It was out of print for a year, but a new and revised edition was put to press in March, 1855.

During portions of 1853-54, Mr. Lossing devoted much time to the preparation of an Illustrated History of the United States for schools and families; and early in 1855 completed a work of four hundred pages which he entitled *Our Countrymen*, containing numerous brief sketches with portraits on wood of remarkable persons eminent by their connexion with the history of the United States.

During the latter years, Mr. Lossing was also engaged in collecting materials for an elaborate illustrated history of the war of 1812, and also a history of the French Empire in America; each to be uniform in size of page and style with his Field Book. He has also formed an association with Mr. Lyman C. Draper, well known throughout the west as an indefatigable collector of traditions, manuscripts, journals, letters, &c., relating to the history and biography of the settlements and settlers beyond the Alleghanies, for the purpose of producing a series of volumes commencing with the life of Daniel Boone.

Mr. Lossing has also contributed many valuable papers to various publications of the day, especially to Harpers' Magazine, in a series of American biographical articles in which his pen and pencil are equally employed.

In 1857, Mr. Lossing published a *History of the United States* for use in schools, and in 1859 an interesting volume of anecdote and personal history, amply illustrated by designs from his own pencil, entitled, *Mount Vernon and its Associations*—now, *The Home of Washington*.

This was followed in 1860 by the first volume of *The Life and Times of Philip Schuyler*, prepared from a mass of original manuscripts and documents preserved by the family (New York, 12mo, pp. 504). The same year Mr. Lossing edited, with illustrative and explanatory notes, *Recollections and private Memoirs of Washington*, by his Adopted Son, George Washington Parke Custis (New York, 8vo, pp. 644). Mr. Lossing also at this time contributed a valuable series of papers to the London *Art Journal*, 1859, entitled, *The Hudson, from the Wilderness to the Sea*, illustrated from his own drawings, and which were published in 1866.

** In 1869 Mr. Lossing completed the *Pictorial Field Book of the War of 1812*, a work prepared on the same thorough method as that on the Revolution. With note-book and pencil in hand, its author had travelled ten thousand miles,

between Canada and the Gulf of Mexico, collecting data and sketching historic scenes. A third artistic and attractive work of this historic series, the *Pictorial History of the Civil War in the United States of America*, was issued in three octavo volumes, between 1866 and 1869.

Mr. Lossing has edited and copiously annotated some standard works, such as Francis Hopkinson's "Pretty Story," an allegory, under the title of *The New Farm and the Old Farm*; Trumbull's *McFingal*, the explanatory notes of which occupy as much space as the text; and the *Diary of Washington*. In 1858 appeared *The Statesman's Manual*, in four octavo volumes, by Edwin Williams and Benson & Lossing; and two years later his *Life of Washington*, in three imperial octavo volumes, with many steel plates. He edited a volume of *Poems*, in 1870, by the late William Wilson, a life-long friend and correspondent of Robert Chambers. In 1872 he prepared a *Memoir of Lieutenant John T. Greble*, the first officer of the regular army killed in the late civil war, and which was choicely printed for private circulation.

Mr. Lossing has also written and profusely illustrated a large octavo *History of the United States*, of which there is a German edition, besides a series of histories graduated for schools. *Vassar College and its Founder* appeared in 1867, a fine specimen of typography; and a *History of England*, in one volume, in 1872. In the latter year he became editor of *The American Historical Record*, a new monthly magazine issued in Philadelphia. *The Life and Times of Philip Schuyler* appeared in 1873, in two volumes. Mr. Lossing is the author of a number of historic pamphlets, and of numerous contributions to the best magazines of the day. In 1872 the University of Michigan conferred on him the honorary title of LL. D. He has now in preparation a series of illustrated lectures on general history.

THOMAS EWBANK,

The author of several works of value on scientific and philosophical topics, written and published in the United States within the last twenty years, is a native of England. He was born March 11, 1792, in the tower of Barnard Castle, at Durham, and at the age of thirteen was apprenticed to a tin and copper smith, plumber and shot maker. From an interesting biographical sketch published in the *New York Christian Enquirer*,* we learn that Mr. Ewbank's employer and his hands were much engaged in their work at the neighboring gentlemen's country-seats and academies, from which occupation the youth, when he made his way to London, at the age of twenty, carried away some lively impressions of the numerous historical places with which that portion of the North of England abounds, and an equally lively sense of the maladministration and hardships of the provincial boarding-schools, the management of which came under his notice. When Dickens long after published his Nicholas Nickleby, with its portraiture of Squeers and narrative of the scenes at Dotheboys Hall, Mr.

Ewbank was so impressed with the faithfulness of the sketch, that he wrote a paper recalling several originals who might have sat for the picture.

At London, Mr. Ewbank pursued a course of industry and economy, which enabled him to gratify a taste for books; and he appears also to have been somewhat enlisted as a reformer in one of the political societies which sprang up at the time in the metropolis. In 1819 he came to the United States, and was engaged as a machinist at New York, occupying at the outset part of Fulton's factory at Paulus Hook, the tools and machinery of which remained as their proprietor had left them at his death, including the engine that propelled his first boat. From 1820, for some sixteen years, Mr. Ewbank was engaged in the business of manufacturing metallic tubing in New York. Retiring from this pursuit in 1837, he has since occupied himself with the philosophy and history of inventions. His first publication, entitled *A Descriptive and Historical Account of Hydraulic and other Machines for Raising Water, Ancient and Modern, with Observations on Various Subjects connected with the Mechanic Arts, including the Progressive Development of Steam Engines, &c.*, appeared in an octavo volume, with many engravings, in New York, in 1842. The fourteenth edition of this work, with a supplement, appeared in 1856.

In 1849, Mr. Ewbank was appointed, by President Taylor, Commissioner of Patents at Washington, and was employed in the duties of this important office for three years. His several reports to Congress, besides the usual statistics of the department, contained various matters of scientific discussion and suggestion. As a member of the commission to examine and report on the strength of marbles offered for the extension of the National Capitol, his proposal to substitute woollen fibre for the plates of lead usually placed between the stones, in the testing process led to the disclosure of the fact, that "lead caused the stones to give way at about half the pressure they would sustain without such an interposition," a conclusion which established the strength of building materials to be really much greater than had previously been supposed by European and American engineers.

In 1855, Mr. Ewbank published a duodecimo volume entitled *The World a Workshop; or, the Physical Relation of Man to the Earth*.

A visit made by Mr. Ewbank to his brothers in Brazil, in 1845-6, during which he interested himself greatly in the products and especially the antiquities of the country, supplied him with the material for a book of much interest, published in New York in 1857, entitled *Life in Brazil; or, the Land of the Cocoa and the Palm*, with an appendix containing illustrations of ancient South American arts, in recently discovered implements and products of domestic industry, in works in stone, pottery, gold, silver, bronze, &c. The engravings in this work, of antiquarian objects, were made from original sketches by the author. Besides these volumes, Mr. Ewbank is the author of numerous pamphlets and essays published in scientific and other periodicals, and in connection with the proceedings of the Amer-

ican Ethnological Society, of which he is a prominent member. Among these, which include various papers on the practical applications of mechanics, we may notice an ingenious essay, *Thoughts on Matter and Force*, published in 1858, in which a theory is maintained of the generation of heat at the centre of the earth, and of every orb, by friction induced by the pressure of gravitation, which, in the author's words, "is the weight that moves the clockwork of creation, and, by its offspring heat, is ever winding it up." In 1860 he published an essay originally read before the American Ethnological Society, on the *Inorganic Forces ordained to Supersede Human Slavery*, in which the general topic is treated irrespective of its political and moral relations, with a consideration of "the plenitude of the earth's store of cheap inorganic forces for superseding it, and meeting, at every stage of progressive civilization, fresh demands for agricultural and mechanical motors." Mr. Ewbank has also published an essay devoted to certain curiosities of science, bearing the title, *Oracular and Fighting Eolopiles*. He died in New York, September 16, 1870.

*** THE EARTH A WORKSHOP.

If a wide, uninhabited district abounding in metals were discovered, and upon it an extensive antediluvian structure fitted up with all the paraphernalia of a complete machine-shop, no one could doubt the object of the ancient owner. Equally clear and palpable is the purpose of the Builder of this earth, as made manifest in its construction and factory appurtenances. It is such a shop. Examine the plan and process of its formation; its granitic foundations, superincumbent courses, and the precision and deliberation, so indicative of stability and durability, with which they have been laid; note the rich variety with the stowage and arrangement of materials for manufacturing purposes; how the earth is full of them, and how those most wanted are most abundant and accessible.

And observe, moreover, that when the edifice was finished, working-stock secured in its vaults, with machinery to raise it, and everything else prepared for the reception of workmen, then, and not till then (since there would have been nothing for him to do), was man called in to take possession and go to work. In the early ages of its erection, when all was chaos and commotion from the general displacement or rather want of arrangement of its materials, what could he have done? And in the calmer periods that succeeded as it approached completion he could only have been in the way. God employs no idlers—creates none.

While the first clays, sand, metals, and coals were being digested and put in their places, the condition of the atmosphere was such that he could not have inhaled it and lived. Neither food, climate, nor suitable arenas for his exertions were then provided. Like one of his own structures, the factory required to be warmed, ventilated, and furnished, before its intended occupants could enter with safety.

The character of a factory, as stamped on our globe, is also evinced in its materials being made amenable to human power. This is apparent to every one, but not perhaps equally so that it re-

sults from a law that has determined the inertia of matter with reference to human strength. This law lies at the foundation of physical science and arts. Had the earth's substances been too heavy or too light, or had they in other qualities, as hardness, softness, brittleness, toughness, &c., defied us, we could have made little use of them. But they are in all respects made subject to man, while their properties are specially and indeed wonderfully adapted to the exercise of his faculties. Many are doubtless yet to be discovered, but none can eventually elude or resist him. Already, he arrests the most evanescent and subdues the most stubborn; invisible and intangible airs he manages with the same certitude as liquids and solids; lightning he evolves at will; as his messenger it is kept flying to and fro over the face of the earth; besides which he is daily finding new employment for it in the workshop. It can henceforth know no rest.

Nearly all matter is inorganic. The great mass of the earth—the whole of it except its skin-like surface, is such! What does this mean? Why all this immature matter, unless it be for man to work up? How otherwise are its quantity and condition to be accounted for? The rest of creation God himself has elaborated into organisms that breathe and move, grow and live, throw off their products at stated periods, and perpetuate their kind; while the entire mineral kingdom lies passive at man's feet awaiting his action upon it: for in it are agents indispensable to his elevation, the very substances his necessities call for; and here is no one else appointed to use them—no one else that can use them. Could spoken language be more explicit?

Then what is more expressive than nature's limited elaboration of this matter, coinciding so perfectly as it does with the design of making man a workman in it? She only brings it up to certain points, and then stops, because at those points his efforts were to begin. All things necessary for him and above his capacity or powers to produce were provided, but unwrought or partially wrought materials were given him because the ability to mould them to his wants and wishes was imparted. Had it been otherwise, metals had certainly been dug up in the forms of necessary instruments, vegetable fibre had grown in hanks of thread and in woven garments, glass and stone-ware had been quarried, and boulders had been cubes ready for the builder's hands; while joists and boards and articles of furniture had been the natural fruit of trees. All substances would have been found in the most useful forms, if the power to put them into such forms had not been communicated. No fact is more prominent in the divine economy of the world than that man was to have nothing—absolutely nothing—done for him that he could possibly do for himself. This was essential to the development of his character as an artificer. By it exertion became inevitable, while the direction it was to take was not to be mistaken.

But contemplate the earth as a whole, and it will be found a perfect contrivance for preparing these materials. Its spherical figure exerts a direct mechanical influence on them. In consequence of the pressure of superincumbent strata, their density increases with their depth. If a gas were conveyed down far enough it would be squeezed into a liquid: send it lower, and it would become heavy and impermeable as lead or platina. The earth is, therefore, ever acting as

a press of varying powers, forcing matter into less and less space, and producing a series of substances varying in their properties and densities from airs to metals.

Now the question may and perhaps has occurred to the reader—If all minerals are for man to act on, and those deemed the most essential, as the metals, are located at the lowest depths, how is he to get at them? If they were designed expressly for him, means would have been expressly provided to put him in possession of them. Certainly: and so they have. It was by those means that the metals and other solid bodies now on and near the surface, were brought up. The exigence called for a device that should raise materials through all time to the hands that were to use them. And what is the device? A "Caloric Engine" in the centre of the Orb, the best location to send up materials over the whole surface: an engine whose chimneys and safety-valves are volcanoes, and whose action and diversities of action are subject to laws as definite as any that control a windmill or a water-wheel.

ANN S. STEPHENS.

Mrs. STEPHENS is a native of Connecticut. She married at an early age and removed to Portland, Maine, where she commenced and continued for some time, the Portland Magazine. In 1886 she edited the Portland Sketch Book, a collection of Miscellanies by the writers of the state. She afterwards removed with her husband to New York, where she has since resided.

Ann Stephen

A tale from her pen, *Mary Derwent*, won a prize of four hundred dollars offered by one of the periodicals, and its publication brought the author prominently forward as a popular writer for the magazines, to which she has contributed a large number of tales, sketches, and poems. Her last and most elaborate work is the novel of *Fashion and Famine*, a story of the contrasts of city life. It is of the intense school, and contains many scenes of questionable taste and probability, with much that is excellent in description and the delineation of character. One of the best drawn personages of the book is a well to do and kindly huckster woman of Fulton Market. The scenes about her stall, and at the farm whose abundance constantly replenishes her stock, are in a pleasant vein. The chief interest of the plot centres on a trial for murder, and the scenes connected with it are written with energy and effect. We present the introduction of the Strawberry Girl to the market-woman in the opening scene of the book.

** Mrs. Stephens prepared, in 1865-6, a *Pictorial History of the War for the Union*, in two volumes. In 1870, her novels were published in a uniform edition of fourteen volumes, to which several others have since been added.

THE STRAWBERRY GIRL.

Like wild flowers on the mountain side,
Goodness may be of any soil;
Yet intellect, in all its pride,
And energy, with pain and toil.

Hath never wrought a hollier thing
Than Charity in humble birth.
God's brightest angel stoops his wing,
To meet so much of Heaven on earth.

The morning had not fully dawned on New York, yet its approach was visible everywhere amid the fine scenery around the city. The dim shadows piled above Weehawken were warming up with purple, streaked here and there with threads of rosy gold. The waters of the Hudson heaved and rippled to the glow of yellow and crimson light, that came and went in flashes on each idle curl of the waves. Long Island lay in the near distance like a thick, purplish cloud, through which the dim outline of house, tree, mast and spire loomed mistily, like half-formed objects on a camera obscura.

Silence—that strange, dead silence that broods over a scene crowded with slumbering life—lay upon the city, broken only by the rumble of vegetable carts and the jar of milk-cans, as they rolled up from the different ferries; or the half-smothered roar of some steambot putting into its dock, freighted with sleeping passengers.

After a little, symptoms of aroused life became visible about the wharves. Grocers, carmen, and huckster-women began to swarm around the provision boats. The markets nearest the water were opened, and soon became theatres of active bustle.

The first market opened that day was in Fulton street. As the morning deepened, piles of vegetables, loads of beef, hampers of fruit, heaps of luscious butter, cages of poultry, canary birds swarming in their wiry prisons, forests of green-house plants, horse-radish grinders with their reeking machines, vendors of hot coffee, root beer and dough nuts, all with men, women, and children swarming in, over, and among them, like so many ants, hard at work, filled the spacious arena, but late a range of silent, naked, and gloomy looking stalls. Then carts, laden and groaning beneath a weight of food, came rolling up to this great mart, crowding each avenue with fresh supplies. All was life and eagerness. Stout men and bright-faced women moved through the verdant chaos, arranging, working, chatting, all full of life and enterprise, while the rattling of carts outside, and the gradual accumulation of sounds everywhere, bespoke a great city aroused, like a giant refreshed, from slumber.

Slowly there arose out of this cheerful confusion, forms of homely beauty, that an artist or a thinking man might have loved to look upon. The butchers' stalls, but late a desolate range of gloomy beams, were reddening with fresh joints, many of them festooned with fragrant branches and gorgeous garden flowers. The butchers standing, each by his stall, with snow-white apron, and an eager, joyous look of traffic on his face, formed a display of comfort and plenty, both picturesque and pleasant to contemplate.

The fruit and vegetable stands were now loaded with damp, green vegetables, each humble root having its own peculiar tint, often arranged with a singular taste for color, unconsciously possessed by the woman who exercised no little skill in setting off her stand to advantage.

There was one vegetable stand to which we would draw the reader's particular attention; not exactly as a type of the others, for there was something so unlike all the rest, both in this stall and its occupant, that it would have drawn the attention of any person possessed of the slightest artistical taste. It was like the arrangement of a picture, that long table heaped with fruit, the freshest vegetables, and the brightest flowers, ready for the day's traffic. Rich scarlet radishes glowing up through their foliage of tender green, were contrasted with young onions

swelling out from their long emerald stalks, snowy and transparent as so many great pearls. Turnips, scarcely larger than a hen's egg, and nearly as white, just taken fresh and fragrant from the soil, lay against heads of lettuce, tinged with crisp and greenish gold, piled against the deep blackish green of spinach and water-cresses, all moist with dew, or wet with bright water-drops that had supplied its place, and taking a deeper tint from the golden contrast. These with the red glow of strawberries in their luscious prime, piled together in masses, and shaded with fresh grape leaves; bouquets of roses, hyacinths, violets, and other fragrant blossoms, lent their perfume and the glow of their rich colors to the coarser children of the soil, and would have been an object pleasant to look upon, independent of the fine old woman who sat complacently on her little stool, at one end of the table, in tranquil expectation of customers that were sure to drop in as the morning deepened.

And now the traffic of the day commenced in earnest. Servants, housekeepers, and grocers, swarmed into the market. The clink of money—the sound of sharp, eager banter—the dull noise of the butcher's cleaver, were heard on every hand. It was a pleasant scene, for every face looked smiling and happy. The soft morning air seemed to have brightened all things into cheerfulness.

With the earliest group that entered Fulton market that morning was a girl, perhaps thirteen or fourteen years old, but tiny in her form, and appearing far more juvenile than that. A pretty quilted hood, of rose-colored calico, was turned back from her face, which seemed naturally delicate and pale; but the fresh air, and perhaps a shadowy reflection from her hood, gave the glow of a rose-bud to her cheeks. Still there was anxiety upon her young face. Her eyes of a dark violet blue, drooped heavily beneath their black and curling lashes, if any one from the numerous stalls addressed her; for a small splint basket on her arm, new and perfectly empty, was a sure indication that the child had been sent to make purchase; while her timid air—the blush that came and went on her face—bespoke as plainly that she was altogether unaccustomed to the scene, and had no regular place at which to make her humble bargains. The child seemed a waif cast upon the market; and she was so beautiful, notwithstanding her humble dress of faded and darned calico, that at almost every stand she was challenged pleasantly to pause and fill her basket. But she only cast down her eyes and blushed more deeply, as with her little bare feet she hurried on through the labyrinth of stalls, toward that portion of the market occupied by the huckster-women. Here she began to slacken her pace, and to look about her with no inconsiderable anxiety.

"What do you want, little girl; anything in my way?" was repeated to her once or twice as she moved forward. At each of these challenges she would pause, look earnestly into the face of the speaker, and then pass on with a faint wave of the head, that expressed something of sad and timid disappointment.

At length the child—for she seemed scarcely more than that—was growing pale, and her eyes turned with a sort of sharp anxiety from one face to another, when suddenly they fell upon the buxom old huckster-woman, whose stall we have described. There was something in the good dame's appearance that brought an eager and satisfied look to that pale face. She drew close to the stand, and stood for some seconds, gazing timidly on the old woman. It was a pleasant face, and a comfortable, portly form enough, that the timid girl gazed upon. Smooth and comely

were the full and rounded cheeks, with their rich autumn color, dimpled like an over-ripe apple. Fat and good-humored enough to defy wrinkles, the face looked far too rosy for the thick, grey hair that was shaded, not concealed, by a cap of clear white muslin, with a broad, deep border, and tabs that met like a snowy girth to support the firm, double chin. Never did your eyes dwell upon a chin so full of health and good humor as that. It sloped with a sleek, smiling grace down from the plump mouth, and rolled with a soft, white wave into the neck, scarcely leaving an outline, or the want of one, before it was lost in the white of that muslin kerchief, folded so neatly beneath the ample bosom of her gown. Then the broad linen apron of blue and white check, girding her waist, and flowing over the smooth rotundity of person, was a living proof of the ripeness and wholesome state of her merchandise.—I tell you, reader, that woman, take her for all in all, was one to draw the attention, aye, and the love of a child, who had come forth barefooted and alone in search of kindness.

RALPH HOYT.

Mr. HOYT, the author of a number of poems which have become popular favorites through their spirit and sincerity, is a clergyman of the



Ralph Hoyt

Protestant Episcopal Church in New York. He is a native of the city. His early years were passed in the country on Long Island. He had the benefit of a good education, and after some practice at various mechanical pursuits, became himself a teacher in turn, wrote occasionally for the newspapers, and in 1842 took orders in the church. In 1846 the church of the Good Shepherd was organized as the result of the missionary labors of Mr. Hoyt, who has since continued its minister, supporting its feeble fortunes through many privations. He has latterly resided at a cottage pleasantly situated on the high ground in the rear of the Palisades, at the village of Fort Lee, New Jersey, opposite New York; and he has

there shown his accustomed spirit and activity, his humble home being partly the work of his own hands, while a simple but convenient church, of small but sufficient dimensions, on the main street of the village, has been built by his own labor, with moderate aid from his friends.

Mr. Hoyt's poems are simple in expression, and of a delicate moral or devout sentiment. They touch tenderly upon the disappointments of life, with a sorrowful refrain. In another mood his verse is hopeful and animated. The title of his longest poem, *The True Life*, indicates the burden of his song; which is of the common feelings, longings, and experiences of the world. A cheerful love of nature, an eye for the picturesque, a quaint originality of expression, are exhibited in many of his poems, which have already found their way into the popular collections.

** In 1859 Mr. Hoyt printed poetical *Sketches of Life and Landscape*, in aid of his church, which reached a fourth edition in 1866. A new edition of *Poems of Life and Landscape* was issued in 1873.

SNOW; A WINTER SKETCH.

The blessed morn has come again;

The early gray

Taps at the slumberer's window pane,

And seems to say

Break, break from the enchanter's chain,

Away, away!

'Tis winter, yet there is no sound

Along the air,

Of winds upon their battle-ground,

But gently there,

The snow is falling,—all around

How fair—how fair!

The jocund fields would masquerade;

Fantastic scene!

Tree, shrub, and lawn, and lonely glade

Have cast their green,

And joined the revel, all arrayed

So white and clean.

E'en the old posts, that hold the bars

And the old gate,

Forgetful of their wintry wars,

And age sedate,

High capped, and plumed, like white hussars,

Stand there in state.

The drifts are hanging by the sill,

The eaves, the door;

The hay-stack has become a hill;

All covered o'er

The wagon, loaded for the mill

The eve before.

Maria brings the water-pail,

But where's the well!

Like magic of a fairy tale,

Most strange to tell,

All vanished, curb, and crank, and rail!

How deep it fell!

The wood-pile too is playing hide;

The axe, the log,

The kennel of that friend so tried,

(The old watch-dog.)

The grindstone standing by its side,

Are all now *incog*.

The bustling cock looks out aghast

From his high shed;

No spot to scratch him a repast
Up curves his head,
Starts the dull hamlet with a blast,
And back to bed.

Old drowsy dobbin, at the call,
Amazed, awakes;
Out from the window of his stall
A view he takes;
While thick and faster seem to fall
The silent flakes.

The barn-yard gentry, musing, chime
Their morning moan;
Like Memnon's music of old time
That voice of stone!
So marbled they—and so sublime
Their solemn tone.

Good Ruth has called the younker folk
To dress below;
Full welcome was the word she spoke,
Down, down they go,
The cottage quietude is broke,—
The snow!—the snow!

Now rises from around the fire
A pleasant strain;
Ye giddy sons of mirth, retire!
And ye profane!
A hymn to the Eternal Sire
Goes up again.

The patriarchal Book divine,
Upon the knee,
Opes where the gems of Judah shine,
(Sweet minstrelsie!)
How soars each heart with each fair line,
Oh God, to Thee!

Around the altar low they bend,
Devout in prayer;
As snows upon the roof descend,
So angels there
Come down that household to defend
With gentle care.

Now sings the kettle o'er the blaze;
The buckwheat heaps;
Rare Mocha, worth an Arab's praise,
Sweet Susan steeps;
The old round stand her nod obeys,
And out it leaps.

Unerring presages declare
The banquet near;
Soon busy appetites are there;
And disappear
The glories of the ample fare,
With thanks sincere.

Now tiny snow-birds venture nigh
From copse and spray,
(Sweet strangers! with the winter's sky
To pass away;)
And gather crumbs in full supply,
For all the day.

Let now the busy hours begin:
Out rolls the churn;
Forth hastes the farm-boy, and brings in
The brush to burn;
Sweep, shovel, scour, sew, knit, and spin,
Till night's return.

To delve his threshing John must hie;
His sturdy shoe
Can all the subtle damp defy;
How wades he through!
While dainty milkmaids slow and shy,
His track pursue.

Each to the hour's allotted care;
To shell the corn;
The broken harness to repair;
The sleigh t' adorn;
As cheerful, tranquil, frosty, fair,
Speeds on the morn.
While mounts the eddy smoke amain
From many a hearth,
And all the landscape rings again
With rustic ring;
So gladsome seems to every swain
The snowy earth.

THE WORLD-SALE.

There wandered from some mystic sphere,
A youth, celestial, down to earth;
So strangely fair seemed all things here,
He e'en would crave a mortal birth;
And soon, a rosy boy, he woke,
A dweller in some stately dome;
Soft sunbeams on his vision broke,
And this low world became his home.

Ah, cheated child! Could he but know
Sad soul of mine, what thou and I!
The bud would never wish to blow,
The nestling never long to fly;
Perfuming the regardless air,
High soaring into empty space;
A blossom ripening to despair,
A flight—without a resting place!

How bright to him life's opening morn!
No cloud to intercept a ray;
The rose had then no hidden thorn,
The tree of life knew no decay.
How greeted oft his wondering soul
The fairy shapes of childish joy,
As gaily on the moments stole
And still grew up the blooming boy.

How gently played the odorous air
Among his wavy locks of gold,
His eye how bright, his cheek how fair,
As still youth's summer days were told.
Seemed each succeeding hour to tell
Of some more rare unfolding grace;
Some swifter breeze his sail to swell,
And press the voyager apace!

He roved a swain of some sweet vale,
Or climbed, a daring mountaineer;
And oft, upon the passing gale,
His merry song we used to hear;
Might none e'er mount a fleetier steed,
His glittering chariot none outvie,
Or village mart, or rural mead,
The hero he of heart and eye.

Anon a wishful glance he cast
Where storied thrones their empire hold,
And soon beyond the billowy Vast
He leaped upon the shores of old!
He sojourned long in classic halls,
At learning's feast a favored guest,
And oft within imperial walls,
He tasted all delights, save—rest!

It was a restless soul he bore,
And all unquenchable its fire;
Nor banquet, pomp, nor golden store,
Could e'er appease its high desire.
And yet would he the phantom band
So oft deceiving still pursue,
Delicious sweets in every land,
But ah, not lasting, pure, or true!

He knelt at many a gorgeous shrine;
 Reclined in love's voluptuous bowers;
 Yet did his weary soul repine,
 Were listless still the lingering hours.
 Then sped an argosie to bear
 The sated truant to his home,
 But sorrow's sombre cloud was there,
 'Twas dark in all that stately dome.

Was rent at last life's fair disguise,
 And that Immortal taught to know
 He had been wandering from the skies,
 Alas, how long—alas, how low.
 Deluded,—but the dream was done;
 A conqueror,—but his banner furled;
 The race was over,—he had won,—
 But found his prize—a worthless World!

Oh Earth, he sighed, and gazed afar,
 How thou encumberest my wing!
 My home is yonder radiant star,
 But thither thee I cannot bring.
 How have I tried thee long and well,
 But never found thy joys sincere,
 Now, now my soul resolves to sell
 Thy treasures strewn around me here!

The flatteries I so long have stored
 In memory's casket one by one,
 Must now be stricken from the hoard;
 The day of tinselled joy is done!
 Here go the useless jewels! see
 The golden lustre they impart!
 But vain the smiles of earth for me,
 They cannot gild a broken heart!

THE WORLD FOR SALE!—Hang out the sign;
 Call every traveller here to me;
 Who'll buy this brave estate of mine,
 And set me from earth's bondage free!
 'Tis going!—yes, I mean to fling
 The bauble from my soul away;
 I'll sell it, whatso'er it bring;—
 The World at Auction here to-day!

It is a glorious thing to see;
 Ah, it has cheated me so sore!
 It is not what it seems to be:
 For sale! It shall be mine no more:
 Come, turn it o'er and view it well;
 I would not have you purchase dear;
 'Tis going—going! I must sell!
 Who bids! Who'll buy the Splendid Tear!

Here's Wealth in glittering heaps of gold,
 Who bids! but let me tell you fair,
 A baser lot was never sold;
 Who'll buy the heavy heaps of care!
 And here, spread out in broad domain,
 A goodly landscape all may trace;
 Hall, cottage, tree, field, hill and plain;
 Who'll buy himself a Burial Place!

Here's Love, the dreamy potent spell
 That beauty flings around the heart!
 I know its power, alas, too well!
 'Tis going! Love and I must part!
 Must part! What can I more with Love!
 All over the enchanter's reign!
 Who'll buy the plumeless, dying dove,
 An hour of bliss,—an age of Pain!

And Friendship,—rarest gem of earth,
 (Who e'er hath found the jewel his!)
 Frail, fickle, false and little worth,
 Who bids for Friendship—as it is!
 'Tis going—going!—Hear the call;
 Once, twice, and thrice!—'Tis very low!
 'Twas once my hope, my stay, my all,
 But now the broken staff must go!

Fame! hold the brilliant meteor high;
 How dazzling every gilded name!
 Ye millions, now's the time to buy!
 How much for Fame! How much for Fame!
 Hear how it thunders! would you stand
 On high Olympus, far renowned,
 Now purchase, and a world command!—
 And be with a world's curses crowned!

Sweet star of Hope! with ray to shine
 In every sad foreboding breast,
 Save this desponding one of mine,
 Who bids for man's last friend and best!
 Ah, were not mine a bankrupt life,
 This treasure should my soul sustain;
 But Hope and I are now at strife,
 Nor ever may unite again.
 And Song!—For sale my tuneless lute;
 Sweet solace, mine no more to hold;
 The chords that charmed my soul are mute;
 I cannot wake the notes of old!
 Or e'en were mine a wizard shell,
 Could chain a world in raptures high;
 Yet now a sad farewell!—farewell!
 Must on its last faint echoes die.

Ambition, fashion, show, and pride,
 I part from all for ever now;
 Grief is an overwhelming tide,
 Has taught my haughty heart to bow.
 Poor heart! distracted, ah, so long,
 And still its aching throb to bear;
 How broken, that was once so strong;
 How heavy, once so free from care.
 Ah, cheating earth!—could man but know,
 Sad soul of mine, what thou and I,—
 The bud would never wish to blow,
 The nestling never long to fly!
 Perfuming the regardless air;
 High soaring into empty space;
 A blossom ripening to despair,
 A flight—without a resting place!
 No more for me life's fitful dream;
 Bright vision, vanishing away!
 My bark requires a deeper stream;
 My sinking soul a surer stay.
 By death, stern sheriff! all bereft,
 I weep, yet humbly kiss the rod;
 The best of all I still have left,—
 My Faith, my Bible, and my God.

STRIKE!

I've a liking for this "striking,"
 If we only do it well;
 Firm, defiant, like a giant,
 Strike!—and make the effort tell!

One another, working brother,
 Let us freely now advise:
 For reflection and correction
 Help to make us great and wise.

Work and wages, say the sages,
 Go for ever hand in hand;
 As the motion of an ocean,
 The supply and the demand.

My advice is, strike for prices
 Nobler far than sordid coin;
 Strike with terror, sin and error,
 And let man and master join.

Every failing, now prevailing,
 In the heart or in the head,—
 Make no clamor—take the hammer—
 Drive it down,—and strike it dead!

Much the chopping, lopping, propping,
Carpenter, we have to do,
Ere the plummet, from the summit,
Mark our moral fabric true.

Take the measure of false pleasure;
Try each action by the square;
Strike a chalk-line for your walk-line:
Strike, to keep your footsteps there!

The foundation of creation
Lies in Truth's unerring laws;
Man of mortar, there's no shorter
Way to base a righteous cause.

Every builder, painter, gilder,
Man of leather, man of clothes,
Each mechanic in a panic
With the way his labor goes.

Let him reason thus in season;
Strike the root of all his wrong,
Cease his quarrels, mend his morals,
And be happy, rich, and strong.

WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK.—LEWIS GAYLORD CLARK.

THE twin brothers Clark were born at Otisco, Onondaga county, New York, in the year 1810. Their father had served in the Revolutionary war, and was a man of reading and observation. Willis, on the completion of his education, under the care of this parent and the Rev. George Colton, a relative on his mother's side, went to Philadelphia, where he commenced a weekly periodical similar in plan to the *New York Mirror*. It was unsuccessful and soon discontinued. He next became an assistant of the Rev. Dr. Brantley, a Baptist clergyman (afterwards President of the College of South Carolina), in the editorship of the *Columbian Star*, a religious newspaper. He retired from this position to take charge of the *Philadelphia Gazette*, the oldest daily journal of that city. He became its proprietor, and continued his connexion with it until his death.

One of the most successful of Clark's literary productions was the *Ollapodiana*, a series of brief essays, anecdotes, and observations, continued from month to month in the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, of which his brother Lewis had become the editor.

Mr. Clark was married in 1836 to Anne P. Caldeleugh, the daughter of a gentleman of Philadelphia. She was attacked by consumption, and died not long after her marriage. Her husband soon followed her, falling a victim to a lingering disease in June, 1841.

Clark's poems, with the exception of *The Spirit of Life*—pronounced before the Franklin Society of Brown University in 1833—are brief, and were written for and published in his own journals and the magazines and annuals of the day. A portion were collected in a volume during his lifetime, and a complete edition appeared in New York in 1847. His *Ollapodiana* have also been collected, with a number of other prose sketches and his poems, in a volume of his *Literary Remains*, published in 1844.

The humors and sensibility of the essayist and poet, alike witness to his warm, amiable sympathies. His mirth was rollicking, exuberant in anima: spirits, but always innocent, while his

muse dwelt fondly on the various moods of nature, and portrayed domestic tenderness in the consolations of its darker hours of suffering and death.

MR. LEWIS GAYLORD CLARK is the editor of the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, having conducted that periodical since its third volume in 1832. He has become widely known by his monthly *Editor's Table* and *Gossip with Readers and Correspondents*, embracing a collection of the jests and *on dits* of the day, connected by a light running comment. A selection from the *Gossip* was published in one volume in 1852, with the title *Knick-Knacks from an Editor's Table*,* and a compliment was paid to its author, in 1855, in the shape of a volume containing original contributions by many of the leading writers of the day, accompanied by their portraits, entitled *The Knickerbocker Memorial*. He died at Piermont, on the Hudson, November 3, 1873.

A SONG OF MAY.

The spring scented buds all around me are swelling,
ing,

There are songs in the stream, there is health in the gale;

A sense of delight in each bosom is dwelling,
As float the pure day-beams o'er mountain and vale,

The desolate reign of Old Winter is broken,
The verdure is fresh upon every tree;
Of Nature's revival the charm—and a token
Of love, oh thou Spirit of Beauty! to thee.

The sun looketh forth from the halls of the morning,
And flushes the clouds that begirt his career;
He welcomes the gladness and glory, returning
To rest on the promise and hope of the year.
He fills with rich light all the balm-breathing flowers,

He mounts to the zenith, and laughs on the wave;

He wakes into music the green forest-bowers,
And gilds the gay plains which the broad rivers lave.

The young bird is out on his delicate pinion—

He timidly sails in the infinite sky;

A greeting to May, and her fairy dominion,
He pours, on the west wind's fragrant sigh:

Around, above, there are peace and pleasure,
The woodlands are singing, the heaven is bright;
The fields are unfolding their emerald treasure,
And man's genial spirit is soaring in light.

Alas! for my weary and care-haunted bosom!

The spells of the spring-time arouse it no more;

The song in the wild-wood, the sheen of the blossom,

The fresh-welling fountain, their magic is o'er!

When I list to the streams, when I look on the flowers,

They tell of the Past with so mournful a tone,
That I call up the throngs of my long-vanished hours,

And sigh that their transports are over and gone.

From the wide-spreading earth, from the limitless heaven,

There have vanished an eloquent glory and gleam;

* Mr. Clark had previously published a volume of articles from the *Knickerbocker*, by Washington Irving, Mr. Cary, Mr. Sbeiton, and others, entitled *The Knickerbocker Sketch-Book*.

To my veiled mind no more is the influence given,
Which colareth life with the hues of a dream:
The bloom-purpled landscape its loveliness keepeth—
I deem that a light as of old gilds the wave;
But the eye of my spirit in heaviness sleepeth,
Or sees but my youth, and the visions it gave.

Yet it is not that age on my years hath descended,
'Tis not that its snow-wreaths encircle my brow;
But the *newness* and sweetness of Being are ended,
I feel not their love-kindling witchery now:
The shadows of death o'er my path have been
sweeping;
There are those who have loved me debarred
from the day;
The green turf is bright where in peace they are
sleeping,
And on wings of remembrance my soul is away.

It is shut to the glow of this present existence,
It hears, from the Past, a funeral strain;
And it eagerly turns to the high-seeming distance,
Where the last blooms of earth will be garnered
again;
Where no mildew the soft damask-rose cheek shall
nourish,
Where Grief bears no longer the poisonous sting;
Where pitiless Death no dark sceptre can flourish,
Or stain with his blight the luxuriant spring.

It is thus that the hopes which to others are given,
Fall cold on my heart in this rich month of May;
I hear the clear anthems that ring through the
heaven,
I drink the bland airs that enliven the day;
And if gentle Nature, her festival keeping,
Delights not my bosom, ah! do not condemn;
O'er the lost and the lovely my spirit is weeping,
For my heart's fondest raptures are buried with
them.

TO MY BOY.

Thou hast a fair unsullied cheek,
A clear and dreaming eye,
Whose bright and winning glances speak
Of life's first revelry;
And on thy brow no look of care
Comes like a cloud, to cast a shadow there,
In feeling's early freshness blest,
Thy wants and wishes few;
Rich hopes are garnered in thy breast,
As summer's morning dew
Is found, like diamonds, in the rose,
Nestling, 'mid folded leaves, in sweet repose.
Keep thus, in love, the heritage
Of thy ephemeral spring;
Keep its pure thoughts, till after-age
Weigh down thy spirit's wing;
Keep the warm heart, the hate of sin,
And heavenly peace will on thy soul break in.
And when the even-song of years
Brings in its shadowy train
The record of life's hopes and fears,
Let it not be in vain,
That backward on existence thou canst look,
As on a pictured page or pleasant book.

LINES

Written at Laurel Hill Cemetery, near Philadelphia.

Here the lamented dead in dust shall lie,
Life's lingering languors o'er—its labors done;
Where waving boughs, betwixt the earth and sky,
Admit the farewell radiance of the sun.

Here the long concourse from the murmuring town,
With funeral pace and slow, shall enter in;
To lay the loved in tranquil silence down,
No more to suffer, and no more to sin.

And here the impressive stone, engraved with words
Which Grief sententious gives to marble pale,
Shall teach the heart, while waters, leaves, and
birds
Make cheerful music in the passing gale.

Say, wherefore should we weep, and wherefore
pour
On scented airs the unavailing sigh—
While sun-bright waves are quivering to the shore,
And landscapes blooming—that the loved should
die?

There is an emblem in this peaceful scene:
Soon, rainbow colors on the woods will fall;
And autumn gusts bereave the hills of green,
As sinks the year to meet its cloudy pall.

Then, cold and pale, in distant vistas round,
Disrobed and tuneless, all the woods will stand!
While the chained streams are silent as the ground,
As Death had numbed them with his icy hand.

Yet, when the warm soft winds shall rise in spring,
Like struggling day-beams o'er a blasted heath,
The bird returned shall poise her golden wing,
And liberal Nature break the spell of Death.

So, when the tomb's dull silence finds an end,
The blessed Dead to endless youth shall rise;
And hear the archangel's thrilling summons blend
Its tones with anthems from the upper skies.

There shall the good of earth be found at last,
Where dazzling streams and vernal fields expand;
Where Love her crown attains—her trials past—
And, filled with rapture, hails the better land!

OLD SONGS.

Give me the songs I loved to hear,
In sweet and sunny days of yore;
Which came in rushes to my ear
From lips that breathe them now no more;
From lips, alas! on which the worm,
In coiled and dusty silence lies,
Where many a loved, lamented form
Is hid from Sorrow's filling eyes!

Yes! when those unforgotten lays
Come trembling with a spirit-voice,
I mind me of those early days,
When to respire was to rejoice:
When gladsome flowers and fruitage shone
Where'er my willing footsteps fell;
When Hope's bright realm was all mine own,
And Fancy whispered, "All is well."

Give me old songs! They stir my heart
As with some glorious trumpet-tone:
Beyond the reach of modern art,
They rule its thrilling cords alone,
Till, on the wings of thought, I fly
Back to that boundary of bliss,
Which once beneath my childhood's sky
Embraced a scene of loveliness!

Thus, when the portals of mine ear
Those long-remembered lays receive,
They seem like guests, whose voices cheer
My breast, and bid it not to grieve:
They ring in cadences of love,
They tell of dreams now vanished all:
Dreams, that descended from above—
Visions, 'tis rapture to recall!

Give me old songs! I know not why,
 But every tone they breathe to me
 Is fraught with pleasures pure and high,
 With honest love or honest glee:
 They move me, when by chance I hear,
 They rouse each slumbering pulse anew;
 Till every scene to memory dear
 Is pictured brightly to my view.

I do not ask those sickly lays
 O'er which affected maidens bend;
 Which scented fops are bound to praise,
 To which dull crowds their homage lend
 Give me some simple Scottish song,
 Or lays from Erin's distant isle:
 Lays that to love and truth belong,
 And cause the saddest lip to smile!

EDGAR A. POE.

THE family of Edgar A. Poe was of ancient respectability in Maryland. His grandfather, David Poe, served in the Revolution, and was the personal friend of Lafayette. His father, David Poe, jr., was a law student at Baltimore, when, in his youth, he fell in love with an English actress on the stage, Elizabeth Arnold, married her, and took to the boards himself. Their son Edgar was born in Baltimore in January, 1811. After a career of several years of theatrical life, passed in the chief cities of the Union, the parents both died within a short period at Richmond, leaving three orphan children.

Edgar was a boy of beauty and vivacity, and attracted the attention of a friend of his parents, John Allan, a wealthy merchant of Virginia, by whom he was adopted, and his education liberally provided for. In 1816 he was taken by Mr. and Mrs. Allan to England, and deposited for a stay of four or five years at a school near London; a passage of his youth which he has recurred to in almost the only instance in his writings in which he has any personal allusion to his own affairs. It was a trait, too, in his conversation that he seldom spoke of his own history. In his tale of William Wilson he has touched these early school-days with a poetical hand, as he recalls the awe of their formal discipline, and the admiration with which he saw the dingy head-master of the week ascend the village pulpit in clerical silk and dignity on Sunday. He returned home in his eleventh year, passed a short time at a Richmond academy, and entered the University at Charlottesville, where he might have attained the highest honors from the celerity of his wit as a student, had he not thrown himself upon a reckless course of dissipation which led to his expulsion from the college. His biographer, Griswold, tells us that he was at this time celebrated for his feats of personal hardihood: "On one occasion, in a hot day of June, swimming from Richmond to Warwick, seven miles and a half, against a tide running probably from two to three miles an hour." He left Charlottesville in debt, though he had been generously provided for by his friend Allan, whose benevolence, however, could not sustain the drafts freely drawn upon him for obligations incurred in gambling. Poe quarrelled with his benefactor, and abandoned his home with the Byronic motive, it is said, of assisting the Greeks in their struggle for liberty. He went abroad and passed a year in Europe, the history of which would be

a matter of singular curiosity, if it could be recovered. It is known that he did not reach Greece, and that he was one day involved in some difficulty at St. Petersburg, from which he was relieved by the American Minister, Mr. Henry Middleton, who provided him with the means of returning home.* He was afterwards received into favor by Mr. Allan, who procured him an entrance as a cadet at West Point, an institution with which his wayward and reckless habits, and impracticable mind, were so much at war, that he was compelled to retire from it within the year. Mr. Allan having lost his first wife, married again, and Poe, still received with favor at the house, was soon compelled to leave it for ever, doubtless from gross misconduct on his part, for Mr. Allan had proved himself a much-enduring benefactor.



Edgar A. Poe

Poe was now thrown upon his own resources. He had already written a number of verses, said to have been produced between his sixteenth and nineteenth years, which were published in Baltimore in 1829, with the title *Al Aaraaf, Tamerlane, and Minor Poems*.† Taking the standards of the country, and the life of the young author in Virginia into consideration, they were singular productions. A certain vague poetic luxury and sensuousness of mere sound, distinct from definite meaning, peculiarities which the author refined upon in his latest and best poems, characterize these juvenile effusions. *Al Aaraaf* is an oriental poetic mystification, with some fine chanting in it, particularly a melodious dithyrambic on one of the poet's airy maidens, Ligeia.

A certain longing of passion, without hearty animality, marked thus early the ill-regulated disposition of a man of genius uncontrolled by the restraint of sound principle and profound literary

* Griswold's *Memoirs*, x.

† Baltimore: Hatch & Dunning, 1829. 8vo. pp. 71.

motives. Other young writers have copied this strain, and have written verses quite as nonsensical without any corruption of heart; but with Poe the vein was original. His whole life was cast in that mould; his sensitive, spiritual organization, deriving no support from healthy moral powers, became ghostly and unreal.* His rude contact with the world, which might have set up a novelist for life with materials of adventure, seems scarcely to have impinged upon his perceptions. His mind, walking in a vain show, was taught nothing by experience or suffering. Altogether wanting in the higher faculty of humor, he could extract nothing from the rough usages of the world but a cold, frivolous mockery of its plans and pursuits. His intellectual enjoyment was in the power of his mind over literature as an art; his skill, in forcing the mere letters of the alphabet, the dry elements of the dictionary, to take forms of beauty and apparent life which would command the admiration of the world. This may account for his sensitiveness as to the reception of his writings. He could afford to trust nothing to the things themselves, since they had no root in realities. Hence his delight in the exercise of his powers as a destructive critic, and his favorite proposition that literature was all a trick, and that he could construct another *Paradise Lost*, or something equivalent to it, to order, if desirable.

With this fine, sensitive organization of the intellect, and a moderate share of scholarship, Poe went forth upon the world as an author. It is a little singular, that, with intellectual powers sometimes reminding us, in a partial degree, of those of Coleridge,—poetic exercises, take *Kubla Khan* for instance, being after Poe's ideal,—the two should have had a similar adventure in the common ranks of the army. Coleridge, it will be remembered, was for a short time a dragoon in London, under the assumed name of Comberbatch; Poe enlisted in the ranks and deserted.†

About this time, in 1833, a sum was offered by the Baltimore Saturday Visitor for a prize poem and tale. Mr. Kennedy, the novelist, was on the committee. Poe sent in several tales which he had composed for a volume, and readily secured the prize for his *MS. found in a Bottle*,—incidentally assisted, it is said, by the beauty of his handwriting. Mr. Kennedy became acquainted with the author, then, as almost inevitable with a man of genius depending upon such scanty resources as the sale of a few subtle productions, in a state of want and suffering, and introduced him to Mr. T. W. White, the conductor of the Southern Literary Messenger, who gave him employ-

ment upon his publication. Poe in 1835 removed to Richmond, and wrote chiefly in the critical department of the magazine. He was rapidly making a high reputation for the work in this particular, by his ingenuity, when the connexion was first interrupted and soon finally severed, in 1837, by his irregularities. At Richmond he married his cousin Virginia Clemm, a delicate and amiable lady, who after a union of some ten years fell a victim of consumption.

In 1838 a book from Poe's pen, growing out of some sketches which he had commenced in the Messenger, *The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym of Nantucket*, was published by the Harpers.* It is a fiction of considerable ingenuity, but the author, who was generally anything but indifferent to the reception of his writings, did not appear in his conversation to pride himself much upon it. This book was written in New York at the close of the year. Poe settled in Philadelphia, and was employed by Burton, the comedian, upon his *Gentleman's Magazine*, with a salary of ten dollars a week. His *Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque*, a collection of his scattered magazine stories, were published in two volumes by Lea and Blanchard, Philadelphia, in 1840.

The arrangement with Burton lasted more than a year, when it was broken up, it is said, by Poe's wanton depreciation of the American poets who came under review, and by a final fit of intoxication. He then projected a new magazine, to be called after William Penn, but it was a project only. When Graham established his magazine in 1840 he engaged Poe as its editor, and the weird, spiritual tales, and ingenious, slashing criticisms were again resumed, till the old difficulties led to a termination of the arrangement at the end of a year and a half. Several of his most striking tales, *The Gold Bug*, *The Murders of the Rue Morgue*, were written soon after. A development of the plot of Barnaby Rudge, in the Saturday Evening Post, before the completion of that novel in England, secured the admiration of Dickens.

In 1844 Poe took up his residence in New York, projecting a magazine to be called *The Stylus*, and anticipating the subscriptions to the work, which never appeared. When Morris and Willis commenced this year the publication of the *Evening Mirror*, Poe was for a while engaged upon it, though his sympathies with the actual world were far too feeble for a daily journalist.

The poem of the *Raven*, the great hit of Poe's literary career, was published in the second number of Colton's *Whig Review*, in February, 1845. The same year he began to edit the *Broadway Journal*, in conjunction with Mr. Charles F. Briggs, and had perseverance enough to continue it to its close in a second volume, after it had been abandoned by his associate, in consequence of dif-

* A lady of this city wittily mentioned her first impressions of his unhappy, distant air, in the opening lines of Goldsmith's Traveller:

Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheldt, or wandering Po.

A gentleman, who was a fellow-cadet with him at West Point, has described to us his utter inefficiency and state of abstractedness at that place. He could not or would not follow its mathematical requirements. His mind was off from the matter-of-fact routine of the drill, which in such a case as his seemed practical joking, on some ethereal, visionary expedition. He was marked, says our informant, for an early death, if only from the incompatibility of soul and body. They had not the usual relations to each other, and were on such distant terms of acquaintance that a separation seemed inevitable!

† Griswold's Memoirs, xl.

* The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym of Nantucket, comprising the details of a Mutiny and atrocious Butchery on board the American brig Grampus, on her way to the South Seas, in the month of June, 1827, with an Account of the Recapture of the Vessel by the Survivors; their Shipwreck and subsequent horrible sufferings from Famine; their Deliverance by means of the British schooner Jane Gray; the brief Cruise of this latter Vessel in the Antarctic Ocean; her Capture, and the Massacre of her Crew among a Group of Islands in the Eighty-fourth parallel of Southern Latitude: together with the incredible Adventures and Discoveries still farther South to which that distressing Calamity gave rise. Harper & Brothers, 1838. 12mo. pp. 201.

faculties growing out of a joint editorship. It was during this period that Poe accepted an invitation to deliver a poem before the Boston Lyceum. When the time for its delivery came Poe was unprepared with anything for the occasion, and read, with more gravity than sobriety in the emergency, his juvenile publication *Al Aaraaf*. The ludicrous affair was severely commented upon by the Bostonians, and Poe made it still more ridiculous by stating in his *Broadway Journal* that it was an intentional insult to the genius of the Frog Pond! Poe next wrote a series of random sketches of *The New York Literati** for Godey's *Lady's Book*. In one of them he chose to caricature an old Philadelphia friend, Dr. Thomas Dunn English, who retaliated in a personal newspaper article. The communication was reprinted in the *Evening Mirror* in New York, whereupon Poe instituted a libel suit against that journal, and recovered several hundred dollars, with which he refitted a small cottage he now occupied on a hill-side at Fordham, in Westchester county, where he lived with his wife and his mother-in-law, Mrs. Maria Clemm, by whose unwearied guardianship he was protected in his frequently recurring fits of illness, and by whose prudent and skilful management he was provided for at other times.

In 1848 he delivered a lecture at the Society Library in New York, entitled *Eureka*, an Essay on the Material and Spiritual Universe; the ingenious obscurities of which are hardly worth the trouble of unravelling, if they are at all intelligible.

His wife was now dead, and he was preparing for marriage with a highly-cultivated lady of New England, when the union was broken off. After this, in 1849, he made a tour to Maryland and Virginia, delivering lectures by the way, and having concluded a new engagement of marriage was on his way to New York to make some arrangements, when he fell into one of his now frequently recurring fits of intoxication at Baltimore, was carried in a fit of insanity from the street to the hospital, and there died on Sunday morning, October 7, 1849, at the age of thirty-eight.

At the close of this melancholy narrative a feeling of deep sorrow will be entertained by those familiar with the author's undoubted genius. It will be difficult to harmonize this wild and reckless life with the neatness and precision of his writings. The same discrepancy was apparent in his personal conduct. Neat to fastidiousness in his dress, and, as we have noticed, in his handwriting; ingenious in the subtle employment of his faculties, with the nice sense of the gentleman in his conduct and intercourse with others while personally before them—there were influences constantly reversing the pure, healthy life these qualities should have represented. Had he been really in earnest, with what a solid brilliancy his

writings might have shone forth to the world. With the moral proportioned to the intellectual faculty he would have been in the first rank of critics. In that large part of the critic's perceptions, a knowledge of the mechanism of composition, he has been unsurpassed by any writer in America; but lacking sincerity, his forced and contradictory critical opinions are of little value as authorities, though much may be gathered from them by any one willing to study the peculiar mood in which they were written. In ingenuity of invention, musical effects, and artificial terrors for the imagination, his poems as well as his prose sketches are remarkable. His intricate police story, *The Murders of the Rue Morgue*, secured admiration when it was translated in Paris, where such details are of frequent occurrence. The mesmeric revelation of *The Facts in the Case of M. Valdemar*, published in the *Whig Review*, imposed upon some innocent philosophic people in England as a report of actual phenomena. As a good specimen of his peculiar literary logic we may refer to his article *The Philosophy of Composition*, in which he gives the rationale of his creation of the poem *The Raven*. Having first determined to write a popular poem, he determines the allowable extent: it must be brief enough to be read at a single sitting, and the brevity "must be in the direct ratio of the intensity of the intended effect;" one hundred lines are the maximum, and the poem turns out, "in fact, one hundred and eight." The length being settled, the "effect" was to be universally appreciable, and "beauty" came to be the object of the poem, as he holds it to be the especial object of all true poetry; then the "tone" must be sad, "beauty in its supreme development invariably exciting the sensitive soul to tears." As "an artistic piquancy" he brings in "the refrain" as an old approved resource, and as its most effective form, a single word. The sound of that word was important, and the long *o* being "the most sonorous vowel," and *r* "the most producible consonant," *nevermore* came to hand, "in fact it was the very first which presented itself." To get the word in often enough, stanzas were to be employed, and as a rational creature would be out of his senses uttering the spell, "a non-reasoning creature capable of speech" was called for, hence the *Raven*. Death is the theme, as universal and the saddest, and most powerful in alliance with beauty: so the death of a beautiful woman is invoked. The rest is accounted for *a priori* in the same explicit manner in this extraordinary criticism.

Though in any high sense of the word, as in the development of character, Poe would hardly be said to possess much humor, yet with his skill in language, and knowledge of effects, he was a master of ridicule, and could turn the merest nonsense to a very laughable purpose. Instances of this will occur to the reader of his writings, especially in his criticisms and satiric sketches; but they will hardly bear to be detached for quotation, as they must be approached along his gradual course of rignarole. With more practical knowledge of the world, and more stamina generally, he might have been a very powerful satirist. As it was, too frequently he wasted his efforts on paltry literary puerilities.

* They are now included in a thick volume of the author's works, published by Redfield, which contains the memoir by Dr. Griswold. It is entitled, *The Literati: Some Honest Opinions about Authorial Merits and Demerits, with occasional Words of Personality; together with Marginalia, Suggestions, and Essays*. With here and there a nice observation, the sketches of the *Literati* are careless papers, sometimes to be taken for nothing more than mere jest. Some of the longer critical papers are admirable.

His inventions, both in prose and verse, take a sombre, morbid hue. They have a moral aspect, though it is not on the surface. Apparently they are but variations of the forms of the terrible, in its quaint, melodramatic character: in reality they are the expressions of the disappointment and despair of the soul, alienated from happy human relations; misused faculties:

Sweet bells jangled, out of tune, and harsh.

While we admire their powerful eccentricity, and resort to them for a novel sensation to our jaded mental appetites, let us remember at what cost of pain, suffering, and disappointment they were produced; and at what prodigal expense of human nature, of broken hopes, and bitter experiences, the rare exotics of literature are sometimes grown.

THE HAUNTED PALACE.

In the greenest of our valleys
By good angels tenanted,
Once a fair and stately palace—
Radiant palace—reared its head.
In the monarch Thought's dominion—
It stood there!

Never seraph spread a pinion
Over fabric half so fair!

Banners yellow, glorious, golden,
On its roof did float and flow,
(This—all this—was in the olden
Time long ago.)

And every gentle air that dallied,
In that sweet day,
Along the ramparts plumed and pallid,
A winged odour went away.

Wanderers in that happy valley,
Through two luminous windows, saw
Spirits moving musically,
To a lute's well-tuned law,
Round about a throne where, sitting
(Porphyrogene!)

In state his glory well befitting,
The ruler of the realm was seen.

And all with pearl and ruby glowing
Was the fair palace door,
Through which came flowing, flowing, flowing,
And sparkling evermore,
A troop of Echoes, whose sweet duty
Was but to sing,

In voices of surpassing beauty,
The wit and wisdom of their king.

But evil things, in robes of sorrow,
Assailed the monarch's high estate.
(Ah, let us mourn!—for never sorrow
Shall dawn upon him desolate!)
And round about his home the glory
That blushed and bloomed,
Is but a dim-remembered story
Of the old time entombed.

And travellers, now, within that valley,
Through the red-litten windows see
Vast forms, that move fantastically
To a discordant melody,
While, like a ghastly rapid river,
Through the pale door
A hideous throng rush out for ever
And laugh—but smile no more.

LENORE.

Ah! broken is the golden bowl! the spirit flown forever!

Let the bell toll!—a saintly soul floats on the Stygian river;
And, Guy De Vere, hast thou no tear!—weep now or never more!
See! on yon drear and rigid bier low lies thy love,
Lenore!

Come! let the burial rite be read—the funeral song be sung!—

An anthem for the queenliest dead that ever died so young—

A dirge for her the doubly dead in that she died so young.

“Wretches! ye loved her for her wealth and hated her for her pride,
And when she fell in feeble health, ye blessed her—that she died!

How shall the ritual, then, be read!—the requiem how be sung

By you—by yours, the evil eye,—by yours the slanderous tongue

That did to death the innocence that died, and died so young?”

Peccavimus; but rave not thus! and let a Sabbath song

Go up to God so solemnly the dead may feel no wrong!

The sweet Lenore hath “gone before,” with Hope, that flew beside,

Leaving thee wild for the dear child that should have been thy bride—

For her, the fair and *debonair*, that now so lowly lies,

The life upon her yellow hair but not within her eyes—

The life still there, upon her hair—the death upon her eyes.

“Avaunt! to-night my heart is light. No dirge will I upraise,

But waft the angel on her flight with a Pæan of old days!

Let no bell toll;—lest her sweet soul, amid its hal-
lowed mirth,

Should catch the note, as it doth float—up from the damned Earth.

To friends above, from fiends below, the indignant ghost is riven—

From Hell unto a high estate far up within the Heaven—

From grief and groan, to a golden throne, beside the King of Heaven.”

THE RAVEN.

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered,
weak and weary,

Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore,

While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,

As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.

“Tis some visitor,” I muttered, “tapping at my chamber door—

Only this, and nothing more.”

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December,

And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.

Eagerly I wished the morrow;—vainly I had sought to borrow

From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore—

For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels
name Lenore—

Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple
curtain

Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never
felt before;

So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood
repeating.

"Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my cham-
ber door—

Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber
door;—

This it is, and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then
no longer,

"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I
implore;

But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you
came rapping,

And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my
chamber door,

That I scarce was sure I heard you"—here I opened
wide the door;—

Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there
wondering, fearing,

Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to
dream before;

But the silence was unbroken, and the darkness gave
no token,

And the only word there spoken was the whispered
word, "Lenore!"

This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the
word, "Lenore!"

Merely this, and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within
me burning,

Soon I heard again a tapping somewhat louder than
before.

"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my
window lattice;

Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery
explore—

Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery
explore;—

'Tis the wind and nothing more!"

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a
flirt and flutter,

In there stepped a stately raven of the saintly days
of yore;

Not the least obeisance made he; not an instant
stopped or stayed he;

But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my
chamber door—

Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my cham-
ber door—

Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into
smiling,

By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance
it wore,

"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I
said, "art sure no craven,

Ghastly grim and ancient raven wandering from the
Nightly shore—

Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plu-
tonian shore!"

Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear dis-
course so plainly,

Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy
bore;

For we cannot help agreeing that no living human
being

Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his
chamber door—

Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his
chamber door,

With such a name as "Nevermore."

But the raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke
only

That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did
outpour.

Nothing farther then he uttered—not a feather then
he fluttered—

Till I scarcely more than muttered, "Other friends
have flown before—

On the morrow he will leave me, as my hopes have
flown before."

Then the bird said "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly
spoken,

"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock
and store

Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful
Disaster

Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one
burden bore—

Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy burden
bore

Of 'Never—nevermore.'"

But the raven still beguiling all my sad soul into
smiling,

Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird,
and bust, and door;

Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to
linking

Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird
of yore—

What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and omi-
nous bird of yore

Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable ex-
pressing

To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my
bosom's core;

This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease
reclining

On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamplight
gloated o'er,

But whose velvet violet lining with the lamplight
gloating o'er,

She shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed
from an unseen censer

Swung by angels whose faint foot-falls tinkled on
the tufted floor.

"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee—by
these angels he hath sent thee

Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories
of Lenore!

Quaff, oh, quaff, this kind nepenthe and forget this
lost Lenore!"

Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if
bird or devil!—

Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed
thee here ashore,

Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land en-
chanted—

On this home by Horror haunted—tell me truly, I
implore—

Is there—is there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me, I implore!”

Quoth the raven, “Nevermore.”

“Prophét!” said I, “thing of evil—prophet still, if bird or devil!

By that Heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore—

Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant Aidenn,

It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore—

Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore.”

Quoth the raven, “Nevermore.”

“Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!” I shrieked, upstarting—

“Get thee back into the tempest and the Night’s Plutonian shore!

Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!

Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my door!

Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!”

Quoth the raven, “Nevermore.”

And the raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting

On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;

And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon’s that is dreaming,

And the lamplight o’er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;

And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor

Shall be lifted—nevermore!

A DESCENT INTO THE MARLSTROM.

The ways of God in Nature, as in Providence, are not as *our* ways; nor are the models that we frame any way commensurate to the vastness, profundity, and unsearchableness of His works, *which have a depth in them greater than the well of Democritus.*—*Joseph Glanville.*

We had now reached the summit of the loftiest crag. For some minutes the old man seemed too much exhausted to speak.

“Not long ago,” said he at length, “and I could have guided you on this route as well as the youngest of my sons; but, about three years past, there happened to me an event such as never happened before to mortal man—or at least such as no man ever survived to tell of—and the six hours of deadly terror which I then endured have broken me up body and soul. You suppose me a *very* old man—but I am not. It took less than a single day to change these hairs from a jetty black to white, to weaken my limbs, and to unstring my nerves, so that I tremble at the least exertion, and am frightened at a shadow. Do you know I can scarcely look over this little cliff without getting giddy?”

The “little cliff,” upon whose edge he had so carelessly thrown himself down to rest that the weightier portion of his body hung over it, while he was only kept from falling by the tenure of his elbow on its extreme and slippery edge—this “little cliff” arose, a sheer unobstructed precipice of black shining rock, some fifteen or sixteen hundred feet from the world of crags beneath us. Nothing would have tempted me to within half a dozen yards of its brink. In truth so deeply was I excited by the perilous position of my companion, that I fell at full length upon the ground, clung to the shrubs around me, and dared

not even glance upward at the sky—while I struggled in vain to divest myself of the idea that the very foundations of the mountain were in danger from the fury of the winds. It was long before I could reason myself into sufficient courage to sit up and look out into the distance.

“You must get over these fancies,” said the guide, “for I have brought you here that you might have the best possible view of the scene of that event I mentioned—and to tell you the whole story with the spot just under your eye.”

“You have had a good look at the whirl now,” said the old man, “and if you will creep round this crag, so as to get in its lee, and deaden the roar of the water, I will tell you a story that will convince you I ought to know something of the Moskoe-ström.”

I placed myself as desired, and he proceeded.

“Myself and my two brothers once owned a schooner-rigged smack of about seventy tons burthen, with which we were in the habit of fishing among the islands beyond Moskoe, nearly to Vurrgh. In all violent eddies at sea there is good fishing, at proper opportunities, if one has only the courage to attempt it; but among the whole of the Lofoden coastmen, we three were the only ones who made a regular business of going out to the islands, as I tell you. The usual grounds are a great way lower down to the southward. There fish can be got at all hours, without much risk, and therefore these places are preferred. The choice spots over here among the rocks, however, not only yield the finest variety, but in far greater abundance; so that we often got in a single day, what the more timid of the craft could not scrape together in a week. In fact, we made it a matter of desperate speculation—the risk of life standing instead of labor, and courage answering for capital.

“We kept the smack in a cove about five miles higher up the coast than this; and it was our practice, in fine weather, to take advantage of the fifteen minutes’ slack to push across the main channel of the Moskoe-ström, far above the pool, and then drop down upon anchorage somewhere near Otterholm, or Sandflesen, where the eddies are not so violent as elsewhere. Here we used to remain until nearly time for slack-water again, when we weighed and made for home. We never set out upon this expedition without a steady side-wind for going and coming—one that we felt sure would not fail us before our return—and we seldom made a miscalculation upon this point. Twice, during six years, we were forced to stay all night at anchor on account of a dead calm, which is a rare thing indeed just about here; and once we had to remain on the grounds nearly a week, starving to death, owing to a gale which blew up shortly after our arrival, and made the channel too boisterous to be thought of. Upon this occasion we should have been driven out to sea in spite of everything (for the whirlpools threw us round and round so violently, that, at length, we fouled our anchor and dragged it), if it had not been that we drifted into one of the innumerable cross currents—here to-day and gone to-morrow—which drove us under the lee of Flimen, where, by good luck, we brought up.

“I could not tell you the twentieth part of the difficulties we encountered ‘on the grounds’—it is a bad spot to be in, even in good weather—but we made shift always to run the gauntlet of the Moskoe-ström itself without accident; although at times my heart has been in my mouth when we happened to be a minute or so behind or before the slack. The wind sometimes was not as strong as we thought it

at starting, and then we made rather less way than we could wish, while the current rendered the smack unmanageable. My eldest brother had a son eighteen years old, and I had two stout boys of my own. These would have been of great assistance at such times, in using the sweeps, as well as afterward in fishing—but, somehow, although we ran the risk ourselves, we had not the heart to let the young ones get into the danger—for, after all is said and done, it was a horrible danger, and that is the truth.

"It is now within a few days of three years since what I am going to tell you occurred. It was on the tenth day of July, 18—, a day which the people of this part of the world will never forget—for it was one in which blew the most terrible hurricane that ever came out of the heavens. And yet all the morning, and indeed until late in the afternoon, there was a gentle and steady breeze from the south-west, while the sun shone brightly, so that the oldest seaman amongst us could not have foreseen what was to follow.

"The three of us—my two brothers and myself—had crossed over to the islands about two o'clock, P.M., and had soon nearly loaded the smack with fine fish, which, we all remarked, were more plenty that day than we had ever known them. It was just seven, by my watch, when we weighed and started for home, so as to make the worst of the Ström at slack water, which we knew would be at eight.

"We set out with a fresh wind on our starboard quarter, and for some time spanked along at a great rate, never dreaming of danger, for indeed we saw not the slightest reason to apprehend it. All at once we were taken aback by a breeze from over Helseggen. This was most unusual—something that had never happened to us before—and I began to feel a little uneasy, without exactly knowing why. We put the boat on the wind, but could make no headway at all for the eddies, and I was upon the point of proposing to return to the anchorage, when, looking astern, I saw the whole horizon covered with a singular copper-colored cloud that rose with the most amazing velocity.

"In the meantime the breeze that had headed us off fell away, and we were dead becalmed, drifting about in every direction. This state of things, however, did not last long enough to give us time to think about it. In less than a minute the storm was upon us—in less than two the sky was entirely overcast—and what with this and the driving spray, it became suddenly so dark that we could not see each other in the smack.

"Such a hurricane as then blew it is folly to attempt describing. The oldest seaman in Norway never experienced any thing like it. We had let our sails go by the run before it cleverly took us; but, at the first puff, both our masts went by the board as if they had been sawed off—the mainmast taking with it my youngest brother, who had lashed himself to it for safety.

"Our boat was the lightest feather of a thing that ever sat upon water. It had a complete flush deck, with only a small hatch near the bow, and this hatch it had always been our custom to batten down when about to cross the Ström, by way of precaution against the chopping seas. But for this circumstance we should have foundered at once—for we lay entirely buried for some moments. How my elder brother escaped destruction I cannot say, for I never had an opportunity of ascertaining. For my part, as soon as I had let the foresail run, I threw myself flat on deck, with my feet against the narrow gunwale of the bow, and with my hands grasping a ring-bolt near the foot of the foremast. It was mere instinct that prompted me to do this—which was

undoubtedly the very best thing I could have done—for I was too much flurried to think.

"For some moments we were completely deluged, as I say, and all this time I held my breath, and clung to the bolt. When I could stand it no longer I raised myself upon my knees, still keeping hold with my hands, and thus got my head clear. Presently our little boat gave herself a shake, just as a dog does in coming out of the water, and thus rid herself, in some measure, of the seas. I was now trying to get the better of the stupor that had come over me, and to collect my senses so as to see what was to be done, when I felt somebody grasp my arm. It was my elder brother, and my heart leaped for joy, for I had made sure that he was overboard—but the next moment all this joy was turned into horror—for he put his mouth close to my ear, and screamed out the word '*Moskoe-ström!*'

"No one ever will know what my feelings were at that moment. I shook from head to foot as if I had had the most violent fit of the ague. I knew what he meant by that one word well enough—I knew what he wished to make me understand. With the wind that now drove us on, we were bound for the whirl of the Ström, and nothing could save us!

"You perceive that in crossing the Ström channel, we always went a long way up above the whirl, even in the calmest weather, and then had to wait and watch carefully for the slack—but now we were driving right upon the pool itself, and in such a hurricane as this! 'To be sure,' I thought, 'we shall get there just about the slack—there is some little hope in that!'—but in the next moment I cursed myself for being so great a fool as to dream of hope at all. I knew very well that we were doomed, had we been ten times a ninety-gun ship.

"By this time the first fury of the tempest had spent itself, or perhaps we did not feel it so much, as we scudded before it, but at all events the seas, which at first had been kept down by the wind, and lay flat and frothing, now got up into absolute mountains. A singular change, too, had come over the heavens. Around in every direction it was still as black as pitch, but nearly overhead there burst out, all at once, a circular rift of clear sky—as clear as I ever saw—and of a deep bright blue—and through it there blazed forth the full moon with a lustre that I never before knew her to wear. She lit up everything about us with the greatest distinctness—but, O God, what a scene it was to light up!

"I now made one or two attempts to speak to my brother—but, in some manner which I could not understand, the din had so increased that I could not make him hear a single word, although I screamed at the top of my voice in his ear. Presently he shook his head, looking as pale as death, and held up one of his fingers, as if to say '*listen!*'

"At first I could not make out what he meant—but soon a hideous thought flashed upon me. I dragged my watch from his fob. It was not going. I glanced at its face by the moonlight, and then burst into tears as I flung it far away into the ocean. *It had run down at seven o'clock! We were behind the time of the slack, and the whirl of the Ström was in full fury!*

"When a boat is well built, properly trimmed, and not deep laden, the waves in a strong gale, when she is going large, seem always to slip from beneath her—which appears very strange to a landsman—and this is what is called *riding* in sea phrase. Well, so far we had ridden the swells very cleverly; but presently a gigantic sea happened to take us right under the counter, and bore us with it as it rose—up—up—as if into the sky. I would not have believed that any wave could rise so high. And then down

we came with a sweep, a slide, and a plunge, that made me feel sick and dizzy, as if I was falling from some lofty mountain-top in a dream. But while we were up I had thrown a quick glance around—and that one glance was all-sufficient. I saw our exact position in an instant. The Moskoe-ström whirlpool was about a quarter of a mile dead ahead—but no more like the every-day Moskoe-ström, than the whirl as you now see it is like a mill-race. If I had not known where we were, and what we had to expect, I should not have recognised the place at all. As it was, I involuntarily closed my eyes in horror. The lids clenched themselves together as if in a spasm.

"It could not have been more than two minutes afterward until we suddenly felt the waves subside, and were enveloped in foam. The boat made a sharp half turn to larboard, and then shot off in its new direction like a thunderbolt. At the same moment the roaring noise of the water was completely drowned in a kind of shrill shriek—such a sound as you might imagine given out by the waste pipes of many thousand steam-vessels, letting off their steam all together. We were now in the belt of surf that always surrounds the whirl; and I thought, of course, that another moment would plunge us into the abyss—down which we could only see indistinctly on account of the amazing velocity with which we were borne along. The boat did not seem to sink into the water at all, but to skim like an air-bubble upon the surface of the surge. Her starboard side was next the whirl, and on the larboard arose the world of ocean we had left. It stood like a huge writhing wall between us and the horizon.

"It may appear strange, but now, when we were in the very jaws of the gulf, I felt more composed than when we were only approaching it. Having made up my mind to hope no more, I got rid of a great deal of that terror which unmanned me at first. I suppose it was despair that strung my nerves.

"It may look like boasting—but what I tell you is truth—I began to reflect how magnificent a thing it was to die in such a manner, and how foolish it was in me to think of so paltry a consideration as my own individual life, in view of so wonderful a manifestation of God's power. I do believe that I blushed with shame when this idea crossed my mind. After a little while I became possessed with the keenest curiosity about the whirl itself. I positively felt a *wish* to explore its depths, even at the sacrifice I was going to make; and my principal grief was that I should never be able to tell my old companions on shore about the mysteries I should see. These, no doubt, were singular fancies to occupy a man's mind in such extremity—and I have often thought since, that the revolutions of the boat around the pool might have rendered me a little light-headed.

"There was another circumstance which tended to restore my self-possession; and this was the cessation of the wind, which could not reach us in our present situation—for, as you saw yourself, the belt of surf is considerably lower than the general bed of the ocean, and this latter now towered above us, a high, black, mountainous ridge. If you have never been at sea in a heavy gale, you can form no idea of the confusion of mind occasioned by the wind and spray together. They blind, deafen, and strangle you, and take away all power of action or reflection. But we were now, in a great measure, rid of these annoyances—just as death-condemned felons in prison are allowed petty indulgences, forbidden them while their doom is yet uncertain.

"How often we made the circuit of the belt it is impossible to say. We careered round and round for perhaps an hour, flying rather than floating,

getting gradually more and more into the middle of the surge, and then nearer and nearer to its horrible inner edge. All this time I had never let go of the ring-bolt. My brother was at the stern, holding on to a small empty water-cask which had been securely lashed under the coop of the counter, and was the only thing on deck that had not been swept overboard when the gale first took us. As we approached the brink of the pit he let go his hold upon this, and made for the ring, from which, in the agony of his terror, he endeavored to force my hands, as it was not large enough to afford us both a secure grasp. I never felt deeper grief than when I saw him attempt this act—although I knew he was a madman when he did it—a raving maniac through sheer fright. I did not care, however, to contest the point with him. I knew it could make no difference whether either of us held on at all; so I let him have the bolt, and went astern to the cask. This there was no great difficulty in doing; for the smack flew round steadily enough, and upon an even keel—only swaying to and fro, with the immense sweeps and swelters of the whirl. Scarcely had I secured myself in my new position, when we gave a wild lurch to starboard, and rushed headlong into the abyss. I muttered a hurried prayer to God, and thought all was over.

"As I felt the sickening sweep of the descent, I had instinctively tightened my hold upon the barrel, and closed my eyes. For some seconds I dared not open them—while I expected instant destruction, and wondered that I was not already in my death-struggles with the water. But moment after moment elapsed. I still lived. The sense of falling had ceased; and the motion of the vessel seemed much as it had been before while in the belt of foam, with the exception that she now lay more along. I took courage, and looked once again upon the scene.

"Never shall I forget the sensations of awe, horror, and admiration with which I gazed about me. The boat appeared to be hanging, as if by magic, midway down, upon the interior surface of a funnel vast in circumference, prodigious in depth, and whose perfectly smooth sides might have been mistaken for ebony, but for the bewildering rapidity with which they spun around, and for the gleaming and ghastly radiance they shot forth, as the rays of the full moon, from that circular rift amid the clouds which I have already described, streamed in a flood of golden glory along the black walls, and far away down into the inmost recesses of the abyss.

"At first I was too much confused to observe anything accurately. The general burst of terrific grandeur was all that I beheld. When I recovered myself a little, however, my gaze fell instinctively downward. In this direction I was able to obtain an unobstructed view, from the manner in which the smack hung on the inclined surface of the pool. She was quite upon an even keel—that is to say, her deck lay in a plane parallel with that of the water—but this latter sloped at an angle of more than forty-five degrees, so that we seemed to be lying upon our beam-ends. I could not help observing, nevertheless, that I had scarcely more difficulty in maintaining my hold and footing in this situation, than if we had been upon a dead level; and this, I suppose, was owing to the speed at which we revolved.

"The rays of the moon seemed to search the very bottom of the profound gulf; but still I could make out nothing distinctly, on account of a thick mist in which everything there was enveloped, and over which there hung a magnificent rainbow, like that narrow and tottering bridge which Mussulmen say is the only pathway between Time and Eternity. This mist, or spray, was no doubt occasioned by the

clashing of the great walls of the funnel, as they all met together at the bottom—but the yell that went up to the Heavens from out of that mist, I dare not attempt to describe.

"Our first slide into the abyss itself, from the belt of foam above, had carried us a great distance down the slope; but our farther descent was by no means proportionate. Round and round we swept—not with any uniform movement—but in dizzying swings and jerks, that sent us sometimes only a few hundred yards—sometimes nearly the complete circuit of the whirl. Our progress downward, at each revolution, was slow, but very perceptible.

"Looking about me upon the wide waste of liquid ebony on which we were thus borne, I perceived that our boat was not the only object in the embrace of the whirl. Both above and below us were visible fragments of vessels, large masses of building timber and trunks of trees, with many smaller articles, such as pieces of house furniture, broken boxes, barrels and staves. I have already described the unnatural curiosity which had taken the place of my original terrors. It appeared to grow upon me as I drew nearer and nearer to my dreadful doom. I now began to watch, with a strange interest, the numerous things that floated in our company. I *must* have been delirious—for I even sought *amusement* in speculating upon the relative velocities of their several descents toward the foam below. 'This fir tree,' I found myself at one time saying, 'will certainly be the next thing that takes the awful plunge and disappears,'—and then I was disappointed to find that the wreck of a Dutch merchant ship overtook it and went down before. At length, after making several guesses of this nature, and being deceived in all—this fact—the fact of my invariable miscalculation—set me upon a train of reflection that made my limbs again tremble, and my heart beat heavily once more.

"It was not a new terror that this affected me, but the dawn of a more exciting *hope*. This hope arose partly from memory, and partly from present observation. I called to mind the great variety of buoyant matter that strewed the coast of Lofoden, having been absorbed and then thrown forth by the Moskoe-ström. By far the greater number of the articles were shattered in the most extraordinary way—so chafed and roughened as to have the appearance of being stuck full of splinters—but then I distinctly recollected that there were *some* of them which were not disfigured at all. Now I could not account for this difference except by supposing that the roughened fragments were the only ones which had been *completely absorbed*—that the others had entered the whirl at so late a period of the tide, or, for some reason, had descended so slowly after entering, that they did not reach the bottom before the turn of the flood came, or of the ebb, as the case might be. I conceived it possible, in either instance, that they might thus be whirled up again to the level of the ocean, without undergoing the fate of those which had been drawn in more early, or absorbed more rapidly. I made, also, three important observations. The first was, that, as a general rule, the larger the bodies were, the more rapid their descent—the second, that, between two masses of equal extent, the one spherical, and the other of *any other shape*, the superiority in speed of descent was with the sphere—the third, that, between two masses of equal size, the one cylindrical, and the other of any other shape, the cylinder was absorbed the more slowly. Since my escape, I have had several conversations on this subject with an old school-master of the district; and it was from him that I learned the use of the words 'cylinder' and 'sphere.' He explained to me—although I have forgotten the ex-

planation—how what I observed was, in fact, the natural consequence of the forms of the floating fragments—and showed me how it happened that a cylinder, swimming in a vortex, offered more resistance to its suction, and was drawn in with greater difficulty than an equally bulky body, of any form whatever.

"There was one startling circumstance which went a great way in enforcing these observations, and rendering me anxious to turn them to account, and this was that, at every revolution, we passed something like a barrel, or else the yard or the mast of a vessel, while many of these things, which had been on our level when I first opened my eyes upon the wonders of the whirlpool, were now high up above us, and seemed to have moved but little from their original station.

"I no longer hesitated what to do. I resolved to lash myself securely to the water cask upon which I now held, to cut it loose from the counter, and to throw myself with it into the water. I attracted my brother's attention by signs, pointed to the floating barrels that came near us, and did everything in my power to make him understand what I was about to do. I thought at length that he comprehended my design—but, whether this was the case or not, he shook his head despairingly, and refused to move from his station by the ring-bolt. It was impossible to reach him; the emergency admitted of no delay; and so, with a bitter struggle, I resigned him to his fate, fastened myself to the cask by means of the lashings which secured it to the counter, and precipitated myself with it into the sea, without another moment's hesitation.

"The result was precisely what I had hoped it might be. As it is myself who now tell you this tale—as you see that I *did* escape—and as you are already in possession of the mode in which this escape was effected, and must therefore anticipate all that I have farther to say—I will bring my story quickly to conclusion. It might have been an hour, or thereabout, after my quitting the smack, when, having descended to a vast distance beneath me, it made three or four wild gyrations in rapid succession, and, bearing my loved brother with it, plunged headlong, at once and for ever, into the chaos of foam below. The barrel to which I was attached sunk very little farther than half the distance between the bottom of the gulf and the spot at which I leaped overboard, before a great change took place in the character of the whirlpool. The slope of the sides of the vast funnel became momentarily less and less steep. The gyrations of the whirl grew, gradually, less and less violent. By degrees, the froth and the rainbow disappeared, and the bottom of the gulf seemed slowly to arise. The sky was clear, the winds had gone down, and the full moon was setting radiantly in the west, when I found myself on the surface of the ocean, in full view of the shores of Lofoden, and above the spot where the pool of the Moskoe-ström *had been*. It was the hour of the slack—but the sea still heaved in mountainous waves from the effects of the hurricane. I was borne violently into the channel of the Ström, and in a few minutes was hurried down the coast into the 'grounds' of the fishermen. A boat picked me up—exhausted from fatigue—and (now that the danger was removed) speechless from the memory of its horror. Those who drew me on board were my old mates and daily companions—but they knew me no more than they would have known a traveller from the spirit-land. My hair, which had been raven-black the day before, was as white as you see it now. They say too that the whole expression of my countenance had changed. I told them my story—

they did not believe it. I now tell it to you—and I can scarcely expect you to put more faith in it than did the merry fishermen of Lofoden."

CHARLES PINCKNEY SUMNER.

The descendant of an old New England family, which traces its lineage to the early years of the colony, was the son of Major Job Sumner, "of the Massachusetts line of the Army of the Revolution." He was educated at Harvard, and, on taking his degree, in 1796, delivered a commencement poem entitled *Time*, which, with a valedictory poem delivered before his classmates on the same occasion, is preserved in the library of the college. A poem of the previous year, *The Compass, a Poetical Performance at the Literary Exhibition in September, 1795, at Harvard University*, was published by subscription, Boston, William Spotswood, 12mo., pp. 12. After celebrating the triumphs of discovery, he concludes with a picture of the New World, of Columbia and its rising features. Deprecating the ruin that threatens all empires, he adds,

"More true, inspired, we antedate the time
When futile war shall cease thro' every clime;
No sanctioned slavery Afric's sons degrade,
But equal rights shall equal earth pervade."

Mr. Sumner subsequently studied law in Boston, was admitted to the bar, but was never much engaged in practice. He was a member of the Democratic party, served in the Massachusetts legislature, and for many years held the office of sheriff of Suffolk county, till his death, in 1839. Of his writings, we may mention a poem, in 1798, before the Phi Beta Kappa of Harvard; a eulogy on Washington, delivered at Milton, February 22, 1800; a Fourth of July oration, before the young Republicans of Boston, in 1808, and *A Letter on Speculative Free Masonry, being an Answer addressed to him on that Subject, by the Suffolk Committee* (Boston, 1829). Mr. Sumner was a man of mark in his day, much esteemed for the integrity and independence of his character. He left a family of several children, of whom Charles Sumner, the present United States Senator from Massachusetts, and the late George Sumner, are honorably distinguished.*

CHARLES SUMNER.†

CHARLES SUMNER was born at Boston, January 6, 1811. His father, Charles Pinckney Sumner, was high sheriff of Suffolk county, Massachusetts. Mr. Sumner was prepared for college at the Latin school, Boston, and graduated at Harvard in 1830. In 1831 he entered the law school of the same university, and while pursuing his studies, wrote several articles for the *American Jurist*, and soon after became editor of that periodical. He commenced the practice of his profession in Boston in 1834, was soon after appointed reporter to the Circuit Court, and published three volumes of reports. He also lectured during three successive winters at the Cambridge Law School, at

the request of the Faculty, during the absence of Professors Greenleaf and Story.

C. Sumner

In 1836 he edited "A Treatise on the Practice of the Courts of Admiralty in Civil Causes of Maritime Jurisdiction, by Andrew Dunlap," adding an appendix equal in extent to the original work. In 1837 he sailed for Europe, where he remained three years, enjoying unusual advantages of social intercourse with the most distinguished men of the day.

While in Paris, at the request of the Minister, General Cass, he wrote a defence of the American claim to the north-eastern boundary, which was republished from Galignani's Messenger, where it originally appeared, in the leading American journals, and universally regarded as an able presentation of the argument. It was during the same visit to Paris that he suggested to Mr. Wheaton the project of writing a History of the Law of Nations. The impression made by Mr. Sumner in England may be judged of from the complimentary remark made by Baron Parke, on the citation in the Court of Exchequer, of Sumner's Reports, in a case under consideration, to the effect that the weight of the authority was not "entitled to the less attention because reported by a gentleman whom we all knew and respected."

After his return, he again, in 1843, lectured in Cambridge, and in 1844-6 edited an edition of Vesey's Reports in twenty volumes, to which he contributed a number of valuable notes, many of which are concise treatises on the points in question. He also introduced a number of biographical notices of the eminent persons whose names occur in the text.

After the death of Judge Story, in 1845, Mr. Sumner was universally spoken of as his appropriate successor in the Law School, an opinion in accordance with the openly expressed wish of the deceased. He, however, expressed a disinclination to accept the post, and the appointment was not tendered.

Mr. Sumner took an active part as a public speaker in opposition to the annexation of Texas, and in support of Mr. Van Buren for the Presidency in the canvass of 1848. In 1851 he was elected the successor of Mr. Webster in the United States Senate.

Mr. Sumner's name is prominently identified with the Peace party—some of his finest oratorical efforts having been made in favor of the project of a Congress of Nations as the supreme arbiter of international disputes.

Mr. Sumner's *Orations and Speeches* were collected and published in Boston in two stout duodecimo volumes in 1850. The collection opens with an oration delivered before the authorities of the city of Boston, July 4, 1845, entitled *The True Grandeur of Nations*, in which the speaker enforced his peace doctrines by arguments drawn not only from the havoc and desolation attendant on and following the conflict, but by an enumeration of the cost of the state of preparation, maintained, not in view of impending danger, but

* Loring's Hundred Boston Orators, pp. 825-838. † Ibid.

as an every-day condition of military defence. In the next oration, *The Scholar, the Jurist, the Artist, the Philanthropist*, delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Harvard, in 1846, we have a feeling and eloquent memorial of John Pickering, Joseph Story, Washington Allston, and William Ellery Channing.

This is followed by a *Lecture on White Slavery in the Barbary States*, a curious and picturesquely presented chapter of history. We have next an *Oration on Fame and Glory*, occupied in a great measure by an argument on the superior honors of peace.

The Law of Human Progress, a Phi Beta Kappa Society Oration at Union College in 1848, follows, in which a history is given of the gradual recognition of the doctrine of the progress of the human race, and a brilliant series of sketches of Leibnitz, Herder, Descartes, Pascal, Turgot, Condorcet, and others of its early advocates, presented. The address exhibits to advantage the speaker's varied learning, and his happy art in the disposal of his acquirements.

The second volume opens with an address before the American Peace Society, entitled *The War System of the Commonwealth of Nations*, in a portion of which the author has followed the plan of his last mentioned discourse by tracing through the record of history the progress of the cause, and the advocates to whom that progress was in great measure due.

The remainder of the work is occupied by a number of speeches delivered on various political occasions, touching on the Mexican war, the Free Soil party, the Fugitive Slave Law and other matters growing out of the slavery question, maintaining decided views with an energy and ability which have been followed by rapid political elevation.

In addition to the works we have mentioned, Mr. Sumner is the author of a small volume on *White Slavery in the Barbary States*.

George Sumner was born February 5, 1817; died at Boston, October 6, 1863. He was educated at the Boston High School, and on coming of age visited Europe, where he resided a number of years, travelling through Russia and the East, making himself thoroughly acquainted with the state of central Europe, and the counties bordering on the Mediterranean. He passed much of his time in Paris, and became acquainted with the leading public men of Europe. A "picked man of countries," on his return to the United States, he from time to time, in lectures and contributions to leading journals, gave to the public the results of his observations in Europe. His published writings are: *Memoirs of the Pilgrims at Leyden* (Cambridge, 1845), which appeared also in the collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society,* where are also several letters elucidating the same subject; *A Letter to the Mayor of Boston, on the Subject of Prison Discipline in France* (December, 1846), published originally as a document by the city government of Boston, and afterwards republished as a tract in Philadelphia; *A Letter on Institutions for Idiots in France*,

published as a document by the legislature of Massachusetts; and an *Oration before the Municipal Authorities of the City of Boston, July 4, 1859*, in which he discussed our national obligations as Americans to various European nations and ideas. Mr. Sumner also published several occasional papers or articles: *Reminiscences of Washington Irving*; on the *Practical Uses of a Conservatory*; on the *French Revolution of 1848, on Hungary, on Greece*, in the *Democratic Review* for September, 1840; and in the *North American Review* for July, 1842, on *The English in Afghanistan*. He has left unpublished lectures on *France, Spain, Russia, Old Europe and Young America*, and a mass of notes, journals, and manuscripts on Russia, the Levant, and other countries in which he resided.

He possessed a taste for statistics and unwearied industry in research, combined with the ability to place the results of investigation before the public in a pleasing and attractive form.

WAR.

I need not dwell now on the waste and cruelty of war. These stare us wildly in the face, like lurid meteor-lights, as we travel the page of history. We see the desolation and death that pursue its demoniac footsteps. We look upon sacked towns, upon ravaged territories, upon violated homes; we behold all the sweet charities of life changed to wormwood and gall. Our soul is penetrated by the sharp moan of mothers, sisters, and daughters—of fathers, brothers, and sons, who, in the bitterness of their bereavement, refuse to be comforted. Our eyes rest at last upon one of those fair fields, where nature, in her abundance, spreads her cloth of gold, spacious and apt for the entertainment of mighty multitudes—or, perhaps, from the curious subtlety of its position, like the carpet in the Arabian tale, seeming to contract so as to be covered by a few only, or to dilate so as to receive an innumerable host. Here, under a bright sun, such as shone at Austerlitz or Buena Vista—amidst the peaceful harmonies of nature—on the Sabbath of peace—we behold bands of brothers, children of a common Father, heirs to a common happiness, struggling together in the deadly fight, with the madness of fallen spirits, seeking with murderous weapons the lives of brothers who have never injured them or their kindred. The havoc rages. The ground is soaked with their commingling blood. The air is rent by their commingling cries. Horse and rider are stretched together on the earth. More revolting than the mangled victims, than the gashed limbs, than the lifeless trunks, than the spattering brains, are the lawless passions which sweep, tempest-like, through the fiendish tumult.

Nearer comes the storm and nearer, rolling fast and frightful on.
Speak, Ximena, speak and tell us, who has lost and who has won?
"Alas! alas! I know not; friend and foe together fall,
O'er the dying rush the living; pray, my sister, for them all!"

Horror-struck, we ask, wherefore this hateful contest? The melancholy, but truthful answer comes, that this is the *established* method of determining justice between nations!

The scene changes. Far away on the distant pathway of the ocean two ships approach each other, with white canvas broadly spread to receive the flying gales. They are proudly built. All of human art has been lavished in their graceful proportions,

* Third Series, vol. ix.

and in their well compacted sides, while they look in dimensions like floating happy islands of the sea. A numerous crew, with costly appliances of comfort, hives in their secure shelter. Surely these two travellers shall meet in joy and friendship; the flag at the mast-head shall give the signal of fellowship; the happy sailors shall cluster in the rigging, and even on the yard-arms, to look each other in the face, while the exhilarating voices of both crews shall mingle in accents of gladness uncontrollable. It is not so. Not as brothers, not as friends, not as wayfarers of the common ocean, do they come together; but as enemies. The gentle vessels now bristle fiercely with death-dealing instruments. On their spacious decks, aloft on all their masts, flashes the deadly musketry. From their sides spout cataracts of flame, amidst the pealing thunders of a fatal artillery. They, who had escaped "the dreadful touch of merchant-marring rocks"—who had sped on their long and solitary way unharmed by wind or wave—whom the hurricane had spared—in whose favor storms and seas had intermitted their immitigable war—now at last fall by the hand of each other. The same spectacle of horror greets us from both ships. On their decks, red-dened with blood, the murders of St. Bartholomew and of the Sicilian Vespers, with the fires of Smithfield, seem to break forth anew, and to concentrate their rage. Each has now become a swimming Golgotha. At length these vessels—such pageants of the sea—once so stately—so proudly built—but now rudely shattered by cannon-balls—with shivered masts and ragged sails—exist only as unmanageable wrecks, weltering on the uncertain waves, whose temporary lull of peace is now their only safety. In amazement at this strange, unnatural contest—away from country and home—where there is no country or home to defend—we ask again, wherefore this dismal duel? Again the melancholy but truthful answer promptly comes, that this is the established method of determining justice between nations.

Mr. Sumner's political course since 1855, has, in accordance with the principles with which he set out, been consistently in favor of a national policy setting the country free from the evils of slavery and its attendant corruptions. His publications of speeches and orations mostly turn on this question. In May, 1855, he delivered an address before the people of New York, *The Anti-Slavery Enterprise; its Necessity, Practicability, and Dignity, with Glimpses at the Special Duties of the North* (Boston, 8vo, 1855). In the following year, his speech in the United States Senate, to which he had been elected in 1850—*The Crime against Kansas; the Apologies for the Crime; the True Remedy*—led to the criminal and cowardly assault upon his person in the Senate chamber, by Preston S. Brooks, of South Carolina, which was followed by a severe illness, and the prostration of his strength for several years. Re-elected to the Senate in 1857, he was compelled twice during his new term, in that and the following year, to visit Europe, and finally to submit to rigorous treatment for the restoration of his health. Returning home at the close of 1859, at the next session of the Senate, on June 4, 1860, he delivered one of his most thorough and exhaustive speeches, *The Barbarism of Slavery*, on the bill for the admission of Kansas

as a Free State. On the outbreak of the war, during its continuance, and its close, Mr. Sumner, in his seat in the Senate, and by various addresses at meetings of citizens, has pursued the object of his political career in advocating emancipation, checking at every turn the slave power, and guarding against any of its future attempts at supremacy or influence as a political organization. Among his speeches in the Senate, which have been separately published, we may notice those on the bill for the Abolition of Slavery in the District of Columbia (March, 1862); on the bill to Authorize the Appointment of Diplomatic Representatives to the Republics of Hayti and Liberia (April, 1862); on the bill providing for Emancipation in Missouri (February, 1863); on Reconstruction in the rebel States (June, 1864); on Treatment of Prisoners of War (January, 1865). As chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, Mr. Sumner has held a position of the highest importance, which he has, from time to time, illustrated by speeches in the Senate, of signal ability, on various international questions which have arisen, as, *The Trent Difficulty*; on the issuing of *Letters of Marque and Reprisals*; *The Canada Reciprocity Treaty*, &c.

Of Mr. Sumner's recent publications, we may mention, as containing a summary of his views on important national questions of the day, *Our Foreign Relations*, an elaborate address before the citizens of New York, in September, 1863; *Security and Reconciliation for the Future; Propositions and Arguments on the Reorganization of the Rebel States* (Boston, Rand & Avery, 8vo, pp. 32); *The National Security and the National Faith; Guarantees for the National Freedman and the National Creditor*, a speech at the Republican State Convention, in Worcester, September 14, 1865; and *The Promises of the Declaration of Independence*, a candid and eloquent eulogy on Abraham Lincoln, delivered before the municipal authorities of the City of Boston, June 1, 1865, marked by the author's habitual literary cultivation, exact method, and force of expression.

** Senator Sumner, since the close of the civil war, has been a consistent advocate of the reconstruction of the Southern States on the basis of impartial suffrage and civil rights to all. He has, with untiring zeal and a partial measure of success, sought to establish the principle "that there shall be no denial of rights, civil or political, on account of color or race, anywhere within the limits of the United States, or the jurisdiction thereof; but that all persons therein shall be equal before the law, whether in the court-room or at the ballot-box." This doctrine, first advanced and often presented at an earlier day, was exhaustively illustrated in a speech in the Senate, February 6-7, 1866, entitled: *The Equal Rights of All; the Great Guarantee and Present Necessity, for the Sake of Security and to Maintain a Republican Government*, pp. 32. The reactionary policy favored by President Johnson met an unsparring opposition at his hands, and at the impeachment of that high official he voted "guilty" on all the

articles, embodying his views in an *Opinion on the Expulsion of the President*, 1868, pp. 52.

The ratification of the Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution by the legislatures of twenty-nine States was announced to Congress by President Grant, March 30, 1870; and on the evening of that day, Senator Sumner, for the first time in his life, was serenaded by a deputation of colored men. In his reply, he congratulated them that the promise of the Declaration of Independence was become a reality, and reminded them that it yet remained to remove all badges of discrimination in the naturalization laws, in the public conveyances, and in the common schools.

His other notable addresses in recent years include: a *Speech on the Cession of Russian America to the United States*, 1867; on *Reform and Purity in Government—Neutral Duties: Sale of Arms to Belligerent France*, Feb. 28, 1872; a lecture on *Lafayette; the Faithful One*; and a lecture on *The Duel between France and Germany, with its Lesson to Civilization*, 1870.

As chairman of the committee on foreign relations, Senator Sumner made a powerful argument in behalf of the "Alabama Claims," April 13, 1869, entitled *Our Claims on England*, which was grossly misrepresented in that country, and never printed by its newspapers. In 1870-1, he delivered several masterly speeches against the acquisition of the island of Santo Domingo by purchase; and this opposition led to his removal, in March, 1870, from the chairmanship which his rare gifts and conspicuous honesty as a statesman had adorned for ten years. The precarious condition of his health forbade an active labor in the presidential canvass of 1872, beyond a celebrated speech in the Senate, May 31, 1872, on the *Presidency a Trust; Not a Plaything and Perquisite*, and a *Letter to Colored Citizens*, July 29, 1872. The summer of that year he spent in Europe, and with partially recruited strength, which had to be carefully husbanded, he continued to discharge his official duties till his death at Washington, March 11, 1874.

The Complete Works of Charles Sumner have been in course of publication since 1870, in a series of elegant crown octavo volumes, known as the "autograph edition." They comprise his orations, senatorial addresses, letters and papers, through his entire life, arranged chronologically, and with their author's latest revisions. Each title-page has two mottoes, one from Leibnitz: "*Veniet fortasse aliud tempus, dignius nostro, quo, debellatis odiis, veritas triumphabit. Hoc mecum opta, lector, et vale;*" and another from Whittier:

"Believe me still, as I have ever been,
The steadfast lover of my fellow-men;
My weakness, love of holy liberty;
My crime, the wish that all mankind were free:
Free, not by blood; redeemed, but not by crime;
Each fetter broken, but in God's good time."

Eight volumes have already appeared, containing nearly three hundred speeches and addresses, extending from *The True Grandeur of Nations*, delivered July 4, 1845, to the year 1863. They will number some fourteen or fifteen in all. A *Life of Charles Sumner* by Hon. Charles A. Phelps will be issued in uniform style.

**THE BARBARISM OF SLAVERY.*

I. In presenting the CHARACTER OF SLAVERY, there is little for me except to make Slavery paint itself. When this is done, the picture will need no explanatory words.

(1.) I begin with the *Law of Slavery and its Origin*, and here the Barbarism sketches itself in its own chosen definition. It is simply this: Man, created in the image of God, is divested of his human character, and declared to be a "chattel"—that is, a beast, a thing or article of property. That this statement may not seem made without precise authority, I quote the statutes of three different States, beginning with South Carolina, whose voice for slavery has always unerring distinctiveness. Here is the definition supplied by this State:

"Slaves shall be deemed, held, taken, reputed, and adjudged in law, to be *chattels personal* in the hands of their owners and possessors and their executors, administrators, and assigns, to all intents, constructions, and purposes whatsoever."—2 *Brev. Dig.* 229.

And here is the definition supplied by the Civil Code of Louisiana:

"A slave is one who is in the power of a master to whom he belongs. The master may sell him, dispose of his person, his industry, and his labor. He can do nothing, possess nothing, nor acquire anything, but what must belong to his master."—*Civil Code*, art. 35.

In similar spirit, the law of Maryland thus indirectly defines a slave as an article:

"In case the personal property of a ward shall consist of specific articles, such as slaves, working beasts, animals of any kind, the court, if it deem it advantageous for the ward, may at any time pass an order for the sale thereof."—*Statutes of Maryland*.

Not to occupy time unnecessarily, I present a summary of the pretended law defining Slavery in all the Slave States, as made by a careful writer, Judge Stroud, in a work of juridical as well as philanthropic merit:

"The cardinal principle of Slavery—that the slave is not to be ranked among sentient beings, but among things—is an article of property—a chattel personal—obtains as undoubted law in all these [Slave] States."—*Stroud's Law of Slavery*, p. 22.

Out of this definition, as from a solitary germ, which in its pettiness might be crushed by the hand, towers our Upas Tree and all its gigantic poison. Study it, and you will comprehend the whole monstrous growth.

Sir, look at its plain import, and see the relation it establishes. The slave is held simply for the use of his master, to whose behests, his life, liberty, and happiness, are devoted, and by whom he may be bartered, leased, mortgaged, bequeathed, invoiced, shipped as cargo, stored as goods, sold on execution, knocked off at public auction, and even staked at the gaming-table on the hazard of a card or a die; all according to law. Nor is there anything, within the limit of life, inflicted on a beast which may not be inflicted on the slave. He may be marked like a hog, branded like a mule, yoked like an ox, hobbled like a horse, driven like an ass, sheared like a sheep, maimed like a cur, and constantly beaten like a brute: all according to law. And should life

* From the Speech of Hon. Charles Sumner, on the Bill for the Admission of Kansas as a Free State, U. S. Senate, June 4, 1860.

itself be taken, what is the remedy? The Law of Slavery, imitating that rule of evidence which, in barbarous days and barbarous countries, prevented the Christian from testifying against the Mahomedan, openly pronounces the incompetency of the whole African race — whether bond or free — to testify against a white man in any case, and, after thus surrendering the slave to all possible outrage, crowns its tyranny, by excluding the very testimony through which the bloody cruelty of the Slave-master might be exposed.

Thus in its Law does Slavery paint itself; but it is only when we look at details, and detect its essential elements—*five in number*—all inspired by a single motive, that its character becomes completely manifest.

Foremost, of course, in these elements, is the impossible pretension, where Barbarism is lost in impiety, by which man claims *property in man*. Against such blasphemy the argument is brief. According to the law of nature, written by the same hand that placed the planets in their orbits, and like them, constituting part of the eternal system of the Universe, every human being has complete title to himself direct from the Almighty. Naked he is born; but this birthright is inseparable from the human form. A man may be poor in this world's goods; but he owns himself. No war or robbery, ancient or recent; no capture; no middle passage; no change of clime; no purchase money; no transmission from hand to hand, no matter how many times, and no matter at what price, can defeat this indefeasible God-given franchise. And a Divine mandate, strong as that which guards Life, guards Liberty also. Even at the very morning of Creation, when God said, Let there be Light—earlier than the malediction against murder—He set an everlasting difference between man and a chattel, giving to man dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth:

— that right we hold

By His donation; but man over man
He made not lord; such title to himself
Reserving, human left from human free.

Slavery tyrannically assumes power which Heaven denied, while, under its barbarous necromancy, borrowed from the Source of Evil, a man is changed into a chattel—a person is withered into a thing—a soul is shrunk into merchandise. Say, sir, in your madness, that you own the sun, the stars, the moon; but do not say that you own a man, endowed with a soul that shall live immortal, when sun and moon and stars have passed away.

Secondly. Slavery paints itself again in its complete *abrogation of marriage*, recognized as a sacrament by the church, and recognized as a contract wherever civilization prevails. Under the law of Slavery, no such contract is respected, and no such contract can exist. The ties formed between slaves are all subject to the selfish interests or more selfish lust of the master, whose license knows no check. Natural affections which have come together are rudely torn asunder; nor is this all. Stripped of every defence, the chastity of a whole race is exposed to violence, while the result is recorded in tell-tale faces of children, glowing with a master's blood, but doomed for their mother's skin to Slavery, through all descending generations. The Senator from Mississippi [Mr. Brown], galled by the comparison between Slavery and Polygamy,

winces. I hail this sensibility as the sign of virtue. Let him reflect, and he will confess that there are many disgusting elements in Slavery not present in Polygamy, while the single disgusting element of Polygamy is more than present in Slavery. By license of Polygamy, one man may have many wives, all bound to him by marriage tie, and in other respects protected by law. By license of Slavery, a whole race is delivered over to prostitution and concubinage, without the protection of any law. Sir, is not Slavery barbarous?

Thirdly. Slavery paints itself again in its complete *abrogation of the parental relation*, provided by God in his benevolence for the nurture and education of the human family, and constituting an essential part of Civilization. And yet, by the law of Slavery—happily beginning to be modified in some places—this relation is set at naught, and in its place is substituted the arbitrary control of the master, at whose mere command little children, such as the Saviour called unto him, though clasped by a mother's arms, are swept under the hammer of the auctioneer. I do not dwell on this exhibition. Sir, is not Slavery barbarous?

Fourthly. Slavery paints itself again in *closing the gates of knowledge*, which are also the shining gates of civilization. Under its plain, unequivocal law, the bondman, at the unrestrained will of his master, is shut out from all instruction, while in many places, incredible to relate! the law itself, by cumulative provisions, positively forbids that he shall be taught to read. Of course, the slave cannot be allowed to read, for his soul would then expand in larger air, while he saw the glory of the North Star, and also the helping truth, that God, who made iron, never made a slave; for he would then become familiar with the Scriptures, with the Decalogue still speaking in the thunders of Sinai; with that ancient text, "He that stealeth a man and selleth him, or if he be found in his hands, he shall surely be put to death;" with that other text, "Masters, give unto your servants that which is just and equal;" with that great story of redemption, when the Lord raised the slave-born Moses to deliver his chosen people from the house of bondage; and with that sublimer story, where the Saviour died a cruel death, that men, without distinction of race, might be saved—leaving to mankind a commandment, which, even without his example, makes slavery impossible. Thus, in order to fasten your manacles upon the slave, you fasten other manacles upon his soul. The ancients maintained Slavery by chains and death; you maintain it by that infinite despotism, monopoly, through which human nature itself is degraded. Sir, is not Slavery barbarous?

Fifthly. Slavery paints itself again in the *appropriation of all the toil of its victims*, excluding them from that property in their own earnings, which the law of nature allows, and civilization secures. The painful injustice of this pretension is lost in its meanness. It is robbery and petty larceny under garb of law. And even the meanness is lost in the absurdity of its associate pretension, that the African, thus despoiled of all his earnings, is saved from poverty, and that for his own good he must work for his master, and not for himself. Alas! by such a fallacy, is a whole race pauperized! And yet this transaction is not without illustrative example. A

sombre poet, whose verse has found wide favor, pictures a creature who,

— With one hand put
A penny in the urn of poverty,
And with the other took a shilling out.

Poet's "Course of Time," Book VIII., 632.

And a celebrated traveller through Russia, more than a generation ago, describes a kindred spirit, who, while devoutly crossing himself at church with his right hand, with the left deliberately picked the pocket of a fellow-sinner by his side. Not admiring these instances, I cannot cease to deplore a system which has much of both, while, under affectation of charity, it sordidly takes from the slave all the fruits of his bitter sweat, and thus takes from him the mainspring to exertion. Tell me, sir, is not Slavery barbarous?

Such is Slavery in its five special elements of Barbarism, as recognized by law; first, assuming that man can hold property in man; secondly, abrogating the relation of husband and wife; thirdly, abrogating the parental tie; fourthly, closing the gates of knowledge; and fifthly, appropriating the unpaid labor of another. Take away these elements, sometimes called "abuses," and Slavery will cease to exist, for it is these very "abuses" which constitute Slavery. Take away any one of them, and the abolition of Slavery begins. And when I present Slavery for judgment, I mean no slight evil, with regard to which there may be a reasonable difference of opinion, but I mean this fivefold embodiment of "abuse"—this ghastly quincunx of Barbarism—each particular of which, if considered separately, must be denounced at once with all the ardor of an honest soul, while the whole fivefold combination must awake a fivefold denunciation.

But this fivefold combination becomes still more hateful when its *single motive* is considered.—and here Slavery paints itself finally. The Senator from Mississippi [Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS] says that it is "but a form of civil government for those who are not fit to govern themselves." The Senator is mistaken. It is an outrage where five different pretensions all concur in one single object, looking only to the profit of the master, and constituting its ever present motive power, which is simply to *compel the labor of fellow-men without wages!*

If the offence of Slavery were less extended; if it were confined to some narrow region; if it had less of grandeur in its proportions; if its victims were counted by tens and hundreds, instead of millions, the five-headed enormity would find little indulgence. All would rise against it, while religion and civilization would lavish their choicest efforts in the general warfare. But what is wrong when done to one man cannot be right when done to many. If it is wrong thus to degrade a single soul—if it is wrong thus to degrade you, Mr. President—it cannot be right to degrade a whole race. And yet this is denied by the barbarous logic of Slavery, which, taking advantage of its own wrong, claims immunity because its Usurpation has assumed a front of audacity that cannot be safely attacked. Unhappily, there is a Barbarism elsewhere in the world; but American Slavery, as defined by existing law, stands forth as the greatest organized Barbarism on which the sun now looks. It is without a single peer. Its author, after making it, broke the die.

If curiosity carries us to the origin of this law—and here I approach a topic often considered in this Chamber—we shall confess again its

Barbarism. It is not derived from the common law, that fountain of Liberty; for this law, while unhappily recognizing a system of servitude, known as villeinage, secured to the bondman privileges unknown to the American slave; protected his person against mayhem; protected his wife against rape; gave to his marriage equal validity with the marriage of his master, and surrounded his offspring with generous presumptions of Freedom, unlike that rule of yours by which the servitude of the mother is necessarily stamped upon the child. It is not derived from the Roman law, that fountain of tyranny, for two reasons—first, because this law, in its better days, when its early rigors were spent—like the common law itself—secured to the bondman privileges unknown to the American slave—in certain cases of cruelty rescued him from his master—prevented separation of parents and children, also of brothers and sisters—and even protected him in the marriage relation; and secondly, because the Thirteen Colonies were not derived from any of those countries which recognized the Roman law, while this law, even before the discovery of this continent, had lost all living efficacy. It is not derived from the Mahomedan law; for under the mild injunctions of the Koran, a benignant servitude, unlike yours, has prevailed—where the lash is not allowed to lacerate the back of a female; where no knife or branding-iron is employed upon any human being to mark him as the property of his fellow-man; where the master is expressly enjoined to favor the desires of his slave for emancipation; and where the blood of the master, mingling with his bond-woman, takes from her the transferable character of a chattel, and confers complete freedom upon their offspring. It is not derived from the Spanish law; for this law contains humane elements unknown to your system, borrowed, perhaps, from the Mahomedan Moors who so long occupied Spain; and, besides, our Thirteen Colonies had no umbilical connection with Spain. Nor is it derived from English statutes or American statutes; for we have the positive and repeated averment of the Senator from Virginia [Mr. MASON] and also of other Senators, that in not a single State of the Union can any such statutes establishing Slavery be found. From none of these does it come.

No, sir; not from any land of civilization is this Barbarism derived. It comes from Africa, ancient nurse of monsters; from Guinea, Dahomey, and Congo. There is its origin and fountain. This benighted region, we are told by Chief Justice Marshall in a memorable judgment, (*The Antelope*, 10 Wheaton R., 66,) still asserts a right discarded by Christendom, to enslave captives taken in war; and this African Barbarism is the beginning of American Slavery. The Supreme Court of Georgia, a Slave State, has not shrunk from this conclusion. "Licensed to hold slave property," says the Court, "the Georgia planter held the slave as a chattel; either directly from the slave-trader, or from those who held under him, and he from the slave-captor in Africa. The property of the planter in the slave became, thus, the property of the original captor." (*Neal v. Farmer*, 9 Georgia Reports, p. 555.) It is natural that a right, thus derived in defiance of Christendom, and openly founded on the most vulgar Paganism, should be exercised without any mitigating influence from Christianity; that the master's authority over the person of his slave—over his conjugal relations—over the employ-

ment of his time—over all his acquisitions, should be recognized, while no generous presumption inclines to Freedom, and the womb of the bond-woman can deliver only a slave.

From its home in Africa, where it is sustained by immemorial usage, this Barbarism, thus derived and thus developed, traversed the ocean to American soil. It entered on board that fatal slave-ship "built in the eclipse, and rigged with curses dark," which in 1620 landed its cruel cargo at Jamestown, in Virginia, and it has boldly taken its place in every succeeding slave-ship from that early day till now—helping to pack the human freight, regardless of human agony; surviving the torments of the middle passage; surviving its countless victims plunged beneath the waves; and it has left the slave-ship only to travel inseparably from the slave in his various doom, sanctioning by its barbarous code every outrage, whether of mayhem or robbery, of lash or lust, and fastening itself upon his offspring to the remotest generation. Thus are the barbarous prerogatives of barbarous, half-naked African chiefs perpetuated in American Slave-masters, while the Senator from Virginia, [Mr. MASON,] perhaps unconscious of their origin—perhaps desirous to secure for them the appearance of a less barbarous pedigree—tricks them out with a phrase of the Roman law, discarded by the common law, *partus sequitur ventrem*, which simply renders into ancient Latin an existing rule of African Barbarism, recognized as an existing rule of American Slavery.

Such is the plain juridical origin of the American slave code, now vaunted as a badge of Civilization. But all law, whatever its juridical origin, whether English or Mahomedan, Roman or African, may be traced to other and ampler influences of nature, sometimes of Right, and sometimes of Wrong. Surely the law which blasted the slave-trade as piracy punishable with death had a different inspiration from that other law, which secured immunity for the slave-trade throughout an immense territory, and invested its supporters with political power. As there is a nobler law above, so there is a meaner law below, and each is felt in human affairs.

Thus far we have seen Slavery only in pretended law, and in the origin of that law. Here I might stop, without proceeding in the argument; for, on the letter of the law alone Slavery must be condemned. But the tree is known by its fruits, and these I now shall exhibit; and this brings me to the second stage of the argument.

*THE CHARACTER OF LAFAYETTE.

The ruling passion of his life was strong to the close. As at the beginning, so at the end, he was all for Human Rights. This ruled his mind and filled his heart. His last public speech was in behalf of political refugees seeking shelter in France from the proscription of arbitrary power. The last lines traced by his hand, even after the beginning of his fatal illness, attest his joy at that great act of Emancipation by which England had just given freedom to her slaves. "Nobly," he wrote, "has the public treasure been employed." And these last words still resound in our ears, speaking from his tomb.

Such was Lafayette. At the tidings of his death, there was mourning in two hemispheres, and the saying of Pericles seemed to be accom-

plished, that the whole earth is the sepulchre of the illustrious man. It was felt that one had gone whose place was among the great names of history, combining the double fame of hero and martyr, heightened by the tenderness of personal attachment and gratitude; nor could such example belong to France or America only! Living for all, his renown became the common property of the whole human family. The words of the poet were revived:

Ne'er to those chambers where the mighty rest
Since their foundation came a nobler guest;
Nor e'er to the bowers of bliss conveyed
A fairer spirit or more welcome shade.

Judge him by the simple record of his life, and you will confess his greatness. Judge him by the motives of his conduct, and you will bend with reverence before him. More than any other man in history he is the impersonation of Liberty. His face is radiant with its glory, as his heart was filled with its sweetness. His was that new order of greatness destined soon to displace the old. Peculiar and original, he was without predecessors. Many will come after him, but there were none before him. He was founder, inventor, poet, as much as if he had built a city, discovered ether, or composed an epic. On his foundation all mankind will build; through his discovery all will be aided; by his epic all will be uplifted. Early and intuitively he saw man as brother, and recognized the equal rights of all. Especially was he precocious in asserting the equal rights of the African slave. His supreme devotion to Humanity against all obstacles was ennobled by that divine constancy and uprightness, which from youth's spring to the winter of venerable years made him always the same,—in youth showing the firmness of age, and in age showing the ardor of youth,—ever steady when others were fickle, ever faithful when others were false,—holding cheap all that birth, wealth, or power could bestow,—renouncing even the favor of fellow-citizens which he loved so well,—content with virtue as his only nobility,—and whether placed on the dazzling heights of worldly ambition, or plunged in the depths of a dungeon, always true to the same great principles and making even the dungeon witness of his unequalled fidelity.

By the side of such sublime virtue what were his eminent French contemporaries? What was Mirabeau, with life sullied by impurity and dishonored by a bribe? What was Talleyrand, with heartless talent devoted to his personal success? What was Robespierre, with impracticable endeavors baptized in blood? What was Napoleon himself, whose surpassing powers to fix fortune by profound combinations, or to seize it with irresistible arm, were debased by the brutality of selfishness? Such are the four chief characters of the Revolution, already dropping from the firmament as men learn to appreciate those principles by which Humanity is advanced. Lafayette ascends as they disappear, while the world hails that Universal Enfranchisement which he served so well. As the mighty triumph is achieved which he clearly foresaw, immense will be his reward among men.

Great he was indeed,—not as author, although he has written what we are glad to read,—not as orator, although he has spoken much and well,—not as soldier, although he displayed both bravery and military genius,—not even as statesman, versed in the science of government,

although he saw instinctively the relations of men to government. Nor did his sympathetic nature possess the power always to curb the passions of men or to hurl the bolts by which wickedness is driven back. Not on these accounts is he great. Call him less a force than an influence,—less “king of men” than servant of Humanity,—his name is destined to be a spell beyond that of any king, while it shines aloft like a star. Great is he as one of earth’s benefactors, possessing in largest measure that best gift from God to man, the genius of beneficence sustained to the last by perfect honesty; great too he is as an early, constant Republican, who saw the beauty and practicability of Republican Institutions as the expression of a true civilization, and upheld them always; and great he is as example, which, so long as history endures, must inspire author, orator, soldier, and statesman, all alike to labor and, if need be, to suffer for Human Rights. The fame of such a character, brightening with the Progress of Humanity, can be measured only by the limits of a world’s gratitude and the bounds of time.

ROBERT T. CONRAD.

ROBERT T. CONRAD, the author of the highly successful tragedy of *Aylmere*, was born in Philadelphia about the year 1810. After completing his preliminary education, he studied law with his uncle, Mr. Thomas Kittera; but in place of the practice of the profession, devoted himself to an editorial career, by the publication of the *Daily Commercial Intelligencer*, a periodical he subsequently merged in the *Philadelphia Gazette*.

In consequence of ill health he was forced to abandon the toil of daily editorship. He returned to the practice of the law, and was immediately



R.T. Conrad

appointed Recorder of the Recorder’s Court, Philadelphia. After holding this office for two years, he became a judge of the Court of Criminal Sessions; and on the abolition of that tribunal, was appointed to the bench of the General Sessions established in its place.

Mr. Conrad occupied a prominent place in, and in 1854 was Mayor of Philadelphia, having been elected to that office by the Native American party. He died in that city, June 27, 1858.

Mr. Conrad wrote his first tragedy before his twenty-first year. It was entitled *Conradin*, and performed with success.

Aylmere was written some years after. It became the property of Mr. Edwin Forrest, and proved one of his most successful plays. The hero, Jack Cade, assumes the name of *Aylmere* during his concealment in Italy, to escape the consequences of a daring act of resistance to tyranny in his youth. He returns to England, and heads the insurrection which bears his name in history. The democratic hero is presented with energy, and the entire production abounds in spirited scenes and animated language. The tragedy was published by the author in 1852 in a volume entitled *Aylmere, or the Bondman of Kent; and Other Poems*. The leading article of the latter portion of the collection, *The Sons of the Wilderness—Reflections beside an Indian Mound*, extending to three hundred and seventy lines, is a meditative poem on the Indians, reciting their wrongs and sympathizing with their fate in a mournful strain. The remaining pieces are for the most part of a reflective character.

FREEDOM.

Whence but from God can spring the burning love
Of nature’s liberty? Why does the eye
Watch, raised and raptured, the bright racks that
rove,

Heaven’s free-born, frolic in the harvest sky?
The wind which bloweth where it listeth, why
Hath it a charm? Why love we thus the sea,
Lordless and limitless? Or the cataract cry,

With which Niagara tells eternity
That she is chainless now, and will for ever be!

Or why, in breathing nature, is the slave
That ministers to man, in lowly wise,
Or beast or bird, a thing of scorn? Where wave
The prairie’s purple seas, the free horse flies,
With mane wide floating, and wild-flashing eyes,
A wonder and a glory; o’er his way,
The ne’er-tamed eagle soars and fans the skies.

Floating, a speck upon the brow of day,
He scans the unbounded wild—and who shall say
him nay?

If Freedom thus o’er earth, sea, air, hath cast
Her spell, and is Thought’s idol, man may well,
To star-crowned Sparta in the glimmering past,
Turn from the gilded agonies which swell
Wrong’s annals. For the kindling mind will dwell
Upon Leonidas and Washington,
And those who for God’s truth or fought or fell,
When kings whose tombs are pyramids, are gone,
Justice and Time are wed: the eternal truth lives
on.

Ponder it, freemen! It will teach that Time
Is not the foe of Right! and man may be
All that he pants for. Every thought sublime
That lifts us to the right where truth makes free,
Is from on high. Pale virtue! Yet with thee
Will gentle freedom dwell, nor dread a foe!
Self-governed, calm and truthful, why should she
Shrink from the future? ‘Neath the last sun’s
glow,
Above expiring Time, her starry flag shall flow!

For, even with shrinking woman, is the Right
A cherished thought. The hardy hordes which
threw

Rome from the crushed world's empire, caught the
light

That led them from soft eyes, and never knew
Shame, fear, nor fetter. The stern Spartan drew,
From matrons weeping o'er each recreant son,
His spirit; and our Indian thus will woo

The stake—his forest Portia by—smile on,
Till the death-rattle ring and the death-song is done.

Fame is *man's* vassal; and the Maid of France,
The shepherd heroine, and Padilla's dame,
Whose life and love and suffering mock romance,
Are half forgotten. Corday—doth her name
Thrill you? Why, Brutus won eternal fame:

Was his, a Roman man's, a bolder blow
Than that weak woman's? For the cause the
same—

Marat a worse than Cæsar. Blood may flow
In seas for Right, and ne'er a holier offering know!

* * * * *

The desert rock may yield a liberty—

The eagle's; but in cities, guarded Right
Finds her first home. Amid the many, she
Gives union, strength, and courage. In the night
Of time, from leaguered walls, her beacon light
Flashed o'er the world. And Commerce, whose
white wing

Makes the wide desert of the ocean bright,
Is Freedom's foster nurse; and though she fling
Her wealth on many a shore, on none where fetters
ring!

And wealth diffused is Freedom's child and aid.

Give me—such is her prayer—nor poverty,
Nor riches! For while penury will degrade,

A heaped-up wealth corrupts. But to the free
The angel hope is Knowledge. It may be,
Has been, a despot; for, with unspeared glow,
Truth is a rayless sun, whose radiance we,
However bright it burn, nor feel, nor know.

'Tis power; and power unshared is curst, and works
but woe!

Make it an atmosphere that all may breathe,
And all are free. Each struggle in the past
That Right smiles o'er, was truthful. Laurels
wreath

All who,—as when our country rose—have cast
Oppression down; that act all time will last,

The Ararat of History, on whose brow
The sacred ark of Liberty stood fast,

Sunned in the truth; while the tame, turbid flow
Of Slavery's deluge spread o'er all the world below.

* * * * *

Labor on Freedom waits (what hope to cheer

The slave to toil?), the labor blithe, whose day
Knows not a want, whose night knows not a tear;

And wealth; and high-browed science; and the
play

Of truth-enamoured mind, that mocks the sway

Of court or custom; beauty-loving art;

And all that scatters flowers on life's drear way.

Hope, courage, pride, joy, conscious mirth upstart,
Beneath her smile, to raise the mind and glad the
heart.

* * * * *

Twin-born with Time was Freedom, when the soul,
Shoreless and shining, met the earliest day:

But o'er Time's tomb—when passes by the scroll

Of the scorched sky—she'll wing her radiant way,

Freed from the traitor's taint, the tyrant's sway;

Chastened and bright, to other spheres will flee;

Sun her unruffled joys in Heaven's own ray,—

Where all the crushed are raised, the just are
free—

Her light the living God—her mate eternity!

** In 1862 his *Devotional Poems* were published, edited by a poet-friend, Mr. George H. Boker.

** SANCTIFY THY NAME.

Holy and reverend is his name.—Ps. cxi. 9

HALLOWÉD BE THY NAME! In every clime,
'Neath every sky! Or in this smiling land,
Where Vice, bold-browed, and Craft, walk hand
in hand,

And varnished Seeming gives a grace to Crime;
Or in the howling wild, or on the plain,

Where Pagans tremble at their rough-hewn god;
Wherever voice hath spoke, or foot hath trod;

Sacred Thy name! The skeptic, wild and vain,
Roused from his rosy joys, the Osmanlite;

The laughing Ethiop, and the dusk Hindoo;

Thy sons of every creed, of every hue;

Praise thee! Nor earth alone. Each star of night,
Join in the choir! till Heaven and earth acclaim,
Still, and forever, Hallowéd be Thy name!

** FEED US WITH BREAD.

He that walketh righteously; . . . bread shall be given
him.—Isa. xxxiii. 15, 16.

GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD! Thou art
Lord of the harvest. Thou hast taught the song
Sung by the rill, the grassy vale along;

And 'tis Thy smile, when Summer's zephyrs start,
That makes the wavy wheat a sea of gold!

Give me to share thy boon! No miser hoard

I crave; no splendour, no Apician board:

Freedom, and faith, and food,—and all is told:

I ask no more. But spare my brethren! They

Now beg, in vain, to toil; and cannot save

Their wan-eyed loved ones, sinking to the grave.

Give them their daily bread! How many pray,

Alas, in vain, for food! Be Famine fed;

And give us, Lord, this day our daily bread.

** WORK WHILE IT IS DAY.

I must work the works of him that sent me, while it is day;
the night cometh, when no man can work.—JOHN ix. 4.

Work while 'tis day; for the dreary night cometh,
When the laggard lies down, but it is not to sleep;
Scorn'd Time is avenged in the worm that ne'er
dieth;

Whatsoe'er a man soweth he also shall reap.

Work out your salvation with fear and with trem-
bling,

And dull not the duty with doubt or delay;—
For God and your brother earth's harvest-field
calls you,

Then faint not, nor falter; but *work while 'tis day*.

Work while 'tis day; for God gave not your being,
A mockery of life and a burthen to men;

To grow and to grovel, to be and to perish,

Like weeds on the waste, or like fogs o'er the fen.

Ye were form'd for a purpose,—'tis active and
earnest,

To live and to labour, while labour you may;

In the forum or furrow, at helm or at hammer,

Whatever the duty,—still *work while 'tis day!*

Work! for the true Christian shrinks from no duty;

His spirit of love and of power is brave;

Not hearing, but doing; not talking, but toiling;

Not sleeping,—there's slumber enough in the
grave.

The twelve were all chosen from earth's earnest toilsomen;

St. Paul wrought for his bread, on his God-guided way:

And wist ye not Christ, in the work of the Father
Went about doing good? Oh, then, *work while 't is day.*

Work while 't is day. It is not in seclusion,

In dim dreams of duty that duty is done:

Come forth, from the coward repose of the cloister,
To the field where the good fight is fought and is won!

As husband or father, as friend or as brother,
For kith or for country, as teacher or stay,
There are deeds to accomplish, by love and by labour,

By soul and by sinew: *then work while 't is day.*

Work while 't is day. True Devotion ne'er wearies;
The Faith that is sluggard is cold as the clod;
But blest is the servant, whose Lord finds him faithful;

Peace, Honour, and Glory, the gifts of his God!
Then cheerly to toil! till life's task-work is over,
And the voice of our King calls His chosen away;
Oh, sweet is their sleep on the bosom of Jesus,
The sleep of the just, *who have worked while 't was day.*

** THE LINGERING WINTER.

He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him. — Ps. cxxvi. 6.

The snow-flakes kiss the ploughman's crimson'd face;

He guides the share and turns the furrow still,
With manly patience and with measured pace,
Nor heeds the winter lingering on the hill.

The foamy flood roars sullen through the vale:
The crow-flocks flap the blast with labouring wings;

The bare oak shivers in the northern gale: —
But on the topmost bough the blue-bird sings.

It sings of spring, — the ploughman hears the song, —

Of bridal April and of blooming May:
And as he treads with sturdy step along,
Hope in his bosom sings the self-same lay,

He hears the summer rustling in his corn;
Cloud chases cloud across his bending grain:
The mower's scythe-song greets the golden morn,
The soft eve welcomes home the loaded wain.

And Autumn's wealth, its pleasures and its pride,
His heart with joy, his ear with music, fill;
His plough he follows with a quicker stride,
Nor heeds the winter lingering on the hill.

Thus to the Christian, — wheresoe'er he roam, —
Planting the Orient, Afric, or the Isles,
Or the frost-fettered fields, alas! of home, —
A promised harvest mid the winter smiles.

Spring coy and hard, the labourers faint and few;
The hard, chill glebe unyielding to the share;
The shrill blast shrieks the leafless forest through:
But from on High a voice dispels despair.

Before him the redeemed — Christ's harvest — stand;

And hosts with hymns of praise his bosom thrill;
His plough he seizes with a strengthen'd hand,
Nor heeds the winter lingering on the hill.

FREDERICK WILLIAM THOMAS.

F. W. THOMAS was born in Providence, R. I., October 25, 1808. In 1830 he removed to Cincinnati, and on his descent of the Ohio composed a poem of some six or eight stanzas, which appeared in the Commercial Daily Advertiser on his arrival at his destination. This he subsequently enlarged and recited in public, and in 1833 published with the title — *The Emigrant, or Reflections when descending the Ohio.*

In 1835 Mr. Thomas published the novel of *Clinton Bradshaw*. The hero of this story is a young lawyer, who is brought in the course of his professional pursuits in contact with criminals, while his desire to advance himself in politics introduces him to the low class of hangers-on and wire-pullers of party.

The publication made a sensation by the spirit and animation with which it was written and the bold delineations of character it contained. It was followed in 1836 by *East and West*, a story which introduces us in its progress to the two great geographical divisions of our country, and possesses animation and interest. An account of a race between two Mississippi steamboats, terminating in the usual explosion, is deservedly celebrated as a passage of vigorous description.

In 1840 Mr. Thomas published *Howard Pinckney*, a novel of contemporary American life. He is also the author of *The Beechen Tree, a Tale told in Rhyme*, published by the Harpers, and of several fugitive poems of merit. The song which we quote has attained a wide popularity.

He died in Washington, September 30, 1866.

'TIS SAID THAT ABSENCE CONQUERS LOVE.

'Tis said that absence conquers love!

But, oh! believe it not;

I've tried, alas! its power to prove,

But thou art not forgot.

Lady, though fate has bid us part,

Yet still thou art as dear —

As fixed in this devoted heart,

As when I clasped thee here.

I plunge into the busy crowd,

And smile to hear thy name;

And yet, as if I thought aloud,

They know me still the same;

And when the wine-cup passes round,

I toast some other fair; —

But when I ask my heart the sound,

Thy name is echoed there.

And when some other name I learn,

And try to whisper love,

Still will my heart to thee return,

Like the returning dove.

In vain! I never can forget,

And would not be forgot;

For I must bear the same regret,

Whate'er may be my lot.

E'en as the wounded bird will seek

Its favorite bower to die,

So, lady! I would hear thee speak,

And yield my parting sigh.

'T is said that absence conquers love!

But, oh! believe it not;

I've tried, alas! its power to prove

But thou art not forgot.

HORACE GREELEY.

HORACE GREELEY, a prominent journalist, was born at Amherst, New Hampshire, February 3, 1811. He received a limited common school education, the deficiencies of which he, however, in some measure supplied by unwearied activity from his earliest years in the pursuit of knowledge. At the age of fourteen, his parents having



in the meantime removed to Vermont, he obtained employment as an apprentice in the office of the Northern Spectator, Pultney, Vermont. In 1830, the paper was discontinued and he returned home; but soon after made a second engagement to work as an apprentice in Erie, Pa., for fifty dollars a year, out of which he saved enough in a few months to expend twenty-five or thirty dollars for his father, then a farmer on the line between Chautauque county, New York, and Pennsylvania, and pay his travelling expenses to New York, where he arrived in August, 1831, "with a suit of blue cotton jean, two brown shirts, and five dollars in cash." He obtained work as a journeyman printer, and continued thus employed for eighteen months. In 1834, he commenced with Jonas Winchester, afterwards the publisher of the New World, a weekly paper of sixteen pages quarto, called the New Yorker. It was conducted with much ability as a political and literary journal, but was not successful. Its conductors gave it a long and fair trial of several years, and were finally compelled to abandon the enterprise. While editing this journal Mr. Greeley also conducted, in 1838, the Jeffersonian, published by the Whig Central Committee of the State, and the Log Cabin, a "campaign" paper, published for six months preceding the presidential election of 1840.

Mr. Greeley's next enterprise was the publication of the New York Tribune, the first number of which appeared on Saturday, April 10, 1841. It soon took the stand which it has since maintained of a thoroughly appointed, independent, and spirited journal. In the July after its commencement, its editor formed a partnership with Mr. Thomas McElrath, who continued its publisher till succeeded by Mr. Samuel Sinclair.

In 1848 Mr. Greeley was elected a member of the House of Representatives. In 1851 he visited Europe, and was chosen chairman of one of the juries of the World's Fair at London. His letters written during his journey to the Tribune, were collected on his return in a volume, with the title *Glances at Europe*. In 1853 he edited a volume of papers from the Tribune, *Art and Industry as Represented in the Exhibition at the Crystal Palace, New York*. A number of addresses delivered by him on various occasions have been also collected in a volume, with the title of *Hints towards Reforms*.

Mr. Greeley has been fortunate in securing, during an early stage of his career, a biographer who combines in an unusual degree the essential characteristics of enthusiasm, research, and good sense. Mr. J. Parton has presented to the public

in *The Life of Horace Greeley*, a volume well balanced in its proportions, and attractive in style.

** As the editor of the Tribune, and thereby the tacitly recognized head of journalism in America, the name of Horace Greeley will be most fitly commemorated in history; yet the literary works of his later years are sufficient in themselves to give him an acknowledged rank among its authors. In matter, method, and style—in weight of thought, practical aims, appeals direct even to bluntness, and clear, exact, crisp language—his writings have many characteristics in common with those of the elder printer, Franklin; but at no sacrifice of spirit or originality, because the very outbreathings of an intense individuality.

In 1859 appeared: *An Overland Journey from New York to San Francisco, in the Summer of 1859*, a series of observant letters reprinted from the Tribune. Nearly ten years later, its author modestly wrote of this: "As a photograph of scenes that were then passing away, of a region on the point of rapid and striking transformation, I judge that this may be deemed worth looking into by a dozen persons per annum for the next twenty years."* It had been preceded, in 1856, by *A History of the Struggle for Slavery Extension in the United States, from the Declaration of Independence to the Present Day*, of which ten thousand copies were sold;† and it was followed by the most elaborate of his books.

In the years 1864 and 1867 were published the two subscription volumes of *The American Conflict; A History of the Great Rebellion in the United States of America, 1860-4: Its Causes, Incidents, and Results; Intended to Exhibit especially its Moral and Political Phases, with the Drift and Progress of American Opinion respecting Human Slavery, from 1776 to the Close of the War for the Union*. The first volume treated chiefly of the civil events which culminated in the Rebellion; and the second detailed, with little attempt at rhetorical embellishment, the military and political victories which ended in the restoration of national peace. This work was composed, by the aid of an amanuensis, in the early morning hours, before the beginning of the editorial tasks of each day. Its painstaking accuracy, its fairness and breadth of view, make it a standard authority. A chief design was the proof that the late struggle was "the unavoidable result of antagonisms imbedded in the very nature of our heterogeneous institutions; that ours was indeed an 'irrepressible conflict,' which might have been precipitated or postponed, but could by no means have been prevented."‡ And after a later survey of the war-literature, its author felt justified in the candid claim: "It is one of the clearest statements yet made of the long chain of causes which led irresistibly to the war for the Union, showing why that war was the righteous and natural consequence of the American people's

* Recollections of a Busy Life, p. 420.

† A Representative Life of Horace Greeley, with an Introduction by Cassius M. Clay. By L. U. Reavis, 1872.

‡ The American Conflict, Preface.

general and guilty compliance in the crime of upholding and diffusing Human Slavery. I proffer it as my contribution towards a fuller and more vivid realization of the truth that God governs this world by moral laws as active, immutable, and all-pervading as can be operative in any other, and that every collusion or compromise with evil must surely invoke a prompt and signal retribution."*

This work won such popular favor that it soon reached a sale of a hundred thousand copies. But when Horace Greeley signed his name on the bail-bond of Jefferson Davis, at the earnest solicitation of the latter's family and counsel, in May, 1867, its sale and the circulation of his journal were checked for several years. His act was an unselfish one; its propriety, however, many have questioned.

At the repeated request of Mr. Bonner, Horace Greeley contributed to the New York Ledger, in 1867-8, a series of autobiographic reminiscences. These, with other papers, were speedily gathered into a volume, entitled: *Recollections of a Busy Life: Including Reminiscences of American Politics and Politicians, from the Opening of the Missouri Conflict to the Down-fall of Slavery; to which are added "Miscellanies;" "Literature as a Vocation;" "Poets and Poetry;" "Reforms and Reformers;" "A Defence of Protection," etc.* Also, *A Discussion with Robert Dale Owen of the Law of Divorce*. The dedication was "to our American Boys, who, born in poverty, cradled in obscurity, and early called from school to rugged labor, are seeking to convert obstacle into opportunity, and wrest achievement from difficulty." This frank-spirited addition to our few inimitable memoirs, detailing the struggles year by year of a printer-lad till he became the censor of public opinion, cannot but prove his most popular book with posterity.

In 1870 appeared *Essays Designed to Elucidate the Science of Political Economy, while Serving to Explain and Defend the Policy of Protection to Home Industry, as a System of National Co-operation for the Elevation of Labor*—a series of articles reprinted from the Tribune, and dedicated to the memory of Henry Clay. This thoughtful advocacy of a cherished conviction met with but a fifth of the sale accorded to his early work on "Slavery Extension." It was followed by a contribution of six pages to *The Great Industries of the United States* (1871); viz., "A Historical Summary of the Origin, Growth, and Perfection of the Chief Industrial Arts of this Country"—forming a concise and popular exposition of the arguments for Protection.

In the year following was issued: *What I Know of Farming: A Series of Brief and Plain Expositions of Practical Agriculture, as an Art based upon Science*. The aim of Mr. Greeley was not to treat in detail the matters of practical farm-life, in which he acknowledged many of his readers might be more familiar than himself, but to develop the underlying principles as suggested by extensive travel and close observation, as well as by actual experiment. His

motive was "the elevation of labor from the plane of drudgery and servility to one of self-respect, self-guidance, and genuine independence."*

To this list of standard works in as many distinct departments of literature, remains only to be added *The Tribune Almanac*, a political and statistical annual which for a term of thirty-four years circulated from fifty to a hundred thousand copies annually.

The closing days of the life of this benefactor of his race tell a sad tale, and one so recent as to be fresh in the minds of all. Separating on questions of public policy from the leaders of the party he had devotedly served, and accepting a nomination to the Presidency from its old and new adversaries, he threw himself into the campaign of 1872 with all the ardent zeal of his nature, and delivered a series of popular speeches invaluable for their statesman-like views. But heavy political reverses surprised him in October; on the 30th of that month his invalid wife died, at whose bedside he had watched, day and night, for weeks through without rest; and, last of all, the election returns of November came to overwhelm the mind and shattered health of this nervously prostrated man, who had latterly almost forgotten how to eat and sleep. He died at the house of Dr. Choate, several miles from his own country home at Chappaqua, on Friday afternoon, November 29, aged sixty-one years. His last words were: "I know that my Redeemer liveth!" and "It is done!"

The pulpit and the press of the country were unanimous in their eulogies of his well-spent life, and his untiring zeal for good. His remains lay in state at the New York City Hall, where thousands of citizens filed by to pay their respects. The President and other chief dignitaries of the nation and state thronged the church of Rev. Dr. Chapin, to do homage to his funeral obsequies; and his body was laid in his family-vault at Greenwood Cemetery, Brooklyn.

Among the countless tributes to the memory of the late Horace Greeley, very noticeable of which are the affectionate and appreciative memorial articles by his co-workers,† a brief extract from the sermon of Rev. James Freeman Clarke of Boston, on December 1, merits attention by its comprehensive and faithful portraiture of his life and character:

"A man has died this last week, who has been conspicuous during forty years—since he entered New York in 1831, with all his goods tied up in his handkerchief. Till within a month he has been more abused and ridiculed than any other man in the country. He dies, and now, those who were so loud in his censure can hardly say enough in his praise. Now he is 'the great editor,' an upright, generous, pure, and usually sagacious man; almost always right, and with an energy of character and force of will, which, as was said of Howard, 'the nature of the human mind forbade to be more, and the character of the

* *What I Know of Farming*, Preface.

† New York Weekly Tribune, December 4, 1872, six pages. Also, "The Man Horace Greeley—a tribute from Bayard Taylor," February 12, 1873; and *The Memorial Volume*, 1873.

* *Recollections of a Busy Life*, p. 424.

individual prevented from being less.' Horace Greeley was one of our very great men, and one of the nation's great benefactors. I am glad that I, for one, am not obliged to-day to take back anything I ever said of him. I, for one, never forgot his great services in his frequent failings. I remembered always that during some twenty years the New York Tribune was the only conspicuous platform from which any distinct word on behalf of universal justice and freedom and humanity could get itself heard by the nation. His paper, conducted with such eminent ability and power, was always hospitable to every plea in behalf of down-trodden justice. When all other leading Whig and Democratic papers sneered at human rights, and made their silly jests at the anti-slavery movement, Horace Greeley's Tribune was always ready to give that cause an audience. He fought on that unpopular side like a hero during twenty long years, and fell at last, still soiled with the noble dust of that long struggle. He had the defects of his qualities; his faults came from exceeding strength of will, which often became wilfulness, and so 'toppled o'er on the other side;' for will, when it is too strong, is the source of many weaknesses. A wilful man is the fool of his own caprice and the cunning of others. Now, when the man is dead, all his merits are recognized, and his defects are no longer exaggerated, but are seen in their real perspective. Man for a moment becomes just to his brother, and this is better than mercy or charity, in such a case. 'I implore peace,' says the pathetic inscription on an Italian tombstone. 'I ask for justice,' is a nobler demand. Over the grave, justice is done by man to man."

****THE TRIBUNE—FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF A BUSY LIFE.**

About five hundred names of subscribers had already been obtained for the Tribune—mainly by my warm personal and political friends Noah Cook and James Coggeshall—before its first issue,* whereof I printed five thousand, and nearly succeeded in giving away all of them that would not hire. I had type, but no presses; and so had to hire my press-work done by the "token;" my folding and mailing must have staggered me, but for the circumstance that I had but few papers to mail, and not very many to fold. The lack of the present machinery of railroads and expresses was a grave obstacle to the circulation of my paper outside of the city's suburbs; but I think its paid-for issues were two thousand at the close of the first week, and that they thenceforth increased pretty steadily at the rate of five hundred per week, till they reached ten thousand. My current expenses for the first week were about five hundred and twenty-five dollars; my receipts ninety-two dollars; and though the outgoes steadily, inevitably increased, the income increased in a still larger ratio, till it nearly balanced the former. But I was not made for a publisher; indeed, no man was ever qualified at once to edit and to publish a daily paper such as it must be to live in these times; and it was not till Mr. Thomas McElrath—whom I had barely known as a member of the publishing firm over whose store I first set type in this city, but who was now a lawyer in good standing and practice—made me a voluntary and wholly unexpected proffer of partnership in my still struggling but hopeful enterprise, that it

might be considered fairly on its feet. He offered to invest two thousand dollars as an equivalent to whatever I had in the business, and to devote his time and energies to its management, on the basis of perfect equality in ownership and in sharing the proceeds. This I very gladly accepted; and from that hour my load was palpably lightened. During the ten years or over that the Tribune was issued by Greeley & McElrath, my partner never once even indicated that my anti-slavery, anti-Hanging, Socialist, and other frequent aberrations from the short and narrow path of Whig partisanship, were injurious to our common interest, though he must often have sorely felt that they were so; and never, except when I (rarely) drew from the common treasury more money than could well be spared, in order to help some needy friend whom he judged beyond help, did he even look grieved at anything I did. On the other hand, his business management of the concern, though never brilliant, nor specially energetic, was so safe and judicious that it gave me no trouble, and scarcely required of me a thought during that long era of all but unclouded prosperity.

The transition from my four preceding years of incessant pecuniary anxiety, if not absolute embarrassment, was like escaping from the dungeon and the rack to freedom and sympathy. Henceforth, such rare pecuniary troubles as I encountered were the just penalty of my own folly in endorsing notes for persons who, in the nature of things, could not rationally be expected to pay them. But these penalties are not to be evaded by those who, soon after entering responsible life, "go into business," as the phrase is, when it is inevitable that they must be thereby involved in debt. He who starts on the basis of dependence on his own proper resources, resolved to extend his business no further and no faster than his means will justify, may fairly refuse to lend what he needs in his own operations, or to indorse for others when he asks no one to indorse for him. But you cannot ask favors, and then churlishly refuse to grant any,—borrow, and then frown upon whoever asks you to lend,—seek indorsements, and then refuse to give any: and so the idle, the prodigal, the dissolute, with the thousands foredoomed by their own defects of capacity, of industry, or of management, to chronic bankruptcy, live upon the earnings of the capable, thrifty, and provident. Better wait five years to go into business with adequate means which are properly your own, than to rush in prematurely, trusting to loans, indorsements, and the forbearance of creditors, to help you through. I have squandered much hard-earned money in trying to help others who were already past help, when I not only might, but should, have saved most of it if I had never, needing help, sought and received it. As it is, I trust that my general obligation has been fully discharged.

The Tribune, as it first appeared, was but the germ of what I sought to make it. No journal sold for a cent could ever be much more than a dry summary of the most important or the most interesting occurrences of the day; and such is not a newspaper, in the higher sense of the term. We need to know, not only what is done, but what is purposed and said, by those who sway the destinies of states and realms; and, to this end, the prompt perusal of the manifestoes of monarchs, presidents, ministers, legislators, etc., is indispensable. No man is even tolerably informed in our day who does not regularly "keep the run" of

events and opinions, through the daily perusal of at least one good journal; and the ready cavil that "no one can read" all that a great modern journal contains, only proves the ignorance or thoughtlessness of the caviller. No one person is expected to take such an interest in the rise and fall of stocks, the markets for cotton, cattle, grain, and goods, the proceedings of Congress, Legislatures, and Courts, the politics of Europe, and the ever-shifting phases of Spanish-American anarchy, etc., etc., as would incite him to a daily perusal of the entire contents of a metropolitan city journal of the first rank. The idea is rather to embody in a single sheet the information daily required by all those who aim to keep "posted" on every important occurrence; so that the lawyer, the merchant, the banker, the forwarder, the economist, the author, the politician, etc., may find here whatever he needs to see, and be spared the trouble of looking elsewhere. A copy of a great morning journal now contains more matter than an average twelvemo volume, and its production costs far more, while it is sold for a fortieth or a fiftieth part of the volume's price. There is no other miracle of cheapness which at all approaches it. The Electric Telegraph has precluded the multiplication of journals in the great cities, by enormously increasing the cost of publishing each of them. The Tribune, for example, now pays more than one hundred thousand dollars per annum for intellectual labor (reporting included) in and about its office, and one hundred thousand dollars more for correspondence and telegraphing,—in other words, for collecting and transmitting news. And, while its income has been largely increased from year to year, its expenses have inevitably been swelled even more rapidly; so that, at the close of 1866, in which its receipts had been over nine hundred thousand dollars, its expenses had been very nearly equal in amount, leaving no profit beyond a fair rent for the premises it owned and occupied. And yet its stockholders were satisfied that they had done a good business,—that the increase in the patronage and value of the establishment amounted to a fair interest on their investment, and might well be accepted in lieu of a dividend. In the good time coming, with cheaper paper and less exorbitant charges for "cable despatches" from the Old World, they will doubtless reap where they have now faithfully sown. Yet they realize and accept the fact, that a journal radically hostile to the gainful arts whereby the cunning and powerful few live sumptuously without useful labor, and often amass wealth, by pandering to lawless sensuality and popular vice, can never hope to enrich its publishers so rapidly nor so vastly as though it had a soft side for the Liquor Traffic, and for all kindred allurements to carnal appetite and sensual indulgence.

Fame is a vapor; popularity an accident; riches take wings; the only earthly certainty is oblivion; no man can foresee what a day may bring forth; while those who cheer to-day will often curse to-morrow: and yet I cherish the hope that the journal I projected and established will live and flourish long after I shall have mouldered into forgotten dust, being guided by a larger wisdom, a more unerring sagacity to discern the right, though not by a more unflinching readiness to embrace and defend it at whatever personal cost; and that the stone which covers my ashes may bear to future eyes the still intelligible inscription, "Founder of The New York Tribune."

** LABOR — FROM POLITICAL ECONOMY.

First of Man's material interests, most pervading, most essential, is LABOR, or the employment of human faculties and sinews to create, educe, or shape articles required by his needs or tastes. Though Providence is benignant and Nature bounteous, so that it was possible, in the infancy of the race, that the few simple wants of a handful of savages might be fitfully, grudgingly satisfied from the spontaneous products of the earth; and though a thin population of savages is still enabled to subsist, on a few fertile tropical islands, without regular, systematic industry,—their number being kept below the point of mutual starvation by incessant wars, by cannibalism, by infanticide, and by their unbounded licentiousness,—the rule is all but inexorable that human existence, even, is dependent on human labor. To the race generally, to smaller communities, and to individuals, God proffers the stern alternative, Work or perish! Idlers and profligates are constantly dying out, leaving the earth peopled mainly by the offspring of the relatively industrious and frugal. Philanthropy may drop a tear by their unmarked graves; but the idle, thriftless, improvident tribes and classes will nevertheless disappear, leaving the earth to those who, by planting as well as by clearing away forests, and by tilling, irrigating, fertilizing, and beautifying the earth, prove themselves children worthy of her bounty and her blessing. Even if all things were made common, and the idle welcomed to a perpetual feast upon the products of the toil of the diligent, still, the former would rapidly pass away, leaving few descendants, and the children of the latter would ultimately inherit the earth.

Labor begins by producing and storing the food and fabrics required to shield men from the assaults of hunger and thirst, from storm and frost, from bleak winds and the austerity of seasons and climates; but it does not end here. Man's wants expand and multiply with his means of satisfying them. He who would once have deemed himself fortunate if provided with the means of satisfying his most urgent physical needs, and "passing rich on forty pounds a year," learns gradually, as his means increase, to number a stately mansion, with spacious substructures and grounds, a costly equipage, sumptuous furniture, rare pictures and statuary, plate and precious stones, among his positive needs. "The heart of man is never satisfied" with its worldly goods; and this is wisely ordered, that none should cease to struggle and aspire. The possessor of vast wealth seems more eager to increase it than his needy neighbor to escape from the squalid prison-house of abject want. The man of millions, just tottering on the brink of the grave, still schemes and contrives to double those millions, even when he knows that his hoard must soon pass to distant relatives to whose welfare he is utterly indifferent. The mania for heaping up riches, though it has a very material, tangible basis, outlives all rational motive and defies all sensible limitations. Many a thoroughly selfish person has risked and lost his life in eager pursuit of gain which he did not need and could not hope to enjoy.

Yet, when poets, philanthropists, and divines, have said their worst of it, the love of personal acquisition remains the main-spring of most of the material good thus far achieved on this rugged, prosaic planet. Columbus, wearily bearing from court to court his earnest petition to be enabled

to discover a new world, insisted on his claim to be made hereditary Lord High Admiral of that world, and to a tithe of all the profits that should flow from its acquisition. The great are rarely so great or the good so good that they choose to labor and dare entirely for the benefit of others; while, with the multitude, personal advantage is the sole incitement to continuous exertion. Man's natural love of ease and enjoyment is only overborne, in the general case, by his consciousness that through effort and self-denial lies the way to comfort and ease for his downhill of life and a more fortunate career for his children. Take away the inducements to industry and thrift afforded by the law which secures to each the ownership and enjoyment of his rightful gains, and, through universal poverty and ignorance, even Christendom would rapidly relapse into utter barbarism.

But, though Industry is mainly selfish in its impulses, it is beneficent, and even moral, in its habitual influences and results. Closely scan any community, and you will trace its reprobates and criminals back to homes and haunts of youthful idleness. Of the hundred youth this day living in a rural village or school district, or on a city block, if it be found on inquiry that sixty are diligent, habitual workers, while the residue are growing up in idleness, broken only by brief and fitful spasms of industry, you may safely conclude that the sixty will become moral, useful, exemplary men and women, while the forty will make their way, through lives of vice and ignominy, to criminals', drunkards', or paupers' graves. The world is full of people who wander from place to place, whining for "Something to Do," and begging or stealing their subsistence for want of work, whose fundamental misfortune is that they know how to do nothing, having been brought up to just that. They are leeches on the body politic, and must usually be supported by it in prison or poor-house, and finally buried at its cost, mainly because their ignorant or vicious parents culpably failed to teach them or have them taught how to work. Now they will tell you, when in desperate need, that they are "*willing to do anything*"; but what avails that, since they know how to do nothing that is useful, or that any one wants to pay them for doing?

There have been communities, and even races, that proclaimed it a religious and moral duty of parents to have each child taught some useful calling whereby an honest living would be well-nigh assured. That child might be the heir of vast wealth, or even of a kingdom; but that did not excuse him from learning how to earn his livelihood like a peasant. The Saracens and Moors, who bore the faith of Mohammed on their victorious lances to the very heart alike of Europe, Asia, and Africa, so trained their sons to practise and honor industry; unlike the Turks and Arabs, who, since the decay of the empires of Saladin and Haroun al Raschid, have inherited the possessions, but not the genius, of the earlier champions and disseminators of their faith. Greek and Roman civilization had previously rotted away, under the baneful influences of that contempt for and avoidance of labor which Slavery never fails to engender. Not till the diversification of industry, through the silent growth and diffusion of manufactures, had undermined and destroyed serfdom in Europe, was it possible to emancipate that continent from mediæval ignorance and barbarism. Not while the world still waits for a more systematic, thorough enforcement of the principle

that every child should in youth be trained to skill and efficiency in some department of useful, productive industry, can we hope to banish able-bodied Pauperism, with its attendant train of hideous vices and sufferings, from the civilized world. So long as children shall be allowed to grow up in idleness must our country, with most other countries, be overrun with beggars, thieves, and miserable wrecks of manhood as well as of womanhood.

Every child should be trained to dexterity in some useful branch of productive industry, not in order that he shall certainly follow that pursuit, but that he may at all events be able to do so in case he shall fail in the more intellectual or artificial calling which he may prefer to it. Let him seek to be a doctor, lawyer, preacher, poet, if he will; but let him not stake his all on success in that pursuit, but have a second line to fall back upon if driven from his first. Let him be so reared and trained that he may enter, if he will, upon some intellectual calling in the sustaining consciousness that he need not debase himself, nor do violence to his convictions, in order to achieve success therein, since he can live and thrive in another (if you choose, humbler) vocation, if driven from that of his choice. This buttress to integrity, this assurance of self-respect, is to be found in a universal training to efficiency in Productive Labor.

The world is full of misdirection and waste; but all the calamities and losses endured by mankind through frost, drouth, blight, hail, fires, earthquakes, inundations, are as nothing to those habitually suffered by them through human idleness and inefficiency, mainly caused (or excused) by lack of industrial training. It is quite within the truth to estimate that one-tenth of our people, in the average, are habitually idle because (as they say) they can find no employment. They look for work where it cannot be had. They seem to be, or they are, unable to do such as abundantly confronts and solicits them. Suppose these to average but one million able-bodied persons, and that their work is worth but one dollar each per day; our loss by involuntary idleness cannot be less than \$300,000,000 per annum. I judge that it is actually \$500,000,000. Many who stand waiting to be hired could earn from two to five dollars per day had they been properly trained to work. "There is plenty of room higher up," said Daniel Webster, in response to an inquiry as to the prospects of a young man just entering upon the practice of law; and there is never a dearth of employment for men or women of signal capacity or skill. In this city, ten thousand women are always doing needlework for less than fifty cents per day, finding themselves; yet twice their number of capable, skilful seamstresses could find steady employment and good living in wealthy families at not less than one dollar per day over and above board and lodging. He who is a good blacksmith, a fair millwright, a tolerable wagon-maker, and can chop timber, make fence, and manage a small farm if required, is always sure of work and fair recompense; while he or she who can keep books or teach music fairly, but knows how to do nothing else, is in constant danger of falling into involuntary idleness and consequent beggary. It is a broad, general truth that no boy was ever yet injured to daily, systematic, productive labor in field or shop throughout the latter half of his minority, who did not prove a useful man, and was not able to find work whenever he wished it.

Yet to the ample and constant employment of a whole community one prerequisite is indispensable,—that a variety of pursuits shall have been created or naturalized therein. A people who have but a single source of profit are uniformly poor, not because that vocation is necessarily ill-chosen, but because no single calling can employ and reward the varied capacities of male and female, young and old, robust and feeble. Thus a lumbering or fishing region with us is apt to have a large proportion of needy inhabitants; and the same is true of a region exclusively devoted to cotton-growing or gold-mining. A diversity of pursuits is indispensable to general activity and enduring prosperity. Sixty or seventy years ago, what was then the District, and is now the State, of Maine was a proverb in New England for the poverty of its people, mainly because they were so largely engaged in timber-cutting. The great grain-growing, wheat-exporting districts of the Russian empire have a poor and rude people for a like reason. Thus the industry of Massachusetts is immensely more productive per head than that of North Carolina, or even that of Indiana, as it will cease to be whenever manufactures have been diffused over our whole country, as they must and will be. In Massachusetts, half the women and nearly half the children add by their daily labor to the aggregate of realized wealth; in North Carolina and in Indiana, little wealth is produced save by the labor of men, including boys of fifteen or upward. When this disparity shall have ceased, its consequence will also disappear.

And, though Man is first impelled to labor by the spur of material want, the movement outlasts the impulse in which it originated. The miser toils, and schemes, and saves, with an eye single to his own profit or aggrandizement; but commodious public halls, grand hotels, breezy parks, vast libraries, noble colleges, are often endowed in his will or founded on his wealth. Whatever the past has bequeathed for our instruction, civilization, refinement, or comfort, was created for us by the saving, thrifty, provident minority of vanished generations, many of whom were despised and reviled through life as absorbed in selfishness and regardless of other than personal ends. How many of those who flippantly disparaged and condemned him while he lived have rendered to mankind such signal, abiding service as Stephen Girard or John Jacob Astor?

He who is emphatically a worker has rarely time or taste for crime or vice. Nature is so profoundly imbued with integrity,—so implacably hostile to unreality and sham,—so inflexible in her resolve to give so much for so much, and to yield no more to whatever enticement or wheedling,—that the worker, as worker, is well-nigh constrained to uprightness. The farmer or gardener may be tempted to cheat as a trafficker,—to sell honey that is half molasses, or milk that he has made sky-blue with water,—yet even *he* knows better than to hope or seek to defraud Nature of so much as a farthing; for he feels that she will not allow it. Every thousand bushels of grain, wherever produced, cost just so much exertion of mind and muscle, and will be commanded by no less. Stupidity, seeking to dispense with the brain-work, may make them far too costly in muscular effort; but Nature fixes her price for them, and will accept no dime short of it. Work, wherever done, bears constant, emphatic testimony to the value, the necessity, of integrity and truth.

ANDREW PRESTON PEABODY,

The late editor of the *North American Review*, was born in Beverley, Mass., March 19, 1811. He was graduated at Harvard in 1826; studied at the Cambridge Divinity School; remained a year at the college as mathematical tutor in 1832 and 1833; and was ordained in the latter year pastor of the South Congregational Church in Portsmouth, N. H., to which he is still attached.

In the course of his ministerial life he has published in 1844, *Lectures on Christian Doctrine*, and in 1847, *Sermons of Consolation*. He has written memoirs, and edited the writings of the Rev. Jason Whitman, James Kinnard, Jr., J. W. Foster, and Charles A. Cheever, M. D. His published sermons and pamphlets are numerous. It is chiefly as a periodical writer that Mr. Peabody has become generally known. He was for several years one of the editors of the *Christian Register*, and has been for a long time a prominent contributor to the *Christian Examiner* and *North American Review*, of which he became the editor on the retirement of Mr. Francis Bowen, at the commencement of 1854,* and remained till 1861.

Mr. Peabody's review articles cover most of the social and educational questions of the day, with the discussion of many topics of miscellaneous literature. He handles a ready and vigorous pen, is clear and animated in style, and well skilled in the arts of the reviewer. His address before the united literary societies of Dartmouth College on "the Uses of Classical Literature," is a suggestive analysis of this important question.

Mr. Peabody was subsequently engaged in editing and preparing for the press, a *Memoir of the late Gov. William Plumer of New Hampshire*, from a manuscript file, left by his son the late Hon. William Plumer, which appeared in 1857.

FIRST VIVID IMPRESSIONS IN THE ANCIENT CLASSICS.†

The Greek and Roman authors lived in a newer, younger world than ours. They were in the process of learning many things now well known. They were taking first glances, with earnestness and wonder, at many things now old and trite,—no less worthy of admiration than they were then, but dropped from notice and neglected. They give us first impressions of many forms of nature and of life,—impressions, which we can get nowhere else. They show us ideas, sentiments, and opinions in the process of formation,—exhibit to us their initial elements,—reveal their history. They make known to us essential steps in human culture, which, in these days of more rapid progress, we stride over unmarked. They are thus invaluable aids in the study of the human mind, and of the intellectual history of the race,—in the analysis of ideas and opinions,—in ascertaining, apart from our artificial theories, the

* To recapitulate the different editorships of the *North American*, from a passage to our hand in the recently published "Memoirs of Youth and Manhood," by Prof. Sidney Willard, of Harvard. Mr. William Tudor commenced the work in May, 1815, and edited it for two years. Then, from May, 1817, to March, 1818, inclusive, it was edited by Jared Sparks; from May, 1818, to Oct. 1819, inclusive, by Edward T. Channing; from Jan. 1820, to Oct. 1823, inclusive, by Edward Everett; from Jan. 1824, to April, 1830, inclusive, by Jared Sparks; from July, 1830, to Oct. 1835, by Alexander H. Everett; from Jan. 1836, to Jan. 1843, by John G. Palfrey; from 1848 to 1853, by Francis Bowen; from 1854 to 1861, by Andrew P. Peabody.

† From the address on the "Uses of Classical Literature."

ultimate, essential facts in every department of nature and of human life. For these uses, the classics have only increased in value with the lapse of time, and must still grow more precious with every stage of human progress and refinement, so that classical literature must ever be a favorite hand-maid of sound philosophy.

On subjects of definite knowledge, what we call the progress of knowledge is, in one aspect, the growth of ignorance. As philosophy becomes more comprehensive, it becomes less minute. As it takes in broader fields of view, it takes less accurate cognizance of parts and details. Even language participates in this process. Names become more general. Definitions enumerate fewer particulars. What are called axioms, embrace no longer self-evident propositions alone, but those also, which have been so established by the long and general consent of mankind, that the proofs on which they rest, and the truths which they include, are not recurred to. A schoolboy now takes on trust, and never verifies, principles, which it cost ages of research to discover and mature. What styles itself analysis goes not back to the "primordia rerum." Now, the more rigid and minute our analysis, the more accurate of course our conceptions. Indeed, we do not fully understand general laws or comprehensive truths, until we have traced them out in detail, and seen them mirrored back from the particulars which they include. A whole can be faithfully studied only in its parts; and every part obeys the law, and bears the type of the system, to which it belongs, so that, the more numerous the parts with which we are conversant, the more profound, intimate, vivid, experimental, is our knowledge of the whole. This minute, exhausting analysis we may advantageously prosecute by the aid of ancient philosophy and science. Laugh as we may at the puerile theories in natural history, broached or endorsed by Aristotle and by Pliny, they often, by their detailed sketches of facts and phenomena, which we have left unexamined because we have thought them well known, invest common things with absorbing interest, as the exponents of far reaching truths and fundamental laws. In like manner, in Plato's theories of the universe and of the human soul, or in the ethical treatises of Cicero, though we detect in them much loose and vague speculation, and many notions which shun the better light of modern times, we often find the constituent elements of our own ideas,—the parent thoughts of our truest thoughts,—those ultimate facts in the outward and the spiritual universe, which suggest inquiry and precede theory.

A similar train of remark applies emphatically to the departments of rhetoric and eloquence. I know of no modern analysis of the elements and laws of written or uttered discourse, which can bear a moment's comparison with those of Cicero or Quintilian. We may, indeed, have higher moral conceptions of the art of writing and of oratory than they had. We may perhaps hold forth a loftier aim. We may see more clearly than they did, the intrinsic dignity of the author's or the orator's vocation; and may feel, as none but a Christian can, of what incalculable moment for time and for eternity his influence may be. But these eighteen centuries have only generalized, without augmenting, the catalogue of instruments by which mind is to act on mind, and heart on heart,—of the sources of argument and modes of appeal, which those master-rhetoricians defined in detail. Nor is it possible that, eighteen centuries hence, the "De Oratore" of Cicero should seem less perfect, or be less fruitful, or constitute a less essential part, than now, of the training of him, who would write what shall live, or utter what is

worthy to be heard. Modern rhetoricians furnish us with weapons of forensic attack and defence, ready cast and shaped, and give us technical rules for their use. Cicero takes us to the mine and to the forge,—exhibits every stage of elaboration through which the weapons pass,—proves their temper, tries their edge for us. By his minute subdivision of the whole subject of oratory, by his detailed description of its kinds, its modes, and its instruments, by his thorough analysis of arguments, and of the sources whence they are drawn, he wrote in anticipation a perfect commentary on the precepts of succeeding rhetoricians; and we must look to him to test the principles and to authenticate the laws, which they lay down. And this preeminence belongs not to his transcendent genius alone; but is, to a great degree, to be traced to the fact, that he wrote when oratory as an art was young in Rome, and had perished before it grew old in Greece,—when it had no established rules, no authoritative canons, no prescriptive forms, departure from which was high treason to the art, when therefore it was incumbent on the orator to prove, illustrate, and defend whatever rules or forms he might propose.

The view of ancient literature now under consideration obviously extends itself to the whole field of poetry. In our habitual straining after the vast and grand, we pass by the poetry of common and little things, and are hardly aware how much there is worthy of song in daily and unnoticed scenes and events,—in

the unenduring clouds,
In flower and tree, in every pebbly stone
That paves the brooks, the stationary rocks,
The moving waters, the invisible air.

The region of the partly known and dimly seen, the confines of the unexplored, constitute in all ages the poet's chosen field. But that field has been continually diminishing before the resistless progress of truth and fact. Science has measured the stars, sounded the sea, and made the ancient hills tell the story of their birth. Fancy now finds no hiding-place in grove or cavern,—no shrine so secluded, so full of religious awe, as to have been left unmeasured and uncatalogued. Poetry, impatient of the line and compass of exact science, is thus driven from almost every earthly covert; and dreary, prosaic fact, is fast establishing its undivided empire over land, and sea, and sky. It is therefore refreshing and kindling to go back in ancient song to

The power, the beauty, and the majesty
That had their haunts in dale, or pliny mountain,
Or forest by slow stream, or pebbly spring,
Or chasms and watery depths.

Then the world was young, and infant science had not learned to roam. Mystery brooded over the whole expanse of nature. Darkness was upon the face of the deep. The veil was unremoved from grotto and from forest.

We often talk of the poetry of common life. What now styles itself thus, is, for the most part, stupid prose on stilts. The real poetry of common life was written when what is our common life was poetic,—heroic,—when our merest common-places of existence were rare and grand. The themes of ancient song are almost all of this class; and the great poems of antiquity derive an absorbing, undying interest and charm from the fact, that they bring out the wayside poetry of ordinary life, which gunpowder, steam, the loadstone, and the march of mind have banished from the present age, and which can never be written again unless the world strides back to barbarism. The expedition of the Argonauts,—so vast that they paused two years on their

way to gather strength and courage,—a tourist of the cockney class, darting through the Hellespont on the fire-wings of modern navigation, would hardly enter on his journal. The shipmaster, who could not shun Charybdis without falling into Scylla, would be remanded without a dissenting voice to the forecastle. The *Odyssey* was founded on a mere constant voyage; its chief adventures turn upon nautical blunders, which would cast shame on the most awkward skipper of a modern fishing smack. The siege of Troy would now be finished in a fortnight; and the Latian war would hardly fill a newspaper paragraph. The ex-Governor of New Hampshire publishes *fifty-two* Georgics a year, each containing more of agricultural science than Virgil could have gleaned through the whole Roman empire; while Virgil's beautiful fictions about the bees have been supplanted by Huber's stranger facts.

Such are the themes of classic song,—thus trite, unromantic, prosaic, as now regarded and handled. But they are in fact what they were in the glowing verse of antiquity. Abridged and materialized though they be in our mechanical age, they are full of the richest materials for poetry, of grand and beautiful forms, of the types of an infinite presence, and of skill and power beyond thought,—full too of thrilling human experience, of man's vast aims and wild darings, of his wrath and his tenderness, his agony and his triumph. What though the loiterer on the steamboat deck heeds not the "*monstra nantia*," which made the hair of the ancient helmsman erect with fear? They are none the less there—fearful, marvellous, and mighty. What though we have analysed the thunder-bolt, and know how to turn it harmless from our homes? Still, when we hear at midnight the voice that breaks the cedars, we feel that not a trait of majesty or beauty has faded from that ineffably sublime passage of Virgil,—

*Ipse pater, media nimborum in nocte, corusca
Fulmina molitur dextra; quo maxima motu
Terra tremit, fugere ferae, et mortalia corda
Per graves humilis stravit pavor.*

What though any farmer's boy would laugh to scorn the river-goddess's recipe for replenishing the wasted beehive? Time has taken nothing from the truth to nature and to actual life, from the deep pathos and intense beauty of her son's lamentation, and of her own quick maternal sympathy, and anxious, persevering love. Yes; this ancient poetry, wide as it often is of fact, is full of truth. It beats throughout with the throbbings of the universal human heart,—of that heart, which, under the present reign of iron and steam, dares not full and free utterance; but which, in those simple days, spoke as it felt, and has left us, in verse that cannot die, its early communings with itself, with nature, with life's experience, and with the infinite Unknown.

** In 1860, Dr. Peabody became Preacher to Harvard University and Plummer Professor of Christian Morals. His later works are: *Christianity the Religion of Nature*, 1864; *Sermons for Children*, 1866; *Reminiscences of European Travel*, 1868; and *A Manual of Moral Philosophy*, 1873.

** ANCIENT ROME — FROM REMINISCENCES OF EUROPEAN TRAVEL.

Rome is, of all cities, the most difficult to be described. It is three cities in one, — the ancient, which has indeed its own waste regions densely peopled by tradition and memory, but of which there are not a few monuments amidst the life of to-day; the mediæval, with its churches, pal-

aces, and ecclesiastical pomp; the modern, with its filth, squalidness, and beggary. The mediæval is, in numerous instances, built over the ancient, and constructed from its spoils; the modern has defaced and desecrated both the ancient and the mediæval in pretending to utilize them.

The first view of Rome is not attractive. The Piazza di Spagna, the principal square, is indeed bright and beautiful; the Corso, though too narrow, is a showy, stately street; the Pincian Hill, in trees, shrubbery, and magnificent views, is unsurpassed among the drives and promenades of Europe; the vast inclosure of St. Peter's is worthy of the world's capital; and there are many other spots in which we feel profoundly the indestructible grandeur of the Eternal City; but degeneracy, dilapidation, and decay are the initial expression of Rome as a whole. Yet, as the traveller lingers there, the old glory revives; its tokens multiply; its spell takes an ever stronger hold on sense, and thought, and emotion; and he who remains there a week, feels as if months and years would not suffice for objects which crowd perpetually on his curiosity, when seen, crave to be studied, and when studied, seem worthy only of being seen the more.

As regards ancient Rome, I was, at the outset, disappointed in the Seven Hills, which, though they all are marked elevations, are by no means so high as I had imagined, — not much higher, indeed, than the three hills on which Boston stands have been within my remembrance. But they, probably, were higher. There can be no doubt that of the earth and gravel which have buried much of the old city to the depth of several feet, while a part came from the river, a part is the débris of the hills, whose soil ceased to be held in its place by the masonry that once covered it. But the elevations grew daily to my eye, till the Capitoline Hill at length became to the sight, no less than to the thought, the august and solemn height which it was when it enshrined the insignia of the Republic and the Empire.

Directly below the Capitoline Hill, between it and the Palatine, is the Roman Forum. Here the arch of Septimius Severus stands almost entire, and there are portions of the colonnades of three temples, with large masses of substructures and fragments. The geography of the Forum can be distinctly traced, and the ruins that remain are still magnificent in their dismantled and desolate condition, indicating what an immense wealth of genius and art must have been grouped around the assembled multitudes that thronged this vast area. In standing there, one wants to reperuse on the spot all Roman history, and still more the orations of Cicero, and in reconstructive fancy, to restore as he may, the objects of the nation's pride to which the great orator so often pointed, and from which so many of his most forceful illustrations were drawn.

On the Palatine Hill, the Palace of the Cæsars has left wide-spread but shapeless ruins, with only here and there a fragment, from which possibly a scientific architect might construct a pillar or an edifice, as our great naturalist builds up a fish from a single scale, but which to me—however impressive—gave but a faint idea of buildings in extent, splendor, and beauty as far transcending the most sumptuous palaces now existing, as did the Empire thence governed surpass its individual provinces, — themselves now empires. On this hill are shown the various sites connected with the history of Romulus and Remus, and the

cradle of the Roman Republic, — of course without any warrant or strong probability in favor of their genuineness. Not so, however, with the sites of the houses of Cicero and Clodius, which vividly recalled the passage in one of Cicero's orations, in which he says to Clodius, "I will build my house higher, not that I may look down on you, but that I may intercept your view of the city which you have sought to ruin."

The Forum of Trajan is several feet below the present level of the surrounding streets. The whole space has been excavated, and while the upper portions of the columns were destroyed or worked up many centuries ago, the portions that were underground remain, so that the forum is now studded all over with the bases and stumps of marble and granite pillars, which must have been of unsurpassed beauty. In the centre of this truncated stone grove stands, where it has stood for seventeen centuries and a half, Trajan's Column, of white marble, somewhat discolored, but otherwise in perfect preservation. It is a hundred feet high, and from the base to the capital there is a spiral arrangement of figures in relief, as if on a scroll wound around the column. Here are not far from twenty-five hundred human figures, besides fortresses and military objects of various kinds, — the whole constituting a sculptured history of Trajan's successful and triumphant campaigns on the Danube. The column, though combining several orders, is graceful in its proportions, and the carved work could not be more skillfully executed. It was originally surmounted by the colossal statue of Trajan, with a globe in his hand. The globe remains, and is deposited in the Museum of the Capitol; and instead of the Emperor is a colossal St. Peter, in bronze heavily gilded. Not unlike this in style, with a similar scroll-like record of military achievements, is the column of Marcus Antoninus, which is now crowned with a colossal statue of St. Paul.

These are the most nearly perfect of all the monuments of antiquity. There are many single columns of temples, and clusters of two or three columns, remaining detached from all other buildings, looking as if ready to fall, yet as beautiful as they ever were, and evincing a purer taste than can be found in any of the structures of mediæval or modern Rome. There are also many remains of ancient buildings, which have been made parts of modern buildings, — pillars, cornices, large portions of houses and temples, built into public edifices, private dwellings, even bakers' shops; columns of Pagan temples transplanted into churches; fragments of old walls incorporated into new walls; portions of imperial baths utilized for various purposes of the present day.

The baths of ancient Rome are among the most majestic ruins in and about the city. Luxury had, in the days of the emperors, reached such a height, that bathing, and the amusements, relaxations, and personal indulgences connected with it were among the chief occupations of life. Several of the emperors built baths more extensive than their palaces, and covering many acres. The ruins of the Baths of Caracalla are nearly a mile in circuit. This vast establishment included halls for every kind of game and recreation, a large theatre, a temple, a picture-gallery, together with arrangements on the most extensive scale for hot and cold bathing, and for all the luxurious accompaniments of the bath, which were introduced as Rome became more and more like the cities of the East. There was room here for sixteen hundred bathers

at a time. Enough of the foundations, walls, and partitions of the various apartments remains, for the identification of their several styles and uses, and many of the mosaics are so nearly perfect, that the contour of the figures on the floor can be distinctly traced. Some of the choicest statues now in the galleries were found here. Nothing excites so much admiration of the wealth and grandeur of the ancient city as this forest of brick and mortar. Such structures as these were undoubtedly meant by the emperors who built them, as the purchase of their lives. By throwing open these costly and sumptuous places of resort to the people, they procured an amnesty which would not otherwise have been granted them for tyranny, ferocity, and licentiousness; staved off for a season the inevitable massacre which commonly put a period to their reigns; and even gained a certain popularity among those of their subjects who were not near enough to the throne to be its expectant victims.

WILLIAM INGRAHAM KIP.

The first member of the old New York family of Kip, who appears in history, was Ruloff de Kype, a partisan of the Duke of Guise in the French civil wars connected with the Reformation. He was a native of Brittany, and on the defeat of his party took refuge in Holland. He afterwards joined the army of the Duke of Anjou, and was killed in battle near Jarnac. His son Ruloff became a Protestant, and remained in Holland, where the next in descent, Henry, was born in 1576. On arriving at manhood, he took an active part in "The Company of Foreign Countries," an association formed for the purpose of obtaining access to the Indies, by a different route from that possessed by Spain and Portugal.



W. Ingraham Kip

They first attempted to sail round the northern seas of Europe and Asia, but their expedition, despatched in 1594, was obliged to return on account of the ice in the same year. In 1609, they employed Henry Hudson to sail to the westward, in the little Half Moon, with happier results.

Henry Kype came to New Amsterdam in 1635. He returned to Holland, but his sons remained, and rose to important positions as citizens and landed proprietors. One, Hendrick, became in 1647 and 1649 one of the council chosen by the people, to assist Governor Stuyvesant in the administration. Another, Jacobus, was Secretary of the city council, and received a grant of land on Kip's Bay, East River, where he built a house in 1641, which remained standing until 1850, when it was demolished on the opening of Thirty-fifth street. A third, Jacob, owned the ground now occupied by the Park. Five generations of the family were born at the house at Kip's Bay, a portion of whom settled at Rhinebeck. The mansion was occupied for a brief period by General Washington, and after the capture of the city as the head-quarters of the British officers. The proprietor, Jacobus Kip, was a Whig, and his son served in the American army. Other members of the family were officers in the British service.

William Ingraham Kip is the eldest son of Leonard Kip, for many years President of the North River Bank. His mother was a daughter of Duncan Ingraham, of Green Vale Farm, near Poughkeepsie, New York. He was born in New York, October 3, 1811, and prepared for college at schools in that city. After passing a twelvemonth at Rutgers College, he completed the remaining three years of his college course at Yale, in 1831. He commenced and continued for some time the study of law, which he then changed for that of Divinity, and was graduated from the General Theological Seminary of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and ordained Deacon in 1835. His first parochial charge was at St. Peter's Church, Morristown, New Jersey, where he remained a year. He was next Assistant Minister of Grace Church, New York, and in 1838 called to the Rectorship of St. Peter's Church, Albany, where he remained, with the exception of a portion of the years 1844 and 1845, passed in Europe, until his consecration as Missionary Bishop of California, in October, 1853. He soon after removed to San Francisco, where he now resides, actively engaged in the arduous duties of his important position.

In 1843 he published *The Lenten Fast*, a volume in which the origin, propriety, and advantages of the observance of the season are pointed out. It has passed through six editions. In 1844, *The Double Witness of the Church*, an exposition of the *Via Media* between Roman Catholic and episcopal Protestant doctrines, appeared. It is regarded as one of the most valuable of the many works on the subject, and has passed through several editions. The *Christmas Holidays in Rome*, a volume derived from the author's observations in 1844, appeared in the following year. In 1846 he prepared *The Early Jesuit Missions in North America*, an interesting and valuable volume, drawn from the *Lettres Edifiantes et Curieuses écrites des Missions Étrangères*, the original narratives of the Jesuit missionaries and other contemporary records.

In 1851 he issued in London, and afterwards in this country, a work on *The Early Conflicts of Christianity*—the conflicts including those of heresies within as well as opponents without

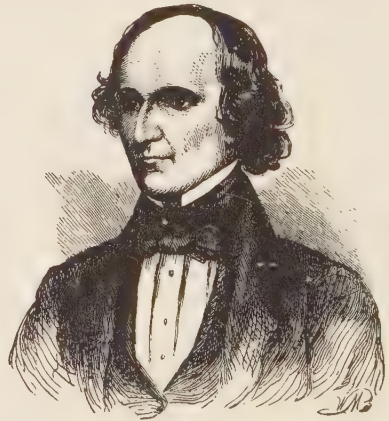
the Early Church. The volume gives an animated picture of the varied scenes of the period.

Bishop Kip's later publication is a volume on *The Catacombs of Rome*, published in 1854. It contains a description, drawn from personal inspection, of these venerated resting-places of the fathers and confessors of the church of the first three centuries; and an account of the inscriptions and symbols which they contain, accompanied with pictorial representations and fac-similes, from Arringhi's folio and other early and rare works. His latest works are: *Unnoticed Things of Scripture*, 1868; *The Olden Time in New York*, a small illustrated quarto, describing the old families and customs of New York, of which but 350 copies were printed by Putnam, in 1872.

These volumes are all written for popular circulation in a popular style, and are of moderate size. They, however, indicate ample and thorough research, and have given their author, in connexion with his highly successful pulpit compositions, and numerous articles in the New York Review, Church Review, Evergreen, American Monthly Magazine, Churchman, and other periodicals, a high position as a theologian and scholar, as well as author. The Bishop received from Columbia College the degree of D. D. in 1847, and that of LL. D. from Yale in 1872.

ELIHU BURRITT.

ELIHU BURRITT, "the learned Blacksmith," was born at New Britain, Connecticut, December 8, 1811, of an old New England family. His father was a shoemaker, a man of ready apprehension and charitable sympathies and action. He had ten children, and of his five sons the eldest and the youngest have both attained literary distinction. The former, Elijah, early developed a fondness for the mathematics. His friends sent him to college. The fruits of his studies have been a work entitled *Log Arithmetic*, published before he was twenty-one, and his *Geography of the Heavens*, which is in general use as a schoolbook.



Elihu Burritt

The youngest of the sons was Elihu. He had received only a limited district school education, when, on his father's death, he was apprenticed

at the age of seventeen to a blacksmith. He had acquired, however, a taste for the observations written in books from the narratives of the old revolutionary soldiers who came to his father's house. He wished to know more, and life thus taught him the use of books. When his apprenticeship was ended he studied with his brother, who, driven from his career as a schoolmaster at the South, had returned to establish himself in this capacity in his native town, learning something of Latin, French, and Mathematics. At the end of six months he returned to the forge, watching the castings in the furnace with a copy of the Greek grammar in his hand. He took some intervals from his trade for the study of his favorite grammars, gradually adding to his stock of languages till he attacked the Hebrew. To procure oriental books he determined to embark from Boston as a sailor, and spend his wages at the first European port in books, but was diverted from this by the inducements of the library of the Antiquarian Society at Worcester, the happily endowed institution of Isaiah Thomas, in a thrifty manufacturing town which offered employment for his arm as well as his brain. Here, in 1837, he forged and studied, recording in his diary such entries as these. "*Monday*, June 18, headache; forty pages Cuvier's Theory of the Earth, sixty-four pages French, eleven hours forging. *Tuesday*, sixty-five lines of Hebrew, thirty pages of French, ten pages Cuvier's Theory, eight lines Syriac, ten ditto Danish, ten ditto Bohemian, nine ditto Polish, fifteen names of stars, ten hours forging." When the overwearied brain was arrested by a headache he worked that off by a few hours' extra forging.

Thus on his sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought.

A letter to a friend inquiring for employment as a translator of German, and telling his story, reached Edward Everett, then Governor of Massachusetts, who read the account at a public meeting, and Burritt became at once installed among the curiosities of literature. He was invited to pursue his studies at Harvard, but he preferred the forge at Worcester, airing his grammatical knowledge by the publication of a monthly periodical to teach French entitled *The Literary Gemini*. This was published in 1839 and continued for a year. In 1840 he commenced as a lecturer, one of the few profitable avenues of literary occupation open in the country, which he has since pursued with distinguished success. He translated Icelandic sagas and papers from the Samaritan, Arabic, and Hebrew, for the *Eclectic Review*, still adding to his stock of languages. In 1844 he commenced at Worcester a paper called *The Christian Citizen*, in which he was diverted from philology to philanthropy, advocating peace and fraternity. He published his *Olive Leaves* at this time from the same office. He became engaged in circulating a mutual system of addresses in behalf of peace between England and America, and in 1846 was the proprietor and editor of *The Peace Advocate*. His *Bond of Brotherhood* was a periodical tract which he circulated among travellers. In the same year he went to England, where he enjoyed a cordial reception and full employment among the philanthropists, writing for

Douglas Jerrold's weekly newspaper, and forming peace associations. One of his latest employments of this kind was the distribution, in 1852, of a series of "friendly addresses" from Englishmen through the different departments of France.

Burritt's later publication (1854) is entitled *Thoughts and Things at Home and Abroad*, a collection of various contributions to the press, written with a certain enthusiasm, without exactness of thought and expression, in the form of sketches, and covering the favorite topics of the writer in war, temperance, and kindred subjects.

WHY I LEFT THE ANVIL.

I see it, you would ask me what I have to say for myself for dropping the hammer and taking up the quill, as a member of your profession. I will be honest now, and tell you the whole story. I was transposed from the anvil to the editor's chair by the genius of machinery. Don't smile, friends, it was even so. I had stood and looked for hours on those thoughtless, iron intellects, those iron-fingered, sober, supple automatons, as they caught up a bale of cotton, and twirled it in the twinkling of an eye, into a whirlwind of whizzing shreds, and laid it at my feet in folds of snow-white cloth, ready for the use of our most voluptuous antipodes. They were wonderful things, those looms and spindles; but they could not spin thoughts; there was no attribute of Divinity in them, and I admired them, nothing more. They were excessively curious, but I could estimate the whole compass of their doings and destiny in finger power; so I am away and left them spinning—cotton.

One day I was tuning my anvil beneath a hot iron, and busy with the thought, that there was as much intellectual philosophy in my hammer as in any of the enginery agoing in modern times, when a most unearthly screaming pierced my ears: I stepped to the door, and there it was, the great Iron Horse! Yes, he had come looking for all the world like the great Dragon we read of in Scripture, harnessed to half a living world and just landed on the earth, where he stood braying in surprise and indignation at the "base use" to which he had been turned. I saw the gigantic hexiped move with a power that made the earth tremble for miles. I saw the army of human beings gliding with the velocity of the wind over the iron track, and droves of cattle travelling in their stables at the rate of twenty miles an hour towards their city-slaughter-house. It was wonderful. The little busy bee-winged machinery of the cotton factory dwindled into insignificance before it. Monstrous beast of passage and burden! it devoured the intervening distance, and welded the cities together! But for its furnace heart and iron sinews, it was nothing but a beast, an enormous aggregation of—horse power. And I went back to the forge with unimpaired reverence for the intellectual philosophy of my hammer. Passing along the street one afternoon I heard a noise in an old building, as of some one puffing a pair of bellows. So without more ado, I stepped in, and there, in a corner of a room, I saw the chef d'œuvre of all the machinery that has ever been invented since the birth of Tubal Cain. In its construction it was as simple and unassuming as a cheese press. It went with a lever—with a lever, longer, stronger, than that, with which Archimedes promised to lift the world.

"It is a printing press," said a boy standing by the ink trough with a queueless turban of brown paper on his head. "A printing press!" I queried musingly to myself. "A printing press! what do you print?" I asked. "Print?" said the boy, staring at

me doubtfully, "why we print thoughts." "Print thoughts!" I slowly repeated after him; and we stood looking for a moment at each other in mutual admiration, he in the absence of an idea, and I in pursuit of one. But I looked at him the hardest, and he left another ink mark on his forehead from a pathetic motion of his left hand to quicken his apprehension of my meaning. "Why, yes," he reiterated, in a tone of forced confidence, as if passing an idea, which, though having been current a hundred years, might still be counterfeit, for all he could show on the spot, "we print thoughts, to be sure." "But, my boy," I asked in honest soberness, "what are thoughts, and how can you get hold of them to print them?" "Thoughts are what come out of the people's minds," he replied. "Get hold of them, indeed? Why minds aren't nothing you can get hold of, nor thoughts either. All the minds that ever thought, and all the thoughts that minds ever made, wouldn't make a ball as big as your fist. Minds, they say, are just like air; you can't see them; they don't make any noise, nor have any color; they don't weigh anything. Bill Deepcut, the sexton, says, that a man weighs just as much when his mind has gone out of him as he did before.—No, sir, all the minds that ever lived wouldn't weigh an ounce troy."

"Then how do you print thoughts?" I asked. "If minds are thin as air, and thoughts thinner still, and make no noise, and have no substance, shade, or color, and are like the winds, and more than the winds, are anywhere in a moment; sometimes in heaven, and sometimes on earth and in the waters under the earth; how can you get hold of them? how can you see them when caught, or show them to others?"

Ezekiel's eyes grew luminous with a new idea, and pushing his ink-roller proudly across the metallic page of the newspaper, replied, "Thoughts work and walk in things what make tracks; and we take them tracks, and stamp them on paper, or iron, wood, stone, or what not. This is the way we print thoughts. Don't you understand?"

The pressman let go the lever, and looked interrogatively at Ezekiel, beginning at the patch on his stringless brogans, and following up with his eye to the top of the boy's brown paper buff cap. Ezekiel comprehended the felicity of his illustration, and wiping his hands on his tow apron, gradually assumed an attitude of earnest exposition. I gave him an encouraging wink, and so he went on.

"Thoughts make tracks," he continued impressively, as if evolving a new phase of the idea by repeating it slowly. Seeing we assented to this proposition inquiringly, he stepped to the type-case, with his eye fixed admonishingly upon us. "Thoughts make tracks," he repeated, arranging in his left hand a score or two of metal slips, "and with these here letters we can take the exact impression of every thought that ever went out of the heart of a human man; and we can print it too," giving the inked form a blow of triumph with his fist, "we can print it too, give us paper and ink enough, till the great round earth is blanketed around with a coverlid of thoughts, as much like the pattern as two peas." Ezekiel seemed to grow an inch at every word, and the brawny pressman looked first at him, and then at the press, with evident astonishment. "Talk about the mind's living for ever!" exclaimed the boy, pointing patronizingly at the ground, as if mind were lying there incapable of immortality until the printer reached it a helping hand, "why the world is brimful of live, bright, industrious thoughts, which would have been dead, as dead as a stone, if it hadn't been for boys like me who have run the ink rollers. Immortality, indeed! why, people's minds," he con-

tinued, with his imagination climbing into the profanely sublime, "people's minds wouldn't be immortal if 'twasn't for the printers—at any rate, in this here planetary burying-ground. We are the chaps what manufacture immortality for dead men," he subjoined, slapping the pressman graciously on the shoulder. The latter took it as if dubbed a knight of the legion of honor, for the boy had put the mysteries of his profession in sublime apocalypse. "Give us one good healthy mind," resumed Ezekiel, "to think for us, and we will furnish a dozen worlds as big as this with thoughts to order. Give us such a man, and we will insure his life; we will keep him alive for ever among the living. He can't die, no way you can fix it, when once we have touched him with these here bits of inky pewter. He shan't die nor sleep. We will keep his mind at work on all the minds that live on the earth, and all the minds that shall come to live here as long as the world stands."

"Ezekiel," I asked, in a subdued tone of reverence, "will you print my thoughts too?"

"Yes, that I will," he replied, "if you will think some of the right kind." "Yes, that we will," echoed the pressman.

And I went home and thought, and Ezekiel has printed my "thought-tracks" ever since.

** Mr. Burritt left the United States for Great Britain in 1846, and resided in England for nearly twenty-five years, engaged in the advocacy of international peace and universal brotherhood. For a considerable time, he was U. S. Consul at Birmingham, and he returned to his native land in 1872.

The later literary works of Mr. Burritt, all published in London, and independent of many contributions to periodicals, comprise: *Hand-Book of the Nations for 1856: a Series of National Statistics*, 1856; *Walk from London to John O'Groats, with Notes by the Way*, 1864; *The Mission of Great Sufferings*, an illustration of their universal experience, necessity, and blessings, with examples from history ancient and modern, 1867; *Walks in the Black Country and Its Green Border Land*, 1868; *Thoughts and Notes at Home and Abroad*, 1868, a series of articles reprinted from periodicals edited by Elihu Burritt from 1850 to 1855; *Lectures and Addresses*, 1870; *Prayers and Devotional Meditations Collated from the Psalms of David*, 1870. He also wrote two books for the children in 1866: *Jacob and Joseph, and the Lesson of their Lives*; and *Old Burchell's Pocket for the Children*. In 1873 appeared *Ten-Minute Talks*.

** THE ENGLISH LARK—FROM LONDON TO JOHN O'GROAT'S.

Take it in all, no bird in either hemisphere equals the English lark in heart or voice, for both unite to make it the sweetest, happiest, the welcomest singer that was ever winged, like the high angels of God's love. It is the living ecstasy of joy when it mounts up into its "glorious privacy of light." On the earth it is timid, silent, and bashful, as if not at home, and not sure of its right to be there at all. It is rather homely without, having nothing in feather, feature, or form, to attract notice. It is seemingly made to be heard, not seen, reversing the old axiom addressed to children when getting voicy. Its mission is music, and it floods a thousand acres of the blue sky with it several times a day. Out of that palpitating speck of living joy there wells forth a

sea of twittering ecstasy upon the morning and evening air. It does not ascend by gyrations, like the eagle or birds of prey. It mounts up like a human aspiration. It seems to spread out its wings and to be lifted straight upwards out of sight by the afflatus of its own happy heart. To pour out this in undulating rivulets of rhapsody, is apparently the only motive of its ascension. This it is that has made it so loved of all generations. It is the singing angel of man's nearest heaven, whose vital breath is music. Its sweet warbling is only the metrical palpitation of its life of joy. It goes up over the roof-trees of the rural hamlet on the wings of its song, as if to train the human soul to trial flights heavenward. Never did the Creator put a voice of such volume into so small a living thing. It is a marvel—almost a miracle. In a still hour you can hear it at nearly a mile's distance. When its form is lost in the hazy lace-work of the sun's rays above, it pours down upon you all the thrilling semitones of its song as distinctly as if it were warbling to you in your window.

The only American bird that could star it with the English lark, and win any admiration at a popular concert by its side, is our favorite comic singer, the *Bobolink*. I have thought often, when listening to British birds at their morning rehearsals, what a sensation would ensue if Master Bob, in his odd-fashioned bib and tucker, should swagger into their midst, singing one of those Low-Dutch voluntaries which he loves to pour down into the ears of our mowers in haying-time. Not only would such an apparition and overture throw the best-trained orchestra of Old World birds into amazement or confusion, but astonish all the human listeners at an English concert. With what a wonderment would one of these blooming, country milkmaids look at the droll harlequin, and listen to those familiar words of his, set to his own music:—

Go to milk! go to milk!
Oh, Miss Phillisey,
Dear Miss Phillisey
What will Willie say
If you don't go to milk!
No cheese, no cheese,
No butter nor cheese
If you don't go to milk.

It is a wonder that in these days of refined civilization, when Jenny Lind, Grisi, Patti, and other celebrated European singers, some of them from very warm climates, are transported to America to delight our Upper-Tendom, that there should be no persistent and successful effort to introduce the English lark into our out-door orchestra of singing-birds. No European voice would be more welcome to the American million. It would be a great gain to the nation, and be helpful to our religious devotions, as well as to our secular satisfactions. In several of our Sabbath hymns there is poetical reference to the lark and its song. For instance, that favorite psalm of gratitude for returning Spring opens with these lines:—

"The winter is over and gone,
"The thrush whistles sweet on the spray,
"The turtle breathes forth her soft moan,
The lark mounts on high and warbles away."

Now not one American man, woman, or child in a thousand ever heard or saw an English lark, and how is he, she or it to sing the last line of the foregoing verse with the spirit and understanding due to an exercise of devotion? The American lark never mounts higher than the top of a meadow elm, on which it seesaws, and screams, or

quacks, till it is tired; then draws a bee-line for another tree, or a fence-post, never even undulating on the voyage. It may be said, truly enough, that the hymn was written in England. Still, if sung in America from generation to generation, we ought to have the English lark with us, for our children to see and hear, lest they may be tempted to believe that other and more serious smiles in our Sabbath hymns are founded on fancy instead of fact.

Nor would it be straining the point, nor be dealing in poetical fancies, if we should predicate upon the introduction of the English lark into American society a supplementary influence much needed to unify and nationalize the heterogeneous elements of our population. Men, women, and children, speaking all the languages and representing all the countries and races of Europe, are streaming in upon us weekly in widening currents. The rapidity with which they become assimilated to the native population is remarkable. But there is one element from abroad that does not Americanise itself so easily—and that, curiously, is one the most American that comes from Europe—in other words, the *English*. They find with us everything as English as it can possibly be out of England—their language, their laws, their literature, their very bibles, psalm-books, psalm-tunes, the same faith and forms of worship, the same common histories, memories, affinities, affections, and general structure of social life and public institutions; yet they are generally the very last to be and feel at home in America. A Norwegian mountaineer, in his deerskin doublet, and with a dozen English words picked up on the voyage, will *Americanise* himself more in one year on an Illinois prairie, than an intelligent, middle-class Englishman will do in ten, in the best society of Massachusetts. Now, I am not dallying with a facetious fantasy when I express the opinion, that the life and song of the English lark in America, superadded to the other institutions and influences indicated, would go a great way in fusing this hitherto insoluble element, and blending it harmoniously with the best vitalities of the nation. And this consummation would well repay a special and extraordinary effort.

** THE BLACK COUNTRY—FROM WALES IN THE BLACK COUNTRY.

The Black Country, black by day and red by night, cannot be matched, for vast and varied production, by any other space of equal radius on the surface of the globe. It is a section of Titanic industry, kept in murky perspiration by a sturdy set of Tubal Cains and Vulcans, week in week out, and often seven days to the week. Indeed the Sunday evening halo it wears when the church bells are ringing to service on winter nights, glows "redder than the moon," or like the moon dissolved at its full on the clouds above the roaring furnaces. It is a little dual world of itself, only to be gauged perpendicularly. The better half, it may be, faces the sun; but the richer half, averted thence, looks by gaslight towards the central fires. If that subterranean half could be for an hour inverted to the sun; if its inky vaults and tortuous pathways, and all its black-roofed chambers could be but once laid open to the light of day, the spectacle would be a world's wonder, especially if it were uncovered when all the thousands of the subterranean road-makers, or the begrimed armies of pickmen, were

bending to their work. What a neighing of the pit-horses would come up out of those deep coal-craters at the sight and sense of the sunlight! What black and dripping forests of timber would be disclosed, brought from all the wild, wooded lands of Norway, Sweden, and Canada, to prop up the rough vaults and sustain the excavated acres undermined by the pick! Such an unroofing of the smoky, palpitating region would show how soon the subterranean detachments of miners and counter-miners must meet, and make a clean sweep of the lower half of that mineral world. For a century or more they have been working to this end; and although the end has not come yet, one cannot but think that it must be reached ere long. Never was the cellar of a district of equal size stored with richer or more varied treasures. Never a gold-field on the face of the earth, of ten miles radius, produced such vast values as these subterranean acres have done. To be sure, the nuggets they have yielded to the pick have been black and rough, and blackened and rough men have sent them to the surface. And when they were landed by the noisy and uncouth machinery of the well and windlass, they made no sensation in the men who emptied the tubs, any more than if they were baskets of potatoes. But they yielded gold as bright and rich as ever was mined in Australia or California.

Nature did for the ironmasters of the Black Country all she could; indeed, everything except literally building the furnaces themselves. She brought together all that was needed to set and keep them in blast. The iron ore, coal, and lime—the very lining of the furnaces—were all deposited close at hand for the operation. Had either two of these elements been dissevered, as they are in some countries, the district would have lost much of its mineral wealth in its utilization. It is not a figure of speech but a geological fact, that in some, if not all, parts of this remarkable region, the coal and lime are packed together in alternate layers in almost the very proportion for the furnace requisite to give the proper flux to the melted iron. Thus Nature has not only put the requisite raw materials side by side, but she has actually mixed them in right proportions for use, and even supplied mechanical suggestions for going to work to coin these deposits into a currency better than gold alone to the country.

There are no statistics attainable to show the yearly produce of this section, or the wealth it has created. One would be inclined to believe, on seeing the black forest of chimneys smoking over large towns and villages as well as the flayed spaces between, that all the coal and iron mined in the district must be used in it. The furnaces, foundries, and manufactories seem almost countless; and the vastness and variety of their production infinite. Still, like an ever-flowing river, running through a sandy region that drinks in but part of its waters, there is a stream of raw mineral wealth flowing without bar or break through the absorbing district that produces it, and watering distant counties of England. By night and day, year in year out, century in and century out, runs that stream with unabated flow. Narrow canals filled with water as black as the long sharp boats it floats, crossing each other here and there in the thick of the furnaces, twist out into the green lands in different directions, laden with coal for distant cities and villages. The railways, crossing the canals and their creeping locomotion, dash off with vast loads to London and

other great centres of consumption. Tons unnumbered of iron for distant manufactures go from the district in the same way. And all the while, the furnaces roar and glow by night and day, and the great steam hammers thunder; and hammers from an ounce in weight to a ton, and every kind of machinery invented by man, are ringing, clicking, and whizzing as if tasked to intercept all this raw material of the mines and impress upon it all the labor and skill which human hands could give to it.

Within this *arrondissement* of the industries and ingenuities of nature and man, may be found in remarkable juxtaposition the best that either has produced. Coal, iron, salt, lime, fire-brick, and pottery clay are the raw materials that Nature has put into the works as her share of the capital. And man has brought his best working science, skill, and labor to make the most and best of this capital. If the district could be gauged, like a hogshead of sugar, from east to west, or by some implement that would bring out and disclose to view a sample of each mile's production, the variety would be a marvel of ingenuity and labor. That is, if you gauged frame and all; for The Black Country is beautifully framed by a Green Border-Land; and that border is rich and redolent with two beautiful wealths—the sweet life of Nature's happiest springs and summers, and the hive and romance of England's happiest industries. Plant, in imagination, one foot of your compass at the Town Hall in Birmingham, and with the other sweep a circle of twenty miles radius, and you will have "The Black Country," with all its industries, in a green velvet binding inwrought or tapestried with historical scenes and early playgrounds of brilliant imagination and poetical fiction. Just pass the gauging-rod of mechanical enterprise through the volume from Coventry to Kidderminster, and see what specimens of handicraft it will bring out and show, like a string of beads of infinite variety of tinting and texture. See what wares intervene between the two opposite extremities—between the ribbons of Coventry and the carpets of Kidderminster; or between the salt bars of Droitwich and the iron bars of Wolverhampton. Then let the history-miner run his rod through and see what gems he will bring out between Lichfield Cathedral and Baxter's Church at Kidderminster, or between Stratford-on-Avon and Kenilworth or Warwick Castle. Let him notice what manner of men have lived within this circuit, and what manner of mark their lives and thoughts made upon it and upon the wide circumference of the world. Then let him travel from rim to rim of the district, and study its physical conformation and its natural sceneries, and he will recognize their symmetry with the histories and industries with which it teems. Walking and looking in these different directions, with an eye upon these different facts and features, I hope to see and note something which shall enable readers who are not familiarly acquainted with the district to get a better idea of its character than they had before acquired.

ALFRED B. STREET.

THE early associations of Mr. Street were of a kind favorable to the development of the tastes which mark his literary productions. The son of the Hon. Randall S. Street, he was born at Poughkeepsie, on the Hudson, and at an early age removed with his father to Monticello in Sul.

livan county, then almost a wilderness. The scenery of these beautiful regions is reproduced in his poems, and the faithfulness and minuteness of the picture show the firmness of the impression upon the youthful mind.



Alfred B. Street.

Mr. Street studied law as well as nature, at Monticello, and on his admission to the bar removed to Albany, where he has since resided. He married a daughter of Mr. Smith Weed, of that place, and has for several years held the appointment of state librarian.

Mr. Street commenced his literary career at an early age as a poetical writer for the magazines. His first volume, *The Burning of Schenectady, and other Poems*, was published in 1842. The leading poem is a narration of a well known incident of the colonial history of New York; the remaining pieces are of a descriptive character. A second collection, *Drawings and Tintings*, appeared in 1844. It includes a poem on Nature, of decided merit in its descriptions of the phenomena of the seasons, which was pronounced by the author in 1840 before the Euglossian Society of Geneva College.

In 1849 Mr. Street published in London, and in the same year in this country, *Frontenac, or the Atotarho of the Iroquois, a Metrical Romance*, a poem of some seven thousand lines in the octosyllabic measure, founded on the expedition of Count Frontenac, governor-general of Canada, against the powerful Indian tribe of the Iroquois. The story introduces many picturesque scenes of Indian life, and abounds in passages of description of natural scenery, in the author's best vein of careful elaboration.

In 1842, a collection of the poems of Mr. Street, embracing, with the exception of a few juvenile pieces and the romance of Frontenac, all that he had written to that period, was published in New York. He has since contributed to various magazines a number of pieces

sufficient to form a volume of similar size. He has also written a narrative poem, of which La Salle is the hero, extending to some three thousand lines, which still remains in manuscript. He is besides the author of a number of prose tale sketches, which have appeared with success in the magazines of the day.

Mr. Street's poems are chiefly occupied with descriptions of the varied phases of American scenery. He has won a well merited reputation by the fidelity of his observation. As a descriptive writer he is a patient and accurate observer of Nature,—daggerreotyping the effects of earth and air, and the phenomena of vegetable and animal life in their various relation to the landscape. He has been frequently described by critics by comparison with the minute style of the painters of the Dutch school. Mr. Tuckerman, in an article in the Democratic Review, has thus alluded to this analogy, and to the home atmosphere of the author's descriptions of American nature:—"Street is a true Flemish painter, seizing upon objects in all their verisimilitude. As we read him, wild flowers peer up from among brown leaves; the drum of the partridge, the ripple of waters, the flickering of autumn light, the sting of sleety snow, the cry of the panther, the roar of the winds, the melody of birds, and the odor of crushed pine-boughs are present to our senses. In a foreign land his poems would transport us at once to home. He is no second-hand limner, content to furnish insipid copies, but draws from reality. His pictures have the freshness of originals. They are graphic, detailed, never untrue, and often vigorous; he is essentially an American poet."

THE SETTLER.

His echoing axe the settler swung

Amid the sea-like solitude,
And rushing, thundering, down were flung

The Titans of the wood;
Loud shrieked the eagle as he dashed
From out his mossy nest, which crashed

With its supporting bough,
And the first sunlight, leaping, flashed
On the wolf's haunt below.

Rude was the garb, and strong the frame
Of him who plied his ceaseless toil:
To form that garb, the wild-wood game
Contributed their spoil;
The soul that warmed that frame, disdained
The tinsel, gaud, and glare, that reigned
Where men their crowds collect;
The simple fur, untrimmed, unstained,
This forest tamer decked.

The paths which wound 'mid gorgeous trees,
The streams whose bright lips kissed their
flowers,

The winds that swelled their harmonies
Through those sun-hiding bowers,
The temple vast—the green arcade,
The nestling vale, the grassy glade,
Dark cave and swampy lair;

These scenes and sounds majestic, made
His world, his pleasures, there.

His roof adorned, a pleasant spot,
'Mid the black logs green glowed the grain,
And herbs and plants the woods knew not,
Throve in the sun and rain.

The smoke-wreath curling o'er the dell,
The low—the bleat—the tinkling bell,
All made a landscape strange,
Which was the living chronicle
Of deeds that wrought the change.

The violet sprung at Spring's first tinge,
The rose of Summer spread its glow,
The maize hung on its Autumn fringe,
Rude Winter brought his snow;
And still the settler labored there,
His shout and whistle woke the air,
As cheerily he plied
His garden spade, or drove his share
Along the hillock's side.

He marked the fire-storm's blazing flood
Roaring and crackling on its path,
And scorching earth, and melting wood,
Beneath its greedy wrath;
He marked the rapid whirlwind shoot,
Trampling the pine tree with its foot,
And darkening thick the day
With streaming bough and severed root,
Hurled whizzing on its way.

His gaunt hound yelled, his rifle flashed,
The grim bear hushed its savage growl,
In blood and foam the panther gnashed
Its fangs with dying howl;
The fleet deer ceased its flying bound,
Its snarling wolf foe bit the ground,
And with its moaning cry,
The beaver sank beneath the wound
Its pond-built Venice by.

Humble the lot, yet his the race!
When liberty sent forth her cry,
Who thronged in Conflict's deadliest place,
To fight—to bleed—to die,
Who cumbered Bunker's height of red,
By hope, through weary years were led,
And witnessed Yorktown's sun
Blaze on a Nation's banner spread,
A Nation's freedom won.

AN AUTUMN LANDSCAPE.

A knoll of upland, shorn by nibbling sheep
To a rich carpet, woven of short grass
And tiny clover, upward leads my steps
By the seamed pathway, and my roving eye
Drinks in the vassal landscape. Far and wide
Nature is smiling in her loveliness,
Masses of woods, green strips of fields, ravines,
Shown by their outlines drawn against the hills,
Chimneys and roofs, trees, single and in groups,
Bright curves of brooks, and vanishing mountain
tops
Expand upon my sight. October's brush
The scene has colored; not with those broad hues
Mixed in his later palette by the frost,
And dashed upon the picture, till the eye
Aches with the varied splendor, but in tints
Left by light scattered touches. Overhead
There is a blending of cloud, haze and sky;
A silvery sheet with spaces of soft hue;
A trembling veil of gauze is stretched athwart
The shadowy hill-sides and dark forest-flanks;
A soothing quiet broods upon the air,
And the faint sunshine winks with drowsiness.
Far sounds melt mellow on the ear: the bark—
The bleat—the tinkle—whistle—blast of horn—
The rattle of the wagon-wheel—the low—
The fowler's shot—the twitter of the bird,
And e'en the hue of converse from the road.
The grass, with its low insect-tones, appears
As murmuring in its sleep. This butterfly

Seems as if loth to stir, so lazily
It flutters by. In fitful starts and stops
The locust sings. The grasshopper breaks out
In brief harsh strains; amidst its pausing chirps
The beetle glistening in its sable mail,
Slow climbs the clover-tops, and e'en the ant
Darts round less eagerly.

What difference marks
The scene from yester-noon tide. Then the sky
Showed such rich, tender blue, it seemed as if
'Twould melt before the sight. The glittering
clouds

Floated above, the trees danced glad below
To the fresh wind. The sunshine flashed on streams,
Sparkled on leaves, and laughed on fields and woods.
All, all was life and motion, as all now
Is sleep and quiet. Nature in her change
Varies each day, as in the world of man
She moulds the differing features. Yea, each leaf
Is variant from its fellow. Yet her works
Are blended in a glorious harmony,
For thus God made His earth. Perchance His
breath

Was music when he spake it into life,
Adding thereby another instrument
To the innumerable choral orbs
Sending the tribute of their grateful praise
In ceaseless anthems toward His sacred throne.

In 1859, Mr. Street published *The Council of Revision of the State of New York; its History; a History of the Courts with which its Members are Connected; Biographical Sketches of its Members, and its Vetoes* (Albany, royal 8vo, pp. 573). This council was created by the constitution of 1777. The section creating it was introduced by Robert R. Livingston (afterward chancellor), in the convention, the original draft being in his handwriting. The governor (for the time being), the chancellor, and judges of the Supreme Court, or any two of them, together with the governor, were constituted the council to revise all bills about to be passed into laws by the legislature, and for that purpose were required to assemble from time to time at the sessions of the legislature, without salary or consideration. All bills were required to be presented to them, and their objections to be returned in writing to the branch of the legislature in which the bills originated, who entered the objections in their minutes, and reconsidered the bills. If, then, two-thirds of the Senate or House passed the bills, notwithstanding the vetoes; that is, if the branch originating the same passed the bill by two-thirds, the vetoes were sent to the other branch, and if two-thirds passed it there, the bill became a law. The council was abolished by the convention of 1821. These vetoes, written by eminent men of old, George Clinton, Jay, Kent, Lansing, Livingston, De Witt Clinton, Spencer, Thompson, Mr. Street collected, and wrote biographies of the old governors, George Clinton, Jay, Lewis, Tompkins, Clinton (De Witt), Yates, and Lieutenant-Governor Taylor; Chancellors R. R. Livingston, Kent, and Lansing; Chief-Justices Richard Morris, Robert Yates, Smith Thompson, and Ambrose Spencer; and Justices John Sloss Hobart, Egbert Benson, Jacob Radcliff, Brockholst Livingston, W. W. Van Ness, Jonas Platt, and John Woodworth; and histories of the old

Court of Chancery, Supreme Court, Court of Errors, Surrogate Court, Court of Exchequer, and Court of Admiralty, from their commencement. The history of the Supreme Court is quite extended. Many of these biographies had never before been written, and materials were collected with great labor. In 1860, Mr. Street published a graphic narrative of adventures in the Saranac Lake region of the Adirondacks, entitled *Woods and Waters; or, Summer in the Saranacs* (8vo, pp. 350). A new and revised edition of this work appeared from the press of Hurd & Houghton, in 1865. A companion to this volume appeared in 1864, *Forest Pictures in the Adirondacks*, a holiday publication, in small 4to, consisting of sixteen engravings, as the title describes, from designs by Mr. John A. Hows, with an equal number of original poems, by Mr. Street, illustrative of the drawings, the whole composing a single poem in unity of design. Mr. Street has also ready for the press a sequel to *Woods and Waters*, entitled *Lake and Mountain; or, Autumn in the Adirondacks, and Eagle Pine; or, Sketches of a New York Frontier Village*, which will probably appear at an early day. He has also compiled a *Digest of Taxation* of all the States of the Union, published in 1863.

** A collected edition of Mr. Street's *Poems* was published in 1866. These abound in picturesque sketches of nature as seen by the eye of a true artist-student, with many descriptive passages of rare excellence. Three years later appeared *The Indian Pass*, an account of a tramp through the woods and of mountain explorations in the Switzerland-region of northern New York. From the latter this glowing extract is taken, relative to a climb "5400 feet above tide—a glorious mile in the air."

**** ASCENT OF MOUNT MARCY—FROM THE INDIAN PASS.**

A pine was sounding its low anthem to the sunrise as I awoke, and prepared, with my guides, for the labors of the day. They were to be the most arduous of all, for they included the ascent of Tahawas, the Sky-Piercer, known generally as Mount Marcy. Tahawas, the Sky-Piercer!—grand name for the soaring eagle of the stately Adirondacks!

At length we came to a little green dell, bare of trees, bordering on the Opalescent, which we traversed a short distance. Then the trail suddenly turned, leaving the river widely to the left. We were probably a mile from its source, which lies, as before stated, in a small meadow on the lofty flank of Tahawas. This meadow is four thousand feet above tide, and gives birth also to a branch of the West Ausable, flowing from the opposite rim at the north. The trail now became immediately steep, and Merrill suggested a lunch before proceeding farther. Although we supposed ourselves on the slope of Old Tahawas, neither of the guides, this visit being their first on this side, could indicate the fact with certainty. On wound the stealthy trail like a serpent,—on, on, through the close and to us, unknown woods.

With our cordial of tea glowing in my system, I again started, preceded by my guides. And now came the real tug! Up, up, up, without intermission! Drawing ourselves by pendent boughs, inserting our feet into fissures of the rocks,

clutching wood-sprouts and knotted roots, and dangling by live saplings, up, up, up, with not a solitary level spot, we went, climbing thus our mountain ladder. Loftier, as we went, rose the grand breast of an opposite mountain that we set down as Mount Colden. Up, up, up, the magnificent flank of Colden now heaving on high like an enormous ocean-billow piled from hundreds of its fellows. It was awful, the sight of that mountain! its frown fairly chilled my blood. But up, up, still up. The trees that had hitherto towered into the sky, dwindled perceptibly, warning us that something was to happen. Up, up, still up. Lower and lower the trees. Barer and barer the rocks. The noble pine of a quarter of an hour ago is now a sapling of a dozen feet. What will happen? What dwarfing power broods above to cause this change? But upward, still upward. Owing to the difficulties of the route, clinging to every object that presents, I cannot look upward! Steeper, if possible, the trail! See! the shrub I clutch, to drag myself ponderously upward, is the miniature pine whose stem, a short time since, would not crack; no, although the angriest blast were hurled against it. What is to happen? It was weird; it was awful! A sensation of dread began crawling through my frame, something portentous and threatening to whisper hoarsely in my ear. What causes these haughty forests to bow their grand crests, and grovel upon the rocks? WHAT?

Up, up, still up! The shrub lies flat, a stiff verdant wreath, a mere crawling vine, a thing of wire, with scarce life sufficient to keep life! A chill breath too, commenced to permeate the air, the breath of some monster whose lair was above. Be warned in time, O mortal, and approach no nearer! Desolation and death frown before thee, and—ha! I chanced to look up; and lo, a rocky dome, a dark pinnacle, an awful crest scowled above my head, apparently impending over it, as if to fall and crush me; kept only by some invisible agency from hurling itself downward upon my devoted person! What was it?

It was the stately brow of old Tahawas, the Piercer of the Sky! Throned in eternal desolation, its look crushing down the soaring forest into shrubs, there it towered, the sublime King of the Adirondacks, its forehead furrowed by the assaults of a thousand centuries. There it towered, beating back the surges of a million tempests! There it stood—and—by Jove, if there isn't a lizard crawling up there! or, stop, let me see. Upon my modesty, if the lizard, by the aid of my glass, doesn't enlarge itself into Bob Blin! and there is Merrill following. And so I followed too. Showers of stone, loosened by my guides, rattled past. Still up I went. Over the precipitous rocks by clambering its cracks and crannies, through its tortuous galleries, along the dizzy edges of the chasms. A score of times I thought the summit was just in front, but no; on still went my guides, and on still I followed. I began to think the nearer I approached the farther I was off. But at last Merrill and Robert both became stationary, in fact seated themselves,—their figures sharply relieved against the sky. Surmounting a steep acclivity, then turning into a sort of winding gallery, and passing a large mass of rock, I placed myself at their side, and lo, the summit! Famished with thirst, I looked around, and basins of water, hollowed in the stern granite, met my gaze—real jewels of the skies,—rain water; and truly delicious was it. Next,

my eye was sweetly startled by one of the most delicate little fairy flowers (a harebell) that ever grew—sweet as Titania, blue as heaven, and fragile as hope—here, on the very bald tip-top of old Tahawas. I looked around for humming-birds and butterflies! It was a beautiful sight, that little blossom trembling at the very breath, and yet flourishing here. Here, where the tawny grass sings sharp and keen in the wrathful hurricane that the eagle scarce dares to stem; where even the pine shrub cannot live, and the wiry juniper shows not even its wiry wreath! Here, where the bitter cold lingers nearly all the year, and the snow-flake dazzles the June sun with its golden glitter! Here, on the summit of a peak to which the lightning lowers its torch, and at whose base the storm-cloud crouches.

A variety of mosses, several grasses, a species of dwarf creeping-willow, and harebells, with other flowers of white and gold, spangle the mosses and seam the clefts of the summit.

And—what! a mellow hum in my ear! Is some fairy touching her tricky harp among the flowers! It is from a honey-bee, by all that's wonderful! And see, a bumble-bee in its suit of black and gold. Swept upward on the broad pinions of the wind, they revel in the "hanging gardens" of blossoms that the old mountain offers.

The ascent of Tahawas is by no means an easy performance, an airy promenade. No! it is stern, persistent work; work that calls upon your mightiest energies! In attempting its ascent, strong, hardy trampers have given out, and lain down helpless in an attack of wood-sickness. And here is a new disease! I first heard of it in the Adirondacks! Wood-sickness! a sea-sickness on land! brought on by excessive fatigue, or by being buried, day after day, in the greenness of the woods—these tremendous, tangled, sun-concealing, weltering woods! The symptoms are the same as its sister of the sea; as disheartening and enfeebling.

Well, here I am at last! I can hardly realize it! To tell the truth, I never thought I should ever reach the spot. Tahawas stood as a shining myth in my dreams—an abstraction—a formless form like the vision of Job—an image with an aureole—a something very grand and wild and sublime out in the woods, but which I never expected to see!

Clear and bright shines the prospect below, and herein we are lucky. Old Tahawas oftentimes acts sulky. He will not allow his vassal landscape to show itself, but shrouds it in a wet, clinging mist. To-day, however, he permits it to appear in his presence, and lo, the magic! A sea of mountain-tops! a sea frozen at its wildest tumults! And what a multitude of peaks! The whole horizon is full to repletion. As a guide said, "Where there wasn't a big peak, a little one was stuck up." Really true, and how savage! how wild!

** BUNKER HILL.

In moonlight, sweet and still,
Slept Bunker's peaceful hill;
The roofs and spires of Boston were enamelled in
the glow;
Shone forest, field, and stream
Beneath the mellow beam;
How lovely was the evening to that morn of blood
and woe!

On the hill's illumined brow
Dim forms are moving now,
Rearing ramparts, and they labor as if life is in
their toil;

Here a musket glitters, there
Gleams a sword upon the air,—
The ramparts every moment growing higher from
the soil.

At morn, grand sounds, like thunder,
When skies are cleft asunder,
From the hill-top rolled, and a smoky fold was
wrapped o'er all the scene;
Long ranks are wildly reeling,
Shrill shrieks are madly pealing,
Shots are flashing, blood is dashing, Battle frowns
in furious mien.

Proud and dauntless at their station
Are the sons of our young nation,—
Proud and dauntless where their ramparts are ex-
tending rude but strong;
While in rapid columns streaming,
Through the smoke their scarlet gleaming,
Up, up, swift toward those ramparts the British
soldiers throng.

"Steady, steady, boys; all steady
Until every aim is ready;
Then pour in true your fire!" cries old Putnam.
All obey!

"Crush the reptiles at their station,
Sweep the Rebels from creation!"
Shouts the leader stern of England's hosts. More
furious grows the fray.

From the earthen ramparts came
Quick darts of deadly flame;
Balls whistled like December blasts, blood flowed
like April streams:

"Fight, fight for Freedom's nation!"
"Sweep the Rebels from creation!"
Thus sound the variant battle-cries: War's visage
wildest gleams.

Up to those ramparts flashing,
Twice came Old England dashing,
And twice the sons of Freedom had hurled him,
bleeding, back;
Again, for one more blow,
Rallies the frenzied foe;
He comes! he comes! swords, bayonets, flags, all
glittering in his track.

He comes! he comes! O Heaven,
Let Freedom's sons be given
To death, but not to slavery! Kind Heaven be
thou their stay!

Yes, yes, kind Heaven doth heed them;
And with Freedom's self to lead them,
Swift bounding o'er the ramparts they meet the
foe midway!

Through the gleaming, flaming smoke,
In closest contact broke
The slouched hat of the minute-man, the cap of
the grenadier,
The rustic's garb of brown,
The red coat of the Crown,
The long black rifle warding the thrust bayonet
flashing clear.

A cry—a cry of wail!
Flushed brows are quickly pale:
Ah! who has fall'n—ah! who has fall'n, to cause
such bitter woe?

There, stretched upon the ground,
With mourners hurrying round,
Lies Warren, pouring from his heart his life in
latest flow!

But Battle's tumult still
Whirls wildly on the hill:
Still up the ranks of England crowd; meet, meet
them as you may.
Sons of Freedom at your station!
For your God and for your nation,
Strike, strike one blow, one true blow more, as
you slowly leave the fray!

The blow is struck, and slow
The sons of Freedom go—
Slowly, sadly, yet half gladly—from the hill where
they had fought;
And bleeding England's cheering
Is half joyous and half fearing,
For a hard-won, scarce-won trophy in his Lion-
Flag is wrought.

** A FOREST NOOK.

A nook within the forest: overhead
The branches arch, and shape a pleasant bower,
Breaking white cloud, blue sky, and sunshine
bright,

Into pure ivory and sapphire spots,
And flecks of gold; a soft, cool, emerald tint
Colors the air, as though the delicate leaves
Emitted self-born light. What splendid walls,
And what a gorgeous roof carved by the hand
Of cunning Nature! Here the spruce thrusts in
Its bristling plume, tipped with its pale-green
points;

The scalloped beech-leaf, and the birch's cut
Into fine ragged edges, interlace.
While here and there, through clefts, the laurel
lifts

Its snowy chalices half-brimmed with dew,
As though to hoard it for the haunting elves
The moonlight calls to this their festal hall.
A thick, rich, grassy carpet clothes the earth,
Sprinkled with autumn leaves. The fern displays
Its fluted wreath, beaded beneath with drops
Of richest brown; the wild-rose spreads its breast
Of delicate pink, and the o'erhanging fir
Has dropped its dark, long cone.

The scorching glare
Without, makes this green nest a grateful haunt
For summer's radiant things: the butterfly
Fluttering within and resting on some flower,
Fans his rich velvet form; the toiling bee
Shoots by, with sounding hum and mist-like wings;
The robin perches on the bending spray
With shrill, quick chirp; and like a flake of fire
The redbird seeks the shelter of the leaves.
And now and then a flutter overhead
In the thick green, betrays some wandering wing
Coming and going, yet concealed from sight.
A shrill, loud outcry, — on yon highest bough
Sits the gray squirrel, in his burlesque wrath
Stamping and chattering fiercely: now he drops
A hoarded nut, then at my smiling gaze
Buries himself within the foliage.
The insect tribe are here: the ant toils on
With its white burden; in its netted web,
Gray glistening o'er the bush, the spider lurks,
A close-crouched ball, out-darting as a hum
Tells its trapped prey, and looping quick its
threads,
Chains into helplessness the buzzing wings.
The wood-tick taps its tiny nested drum

To the shrill cricket-fife, and, swelling loud,
The grasshopper its swelling bugle winds.
Those breaths of Nature, the light fluttering airs
Like gentle respirations, come and go,
Lift on its crimson stem the maple leaf,
Displaying its white lining underneath,
And sprinkle from the tree-tops golden rain
Of sunshine on the velvet sward below.
Such nooks as this are common in the woods:
And all these sights and sounds the commonest
In Nature when she wears her summer prime.
Yet by them pass not lightly; to the wise
They tell the beauty and the harmony
Of even the lowliest things that God hath made.
That His familiar earth and sky are full
Of His ineffable power and majesty;
That in the humble objects, seen too oft
To be regarded, shines such wondrous grace,
The art of man is vain to imitate;
That the low flower our careless foot treads down
Stands a rich shrine of incense delicate,
And radiant beauty; and that God hath formed
All, from the cloud-wreathed mountain, to the
grain

Of silver sand the bubbling spring casts up,
With deepest forethought and severest care.
And thus these noteless, lovely things are types
Of His perfection and divinity.

** THE SCHOOL-HOUSE.

In a green lane that from the village street
Diverges, stands the school-house; long and low
The frame, and blackened with the hues of Time.
Around it spreads the green with scattered trees;
Fenced fields and orchards stretching either hand,
And fronting. When the strawberry ripe and red
Is nestling at the roots of the deep grass,
And when the autumn sun has decked with gold
And crimson the gnarled apple-bough, light paths
Stretch from the play-ground, worn by arching feet,
To the forbidden treasures; forays sad!
For fingers stained, or bulging pockets oft
Betrayed what the faint sobbing voice denied.
A picture of soft beauty shines the scene
When painted by the sinking summer sun
In tints of light and shade; but winter's gloom
Shows nothing but a waste, with one broad track
Stamped to the humble door-post from the lane;
The snow-capped wood-pile stretching near the
walls;
And the half-severed log with axe that leans
Within the gaping notch.

The room displays
Long rows of desk and bench; the former stained
And streaked with blots and trickles of dried ink,
Lumbered with maps and slates and well-thumbed
books,
And carved with rude initials; while the knife
Has hacked and sliced the latter. In the midst
Stands the dread throne whence breathes supreme
command,
And in a locked recess well known, is laid
The dread regalia, gifted with a charm
Potent to the rebellious. When the bell
Tinkles the school-hour, inward streams the crowd,
And bending heads proclaim the task begun.
Upon his throne, with magisterial brow,
The teacher sits, round casting frowning looks
As the low giggle and the shuffling foot
Betray the covert jest, or idleness.
Oft does he call, with deep and pompous voice,
The class before him; and shrill, chattering tones
In pert or blundering answers, break the soft

And dreamy hum of study, heretofore
 Like beehive sounds prevailing. Now, perchance,
 Some luckless urchin stands before the throne,
 With features swollen as scarce to keep the tears,
 And shoulders raised, while the detected fault
 Is forth^{ly} paraded, and the broken law
 Learnedly dwelt on: then with staring sight,
 Face all awry, and chattering teeth, he sees
 The sceptre taken slowly from its nook,
 A whip with thongs: pursues with blinking gaze
 Its upward motion, then, with hideous yell,
 Tells that the whizzing blow falls not in vain.
 Now rising from his seat, the teacher strides
 Athwart the room; as treads he past, each desk
 Starts into industry: white figures grow
 Upon the slate; black, spattering pothooks sprawl
 Upon the blotted, dog-eared copy-book;
 And eyes are glued upon the letters huge
 And pictures of the primer: as he wheels,
 The wandering glance has scarcely time to sink,
 The queer grimace, and the replying grin
 To vanish; each regaining its mute sway
 As turns the back upon them. But bright noon
 Now through the casement streams in quivering
 haze,

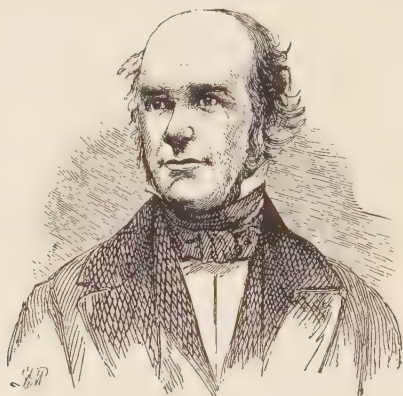
And gushes on the floor: the word is given,
 And, bursting from the thralldom, rush without
 The merry throngs, and breaking into groups,
 Drive their loud pastime on the sunny green.
 Here flies the ball, — there shoots the marble, —
 now

The racers seek the goal, — each sinew now
 Is straining in the leap, — while heartfelt mirth
 Echoes upon the soft and balmy air;
 The clouds that float and wreath upon the breeze
 Not more restrainless than those happy hearts.
 The glee, bright contrast to the sullen looks
 And lingering steps with which each urchin seeks,
 At the sad summons of the morning bell,
 The hated porch. Yet is the school-house rude,
 As is the chrysalis to the butterfly,
 To the rich flower the seed. The dusky walls
 Hold the fair germs of knowledge; and the tree,
 Glorious in beauty, golden with its fruits,
 To the low school-house traces back its life.

THEODORE PARKER

Is a native of Massachusetts, born in or about the year 1812, at Lexington, the son of a farmer, and grandson of a Revolutionary soldier. He studied theology among the Unitarians at Cambridge; became a graduate of its theological school in 1836, and was afterwards settled as minister of the Second Church in Roxbury. From 1840 to 1842 he was a contributor to the *Dial* and *Christian Examiner*, of papers chiefly on theological topics, which he collected in a volume of *Critical and Miscellaneous Writings* in 1843. In 1842 he published a treatise, *A Discourse of Matters relating to Religion*, in an octavo volume. It was the substance of a series of lectures delivered the previous season in Boston, and constituted a manifesto of the growing changes of the author in his doctrinal opinions, which had widely departed from points of church authority, the inspiration of the scriptures and the divine character of the Saviour. He had previously in May, 1841, startled his associates by his *Discourse on the Transient and Permanent in Christianity*, preached at the ordination of Mr. Charles C. Shackford, in Harris Place Church in Boston.

Both these publications were met and opposed in the *Christian Examiner*.



Theodore Parker.

Proscribed by the Unitarian Societies of Boston on account of the promulgation of his new views, Mr. Parker organized, by the aid of his friends, a congregation, which met in the old Melodeon in the city, and transferred itself later to the ample accommodations of the new Music Hall. He has published a memorial of this change, in *Two Sermons, on leaving an old and entering a new place of worship*. His title, as appears from his printed discourses, was Minister of the Twenty-Eighth Congregational Society in Boston. In his new quarters he held an independent service, delivering a weekly discourse on Sunday morning, frequently taking for his theme some topic of the times or point of morality. The questions of slavery, war, social and moral reforms of various kinds, were discussed with much acute analysis, occasional effective satire, and a rather unprofitable reliance on the powers of the individual. As a practical teacher, he was in the unfortunate position of a priest without a church, and a politician without a state. Though he interwove some elegance of fancy in his discourses, yet it was of a dry quality, a flower of a forced growth, and his manner and matter seemed equally unaffected by tender poetic imagination. He had nothing of the air of hearty impulse of a democratic leader of revolutionary opinion, as might be supposed from the drift of his printed discourses. As a speaker he was slow, didactic, positive, and self-sufficient.

Mr. Parker has published several series of discourses, entitled *Sermons of Theism, Atheism, and the Popular Theology*, and *Ten Sermons of Religion*, from which his moral views may be gathered.

He has borne a prominent part in the agitation of the Fugitive Slave Law, of which he is a vigorous denouncer. A number of his discourses on this and other social topics are included in his two volumes, *Speeches, Addresses, and Occasional Sermons*, published in 1852. He also delivered an elaborate critical essay on the character of John Quincy Adams, immediately after the death of that statesman, and a similar discourse, remarkable for its severity, on Daniel Webster.

As a specimen of Mr. Parker's manner on a topic of more general agreement than most of his

writings afford, we may cite a few passages from a sermon published by him in 1854 on

OLD AGE.

I cannot tell where childhood ends, and manhood begins; nor where manhood ends, and old age begins. It is a wavering and uncertain line, not straight and definite, which borders betwixt the two. But the outward characteristics of old age are obvious enough. The weight diminishes. Man is commonly heaviest at forty, woman at fifty. After that, the body shrinks a little; the height shortens as the cartilages become thin and dry. The hair whitens and falls away. The frame stoops, the bones become smaller, feebler, have less animal and more mere earthy matter. The senses decay, slowly and handsomely. The eye is not so sharp, and while it penetrates further into space, it has less power clearly to define the outline of what it sees. The ear is dull; the appetite less. Bodily heat is lower; the breath produces less carbonic acid than before. The old man consumes less food, water, air. The hands grasp less strongly; the feet less firmly tread. The lungs suck the breast of heaven with less powerful collapse. The eye and ear take not so strong a hold upon the world:—

And the big manly voice,
Turning again to childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound.

The animal life is making ready to go out. The very old man loves the sunshine and the fire, the arm-chair and the shady nook. A rude wind would jostle the full-grown apple from its bough, full-ripe, full-colored, too. The internal characteristics correspond. General activity is less. Salient love of new things and of new persons, which bit the young man's heart, fades away. He thinks the old is better. He is not venturesome; he keeps at home. Passion once stung him into quickened life; now that gad-fly is no more buzzing in his ears. Madame de Staël finds compensation in Science for the decay of the passion that once fired her blood; but Heathen Socrates, seventy years old, thanks the gods that he is now free from that "ravenous beast," which had disturbed his philosophic meditations for many a year. Romance is the child of Passion and Imagination;—the sudden father that, the long protracting mother this. Old age has little romance. Only some rare man, like Wilhelm Von Humboldt, keeps it still fresh in his bosom.

In intellectual matters, the venerable man loves to recall the old times, to revive his favorite old men,—no new ones half so fair. So in Homer, Nestor, who is the oldest of the Greeks, is always talking of the old times, before the grandfathers of men then living had come into being; "not such as live in these degenerate days." Verse-loving John Quincy Adams turns off from Byron and Shelley and Wieland and Goethe, and returns to Pope,

Who pleased his childhood and informed his youth.

The pleasure of hope is smaller; that of memory greater. It is exceeding beautiful that it is so. The venerable man loves to set recollection to beat the roll-call, and summon up from the grave the old time, "the good old time,"—the old places, old friends, old games, old talk, nay, to his ear the old familiar tunes are sweeter than anything that Mendelssohn, or Strauss, or Rossini can bring to pass. Elder Brewster expects to hear St. Martins and Old Hundred chanted in Heaven. Why not? To him Heaven comes in the long-used musical tradition, not in the neologies of sound.

Then the scholar becomes an antiquary; he likes not young men unless he knew their grandfathers before. The young woman looks in the newspaper for the marriages, the old man for the deaths. The young man's eye looks forward; the world is "all before him where to choose." It is a hard world; he does not know it: he works a little, and hopes much. The middle-aged man looks around at the present; he has found out that it is a hard world; he hopes less and works more. The old man looks back on the fields he has trod; "this is the tree I planted; this is my footstep," and he loves his old house, his old carriage, cat, dog, staff, and friend. In lands where the vine grows, I have seen an old man sit all day long, a sunny autumn day, before his cottage door, in a great arm-chair, his old dog couched at his feet, in the genial sun. The autumn wind played with the old man's venerable hairs; above him on the wall, purpling in the sunlight, hung the full clusters of the grape, ripening and maturing yet more. The two were just alike; the wind stirred the vine leaves, and they fell; stirred the old man's hair and it whitened yet more. Both were waiting for the spirit in them to be fully ripe. The young man looks forward; the old man looks back. How long the shadows lie in the setting-sun; the steeple a mile long reaching across the plain, as the sun stretches out the hills in grotesque dimensions. So are the events of life in the old man's consciousness.

In the winter of 1858-9, the Rev. Mr. Parker, having suffered an attack of consumptive disease, to which, notwithstanding his many years of vigorous activity, he appears to have been constitutionally subject, was compelled to leave his congregation in Boston and seek relief in the milder climate of the West Indies. He was greatly prostrated when he reached the Island of Santa Cruz; but he slowly rallied, and was enabled in April, 1859, to address a letter of some length to the members of the Twenty-eighth Congregational Society of Boston, to which he was attached as preacher, which was immediately published at Boston in a duodecimo volume, with the title, *Theodore Parker's Experience as a Minister, with some account of his early Life and Education for the Ministry*. In this autobiographical work the author recounts the influences of his mental cultivation, and the grounds of the opinions which he had formed and strenuously advocated in lectures and in the pulpit on topics of theology, politics, education, and social welfare.

Mr. Parker's health was sufficiently invigorated by his visit to the West Indies to enable him to make the voyage to Europe from Santa Cruz, with a prospect of further recovery. He passed the summer of 1859 on the continent of Europe, mainly in Switzerland, and wintered in Italy, at Rome. He enjoyed the beauties of nature, and was keenly alive, as usual, to the public questions of the day, at home and abroad, but there was no armor in the brightness of his intellect or his indomitable strength of will against the assaults of his insidious disease, to which he succumbed, on his way to the north, at Florence, May 10, 1860. He lies buried, with a simple inscription on a tombstone recording the day of his birth and death, in the cemetery outside the city.

By his will, Mr. Parker bequeathed a valuable library of some thirteen thousand volumes, rich

in ancient and foreign learning, to the Free City Library of Boston.

Of the eulogies pronounced by his friends, we may refer to the "Tribute" pronounced by the Rev. William R. Alger, who, in a pulpit discourse at Boston, while he discussed the prominent traits which so strongly marked his character, celebrated the kindlier virtues of the man, which were less known to the public. *The Life and Correspondence of Theodore Parker*, by John Weiss (2 vols., 8vo, New York, 1864), is a full and elaborate memoir, narrative and critical, exhibiting, with much force and originality, the peculiar habits of thought, cherished opinions, and life-long studies of its subject.

**** THE complete works of the late Theodore Parker, edited by Frances Power Cobbe, were published at London in twelve volumes, in 1863-5. A new edition of his *Writings*, in ten volumes, followed at Boston in 1870. In that year first appeared in print his *Historic Americans*, a series of four lectures prepared in 1858, of which three were delivered in public. This work, prefaced with an introduction by Rev. O. B. Frothingham, treats of the life-labors and mental characteristics of Franklin, Washington, John Adams, and Jefferson. It shows the fruits of extensive investigation, and a spirit of caustic criticism.**

**** THE MENTAL CHARACTER OF FRANKLIN—FROM HISTORIC AMERICANS.**

Franklin had a great understanding, a moderate imagination, and a great reason. He could never have become an eminent poet or orator. With such, the means is half the end. He does not seem to have attended to any of the fine arts, with the single exception of music. He was not fond of works of the imagination, and in his boyhood he sold Bunyan's *Pilgrims' Progress* to buy Burton's *Historical Collections*. Perhaps he underrated the beautiful and the sublime. I do not remember, in the ten volumes of his writings, a line containing a single reference to either. This defect in his mental structure continually appears in his works and in his life. Hence, there is a certain homeliness and lack of elegance in his writings, and sometimes a little coarseness and rudeness. Hence, also, comes the popular judgment that he was not a high-minded man. Kant, Kepler, Descartes, Leibnitz, Schelling, were men of great imagination, which gives a particular poetic charm to their works that you do not find in the Saxon philosophers. Bacon, Locke, Newton, Adam Smith, were men of vast ability but not imaginative or poetic. Franklin thinks, investigates, theorizes, invents, but never does he dream. No haze hangs on the sharp outline of his exact idea to lend it an added charm. Besides this immense understanding, Franklin had an immense reason, which gave him great insight and power in all practical, philosophic, and speculative matters. He was a man of the most uncommon sense. He saw clearly into the remote causes of things, and had great power of generalization to discuss the universal laws, the one eternal principle, or the manifold and floating facts. He did not come to his philosophic conclusions and discoveries by that poetic imagination which creates hypothesis after hypothesis, until some one fits

the case; nor did he seem to reach them by that logical process which is called induction. But he rather perfected his wonderful inventions by his own simple greatness of understanding and of reason, a spontaneous instinct of causality, which led him to the point at once. He announced his discoveries with no parade. He does the thing, and says nothing about it, as if it were the commonest thing in the world. His simplicity appears not only in his manners and in his life, but also in his intellectual method. Accordingly, he was a great inventor of new ideas in science, the philosophy of matter, and in politics, the philosophy of States, in both running before the experience of the world.

**** THE SPIRIT OF JEFFERSON—FROM HISTORIC AMERICANS.**

Of all those who controlled the helm of affairs during the time of the Revolution, and while the Constitution and the forms of our National and State Institutions were carefully organized, there is none who has been more generally popular, more commonly beloved, more usually believed to be necessary to the Legislation and Administration of his country, than Thomas Jefferson. It may not be said of him that of all those famous men he could least have been spared; for in the rare and great qualities for patiently and wisely conducting the great affairs of State and Nation in pressing emergencies, he seems to have been wanting. But his grand merit was this—that while his powerful opponents favored a strong government, and believed it necessary thereby to repress what they called the lower classes, he, Jefferson, believed in Humanity; believed in a true Democracy. He respected labor and education, and upheld the right to education of all men. These were the ideas in which he was far in advance of all the considerable men, whether of his State or of his Nation—ideas which he illustrated through long years of his life and conduct. The great debt that the Nation owes to him is this—that he so ably and consistently advocated these needful opinions, that he made himself the head and the hand of the great party that carried these ideas into power, that put an end to all possibility of class government, made naturalization easy, extended the suffrage and applied it to judicial office, opened a still wider and better education to all, and quietly inaugurated reforms, yet incomplete, of which we have the benefit to this day, and which, but for him, we might not have won against the party of Strong Government, except by a difficult and painful Revolution.

**** WASHINGTON—FROM HISTORIC AMERICANS.**

In his person, Washington was six feet high, and rather slender. His limbs were long; his hands were uncommonly large, his chest broad and full, his head was exactly round, and the hair brown in manhood, but gray at fifty; his forehead rather low and retreating, the nose large and massy, the mouth wide and firm, the chin square and heavy, the cheeks full and ruddy in early life. His eyes were blue and handsome, but not quick or nervous. He required spectacles to read with at fifty. He was one of the best riders in the United States, but, like some other good riders, awkward and shambling in his walk. He was stately in his bearing, reserved, distant, and apparently haughty. Shy among women, he was not a great talker in any company, but a careful obser-

ver and listener. He read the natural temper of men, but not always aright. He seldom smiled. He did not laugh with his face, but in his body, and while calm above, below the diaphragm his laughter was copious and earnest. Like many grave persons, he was fond of jokes and loved humorous stories. He had negro story-tellers to regale him with fun and anecdotes at Mount Vernon. He was not critical about his food, but fond of tea. He took beer or cider at dinner, and occasionally wine. He hated drunkenness, gaming, and tobacco. He had a hearty love of farming, and of private life. There was nothing of the politician in him, no particle of cunning. He was one of the most industrious of men. Not an elegant or accurate writer, he yet took great pains with style, and, after the Revolution, carefully corrected the letters he had written in the time of the French war, more than thirty years before. He was no orator, like Jefferson, Franklin, Madison, and others, who had great influence in American affairs. He never made a speech. The public papers were drafted for him, and he read them when the occasion came. Washington was no Democrat. Like the Federal party he belonged to, he had little confidence in the people. He thought more of the Judicial and Executive Departments than of the Legislative body. He loved a strong central power, not local self-government. A little tumult, like Shays's insurrection in Massachusetts, or the rebellion in Pennsylvania, made him and his Federal associates tremble for the safety of the nation. He did not know that "something must be forgiven to the spirit of liberty." In his administration as President, he attempted to unite the two parties,—the Federal party, with its tendency to monarchy, and perhaps desire for it, and the Democratic party, which thought that the government was already too strong. But there was a quarrel between Hamilton and Jefferson, who unavoidably hated each other. The Democrats would not serve in Washington's Cabinet. The violent, arbitrary, and invasive will of Hamilton acquired an undue influence over Washington, who was beginning, at sixty-four, to feel the effects of age; and he inclined more and more to severe laws and consolidated power, while on the other part the nation became more and more democratic. Washington went on his own way, and yet filled his Cabinet with men less tolerant of Republicanism than himself.

Of all the great men whom Virginia has produced, Washington was least like the State that bore him. He is not Southern in many particulars. In character, he is as much a New Englander as either Adams. Yet, wonderful to tell, he never understood New England. The slaveholder, bred in Virginia, could not comprehend a state of society where the captain or the colonel came from the same class as the common soldier, and that off duty they should be equals. He thought common soldiers should only be provided with food and clothes, and have no pay. Their families should not be provided for by the State. He wanted the officers to be "gentlemen," and, as much as possible, separate from the soldier. . .

He never understood New England; never loved it, never did it full justice. It has been said Washington was not a great soldier; but certainly he created an army out of the roughest materials, outgeneralled all that Britain could send against him, and in the midst of poverty and distress, organized victory. He was not brilliant and rapid. He was slow, defensive, and victorious. He made

"an empty bag stand upright," which Franklin says is "hard." Some men command the world, or hold its admiration by their Ideas or by their Intellect. Washington had neither original ideas, nor a deeply-cultured mind. He commands by his Integrity, by his Justice. He loved power by instinct, and strong government by reflective choice. Twice he was made Dictator, with absolute power, and never abused the awful and despotic trust. The monarchic soldiers and civilians would make him King. He trampled on their offer, and went back to his fields of corn and tobacco at Mount Vernon. The grandest act of his public life was to give up his power; the most magnanimous deed of his private life was to liberate his slaves.

Washington is the first man of his type; when will there be another? As yet the American rhetoricians do not dare tell half his excellence; but the people should not complain.

Cromwell is the greatest Anglo-Saxon who was ever a Ruler on a large scale. In intellect, he was immensely superior to Washington; in integrity, immeasurably below him. For one thousand years no king in Christendom has shown such greatness, or gives us so high a type of manly virtue. He never dissembled. He sought nothing for himself. In him there was no unsound spot; nothing little or mean in his character. The whole was clean and presentable. We think better of mankind because he lived, adorning the earth with a life so noble. Shall we make an idol of him, and worship it with huzzas on the Fourth of July, and with stupid rhetoric on other days? Shall we build him a great monument, founding it in a slave pen? His glory already covers the continent. More than two hundred places bear his name. He is revered as "The Father of his Country." The people are his memorial. The New York Indians hold this tradition of him. "Alone, of all white men," say they, "he has been admitted to the Indian Heaven, because of his justice to the Red Men. He lives in a great palace, built like a fort. All the Indians, as they go to heaven, pass by, and he himself is in his uniform, a sword at his side, walking to and fro. They bow reverently, with great humility. He returns the salute, but says nothing." Such is the reward of his justice to the Red Men. God be thanked for such a man!

"A soul supreme, in each hard instance tried,
Above all pain, all passion, and all pride,
The rage of power, the blast of public breath,
The lust of lucre, and the dread of death."

MORRIS JACOB RAPHAEL

Was born of Jewish parentage in Stockholm, Sweden, September, 1798. He was educated in his boyhood for the ministry, at the Jewish College at Copenhagen. At the age of fourteen he went to England and acquired a thorough mastery of the language. In 1821, having travelled previously on the Continent, he entered the University of Giessen, where he studied four years. Returning to England in 1825, he married and made that country his home. He now became known to the public by his eloquent lectures on Hebrew Biblical poetry, and in 1834 commenced the publication of *The Hebrew Review, or Magazine of Rabbinical Literature*, which he continued for two years. This was the first Jewish periodical ever published in

Great Britain. Between 1834 and 1837 he translated into English some writings of Maimonides, the *Sepher Ikkarim*, or "Book of Principles," of the Rabbi Joseph Albo, and the *Yain Lebanon*, a work on Ethics of Rabbi Naphthali Hirtz Wessely. In 1839 he published *Festivals of the Lord*, a series of essays on Jewish festivals. About the year 1840 he published, jointly with the Rev. D. A. De Sola, of London, a translation of eighteen treatises of the *Mishna*. He was subsequently appointed rabbi preacher to the synagogue at Birmingham, where he became engaged in founding a Hebrew national school. He was also now much employed as a popular lecturer on Biblical poetry and other sacred topics. In 1849 he came to New York, and accepted a call from the First Anglo-German Hebrew Congregation of the city as their preacher. He also delivered several courses of public lectures on the Biblical history and literature, which were received with great favor. He published, in 1852, *Devotional Exercises for the Daughters of Israel*; in 1856, his lectures on the *Post-Biblical History of the Jews*, in 2 vols., 12mo; in 1859, a religious treatise, *The Path to Immortality*, and in 1861, a discourse entitled *The Bible View of Slavery*.* He died in 1868.

EMORY WASHBURN

Was born February 14, 1800, in Leicester, Mass. He was educated at Williams College, Mass., where he graduated in 1817; studied law, was admitted to the bar in 1821, and practised the profession for the next seven years in Leicester. He then removed to Worcester, Mass. In June, 1844, he was appointed Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, and held the office till 1847, when he resigned. In the autumn of 1853, he was elected Governor of Massachusetts, and held the office for one year. In 1855, he was appointed lecturer, and the same year professor in Harvard Law School in the university. Since 1856 he has resided at Cambridge, and continued to discharge the duties of his professorship.

The publications of Dr. Washburn (he received the honorary degree of LL. D. from Harvard University and from Williams College in 1854) are numerous. Several of them are occasional addresses delivered at various times before the Worcester Agricultural Society, the Massachusetts Temperance Society, and other public associations; a number are legal or political pamphlets, discussing questions involving important principles. The following are of an historical character: *An Address Commemorative of the Part taken by the Inhabitants of Leicester, Mass., in the Events of the Revolution*, delivered July 4, 1849 (8vo, pp. 48); *Address at the Social Festival of the Bar of Worcester County, February 7, 1856*, containing a history of the bar, and notices of its members for twenty-five years (8vo, pp. 73); *Brief Sketch of the History of Leicester Academy* (1860, 8vo, pp. 158); *Historical Sketches of the Town of Leicester, Mass., during the first century from its settlement* (1860, 8vo, pp. 467); *Sketches of the Judi-*

cial History of Massachusetts from 1630 to the Revolution in 1775 (1840, 8vo, pp. 407), a work the result of several years' research, and often referred to as an authority upon the topics of which it treats; and an *Address at the Celebration of the Two Hundredth Anniversary of the Incorporation of Bridgewater, Mass., June 3, 1856* (8vo, pp. 63). Dr. Washburn's most important contributions to the literature of his profession are: *A Treatise on the American Law of Real Property*, 1861; *A Treatise on the American Law of Easements and Servitudes*; *Lectures on the Study and Practice of the Law*, 1871; and a pamphlet on the *Testimony of Experts*, 1866.

FRANCIS BRINLEY.

Francis Brinley was born at Boston, November 10, 1800. He was educated at Harvard College, graduating in 1818, when he became a law student in the office of the Hon. William Sullivan. He was admitted to the bar before he attained his majority. He early took an interest in public affairs, advocating railway and other internal improvements, the abolition of imprisonment for debt, and was a firm supporter of a well-regulated militia, in which he held various commissions, being thrice elected captain of "The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company." He was a member of the Common Council of Boston for several years, and its president in 1850 and 1851. He was a representative from Boston to the Massachusetts Legislature in 1832, 1850, and 1854. In 1852 and 1853 he was in the Senate, and in 1853 a member of the convention for revising the State Constitution. In 1857 he removed to Tynsborough, in the County of Middlesex, and in 1863 was a member of the State Senate from that county. He now resides at Newport, R. I.

Mr. Brinley was an early contributor to *Hunt's Merchants' Magazine* and to the *American Jurist*. His legal articles were elaborate, and those on "Dower" were cited by Chancellor Kent in his "Commentaries." He has also been a frequent contributor to the newspaper press, and has lectured with much success. In 1830 he delivered an address before the Franklin Debating Society of Boston, which was published. He is the author of a *Life of his brother-in-law, William T. Porter*, the founder of the *New York Spirit of the Times*, which was published by Messrs. Appleton of that city in 1860—a well-prepared work, which was favorably received by the public.

Mr. Brinley's reports as a legislator are numerous and thorough. They include some valuable papers on popular education, and on the fisheries of Narragansett Bay.

JONATHAN B. BRIGHT,

The author of a work of rare value and interest, tracing the genealogy of his family in England, is of the fifth generation of the descendants of Henry Bright, Jr., of Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk, England, who came to America and settled at Watertown, Massachusetts, about 1630. Mr. Bright, the subject of this notice, was born in Waltham, Massachusetts, April 23, 1800, on the spot where he now lives. He received a com-

* Appleton's New American Cyclopædia.

mon-school education in the town, according to the limited opportunities of those days, and at the age of sixteen removed with an older brother to Missouri; thence, on coming of age, to Alabama, where he continued in business till 1823, when he came to New York, and was for the ensuing twenty-five years engaged in that city as a cotton broker. In 1849 he retired from business and returned to his native place.

An acquaintance and correspondence with Dr. Bond, the author of the *Genealogies and History of Watertown*, led Mr. Bright to pursue the investigation of his family history in this country and in England, where he caused various researches to be made. The result of the latter was the collection of a mass of interesting material which he arranged and printed for private distribution in 1858, in an octavo volume, entitled, *The Brights of Suffolk, England, Represented in America by the Descendants of Henry Bright, Jr.* The narrative is confined to the family of John Bright, of Bury St. Edmunds, and his descendants. The book includes much interesting information, with numerous pictorial illustrations of the old churches, manor houses, and other localities of the county incidentally connected with the family history. It is prepared throughout with great care and method, and may be regarded as a model for works of its description.

Mr. Bright has also collected a harvest of materials relating to the descendants of Henry Bright, Jr., in America. Those bearing the name have not been numerous, though his descendants in the female line have been more largely represented.

WARREN BURTON.

Warren Burton was born in Wilton, New Hampshire, on the 23d of November, 1800. His grandfather was one of the first settlers of that place, having emigrated from Danvers, where the family had lived from the time of the arrival of their earliest American ancestor, about the year 1638. Danvers was then a part of Salem. Leaving Danvers in early manhood, accompanied by his young wife, he raised his log cabin in the wilderness, and opened to cultivation the farm still occupied by his descendants, in what is now one of the most beautiful rural and mountain towns in New England. He served as a soldier in the French war, and was in the expedition against Louisburg. He bore his part also in the war of the Revolution, in which he was a commissioned officer. Subsequently, during a long life, he was ever held in honor by his fellow-citizens, having occupied, during the lapse of a generation, those town offices which are bestowed upon the men to whom the people look for guidance, and in whom they place their highest confidence.

Young Burton's early life was subject to the influences which have so strongly stamped the New England character, and given it the force with which it has pushed forward the civilization of the country and the age. His mother died not many months after his birth. She was of the family of Warren, early established in Massachusetts. For some time before her marriage she had been a teacher. The son knew

her only in the memory she left behind her. She was all that is lovely and estimable, as every one who had known her concurred in attesting. Her name was precious in the recollection of those who had enjoyed the privilege of being her pupils, and was handed down in tradition as the "good teacher." Her image, thus impressed upon the heart of her bereaved child, is drawn by him on the pages of his *District School as it Was*, in the character of "Mary Smith." His father, also, had been a teacher. He thus naturally inherited a turn of mind that inclined him to the great subject which became the predominant aim of his life and writings. Upon the death of his mother he was transferred to the guardian care of his grand-parents, who were both adapted to make the most salutary impressions upon his forming character. The firmness, dignity, and integrity of the one, combining the best fruits of the experience of a patriotic soldier and virtuous husbandman, and the other an embodiment of all domestic and maternal excellence, made the family the abode of piety, obedience, truthfulness, and harmonious order. The law of God and man was held in unquestioned authority and supreme reverence. Growing up under such circumstances, he was led to entertain those views and sentiments of the incalculable importance of making the home a school of Christian wisdom and love, which have engaged so large a share in the labors of his life and the efforts of his pen.

From his earliest childhood he had cherished the vision of a collegiate education, and there are few more striking instances of the triumph of a resolute purpose to accomplish a difficult end, in the absence of aid and opportunity, by mere force of energy and will, than he exhibited. He never had the benefit of any other than a district school. He had access to no academy. He had, it is true, the occasional instructions of the good parish minister, given, at long intervals, at his residence, at the distance of two miles. Solitary and alone, at periods spared from the labors of a farm, in days of summer rain, and often in hours stolen from sleep, besides the more unbroken opportunity of the leisure winter, the young lad pursued his object. He was, perhaps, as nearly self-prepared as any one ever was, and with as few advantages; but he accomplished his object, and passed a favorable examination for admission to Harvard College in 1817, at an age not above the average of those who had enjoyed all the privileges of regular academical instruction. He was honorably distinguished in the class that graduated in 1821. After keeping school for some time he entered the Theological Institution at Cambridge, and, in the summer of 1826, received approbation as a preacher from the Boston Association of Ministers, and was ordained in March, 1828, at East Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Mr. Burton was naturally of an independent spirit, and his feelings and tastes led him to desire a freer and more untrammelled life than was consistent with confinement to the restraints of a local settlement. After a brief ministry, and an amicable separation from his pastoral obligations, he devoted himself to objects of comprehensive reform, still continuing to preach wher-

ever a field of usefulness opened. In this way he has inculcated the truths and precepts of religion, and labored for the special objects of philanthropy, over a wide surface of country. It may be said that the great object of his life has been to promote the true culture of the people, to raise the condition of schools, but chiefly to purify and deepen the sources of all true civilization, by securing universal attention to the sphere of home education. For this he labored constantly and devotedly. He has gone forth to the work self-appointed, and sustained as means were providentially afforded. By lectures extensively given; by meetings for discussion, held in a continued series, under his own supervision; by similar proceedings initiated by himself, but carried out by others brought into the work by him, in different parts of the country; by courses of meetings at the State House while he was chaplain of one or the other branch of the Legislature, at which distinguished speakers were induced by him to advocate the cause, a steady and efficient influence in its favor has been brought to bear. These meetings were presided over, in several of the States, by the governors, and other eminent official personages and leading men. Reports of them, inserted in the newspapers, have diffused ideas and interest throughout the whole community. Large numbers of printed documents have been circulated, together with an extensive correspondence, over the whole country. He has had classes for instruction in private as well as public meetings, and in all these multiplied and diversified and continued forms of effort and influence, he has undoubtedly accomplished great and permanent good.

Mr. Burton's publications are all the natural outgrowths of the prevailing objects of his thoughts and feelings at the time of their production, and are, therefore, in a very strict sense, a part of himself, and mark the current of his mental history. While in the Theological School, and the early part of his ministry, his speculations and studies were much engrossed in the subject of the Divine Providence over human destiny, and the result was a series of discourses, which afterwards took the form of lectures, and finally of a volume, entitled, *Cheering Views of Man and Providence, drawn from a consideration of the Origin, Uses, and Remedies of Evil*. It was well received by the public, although some of its theories did not retain the author's approval in the subsequent course of his philosophical and spiritual progress and experience.

When phrenology arrested the attention of the most enlightened and reflecting minds, Mr. Burton explored the subject with earnestness, and brought it into the service of his great object. He made it the basis of a course of lectures on home and school education, which were extensively delivered. His experience in this respect impressed him with the great importance of disseminating a knowledge of this science among the people. To this end he prepared a work on the subject, illustrating it in plain and practical expression, and in a style adapted to the apprehension of the popular mind. It was published by the Harpers in 1842, under the title of *Uncle Sam's Recommendation of Phrenology*.

A strong natural sentiment of mental independence, strengthened into an almost ruling passion by what he had observed as the evil consequences of a want of it, took expression in a series of lectures, afterwards collected into a treatise and published under the title of *White Slavery*. It was a vigorous attack upon party domination, and was well received.

His *District School as it Was* has had a wide circulation, and will probably always retain its hold upon the public favor, not only from its lively and spirited style, but because it presents a vivid picture, not elsewhere perhaps to be found, of a large segment of New England life, as it then was, in that very considerable part of it which was connected with the action and influence of the school system in the rural towns. This work was republished in England without the knowledge of its author, and without being credited to him. It appears there as an original publication, and purports to give a view of New England life.

But Mr. Burton's most valuable work, in the estimation of many persons, is his *Helps to Education in the Homes of our Country*. It is written in a finished and attractive style. The Harpers have published, in a beautiful form of typography, as a separate work, that portion of *Helps to Education* which relates to "the discipline of the observing faculties."

His printed productions, as a whole, give assurance that his labors have been useful, and they display, in a manner original and peculiar, moral, intellectual, and literary powers, and possess elements of interest that will secure to his name an honored place among the writers of the country. They have, throughout, one feature of attractiveness which cannot fail to distinguish them. From his childhood he had cultivated the keenest sensibility to all that is beautiful and sublime in nature. As a painter of nature in its whole compass, from its grandest phenomena to the minutest details of its glories and delights, his pen has achieved results which approach in effectiveness the most successful works of the pencil. His *word paintings* constitute one of the chief elements of the value and interest of his writings. In a lecture before the American Institute of Instruction, he treated the subject of *Scenery*. So much interest was taken in it, that he was led to make it the basis of a publication entitled *Scenery Showing, or Word Paintings of the Beautiful, Picturesque, and Grand in Nature*. The design of this volume is to extend the sphere of education beyond the forms and lessons of the school, to the broadest and liveliest exercise of the observing faculties, and to train the popular taste and thoughts, from early life to its latest stage, to study the text-book of nature, written in a language equally intelligible and constantly open to all. The extraordinary beauty of the varied scenery of the home of his childhood kindled this love of nature in his heart at the first dawning of his observing faculties, and, united with quick imaginative powers, and the kindly and judicious influence of a religious home education, impressed a marked and dominating character upon his life and writings.

In addition to the works previously mentioned, Mr. Burton published a small pamphlet in 1829,

entitled, *My Religious Experience at my Native Home*. It was a story-like and graphic production, and was so well liked by the denomination to which he belonged as to be adopted by them as a tract for gratuitous circulation.

In 1834 he gave a lecture before the American Institute of Instruction. The topic was mainly on emulation, as a motive to study in schools and colleges. About the same time he published, in the shape of a book review, an *Essay on the Divine Agency in the Material Universe*. The object was to set forth, contrary to the opinion of many of our distinguished scientific men, the immediate will and activity of the Creator in all the operations, the mightiest and the minutest, of His works. Besides these, there have appeared from time to time from his pen, in annuals, and other periodicals, narrative and descriptive articles illustrative of human character or of the scenery of our country. He died in 1866.

CHARLES CONSTANTINE PISE,

An eminent clergyman of the Roman Catholic Church, was born in Annapolis, Maryland, in 1802. After graduating at the Georgetown (D. C.) College, he was sent to Rome to pursue his theological studies. Recalled, at the end of two years, by the death of his father, he entered the seminary of Mount St. Mary's, Emmetsburg, Maryland, where he was engaged in teaching rhetoric and poetry. He was ordained priest in 1825, and became minister at Fredericktown, Maryland, and shortly after was attached to the cathedral at Baltimore. His *History of the Church, from its Establishment to the Reformation* (5 vols. 8vo, Baltimore, 1830); *Father Rowland*, a tale in answer to *Father Clement*, a popular Anti-Roman Catholic novel; and a volume of poetry, *The Pleasures of Religion, and other Poems*, were written at this time. Subsequently, Dr. Pise visited Rome a second time, and on his return was engaged in clerical duties successively in Washington, D. C., New York, and Brooklyn. His later writings in theology, fiction, and poetry, include a poem entitled *The Acts of the Apostles*; *Zenosius, or the Pilgrim Convert*; *Indian Cottage, an Unitarian Story*; *Aletheia, or Letters on the Truth of the Catholic Doctrines*; *Letters to Ada*; *Christianity and the Church*; *Lives of St. Ignatius and his First Companions*; *Notes on a Protestant Catechism*; *The Catholic Bride*, a translation from the Italian; and *Horæ Vagabondæ*. He died in 1866.

THOMAS J. CONANT

Was born in 1802, at Brandon, Vermont, studied at Middleburg College in that State, and subsequently gave particular attention to philological investigations. He was tutor for a time in Columbia College, District of Columbia, and afterward professor of languages in Waterville College, Maine. In 1833 he resigned this professorship, and occupied his time in the critical study of the oriental languages. He became professor of biblical literature and criticism in the Theological Seminary at Hamilton, New York, and in 1850 accepted a similar professorship in the Theological Seminary at Rochester, New York. He held this till 1859, when he

made his residence in the vicinity of the city of New York. Dr. Conant has particularly devoted himself to the study of the Scriptures, with the view of preparing an improved English version of the Bible. In 1856, his revised translation of the Book of Job, including the common English version and the Hebrew text, with critical and philological notes, was published in a quarto volume by the "American Bible Union." *The New Testament, Genesis, Psalms, and Proverbs*, have followed. He has also published a translation of Gesenius's Hebrew Grammar, with the additions of Rodiger.

HANNAH CHAPLIN CONANT,

The wife of the preceding, published numerous translations from the German and several original works. She was the daughter of the Rev. Jeremiah Chaplin, president of Waterville College, Maine. She was married to Dr. Conant in 1832, at the age of twenty. Her translations include several of the commentaries of Neander on the Epistles of John and James, and the Epistle of Paul to the Philippians, and the *New England Theocracy*, an historical sketch by Uhden, published in 1857. Mrs. Conant also wrote a biographical sketch of the missionary Dr. Judson, entitled *The Earnest Man*, and a *Popular History of English Bible Translation*. Mrs. Conant died at Brooklyn, New York, in February, 1865.

JOSEPH LEMUEL CHESTER

Was born at Norwich, Connecticut, April 30, 1821. His father dying when he was a mere child, his progress in life was dependent on his own energies and resources. He commenced the study of law in New York in 1838, but abandoned it for a branch of the mercantile profession, in which he was engaged in that city and Philadelphia until about 1852, during the whole of which time he was a frequent contributor to the weekly and monthly press, under various signatures, that of "Julian Cramer" being the one best known to the community. He then became connected with the Philadelphia press, both there and as a corresponding editor at Washington. For a time he was one of the assistant clerks of the United States House of Representatives. Since 1858 he has resided at London, England.

Mr. Chester's publications include *Greenwood Cemetery and other Poems* (12mo, New York and Boston, 1843); *A Preliminary Treatise on the Law of Repulsion as a Universal Law of Nature*, &c. (8vo, Philadelphia, 1853, pp. 64); *Educational Laws of Virginia, the Personal Narrative of Mrs. Margaret Douglas, a Southern Woman, who was Imprisoned for one Month in the Common Jail of Norfolk, under the Laws of Virginia, for the Crime of Teaching Free Colored Children to Read* (12mo, Boston and Cleveland, 1854, pp. 65); *John Rogers: the Compiler of the First Authorized English Bible; the Pioneer of the English Reformation and its First Martyr,—embracing a Genealogical Account of his Family, Biographical Sketches of some of his Principal Descendants, his own Writings, &c.* (8vo., London, England, 1861, pp.

452). He has established a reputation as a careful, thorough, and reliable antiquary, and has been made an honorary member of several of the learned societies of England devoted to such researches.

**Mr. Chester has recently assisted in editing, for the Harleian Society, the *Visitation of London of 1634*, one of the most valuable of the English heraldic records. He has also had in preparation, for several years, an annotated edition of *The Marriage and Baptismal Register of Westminster Abbey, from the Commencement to the Present Time*, to be issued under the sanction of Dean Stanley and the Chapter of Westminster. The style of his writings is nervous and compact; and as an investigator of historical subjects, he is said to have few equals.

CHARLES. WENTWORTH UPHAM

Was born in St. John, New Brunswick, May 4, 1802. His earliest years were passed in the depths of a forest, on the very extreme out-settlements of that province, partly in what is now the parish of Upham and partly in Sussex Vale, on the banks of the Kennebecasis. At about eight years of age he was placed in the Latin School at St. John. When less than twelve years of age, he came near having his lot in life cast in a very different direction from that afterward assigned him. Captain Blythe, of the British sloop-of-war Boxer, stationed at St. John, took a warm interest in him, and was making arrangements to procure for him a midshipman's warrant in the royal navy and take him on board his vessel. But in the mean while word was brought that the United States sloop-of-war Enterprise was off the coast. Captain Blythe slipped his cables and hurried without a moment's delay to meet her. On the 4th of September, 1813, off Portland harbor, after a most sanguinary and gallant action, in which both commanders were killed, the Boxer was captured. This put an end to the business of the midshipman's warrant.

Another circumstance, occurring in his childhood, singularly changed the direction of his life. His father had many friends in eminent positions in England; among them the Right Honorable Spencer Perceval, prime minister, who, on the death of the father, transferred his friendly regards to the son. He sent to him from time to time valuable presents in books and articles of dress suitable to a boy of his age, and a considerable sum of money to aid in his education. The assassination of Mr. Perceval at the door of the House of Commons, on the 11th of May, 1812, closed all prospects of advancement in that quarter.

Soon after this, young Upham was placed in an apothecary's store, where, for some time, he was employed in preparing medicines, going through the entire Edinburgh *Materia Medica*, and waiting as an attendant upon the proprietor, who was a physician and surgeon in extensive private practice and in charge of hospitals. The death of the physician broke up the establishment, and the subject of this sketch was then placed on a farm in Nova Scotia, in the valley of the Annapolis, about fifteen miles above the town of that name, where he performed the

work of which a lad of his years was capable. On the 14th of June, 1816, he left that country, without any companion for the trip, and, crossing the Bay of Fundy to St. John, made his way to Eastport, then in possession of the British, and from point to point along the coast to Boston, where he arrived on the 27th of June.

A benevolent relative took him into his family, placed him in his store for a time, then sent him to school, under the tuition of Deacon Samuel Greele, who fitted him for Harvard College, which he entered in 1817. He took his first degree in 1821, having shared with a talented and manly classmate the highest honors of scholarship. In the winter of his sophomore year he taught a district school at Wilmington, in Middlesex County, Massachusetts. In the winter of his junior year he taught at Leominster, and of his senior year, at Bolton, in Worcester County, Massachusetts. After spending the usual time in preparatory studies at the Cambridge Theological School, he was ordained as colleague pastor to the Rev. John Prince, LL. D., over the First Church in Salem, Massachusetts, on the 8th of December, 1824. On the 8th of December, 1844, he resigned the pastoral office, in consequence of a severe and long-continued bronchitis, which prevented the use of his voice in public delivery for two or three years. He transferred his place from the pulpit to a pew, and has continued ever since to worship in that church and to reside in Salem. On the 24th of March, 1826, he was married to Ann Susan, daughter of the Rev. Abiel Holmes, D. D., of Cambridge, and sister of Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Although born beyond the boundaries of the United States, his ancestors had ever lived in Massachusetts, of which they were among the earliest settlers. His grandfather was born in Malden, and lived and died a physician in Brookfield. His father was born and lived in the practice of law at that place. He graduated at Harvard College in 1763. He was an enterprising and public-spirited citizen, and, in addition to his professional business, built the first woollen-mill in the country, and started the manufacture of salt in some of the seaboard towns. He was a Judge of the Supreme Court of New Brunswick, at the organization of the judiciary of that province. He died at London in 1808, while engaged in public business relating to the affairs of the British North American Provinces.

During the ministry of Mr. Upham in Salem he published a considerable variety of discourses and tracts, and from early life to the present time he has been a frequent contributor to periodical works, in literature and theology, as well as to the newspapers. His discourses at the dedication of the present house of worship of the First Church in Salem, in 1826, and at the completion of its second century in 1829, were the result of much research, as also was an extended treatise, in the form of a discourse, on the prophetic argument for Christianity. Sermons on special occasions, and on topics of theological or controversial interest, were printed at different times. In 1828, he published a work belonging to the department of Scriptural interpretation, entitled *Letters on the Logos*. The

design of this volume was to show that the true meaning of "the Word," in the first chapter of the Gospel of John and in the New Testament Scriptures generally, is to be found, not in Platonizing writings of a later period, but in the literature and usages of language of the Jews themselves at that time. This work was considered a valuable contribution to theological literature by learned men of the author's denomination. In 1832, he published a volume entitled *Lectures on Witchcraft*, comprising a history of the delusion in Salem in 1692. This volume is considered a reliable and standard account of that wonder of the early times. In 1835, he published in Sparks's American Biography a *Life of Sir Henry Vane*. This work was republished by authority of the Board of Education in the School Library of Massachusetts. It also substantially reappeared in one of the volumes of an English Family Cyclopædia. Pages upon pages are taken without acknowledgment, and the whole work is vamped up with scarcely an attempt to disguise the plagiarism, with the name of an Englishman as its author. Mr. Upham delivered the Municipal Oration at Salem, on the Fourth of July, 1842. In 1846, on the 22d of December, he delivered the oration before the New England Pilgrim Society, in the city of New York. On the 18th of July, 1850, he delivered, at the request of the city government of Salem, a eulogy on President Taylor. He had delivered, some years before, discourses on President Harrison, Timothy Pickering, and Rev. John Prince, LL. D. All these several discourses were published, at the times of their delivery, and several of them republished. In consequence of repeated solicitations made to him by gentlemen acting for the Board of Education of Massachusetts, he was induced to prepare, especially for school libraries, a *Life of Washington*. In accordance with suggestions in some of his published letters, Washington was allowed to tell his own story, in extracts from his own writings. This could only be done for some period of his history, but so far as his published writings afforded the material it was done, partly in deference to his expressed wishes, and partly because, so far as it went, it gave to the work the authority and interest of an autobiography, and distinguished it from all the biographies of Washington. An injunction was obtained against its publication, on the ground that it was an encroachment upon, and would affect injuriously the sale of, the "Writings of Washington," edited by Jared Sparks, in twelve large octavo volumes. The work accordingly was not issued, and its author never beheld it except in parcels as they came to him, from time to time, for correction and revision, in proof-sheets. More than ten years afterward he was surprised to learn that it was having a large circulation in England. By whose agency, and in what way, it got there, remains a mystery to this day. It purports to be published in London, at the office of the National Illustrated Library, Strand, 227, 1852. It is in two volumes, duodecimo, pp. 443, 423. Without alteration, by addition or subtraction of a word or letter, it is precisely the same as it was prepared here. It was evidently put to

press in England; whether the identical stereotype plates cast here were got over there, is not known to the party who would seem to have some right to be informed in the premises.

In 1856, Mr. Upham published the *Life, Explorations, and Public Services of John Charles Fremont*. From March, 1845, to March, 1846, he edited the *Christian Register*. From August, 1851, to August, 1852, he was employed in the service of the Board of Education of Massachusetts, and visited the schools, addressing the people in public assemblies in furtherance of that cause, in more than a hundred towns. In 1852, he was elected Mayor of Salem, and during his administration reorganized the police, introducing the system upon which it has since operated efficiently, and also secured the requisite appropriations and arrangements for the establishment of a State Normal School in that city. He was a member of the House of Representatives of Massachusetts in 1849, 1859, and 1860. He reported and carried the measures that made education a regular department of the State Government, with permanent accommodations within the walls of the State House. He was a member of the State Senate in 1850, 1857, and 1858, and chosen president of that body, by unanimous election in each instance, the two last-named years. His efforts in the State Legislature were chiefly directed to the interests of education in the district and high schools, and the endowment of the colleges, and to the improvement of the language of the statute law of the commonwealth. He was a member of the Constitutional Convention in 1853.

He represented the Sixth District of Massachusetts in the Thirty-Third Congress of the United States, from 1853 to 1855. He was chairman of a select committee raised to investigate the affairs and condition of the Smithsonian Institute, and in an elaborate report advocated the policy of making it the foundation of a library worthy of a nation already acknowledged as a first-rate power in the world, and whose strength and glory are in the diffusion of universal knowledge among its people.

*In 1867 appeared, in two volumes: *Salem Witchcraft; with an Account of Salem Village, and a History of Opinions on Witchcraft and Kindred Subjects*. It was followed by: *Address at the Re-Dedication of the Fourth Meeting-House of the First Church in Salem, 1868; Memoir of Francis Peabody, 1869; Salem Witchcraft and Cotton Mather: A Reply, 1870*. Mr. Upham in 1873 completed the *Life of Timothy Pickering*, begun by Octavius Pickering, by the issue of three additional volumes.

JOHN ADAMS VINTON

Was born in Boston, Mass., February 5, 1801. His father was a dry-goods merchant of the city, in whose store his son, after acquiring the elements of education in a country school, passed the early years of his life. Being of a thoughtful turn of mind, he employed his leisure in reading, and became well acquainted with history, biography, and geography. He was also seriously impressed with the obligations of religion. On coming of age he formed the resolution to obtain a college education, and, being

assisted with the means of support by his family and friends, entered Phillips Academy, in Exeter, N. H., in 1823. After fourteen months' special preparation, he entered Dartmouth College in 1824, and graduated with distinction at that institution in 1828. After spending three years at the Theological Seminary at Andover, he was ordained to the work of the ministry in 1832. He continued in the active discharge of his clerical duties in Maine, Vermont, and Massachusetts for twenty years, when the failure of his health compelled him to seek retirement. He is now (1873) a resident of Winchester, Mass.

The publications of Mr. Vinton embrace various occasional discourses; a series of articles on "Capital Punishment," in the *Vermont Chronicle*, in 1843; on the "Condition and Prospect of the Jews," in the same journal and the *Portland Christian Mirror*, in 1846; and eight papers of "Reminiscences in Relation to Park Street Church, Boston," contributed to the *Boston Recorder* in 1849. The last series forms a valuable contribution in its personal and critical notices to the religious history of the period. In 1858, Mr. Vinton published, in an octavo volume, the result of extraordinary labor and industry, *The Vinton Memorial, comprising a Genealogy of the Descendants of John Vinton of Lynn, 1648; also, Genealogical Sketches of Several Allied Families, interspersed with notices of many other Ancient Families, with an Appendix containing a History of the Braintree Iron Works, and other Historical Matter*. In 1864 Mr. Vinton published a similar volume, *The Giles Memorial; also, The Sampson Family*.

** Mr. Vinton reprinted in 1866, with notes, a *Memoir of Deborah Sampson*, a heroine of the American Revolution, from the edition of 1797—a satisfactory account of that remarkable woman. He has ready for the press (1873) two family histories—the *Symmes Family* and the *Upton Family*, with a genealogy of the Wheelwright family, and a history of the Antinomian Controversy of 1637. He has prepared analytical indexes for fifteen leading historical works.

LORENZO SABINE,

A New England historical writer, was born at Lisbon, New Hampshire, February 28, 1803. The story of his life, looking to the valuable results of authorship in his writings, in a department of literature requiring great diligence and much nicety of preparation, is somewhat remarkable. It is the narration of a self-educated man, adding another to the memorable instances of the distinguished pursuit of knowledge under peculiar difficulties. At fifteen years of age, on the death of his father, the youth was left in utter poverty, and without even the rudiments of knowledge, to make his own way through the world as he best could. In 1821, after seeking employment in Boston until his little stock of money was nearly exhausted, he went to Eastport, Maine, where he entered a retail shop at ten dollars a month, sleeping in the unfinished attic, filled with old barrels, boxes, and other rubbish—an elevation which he reached by a ladder. This humble

mode of life was dignified by a love of literature. The shopkeeper's assistant soon obtained a few books on credit, and devoted his entire leisure to study. His activity then displayed itself in his opening a small store on his own account while yet a minor, an undertaking which resulted in bankruptcy in less than a year. He then engaged with a merchant who owned ships and transacted a large business; kept the books of the "Passamaquoddy Bank;" and, by making the best of his assets and earnings, settled with his creditors. Such, briefly told, is his early history. For the fifteen years that followed he was a mere frontier trader. From 1837 to 1838 he served in various capacities as a bank officer. Meantime the acquisition of information was his paramount object; and the weariness of business was relieved not by amusements, but by his books and his pen. His ability and usefulness also led to his employment in public affairs. While at Eastport he was elected to the Legislature of Maine three successive years, and held the office of Deputy Collector of the Customs. He returned to Massachusetts in 1849; was appointed, in 1852, a secret and confidential agent of the Treasury Department of the United States, with reference to the operation of the Ashburton Treaty as connected with our commerce with the British Colonies; and was elected to the Thirty-second Congress to fill the vacancy occasioned by the decease of the Hon. Benjamin Thompson. He was afterwards appointed secretary of the Boston Board of Trade. Bowdoin College conferred upon him the degree of A. M. in 1846, and Harvard University in 1848.

His published writings are, *The Life of Commodore Edward Preble, U. S. N.*, an 18mo volume, in 1847; and the same year his elaborate work, *The American Loyalists, or Biographical Sketches of Adherents to the British Crown in the War of the Revolution, Alphabetically Arranged, with a Preliminary Historical Essay*. A new edition of this work, greatly enlarged, has appeared in two volumes, 8vo, in the year 1865. In the elaborate preface to this work, Mr. Sabine presents various conclusions of his own deduction, drawn from his study of the details presented in the lives which follow. The work has taken its place as an independent and original contribution to the American historical library.

In 1852, Mr. Sabine published *Suggestions to Young Cashiers on the Duties of their Profession*, originally a prize essay in the *Bankers' Magazine*. In 1853 appeared his *Report on the Principal Fisheries of the American Seas*, prepared for the Secretary of the Treasury, an octavo of over three hundred pages. The same year he published an *Address before the Middlesex County Agricultural Society*. In 1855 appeared his *Notes on Duels and Duelling*, a work of curious biographical, social, and historical interest. The material, unhappily too well stocked with American examples, is alphabetically arranged, and is prefaced by a general historical essay.

On the 13th of September, 1859, the hundredth anniversary of the death of Major-Gen-

eral James Wolfe, he delivered an *Address before the New England Historical and Genealogical Society*, in the hall of the House of Representatives of Massachusetts, which was published the same year, with passages omitted in the delivery, and illustrative notes and documents. This discourse presents a minute examination of the incidents preceding and attending the siege of Quebec, with an impartial investigation of the part borne by Wolfe in that memorable transaction. It is something beside a eulogy of the great hero; it is an important study of an extraordinary historical epoch.

Mr. Sabine, in discharge of his official duty, has written nine *Annual Reports of the Government of the Boston Board of Trade* (beginning with *The Fourth*), and is also the author of a number of articles in the *North American Review*, the *Christian Examiner*, and the *Historical Magazine*. His entire writings have been collected in eight stately octavo volumes.

FREDERIC KIDDER.

Frederic Kidder was born April 16, 1804, in the town of New Ipswich, New Hampshire, on the borders of Massachusetts, and fifty miles from Boston, where his grandfather was, till the Revolution, a prominent citizen, having purchased, about 1745, a large part of the township. His father, Isaiah Kidder, a man of enterprise and note, was, as early as 1805, interested in the first cotton manufacturing in that State, and had, at great expense, commenced the manufacture of goods not before produced in this country. His early death, and the change of national policy caused by the peace of 1815, which swept away the property of our infant manufacturers, left his family with small resources, dependent for their education and support upon his widow, a woman of much energy. Frederic, who had early shown a decided taste for books, had been kept at an academy in his native town, and was intended for college; but the change of affairs on the death of his father caused him to look around him for some employment that would sooner prove remunerative. Accordingly, at the age of seventeen, he went into a store in Boston, and, after remaining there a few years, removed to the South, and engaged in mercantile business. Here he remained about ten years, for the most of the time in business with his brother. He then returned to Boston, where he established himself in the Southern commission business. He was married in 1841.

He has devoted much of his leisure to the reading and investigation of American history. In 1849, he became a member of the N. E. Historical and Genealogical Society, to the prosperity of which he has devoted much time and considerable money. As early as 1835, he had made researches relative to the history of his native town; and from 1849 to 1851, he devoted most of his time to the collection of materials for a volume on the subject, and in preparing them for the press. In the latter part of the work he had the assistance of an old school-fellow, who had some experience as an author, though in a different line. The book was brought out in an elegant style. Mr.

Kidder was one of the first, if not the first, to introduce illustrative engravings into an American town history. The work was a decided success. Although New Ipswich was not a very old town, and therefore did not possess the antiquarian interest which some places do, the history proved quite interesting; it showed the rise and progress of a New England town for the first century of its existence.

Mr. Kidder has contributed valuable historical articles to the *Historical and Genealogical Register* and to other periodicals. He has given much time to the history of the New England Indians, particularly to their language and religion.

**** Mr. Kidder has recently published: *The Expeditions of Captain John Lovewell and his Encounters with the Indians, including a particular account of the Pequauket Battle, with a history of that tribe, and a reprint of Rev. Thomas Symmes's Sermon, 1865; Military Operations in Eastern Maine and Nova Scotia during the Revolution, chiefly compiled from the Journal and Letters of Col. John Allan, with Notes and a Memoir, 1867; History of the First New Hampshire Regiment in the War of the Revolution, 1868; and History of the Boston Massacre, 1870.***

WILLIAM BLAKE TRASK

Was born at Commercial Point, in Dorchester, Mass., November 25, 1812. He is of the seventh generation in descent from Captain William Trask, who came probably from Somersetshire, England, and who settled in Salem, Mass., prior to the arrival of Endicott, in 1628. He was a deputy to the General Court, was an intimate friend of Governor Endicott, and was commander of a company in the Pequot wars. On the maternal side he is descended from Robert Pierce, one of the early settlers of Dorchester.

After receiving a good common-school education, he was apprenticed, at the age of sixteen, to the cabinet-making business, in his native town. In 1835, at the age of twenty-two, he went to Lockport, New York, where he remained a short time working at his trade, proceeding thence to Johnstown, Pennsylvania, where he continued about nine months, thence to Philadelphia, where he tarried nearly a year, and returning to his home at Dorchester in the spring of 1837. He was for three years, until 1845, a member of the school committee in Dorchester, and assistant assessor in 1850. He was obliged to quit his occupation on account of ill health, when his attention was drawn to historical and antiquarian pursuits, a taste for which he inherited from his maternal grandfather, John Pierce, father of the late Rev. John Pierce, D. D., of Brookline. He assisted S. G. Drake, the historian, in collecting material, in the shape of notes, for his valuable history of Boston, by making copies of the ancient town records of Boston, fac-similes of autographs, &c., copying some of the records almost entire. He assisted General W. H. Sumner in the preparation of his *History of East Boston*. He prepared many articles for the *New England Historical and*

Genealogical Register, copying for it many entire documents from the Massachusetts archives, and making for it indices of names from 1851 to 1869 inclusive, nineteen volumes, besides several of the general indices.

When the *History of Dorchester*, published in 1859, was in progress, he wholly prepared, with much labor, for that work, chapters xxii. and xxiii., on the public schools and teachers of that town, making one hundred and thirty-seven pages octavo, or more than one-fifth of the book. He is the author of a *Memoir of Andrew H. Ward* (1863), and editor of *The Journal of Joseph Ware* (1852), *Baylies's Remarks on General Cobb* (1864), *The Bird Family* (1871), and *The Seaver Family* (1872),—five pamphlets originally published in the *Register*. He has assisted in the preparation of many genealogies.

He has been a member of the Historical Genealogical Society since 1851, has been librarian of the society, and has served on the publishing committee. After the withdrawal of Dr. Joseph Palmer, at the close of 1861, he became the historiographer, and held that office seven years.

ASHBEL WOODWARD.

Ashbel Woodward, the seventh, by lineal descent, from Richard, of Watertown, Massachusetts, his paternal emigrant ancestor, was born in Willington, Connecticut, June 26, 1804. He graduated at the medical department of Bowdoin College, in 1829, and received the honorary degree of M.D. from Yale College in 1855. Doctor Woodward has long resided in Franklin, in his native State, devoted to his profession. He has been president of the Connecticut Medical Society, and was a member of the Medical Examining Board of the same State during the entire period of our late civil troubles. He also served in the field in the medical department of the nineteenth army corps in the same war for the Union. He has for a number of years been a medical visitor of the Retreat for the Insane, at Hartford, Connecticut—is a member of the American Medical Association, and of numerous other learned societies.

He has contributed numerous articles to the New England Historical and Genealogical Register; among them a "Sketch of the Fillmore Family," 1857, and a "Memoir of Colonel Thomas Knowlton," 1861. He has also been a contributor to the American Journal of the Medical Sciences, Philadelphia; Medical Examiner, Chicago; New York Observer, &c.

His publications in separate form are: *Vindication of General Putnam*, printed at Norwich, 1841; *Historical Account of the Connecticut Medical Society*, an address (Hartford, 1859, 8vo); *History of the Early Physicians of Norwich, Connecticut* (Norwich, 1859, 8vo); *Medical Ethics*, an address (Hartford, 1860, 8vo); *Life*, an address (Hartford, 1861, 8vo); *Life of General Nathaniel Lyon*, several editions (Hartford, 1862, 12mo); *Vindication of Army Surgeons* (Hartford, 1863, 8vo); *Specialism in Medicine* (1866); *Civil and Ecclesiastical History of the Town of Franklin, Conn.* (1870); *An Essay on Cellular Physiology and Pathology* (New Haven, 1871).

HENRY A. BOARDMAN.

The Rev. Dr. Boardman was born in 1808, at Troy, New York. He was educated at Yale College—a graduate of the class of 1829. Applying himself to theology, he was ordained, and in 1833 became pastor of the Tenth Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia. He has held that position to the present time (1873).

His published writings are chiefly of a theological character, and mostly on the practical applications of Christianity to life. In 1839 he published a treatise, *The Scriptural Doctrine of Original Sin*. In 1841 appeared his *Letters to Bishop Doane on the Oxford Tracts*, followed in 1844 by *The Prelatical Doctrine of the Apostolical Succession Examined*.

The first of the series of works by which Dr. Boardman is popularly known appeared in 1851, entitled, *The Bible in the Family*. It included a previous pamphlet of the author, in which a somewhat novel subject was handled with ability, a sermon first published two years before, bearing the title, *The Importance of Religion to the Legal Profession, a Sermon before the Philadelphia Bar, with some Remarks on the Character of the late Charles Chanucey, Esq.* Following the volume just mentioned, came, in 1853, *The Bible in the Counting House; A Course of Lectures to Merchants. A Pastor's Counsels and The Great Question* are other works of the author, urging the claims of personal religion. To these have succeeded: *The Book*, 1861; and a volume *In Memoriam, Harriet Holland*, 1870.

On one or two occasions, Dr. Boardman has entered the field of politics. In 1850, when the compromise agitation was deeply affecting the country, he delivered a Thanksgiving Day discourse in Philadelphia, on *The American Union*. It was published, and passed through several editions. It enjoined the full performance of all constitutional obligations, and deprecated, with earnest eloquence, the threatened dangers of disunion. The eulogy of the Union, and its claim upon the affections of all good citizens, has been shown by subsequent events not to have overstated the emotions deeply cherished in the depths of every true American heart. Dr. Boardman, in 1852, published a pamphlet entitled, *Kossuth or Washington? An Enquiry into the New Doctrine of Intervention*, in which he took the conservative ground in reference to our foreign policy set forth by the father of his country in his Farewell Address. *A Discourse on the Low Value set upon Human Life in the United States* was published in 1853. On the death of Webster, Dr. Boardman delivered a eulogium on the great statesman, of whose principles he is an ardent admirer. *The Federal Judiciary: A Thanksgiving Discourse*, was printed in 1862; a pamphlet on *The General Assembly of 1866, and A Reformed and Revised Christianity, Our Country's Great Necessity, a Sermon*, in 1867.

NATHAN COVINGTON BROOKS

Was born in Cecil County, Maryland, August 12, 1809. He was educated at St. John's College, Annapolis, and became early engaged as a teacher, pursuing the calling in the conduct of various schools. In 1839, he was chosen prin-

cipal of the Baltimore High School, and in 1848 organized the Baltimore Female College, chartered by the Legislature of Maryland, of which he has continued to be president. Mr. Brooks's publications have, for the most part, grown out of his experience of the wants of his pupils. They embrace an elementary series designed to facilitate the study of the Greek and Latin languages by youthful students, including a course of First Lessons in both languages, and several editions of classic authors. Among these is an original adaptation of the style of an old school favorite, the *Viri Romæ*, to American history, in a volume entitled, *Vitæ Virorum Illustrium Americæ, a Columbo ad Jacksonum*. More than fifty worthies, chiefly of the period of the American Revolution, are celebrated in this book, which is abundantly illustrated with wood cuts, portraits, medals, &c. Mr. Brooks's Selections from *Ovid's Metamorphoses* and his edition of *Cæsar's Commentaries* are also presented, with various pictorial aids of maps, plans of battles, and other devices calculated to arrest the attention and assist the youthful pupil.

Besides this classical series, Mr. Brooks has published a popular *History of the Mexican War*, and in 1869 a *Sabbath-School Manual*, and a *Scripture Manual*.

WILLIAM S. BARTLET.

The Rev. W. S. Bartlet, a clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church, was born in 1809, at Newburyport, Mass. He was educated for the ministry at the General Theological Seminary in New York, graduating at that institution in 1839. For sixteen years he was rector of St. Luke's Church, Chelsea, Mass., having been formerly rector of Immanuel Church, Little Falls, N. Y., and of St. Andrew's Church, Providence, R. I.

In 1853, Mr. Bartlet published an octavo volume, entitled, *The Frontier Missionary, a Memoir of the Life of the Rev. Jacob Bailey, A. M., Missionary at Pownalborough, Maine, Cornwallis and Annapolis, N. S.*, with Illustrations, Notes, and an Appendix. This work is of rare historical and antiquarian value, being largely composed of the diaries of Mr. Bailey, who was born in Massachusetts, in 1731; became a clergyman of the Church of England, was employed by the Society for Propagating the Gospel in Foreign Parts as a missionary in Maine, whence he was driven by the war of the Revolution, and took refuge as a royalist in Nova Scotia, where he discharged the duties of his profession till his death, in 1808, at the age of seventy-six. His diaries preserve, with some causticity, many picturesque and interesting incidents of his times. Few more valuable contributions of the kind have been made to American history.

In March, 1863, Mr. Bartlet contributed an article on "Vocal Culture" to the *National Quarterly Review*—a subject to which he has given much attention. In 1864, he delivered an oration before the citizens of Lowell, Mass., on occasion of the tercentenary celebration of the birth of Shakspeare. This oration has been published, with an account of the other proceed-

ings of the day. It is an impartial and thoughtful exhibition of the genius of Shakspeare in its prominent traits, enforced from the resources of a cultivated mind, and bearing unmistakable marks of original study.

Mr. Bartlet has also contributed historical papers to various publications, and is a member of the Massachusetts Historical Society, and of various other leading institutions of the kind.

** Mr. Bartlet, as registrar of the diocese of Massachusetts, has in preparation a history of the Protestant Episcopal Church in that Commonwealth. Three chapters of this history, profusely illustrated with notes, have appeared. This work, when completed, will supply a deficiency sensibly felt by those interested in the annals of New England.

GEORGE H. CLARK.

Mr. Clark is the author of a collection of poems, sentimental and humorous, oftener inclining to the latter, the product of many sprightly and serious occasions, which he has brought together in a sumptuously-printed volume, bearing the peculiar title, *Under-Tow of a Trade-Wind Surf*. A native of Massachusetts, born at Northampton, in 1809, he has for a long time been a resident of Hartford, Connecticut, pursuing there the business of an iron merchant, and, as the occasion inspired, writing poems for the magazines and newspapers. Like a genuine New Englander, he has a love of fun in his composition which frequently gets into his verses. Many of them, written anonymously, have been favorites with the public where the author's name is unknown. They are on many themes of the lighter humors and vanities of man, and their mirth is gay and innocent. Besides the volume first mentioned, Mr. Clark has published two poems of about a thousand lines each, entitled "Now and Then" and "The News," both of which have long been out of print.

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

The Rev. Dr. Clarke was born at Hanover, N. H., April 4, 1810. He was educated at the Boston Latin School and at Harvard College, where he graduated in 1829, with a class eminent for the subsequent distinction of its members, including in the list the poet and novelist, Dr. Holmes, Benjamin Pierce, the eminent mathematician, Benjamin R. Curtis, Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, George T. Bigelow, Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts. Mr. Clarke studied for the ministry at the Cambridge Divinity School, and has been settled as a Unitarian clergyman in Louisville, Ky., Meadville, Pa., and Boston, Mass. The Church of the Disciples, in Boston, of which he is the minister, held a memorial meeting on the fiftieth birthday of their pastor, at which poems were read by Oliver Wendell Holmes and Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, and speeches were made by Governor John A. Andrew and other members of this society.

"Mr. Clarke's career as a preacher and writer," says the author of the biographical sketch in Appleton's *Cyclopædia*, "has recon-

ciled within itself some features supposed to be at variance, as transcendentalism in philosophy, supernaturalism in religion, and earnest devotion to practical reforms in real life. He believes heartily in the Church, and his labors have been much devoted to the improvement of the forms of worship and fellowship. * * * The worship of the Church of the Disciples combines the features of responses on the part of the congregation, as in the English Church, the extempore prayer of the Congregationalists, and the silent prayer of the Friends. In faith Mr. Clarke inclines to the Evangelical party, so called, in the Unitarian denomination." Dr. Clarke's writings are numerous in theology, history, criticism, and general literature. From April, 1836, to May, 1839, he edited *The Western Messenger*, a monthly journal of religion, morals, and literature, published at Louisville, Ky., contributing many of its articles. In 1841 he translated from the German of De Wette, *Theodore, or the Skeptic's Conversion*, published in George Ripley's "Specimens of Foreign Literature." He has also translated from the German Hase's *Life of Jesus*, published in Boston in 1860. In 1848 he published in an octavo volume, in New York, a *History of the Campaign of 1812, and Surrender of the Post of Detroit*. In 1852 he was associated with the Rev. W. H. Channing and R. W. Emerson in the preparation of the *Memoirs of Margaret Fuller Ossoli*, each author contributing an independent portion of the work. He has also written various devotional works: *A Service Book for the Use of the Church of the Disciples*; *Book of Worship for the Congregation and Home*; *The Christian Doctrine of the Forgiveness of Sins*; *the Christian Doctrine of Prayer*, besides numerous sermons and discourses published at different times, and many articles in the *Christian Examiner*, the *Dial*, *North American Review*, &c., on literary and theological topics. In 1846 he delivered a poem before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard University, and has contributed poems to various periodicals. In 1864 he delivered a discourse in Boston at a tercentenary celebration of the birth of Shakspeare.

** Rev. Dr. Clarke has published in recent years: *The Hour which Cometh, and Now Is*, 1862; *Sermons Preached in Indiana Place Chapel, Boston*, 1864; *Orthodoxy: Its Truth and Errors*, 1866; *Steps of Belief*; or, *Rational Christianity Maintained Against Atheism, &c.*, 1870; and *Ten Great Religions*, 1870. The latter work, a contribution towards comparative theology, is described as "an attempt to compare the great religions of the world with each other. Its objects are to show wherein they agree and wherein they differ; and thus to distinguish them from each other; to determine the place, use, and value of each; and to show the relation of each partial religion to human civilization, and as a step in the progress of humanity." *Common Sense in Religion* followed in 1873.

** A GLANCE AT COMPARATIVE THEOLOGY—FROM TEN GREAT RELIGIONS.

Comparative Theology will probably show that the Ethnic Religions are one-sided, each containing a truth of its own, but being defective, want-

ing some corresponding truth. Christianity, or the Catholic Religion, is complete on every side.

Brahmanism, for example, is complete on the side of spirit, defective on the side of matter; full as regards the infinite, empty of the finite; recognizing eternity but not time, God but not nature. It is a vast system of spiritual pantheism, in which there is no reality but God, all else being Maya, or illusion. The Hindoo mind is singularly pious, but also singularly immoral. It has no history, for history belongs to time. No one knows when its sacred books were written, when its civilization began, what caused its progress, what its decline. Gentle, devout, abstract, it is capable at once of the loftiest thoughts and the basest actions. It combines the most ascetic self-denials and abstraction from life with the most voluptuous self-indulgence. The key to the whole system of Hindoo thought and life is in this original tendency to see God, not man; eternity, not time; the infinite, not the finite.

Buddhism, which was a revolt from Brahmanism, has exactly the opposite truths and the opposite defects. Where Brahmanism is strong, it is weak; where Brahmanism is weak, it is strong. It recognizes man, not God; the soul, not the all; the finite, not the infinite; morality, not piety. Its only God, Buddha, is a man who has passed on through innumerable transmigrations, till, by means of exemplary virtues, he has reached the lordship of the universe. Its heaven, Nirvana, is indeed the world of infinite bliss; but, incapable of cognizing the infinite, it calls it nothing. Heaven, being the inconceivable infinite, is equivalent to pure negation. Nature, to the Buddhist, instead of being the delusive shadow of God, as the Brahman views it, is envisaged as a nexus of laws, which reward and punish impartially both obedience and disobedience.

The system of Confucius has many merits, especially in its influence on society. The most conservative of all systems, and also the most prosaic, its essential virtue is reverence for all that is. It is not perplexed by any fear or hope of change; the thing which has been is that which shall be; and the very idea of progress is eliminated from the thought of China. Safety, repose, peace, these are its blessings. Probably merely physical comfort, earthly *bien-être*, was never carried further than in the Celestial Empire. That virtue so much exploded in Western civilization, of respect for parents, remains in full force in China. The emperor is honored as the father of his people; ancestors are worshipped in every family; and the best reward offered for a good action is a patent of nobility, which does not reach forward to one's children, but backward to one's parents. This is the bright side of Chinese life; the dark side is the fearful ennui, the moral death, which falls on a people among whom there are no such things as hope, expectation, or the sense of progress. Hence the habit of suicide among this people, indicating their small hold on life. In every Chinese drama there are two or three suicides. A soldier will commit suicide rather than go into battle. If you displease a Chinaman, he will resent the offence by killing himself on your door-step, hoping thus to give you some inconvenience. Such are the merits and such the defects of the system of Confucius.

The doctrine of Zoroaster and of the Zend Avesta is far nobler. Its central thought is that each man is a soldier, bound to battle for good against evil. The world, at the present time, is

the scene of a great warfare between the hosts of light and those of darkness. Every man who thinks purely, speaks purely, and acts purely, is a servant of Ormazd, the king of light, and thereby helps on his cause. The result of this doctrine was that wonderful Persian empire, which astonished the world for centuries by its brilliant successes; and the virtue and intelligence of the Parsees of the present time, the only representatives in the world of that venerable religion. The one thing lacking to the system is unity. It lives in perpetual conflict. Its virtues are all the virtues of a soldier. Its defects and merits are, both, the polar opposites of those of China. If the everlasting peace of China tends to moral stagnation and death, the perpetual struggle and conflict of Persia tends to exhaustion. The Persian empire rushed through a short career of flame to its tomb; the Chinese empire vegetates, unchanged, through a myriad of years.

If Brahmanism and Buddhism occupy the opposite poles of the same axis of thought,—if the system of Confucius stands opposed, on another axis, to that of Zoroaster,—we find a third development of like polar antagonisms in the systems of ancient Egypt and Greece. Egypt stands for Nature; Greece for Man. Inscrutable as is the mystery of that Sphinx of the Nile, the old religion of Egypt, we can yet trace some phases of its secret. Its reverence for organization appears in the practice of embalming. The bodies of men and of animals seemed to it to be divine. Even vegetable organization had something sacred in it: "O holy nation," said the Roman satirist, "whose gods grow in gardens!" That plastic force of nature which appears in organic life and growth made up, in various forms, as we shall see in the proper place, the Egyptian Pantheon. The life-force of nature became divided into the three groups of gods, the highest of which represented its largest generalizations. Kneph, Neith, Sevech, Pascht, are symbols, according to Lepsius, of the World-Spirit, the World-Matter, Space and Time. Each circle of the gods shows us some working of the mysterious powers of nature, and of its occult laws. But when we come to Greece, these personified laws turn into men. Everything in the Greek Pantheon is human. All human tendencies appear transfigured into glowing forms of light on Mount Olympus. The gods of Egypt are powers and laws; those of Greece are persons.

The opposite tendencies of these antagonist forms of piety appear in the development of Egyptian and Hellenic life. The gods of Egypt were mysteries too far removed from the popular apprehension to be objects of worship; and so religion in Egypt became priesthood. In Greece, on the other hand, the gods were too familiar, too near to the people, to be worshipped with any real reverence. Partaking in all human faults and vices, it must sooner or later come to pass that familiarity would breed contempt. And as the religion of Egypt perished from being kept away from the people, as an esoteric system in the hands of priests, that of Greece, in which there was no priesthood as an order, came to an end because the gods ceased to be objects of respect at all.

WILLIAM HAYNE SIMMONS—JAMES WRIGHT SIMMONS.

DR. W. H. SIMMONS is a native of South Carolina, and at present a resident of East Florida.

He is a graduate of the medical school of Philadelphia, but has never practised the profession. He published anonymously some years since at Charleston, an Indian poem, with the title, *Onea*, which contains descriptive passages of merit. Mr. Simmons is also the author of a *History of the Seminoles*. The following is from his pen:—

THE BELL BIRD.*

Here Nature, clad in vestments rich and gay,
Sits like a bride in gorgeous palace lone;
And sees naught move, and hears no sound all day,
Save from its cloudy source the torrent tumbling,
And to the mountain's foot its glories humbling,
Or wild woods to the desert gale that moan!
Or, far, the Araponga's note deep toiling
From the tall pine's glossy spine, where the breeze,
Disporting o'er the green and shoreless seas,
Impels the leafy billows, ever rolling.
It comes again! sad as the passing bell,
That solitary note!—unseen whence swell
The tones so drear—so secret is the shade
Where that coy dweller of the gloom has made
His perch. On high, behind his verdant screen,
He nestles; or, like transient snow-flake's flash,
Or flying foam that winds from torrent's dash,
Plunges to stiller haunts, where hangs sublime
The trav'ling water vine, its pitcher green
Filled from the cloud, where ne'er the bear may
climb,
Or thirsting savage, when the summer ray
Has dried each fount, and parched the desert way.
Here safe he dips refreshed his pearly bill
In lymph more pure than from a spring or rill;
No longer by the wand'ring Indian shared,
The dewy draught he there may quaff unseared,—
For vacant now glooms ev'ry glen or grove
Where erst he saw the quivered Red Man rove;
Saw, like the otter's brood upon the stream,
His wild-eyed offspring sport, or, 'neath the tree,
Share with the birds kind nature's bounty free.
Changed is the woodland scene like morning dream!
The race has vanished, to return no more,
Gone from the forest's side, the river's shore.
Is it for this, thou lone and hermit bird!
That thus thy knell-like note so sad is heard?
Sounding from ev'ry desert shade and dell
Where once they dwelt, where last they wept farewell!
They fled—till, wearied by the bloody chase;
Or stopped by the rich spoil, their brethren pale,
Sated, the dire pursuit surceased a space.
While Memory's eye o'er the sad picture fills,
They fade! nor leave behind or wreck or trace;

* "It is generally supposed," says the Rev. R. Walsh, in his Notices of Brazil, "that the woods abound with birds whose flight and note continually enliven the forest, but nothing can be more still and solitary than everything around. The silence is appalling, and the desolation awful; neither are disturbed by the sight or voice of any living thing, save one—which only adds to the impression. Among the highest trees, and in the deepest glens, a sound is sometimes heard so singular, that the noise seems quite unnatural. It is like the clinking of metals, as if two humps of brass were struck together; and resembles sometimes the distant and solemn tolling of a church bell, struck at long intervals. This extraordinary sound proceeds from a bird called Araponga, or Quiraoponga. It is about the size of a small pigeon; white, with a red circle round the eyes. It sits on the tops of the highest trees, and in the deepest forests; and though constantly heard in the most desert places, is very rarely seen. It is impossible to conceive anything of a more solitary character than the profound silence of the woods, broken only by the metallic and almost preternatural sound of this invisible bird, wherever you go. I have watched with great perseverance when the sound seemed quite near to me, and never once caught a glimpse of the cause. It passed suddenly over the tops of very high trees, like a large flake of snow, and immediately disappeared."

The valiant tribes forgotten on their hills,
And seen no more in wilderness or vale.

JAMES WRIGHT SIMMONS, a younger brother of the preceding, was born in South Carolina. He studied at Harvard, wrote verses, afterwards travelled in Europe, and returned to America to reside in the West. In 1852 he published at Boston a poem, *The Greek Girl*; a sketch in the desultory style made fashionable by Don Juan, and so well adapted to the expression of emotion. It breathes a poetic spirit, and bears traces of the author's acquaintance with books and the world. Mr. Simmons has written several other poems of an occasional or satirical character, and is also the author of a series of metrical tales, *Woodnotes from the West*, which are still in manuscript. The following, from the volume containing the "Greek Girl," are in a striking vein of reflection.

TO HIM WHO CAN ALONE SIT FOR THE PICTURE.

If to be free from aught of guile,
Neither to do nor suffer wrong;
Yet in thy judgments gentle still,
Serene—inflexible in will,
Only where some great duty lies;
Prone to forgive, or, with a smile,
Reprove the errors that belong
To natures that fall far below
The height of thy empyreal brow:
Of self to make a sacrifice,
Rather than view another's woe;
And guided by the same fixed law
Supreme, to yield, in argument,
The bootless triumph that might draw
Down pain upon thy opponent:
By fate oppressed, "in each hard instance tried,"
Still seen with Honor walking by thy side;
E'en in those hours when all unbend,
And by some thoughtless word offend,
Thy conscious spirit, great and good,
Neither upborne, nor yet subdued,
Impressed by sense of human ill,
Preserv'st its even tenor still;
While 'neath that calm, clear surface lie
Thoughts worthy of Eternity!
And passions—shall I call them so?
Celestial attributes! that glow
Radiant as wing of Seraphim,
Lighting thy path, in all else dim.
Placed on their lofty eminence,
Thou see'st the guerdons that to thee belong,
Passed to the low-browed temple, burn intense—
Standing between thee and the throng
Of noble minds, thy great compeers!
And still the same serenity appears,
Like stars in its own solitude—
Setting its seal on thy majestic blood!
If elements like these could give
The record that might bid them live,
The mighty dead—Saint, Sophist, Sage,
Achilles in his tent—
Might claim in vain a brighter page,
A haughtier monument.

TWILIGHT THOUGHTS.

Ye're fading in the distance dim,
Illusions of the heart!
Yes, one by one, recalled by Him—
I see ye all depart.
The swelling pride, the rising glow,
The spirit that would mount!

The mind that sought all things to know—
And drank at that dread fount.

Over whose waters, dark and deep,
Their sleepless vigils still
Those melancholy Daughters keep,
Or by thy sacred Hill!

Deep Passion's concentrated fire,
The soul's volcanic light!
A Phoenix on her fun'ral pyre,
The Eden of a night!

The wish to be all things—to soar,
And comprehend the universe;
Yet doomed to linger on the shore,
And feel our fettered wings a curse!

To drink in Beauty at a glance,
Its graces and its bloom;
Yet weave the garlands of Romance,
To decorate the tomb!

To sigh for some dear Paradise,
Exempt from age or death;
To live for ever in those eyes,
And breathe but with that breath!

To be awakened from such dream,
With the remembrance clinging still!
Like flowers reflected in a stream,
When all is changed and chill.

To feel that life can never bring
Its Rainbow back to our lost sky!
Plucks from the hand of death its sting,
The grave its victory!

FRANCES SARGENT OSGOOD.

Mrs. Osgood was a member of a family distinguished by literary ability. Mrs. Wells,* the author of a graceful volume of Poems, was the daughter of Frances's mother by a previous marriage, and her youngest sister, Mrs. E. D. Harrington, and her brother, A. A. Locke, are known as successful magazine writers. Their father, Mr. Joseph Locke, was a well educated merchant of Boston, where his daughter Frances was born about the year 1812.

The chief portion of her childhood was passed in the village of Hingham, a locality peculiarly adapted by its beautiful situation for a poetic culture, which soon developed itself in her youthful mind. She was encouraged in writing verses by her parents, and some of her productions being seen by Mrs. Lydia Maria Child, were so highly approved, as to be inserted by her in a juvenile Miscellany which she at that time conducted. They were rapidly followed by others from the same facile pen, which soon gave their signature, "Florence," a wide reputation.

In 1834, Miss Locke formed the acquaintance of Mr. S. S. Osgood, a young painter already favorably known in his profession. She sat to him for her portrait, and the artist won the heart of the sitter. Soon after their marriage they went to London, where they remained

* Anna Maria Foster was born about 1794 in Gloucester, a sea-port town of Massachusetts. Her father died during her infancy, and her mother marrying some years after Mr. Joseph Locke, became the mother of Mrs. Osgood. Miss Foster married in 1829 Mr. Thomas Wells, an officer of the United States revenue service, and the author of a few prize poems. In 1831 she published *Poems and Juvenile Sketches* in a small volume, and has since occasionally contributed to periodicals, her chief attention having been given to a young ladies' school.

four years, during which Mr. Osgood pursued his art of portrait-painting with success; and his wife's poetical compositions to various periodicals met with equal favor. In 1839, a collection of her poems was issued by a London publisher, with the title of *A Wreath of Wild Flowers from New England*. A dramatic poem, *Elfrida*, in the volume, impressed her friend James Sheridan Knowles the dramatist, so favorably, that he urged her to write a piece for the stage. In compliance with the suggestion, she wrote *The Happy Release or the Triumphs of Love*, a play in three acts. It was accepted by one of the theatres, and would have been produced had not the author, while engaged in the reconstruction of a scene, been suddenly summoned home by the melancholy news of the death of her father. She returned with Mr. Osgood to Boston in 1840. They soon afterwards removed to New York, where, with a few intervals of absence, the remainder of her life was passed. Her poetical contributions appeared at brief intervals in the magazines, for which she also wrote a few prose tales and sketches. In 1841 she edited *The Poetry of Flowers and Flowers of Poetry*, and in 1847, *The Floral Offering*, two illustrated gift books.



Frances S. Osgood.

Mrs. Osgood's physical frame was as delicate as her mental organization. She suffered frequently from ill health, and was an invalid during the whole of the winter of 1847-3. During the succeeding winter she rallied, and her husband, whose own health required the reinvigorating influence of travel, with a view to this object, and to a share in the profitable adventure which at that time was tempting so many from their homes, sailed for California in February, 1849. He returned after an absence of a year, with restored health and ample means, to find his wife fast sinking in consumption. The husband carried the wife in his arms to a new residence, where, with the happy hopefulness characteristic of her disorder, she selected articles for its furniture and decoration, from patterns brought to her bedside. The rapidly approaching termination

of her disorder was soon gently made known to her, and received, after a few tears at the thought of leaving her husband and two young children, with resignation. The evening but one after she wrote for a young girl at her side, who was making and teaching her to make paper flowers, the following lines:—

You've woven roses round my way,
And gladdened all my being;
How much I thank you, none can say,
Save only the All-seeing.

I'm going through the eternal gates,
Ere June's sweet roses blow;
Death's lovely angel leads me there,
And it is sweet to go.

The touching prophecy was fulfilled, by her calm death, five days after, on Sunday afternoon, May 12, 1850. Her remains were removed to Boston, and laid beside those of her mother and daughter, at Mount Auburn, on Wednesday of the same week.

Mrs. Osgood's poems were collected and published in New York, in 1846, and in one of the series of illustrated volumes of the works of American poets, by A. Hart of Philadelphia, in 1849.

In 1851 a volume containing contributions by her many literary friends, entitled the *Memorial*, was published by G. P. Putnam of New York. It contained a memoir from the pen of Mr. Griswold. It was an illustrated gift-book, and the profits of its sale were intended for the erection of a monument to the gifted writer, in whose honor it was issued.

Of a rare gracefulness and delicacy, Mrs. Osgood lived a truly poetic life. Her unaffected and lively manners, with her ready tact in conversation, combined with an unusual facility in writing verses, charmed a large circle of friends, as her winning lines in the periodicals of the day engaged the attention of the public. As an instance of her playfulness of mind, she wrote a collection of ludicrous and humorous verses for a child's book, to set off some rude engravings of *The Cries of New York*. The fanciful and the delicate in sentiment, supplied the usual themes of her verses, touched at times with passionate expression, and a darker shade, as the evils of life closed around her.

TO THE SPIRIT OF POETRY.

Leave me not yet! Leave me not cold and lonely,
Thou dear Ideal of my pining heart!
Thou art the friend—the beautiful—the only,
Whom I would keep, tho' all the world depart!
Thou, that dost veil the frailest flower with glory,
Spirit of light and loveliness and truth!
Thou that didst tell me a sweet, fairy story,
Of the dim future, in my wistful youth!
Thou, who canst weave a halo round the spirit,
Thro' which naught mean or evil dare intrude,
Resume not yet the gift, which I inherit
From Heaven and thee, that dearest, holiest
good!
Leave me not now! Leave me not cold and lonely,
Thou starry prophet of my pining heart!
Thou art the friend—the tenderest—the only,
With whom, of all, 'twould be despair to part.
Thou that cam'st to me in my dreaming childhood,
Shaping the changeeful clouds to pageants rare,

Peopling the smiling vale, and shaded wildwood,
 With airy beings, faint yet strangely fair;
 Telling me all the sea-born breeze was saying,
 While it went whispering thro' the willing leaves,
 Bidding me listen to the light rain playing
 Its pleasant tune, about the household eaves;
 Tuning the low, sweet ripple of the river,
 Till its melodious murmur seemed a song,
 A tender and sad chant, repeated ever,
 A sweet, impassioned plaint of love and wrong!
 Leave me not yet! Leave me not cold and lonely,
 Thou star of promise o'er my clouded path!
 Leave not the life, that borrows from thee only
 All of delight and beauty that it hath!

Thou, that when others knew not how to love me,
 Nor cared to fathom half my yearning soul,
 Didst wreath thy flowers of light, around, above me,
 To woo and win me from my grief's control.
 By all my dreams, the passionate, the holy,
 When thou hast sung love's lullaby to me,
 By all the childlike worship, fond and lowly,
 Which I have lavished upon thine and thee.
 By all the lays my simple lute was learning,
 To echo from thy voice, stay with me still!
 Once flown—alas! for thee there's no returning!
 The charm will die o'er valley, wood, and hill.
 Tell me not Time, whose wing my brow has shaded,
 Has withered spring's sweet bloom within my heart,
 Ah, no! the rose of love is yet unfaded,
 Tho' hope and joy, its sister flowers, depart.

Well do I know that I have wronged thine altar,
 With the light offerings of an idler's mind,
 And thus, with shame, my pleading prayer I falter,
 Leave me not, spirit! deaf, and dumb, and blind!
 Deaf to the mystic harmony of nature,
 Blind to the beauty of her stars and flowers.
 Leave me not, heavenly yet human teacher,
 Lonely and lost in this cold world of ours!
 Heaven knows I need thy music and thy beauty
 Still to beguile me on my weary way,
 To lighten to my soul the cares of duty,
 And bless with radiant dreams the darkened day:
 To charm my wild heart in the worldly revel,
 Lest I, too, join the aimless, false, and vain;
 Let me not lower to the soulless level
 Of those whom now I pity and disdain!
 Leave me not yet!—leave me not cold and pining,
 Thou bird of paradise, whose plumes of light,
 Where'er they rested, left a glory shining;
 Fly not to heaven, or let me share thy flight!

LABOR.

Labor is rest—from the sorrows that greet us;
 Rest from all petty vexations that meet us,
 Rest from sin-promptings that ever entreat us,
 Rest from world-sirens that lure us to ill.
 Work—and pure slumbers shall wait on the pillow,
 Work—thou shalt ride over Care's coming billow;
 Lie not down wearied 'neath Woe's weeping willow!
 Work with a stout heart and resolute will!

Labor is health! Lo the husbandman reaping,
 How through his veins goes the life current leaping;
 How his strong arm, in its stalwart pride sweeping,
 Free as a sunbeam the swift sickle guides.
 Labor is wealth—in the sea the pearl growth,
 Rich the queen's robe from the frail cocoon floweth,
 From the fine acorn the strong forest bloweth,
 Temple and statue the marble block hides.

Droop not, tho' shame, sin, and anguish are round
 thee!

Bravely fling off the cold chain that hath bound
 thee;
 Look to yon pure heaven smiling beyond thee,
 Rest not content in thy darkness—a clod!
 Work—for some good be it ever so slowly;
 Cherish some flower be it ever so lowly;
 Labor!—all labor is noble and holy;
 Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy God.

Pause not to dream of the future before us;
 Pause not to weep the wild cares that come o'er us:
 Hark how Creation's deep, musical chorus,
 Unintermitting, goes up into Heaven!
 Never the ocean-wave falters in flowing;
 Never the little seed stops in its growing;
 More and more richly the Rose-heart keeps glowing,
 Till from its nourishing stem it is riven.

"Labor is worship!"—the robin is singing,
 "Labor is worship!"—the wild bee is ringing,
 Listen! that eloquent whisper upspringing,
 Speaks to thy soul from out nature's great heart.
 From the dark cloud flows the life-giving shower;
 From the rough sod blows the soft breathing flower,
 From the small insect—the rich coral bower,
 Only man in the plan shrinks from his part.

Labor is life!—'tis the still water faileth;
 Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth:
 Keep the watch wound for the dark rust assaileth!
 Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.
 Labor is glory!—the flying cloud lightens;
 Only the waving wing changes and brightens;
 Idle hearts only the dark future frightens;
 Play the sweet keys wouldst thou keep them
 in tune!

SONG—SHE LOVES HIM YET.

She loves him yet!
 I know by the blush that rises
 Beneath the curls,
 That shadow her soul-lit cheek;
 She loves him yet!
 Through all love's sweet disguises
 In timid girls,
 A blush will be sure to speak.

But deeper signs
 Than the radiant blush of beauty,
 The maiden finds,
 Whenever his name is heard;
 Her young heart thrills,
 Forgetting herself—her duty—
 Her dark eye fills,
 And her pulse with hope is stirred.

She loves him yet!—
 The flower the false one gave her
 When last he came,
 Is still with her wild tears wet.
 She'll ne'er forget,
 Howe'er his faith may waver,
 Through grief and shame,
 Believe it—she loves him yet.

His favorite songs
 She will sing—she heeds no other;
 With all her wrongs,
 Her life on his love is set.
 Oh! doubt no more!
 She never can wed another;
 Till life be o'er,
 She loves—she will love him yet.

TO A DEAR LITTLE TRUANT.

When are you coming? The flowers have come!
 Bees in the balmy air happily hum;
 Tenderly, timidly, down in the dell
 Sighs the sweet violet, droops the Harebell:
 Soft in the wavy grass glistens the dew—
Spring keeps her promises—why do not you!

Up in the air, love, the clouds are at play;
 You are more graceful and lovely than they!
 Birds in the woods carol all the day long;
 When are you coming to join in the song?
 Fairer than flowers and purer than dew!
 Other sweet things are here—why are not you!

When are you coming? We've welcomed the Rose!
 Every light zephyr, as gaily it goes,
 Whispers of other flowers met on its way;
 Why has it nothing of you, love, to say?
 Why does it tell us of music and dew?
 Rose of the South! we are waiting for you!

Do, darling, come to us!—'mid the dark trees,
 Like a lute murmurs the musical breeze;
 Sometimes the Brook, as it trips by the flowers,
 Hushes its warble to listen for yours!
 Pure as the Violet, lovely and true!
Spring should have waited till she could bring you!

SEBA SMITH—ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

The maiden name of this lady was Prince. She is descended on both her father's and mother's side from distinguished Puritan ancestry, and was born in the vicinity of Portland, Maine.



E. Oakes Smith

Miss Prince, at an early age, was married to Mr. Seba Smith, then editing a newspaper in Portland, who has since, under the "nom de plume" of Jack Downing, obtained a national reputation. In addition to the original series of the famous letters bearing the signature we have named, collected in a volume in 1833, and which are among the most successful adaptations of the Yankee dialect to the purposes of humorous writing, Mr. Smith is the author of *Powhatan, a Metrical Romance*, in seven cantos, published in New York in 1841, and of several shorter poems which have appeared in the periodicals of the day. He is also a successful writer of tales and essays for the magazines, a portion of which were collected in 1855, with the title *Down East*. In 1850 he published

New Elements of Geometry; and in 1859, *My Thirty Years out of the Senate*. He died July 29, 1868.

Mrs. Smith's earliest poems were contributed to various periodicals anonymously, but in consequence of business disasters in which her husband became involved, she commenced the open profession of authorship as a means of support for her family. She has since been a constant contributor in prose and verse to the magazines.

An early collection of Mrs. Smith's poems published in New York, was followed in 1843 by *The Sinless Child and Other Poems*. The leading production of this volume originally appeared in the *Southern Literary Messenger*. It is a romance, with several episodes, written in the ballad style. As an indication of its measure and frequent felicities of expression we quote a few stanzas.

MIDSUMMER.

'Tis the summer prime, when the noiseless air
 In perfumed chalice lies,
 And the bee goes by with a lazy hum,
 Beneath the sleeping skies:
 When the brook is low, and the ripples bright,
 As down the stream they go,
 The pebbles are dry on the upper side,
 And dark and wet below.

The tree that stood where the soil's athirst,
 And the mulleins first appear,
 Hath a dry and rusty-colored bark,
 And its leaves are curled and sere;
 But the dogwood and the hazel-bush
 Have clustered round the brook—
 Their roots have stricken deep beneath,
 And they have a verdant look.

To the juicy leaf the grasshopper clings,
 And he gnaws it like a file;
 The naked stalks are withering by,
 Where he has been erewhile.
 The cricket hops on the glistening rock,
 Or pipes in the faded grass;
 The beetle's wing is folded mute,
 Where the steps of the idler pass.

Mrs. Smith is also the author of *The Roman Tribute*, a tragedy in five acts, founded on the exemption of the city of Constantinople from destruction, by the tribute paid by Theodosius to the conquering Attila, and *Jacob Leisler*, a tragedy founded upon a well known dramatic incident in the colonial history of New York.

She has also written *The Western Captive*, a novel, which appeared in 1842, and a fanciful prose tale, *The Salamander*; a *Legend for Christmas*. In 1851 she published *Woman and her Needs*, a volume on the Woman's Rights question, of which Mrs. Smith has been a prominent advocate by her pen, and occasionally as a public lecturer. Her next publication, *Bertha and Lily, or the Parsonage of Beech Glen, a Romance*, is a story of American country life. ** Her later works—excepting several serials in the *Herald of Health* (1870-1)—are *Bald Eagle*; or *the Last of the Ramapoughs*, 1867; *The Newsboy*; *Sagamore of Saco*; *The Two Wives*; *Kitty Howard's Journal*; and *Destiny, a Tragedy*.

STRENGTH FROM THE HILLS.

Come up unto the hills—thy strength is there.
 Oh, thou hast tarried long,
 Too long amid the bowers and blossoms fair,
 With notes of summer song.

Why dost thou tarry there? What though the bird
Pipes matin in the vale—
The plough-boy whistles to the loitering herd,
As the red daylight fails.

Yet come unto the hills, the old strong hills,
And leave the stagnant plain;
Come to the gushing of the newborn rills,
As sing they to the main;
And thou with denizens of power shalt dwell
Beyond demeaning care;
Composed upon his rock, 'mid storm and fell,
The eagle shall be there.

Come up unto the hills—the shattered tree
Still clings unto the rock,
And flingeth out his branches wild and free,
To dare again the shock.
Come where no fear is known: the seabird's nest
On the old hemlock swings,
And thou shalt taste the gladness of unrest,
And mount upon thy wings.

Come up unto the hills. The men of old—
They of undaunted wills—
Grew jubilant of heart, and strong, and bold,
On the enduring hills—
Where came the soundings of the sea afar,
Borne upward to the ear,
And nearer grew the morn and midnight star,
And God himself more near.

THE POET.

Non voc sed votum.

Sing, sing—Poet, sing!
With the thorn beneath thy breast,
Robbing thee of all thy rest,
Hidden thorn for ever thine,
Therefore dost thou sit and twine
Lays of sorrowing—
Lays that wake a mighty gladness,
Spite of all their sorrowing sadness.

Sing, sing—Poet, sing!
It doth ease thee of thy sorrow—
“Darkling” singing till the morrow;
Never weary of thy trust,
Hoping, loving, as thou must,
Let thy music ring;
Noble cheer it doth impart,
Strength of will and strength of heart.

Sing, sing—Poet, sing!
Thou art made a human voice;
Wherefore shouldst thou not rejoice
That the tears of thy mute brother
Bearing pangs he may not smother,
Through thee are flowing—
For his dim, unuttered grief,
Through thy song hath found relief!

Sing, sing—Poet, sing!
Join the music of the stars,
Wheeling on their sounding cars;
Each responsive in its place
To the choral hymn of space—
Lift, oh lift thy wing—
And the thorn beneath thy breast,
Though it pain, shall give thee rest.

CAROLINE M. KIRKLAND.

CAROLINE M. STANSBURY was born in the city of New York. Her grandfather was the author of several popular humorous verses on the events

of the Revolution, which were published in *Rivington's Gazette* and other newspapers of the time. Her father was a bookseller and publisher of New York. After his death, the family removed to the western part of the state, where Miss Stansbury married Mr. William Kirkland.* After a residence of several years at Geneva, Mr. and Mrs. Kirkland removed to Michigan, where they resided for two years at Detroit, and for six months in the interior, sixty miles west of the city. In 1843 they removed to the city of New York.

Mrs. Kirkland's letters from the West were so highly relished by the friends to whom they were addressed, that the writer was induced to prepare a volume from their contents. *A New Home—Who'll Follow?* by Mrs. Mary Clavers, appeared



M. Kirkland

in 1839. Its delightful humor, keen observation, and fresh topic, made an immediate impression. *Forest Life*, and *Western Clearings*, gleanings from the same field, appeared in 1842 and 1846.

In 1846 Mrs. Kirkland published *An Essay on the Life and Writings of Spenser*, accompanied by a reprint of the first book of the *Fairy Queen*. In July, 1847, she commenced the editorship of the *Union Magazine*,—a charge she continued for eighteen months, until the removal of the periodical to Philadelphia, where it was published with the title of *Sartain's Magazine*, when Prof. John S. Hart, an accomplished literary gentleman of that city, was associated with Mrs. Kirkland in the editorship.

* Mr. Kirkland was a cultivated scholar, and at one time a member of the Faculty of Hamilton College. He was the author of a series of *Letters from Abroad*, written after a residence in Europe, and of numerous contributions to the periodical press, among which may be mentioned an article on the London *Foreign Quarterly Review*, in the *Columbian*, "English Visitors" in the *Columbian*, "The Tyranny of Public Opinion in the United States" in the *Columbian*, "The West, the Paradise of the Poor" in the *Democratic Review*, and "The United States Census for 1880" in *Hunt's Merchants' Magazine*.

In 1846 Mr. Kirkland, not long before his death, commenced with the Rev. H. W. Bellows, the *Christian Inquirer*, a weekly journal of the Unitarian denomination.

In 1848 Mrs. Kirkland visited Europe, and on her return published two pleasant volumes of her letters contributed to the magazine during her journey, with the title *Holidays Abroad, or Europe from the West*.

In 1852 Mrs. Kirkland published *The Evening Book, or Fireside Talk on Morals and Manners, with Sketches of Western Life*, and in 1853, a companion volume, *A Book for the Home Circle, or Familiar Thoughts on Various Topics, Literary, Moral, and Social*, containing a number of pleasantly written and sensible essays on topics of interest in every-day society, with a few brief stories. In 1852 she wrote the letterpress for *The Book of Home Beauty*, a holiday volume, containing the portraits of twelve American ladies. Mrs. Kirkland's text has no reference to these illustrations, but consists of a slight story of American society, interspersed with poetical quotations.

Mrs. Kirkland's writings are all marked by clear common sense, purity of style, and animated thought. Her keen perception of character is brought to bear on the grave as well as humorous side of human nature, on its good points as well as its foibles. Ever in favor of a graceful cultivation of the mind, her satire is directed against the false refinements of artificial life as well as the rude angularities of the back-woods. She writes always with heartiness, and it is not her fault if the laugh which her humorous sketches of character excites is not a good-natured one, in which the originals she has portrayed would do well to join with the rest of the world.

MEETING OF THE "FEMALE BENEFICENT SOCIETY."

At length came the much desired Tuesday, whose destined event was the first meeting of the society. I had made preparations for such plain and simple cheer as is usual at such feminine gatherings, and began to think of arranging my dress with the decorum required by the occasion, when, about one hour before the appointed time, came Mrs. Nippers and Miss Clinch, and ere they were unshawled and unhooded, Mrs. Flyter and her three children—the eldest four years, and the youngest six months. Then Mrs. Muggles and her crimson baby, four weeks old. Close on her heels, Mrs. Briggs and her little boy of about three years' standing, in a long tailed coat, with vest and decencies of scarlet circassian. And there I stood in my gingham wrapper and kitchen apron; much to my discomfiture and the undisguised surprise of the Female Beneficent Society.

"I always calculate to be ready to begin at the time appointed," remarked the gristle-lipped widow.

"So do I," responded Mrs. Flyter and Mrs. Muggles, both of whom sat the whole afternoon with baby on knee, and did not sew a stitch.

"What! isn't there any work ready?" continued Mrs. Nippers, with an astonished aspect; "well, I did suppose that such smart officers as we have would have prepared all beforehand. We always used to at the East."

Mrs. Skinner, who is really quite a pattern-woman in all that makes woman indispensable, viz., cookery and sewing, took up the matter quite warmly, just as I slipped away in disgrace to make the requisite reform in my costume.

When I returned, the work was distributed, and the company broken up into little knots or coteries; every head bowed, and every tongue in full play. I took my seat at as great a distance from the sharp widow as might be,—though it is vain to think of

eluding a person of her ubiquity,—and reconnoitred the company who were "done off" (indigenous) "in first-rate style," for this important occasion. There were nineteen women with thirteen babies—or at least "young 'uns," (indigenous,) who were not above gingerbread. Of these thirteen, nine held large chunks of gingerbread, or dough-nuts, in trust, for the benefit of the gowns of the society; the remaining four were supplied with bunches of maple-sugar, tied in bits of rag, and pinned to their shoulders, or held dripping in the fingers of their mammas.

Mrs. Flyter was "slicked up" for the occasion in the snuff-colored silk she was married in, curiously enlarged in the back, and not as voluminous in the floating part as is the wasteful custom of the present day. Her three immense children, white-haired and blubber-lipped like their amiable parent, were in pink gingham and blue-glass beads. Mrs. Nippers wore her unfading brown merino and black apron; Miss Clinch her inevitable scarlet calico; Mrs. Skinner her red merino, with baby of the same; Mrs. Daker shone out in her very choicest city finery. (where else could she show it, poor thing?) and a dozen other Mistresses shone in their "t other gowns," and their tamboured collars. Mrs. Doubleday's pretty black-eyed Dolly was neatly stowed in a small willow basket, where it lay looking about with eyes full of sweet wonder, behaving itself with marvellous quietness and discretion, as did most of the other little torments, to do them justice.

Much consultation, deep and solemn, was held as to the most profitable kinds of work to be undertaken by the Society. Many were in favor of making up linen, cotton linen of course, but Mrs. Nippers assured the company that shirts never used to sell well at the East, and therefore she was perfectly certain that they would not do here. Pincushions and such like feminilities were then proposed; but at these Mrs. Nippers held up both hands, and showed a double share of blue-white around her eyes. "Nobody about her needed pincushions, and besides, where should we get materials! Aprons, capes, caps, collars, were all proposed with the same ill success. At length Mrs. Doubleday, with an air of great deference, inquired what Mrs. Nippers would recommend.

The good lady hesitated a little at this. It was more her forte to object to other people's plans, than to suggest better; but, after a moment's consideration, she said she should think fancy-boxes, watch-cases, and alum-baskets, would be very pretty.

A dead silence fell on the assembly, but of course it did not last long. Mrs. Skinner went on quietly cutting out shirts, and in a very short time furnished each member with a good supply of work, stating that any lady might take work home to finish if she liked.

Mrs. Nippers took her work, and edged herself into a coterie of which Mrs. Flyter had seemed till then the magnet. Very soon I heard, "I declare it's a shame!" "I don't know what'll be done about it!" "She told me so with her own mouth!" "O, but I was there myself!" etc., etc., in many different voices; the interstices well filled with undistinguishable whispers "not loud but deep."

It was not long before the active widow transferred her seat to another corner; Miss Clinch plying her tongue, not her needle, in a third. The whispers and the exclamations seemed to be gaining ground. The few silent members were inquiring for more work.

"Mrs. Nippers has the sleeve! Mrs. Nippers, have you finished that sleeve?"

Mrs. Nippers colored, said "No," and sewed four

stitches. At length the "storm grew loud apace."
 "It will break up the society——"

"What is that?" asked Mrs. Doubleday, in her sharp treble. "What is it, Mrs. Nippers? You know all about it."

Mrs. Nippers replied that she only knew what she had heard, etc., etc., but, after a little urging, consented to inform the company in general, that there was great dissatisfaction in the neighborhood; that those who lived in *log-houses* at a little distance from the village, had not been invited to join the society; and also that many people thought twenty-five cents quite too high for a yearly subscription.

Many looked aghast at this. Public opinion is nowhere so strongly felt as in this country, among new settlers. And as many of the present company still lived in log-houses, a tender string was touched.

At length, an old lady, who had sat quietly in a corner all the afternoon, looked up from behind the great woollen sock she was knitting——

"Well, now! that's queer!" said she, addressing Mrs. Nippers with an air of simplicity simplified. "Miss Turner told me you went round her neighborhood last Friday, and told that Miss Clavers and Miss Skinner despised every body that lived in log-houses; and you know you told Miss Briggs that you thought twenty-five cents was too much; didn't she, Miss Briggs?" Mrs. Briggs nodded.

The widow blushed to the very centre of her pale eyes, but "e'en though vanquished," she lost not her assurance. "Why, I'm sure I only said that we only paid twelve-and-a-half cents at the East; and as to log-houses, I don't know, I can't just recollect, but I didn't say more than others did."

But human nature could not bear up against the mortification; and it had, after all, the scarce credible effect of making Mrs. Nippers sew in silence for some time, and carry her colors at half-mast the remainder of the afternoon.

At tea each lady took one or more of her babies in her lap and much grabbing ensued. Those who wore calicoes seemed in good spirits and appetite, for green tea at least, but those who had unwarily sported silks and other unwashables, looked acid and uncomfortable. Cake flew about at a great rate, and the milk and water, which ought to have quietly gone down sundry juvenile throats, was spirted without mercy into various wry faces. But we got through. The astringent refreshment produced its usual crisping effect upon the vivacity of the company. Talk ran high upon almost all Montacutian themes.

"Do you have any butter now?" "When are you going to raise your barn?" "Is your man a going to kill this week?" "I ha'n't seen a bit of meat these six weeks." "Was you to meetin' last Sabbath?" "Has Miss White got any wool to sell?" "Do tell if you've been to Detroit?" "Are you out of candles?" "Well, I *should* think Sarah Teals wanted a new gown!" "I hope we shall have milk in a week or two," and so on; for, be it known, that, in a state of society like ours, the bare necessities of life are subjects of sufficient interest for a good deal of conversation. More than one truly respectable woman of our neighborhood has told me, that it is not very many years since a moderate allowance of Indian meal and potatoes was literally all that fell to their share of this rich world for weeks together.

"Is your daughter Isabella well?" asked Mrs. Nippers of me solemnly, pointing to little Bell who sat munching her bread and butter, half asleep, at the fragmentous table.

"Yes, I believe so, look at her cheeks."

"Ah, yes! it was her cheeks I was looking at. They are so *very* rosy. I have a little niece who is the very image of her. I never see Isabella without thinking of Jerushy; and Jerushy is most dreadfully scrofulous."

Satisfied at having made me uncomfortable, Mrs. Nippers turned to Mrs. Doubleday, who was trotting her pretty babe with her usual proud fondness.

"Don't you think your baby breathes rather strangely?" said the tormenter.

"Breathes! how!" said the poor thing, off her guard in an instant.

"Why, rather croupish, I think, if I am any judge. I have never had any children of my own to be sure, but I was with Mrs. Green's baby when it died, and——"

"Come, we'll be off!" said Mr. Doubleday, who had come for his spouse. "Don't mind the envious vixen"—aside to his Polly.

Just then, somebody on the opposite side of the room happened to say, speaking of some cloth affair, "Mrs. Nippers says it ought to be sponged."

"Well, sponge it then by all means," said Mr. Doubleday, "nobody else knows half as much about sponging;" and, with wife and baby in tow, off walked the laughing Philo, leaving the widow absolutely transfixed.

"What *could* Mr. Doubleday mean by that?" was at length her indignant exclamation.

Nobody spoke.

"I am sure," continued the crest-fallen Mrs. Cam-paspe, with an attempt at a scornful giggle, "I am sure if any body understood him, I would be glad to know what he *did* mean."

"Well now, I can tell you," said the same simple old lady in the corner, who had let out the secret of Mrs. Nippers's morning walks. "Some folks call that *sponging* when you go about getting your dinner here and your tea there, and sich like; as you know you and Meesy there does. That was what he meant, I guess." And the old lady quietly put up her knitting and prepared to go home.

There have been times when I have thought that almost any degree of courtly duplicity would be preferable to the *brusquerie* of some of my neighbors; but on this occasion I gave all due credit to a simple and downright way of stating the plain truth. The scrofulous hint probably brightened my mental and moral vision somewhat.

Mrs. Nippers's claret cloak and green bonnet, and Miss Clinch's ditto ditto, were in earnest requisition, and I do not think that either of them spent a day out that week.

HOSPITALITY.

Like many other virtues, hospitality is practised in its perfection by the poor. If the rich *did* their *share*, how would the woes of this world be lightened! how would the diffusive blessing irradiate a wider and a wider circle, until the vast confines of society would bask in the reviving ray! If every forlorn widow whose heart bleeds over the recollection of past happiness made bitter by contrast with present poverty and sorrow, found a comfortable home in the ample establishment of her rich kinsman; if every young man struggling for a foothold on the slippery soil of life, were cheered and aided by the countenance of some neighbor whom fortune had endowed with the power to confer happiness; if the lovely girls, shrinking and delicate, whom we see every day toiling timidly for a mere pittance to sustain frail life and guard the sacred remnant of gentility, were taken by the hand, invited and en-

couraged, by ladies who pass them by with a cold nod—but where shall we stop in enumerating the cases in which true, genial hospitality, practised by the rich, ungrudgingly, without a selfish drawback—in short, practised as the poor practise it—would prove a fountain of blessedness, almost an antidote to half the keener miseries under which society groans!

Yes: the poor—and children—understand hospitality after the pure model of Christ and his apostles. We can cite two instances, both *true*.

In the western woods, a few years since, lived a very indigent Irish family. Their log-cabin scarcely protected them from the weather, and the potato field made but poor provision for the numerous rosy cheeks that shone through the unstopped chinks when a stranger was passing by. Yet when another Irish family poorer still, and way-worn, and travel-soiled, stopped at their door—children, household goods and all—they not only received and entertained them for the night, but kept them many days, sharing with this family, as numerous as their own, the one room and loft which made up their poor dwelling, and treating them in all respects as if they had been invited guests. And the mother of the same family, on hearing of the death of a widowed sister who had lived in New York, immediately set on foot an inquiry as to the residence of the children, with a view to coming all the way to the city to take the orphans home to her own house and bring them up with her own children. We never heard whether the search was successful, for the circumstance occurred about the time that we were leaving that part of the country; but that the intention was sincere, and would be carried into effect if possible, there was no shadow of doubt.

As to the children and their sincere, generous little hearts, we were going to say, that one asked his mother, in all seriousness, "Mamma, why don't you ask the *poor people* when you have a party? Doesn't it say so in the Bible?" A keen reproof, and unanswerable.

The nearest we recollect to have observed to this construction of the sacred injunction, among those who may be called the rich—in contradistinction to those whom we usually call the poor, though our kind friends were far from being what the world considers rich—was in the case of a city family, who lived well, and who always on a Christmas day, Thanksgiving, or other festival time, when a dinner more generous than ordinary smoked upon the board, took care to invite their homeless friends who lived somewhat poorly, or uncomfortably—the widow from her low-priced boarding house; the young clerk, perhaps, far from his father's comfortable fireside; the daily teacher, whose only deficiency lay in the purse—these were the guests cheered at this truly hospitable board; and cheered heartily—not with cold, half-reluctant civility, but with the warmest welcome, and the pleasant appendix of the long, merry evening with music and games, and the frolic dance after the piano. We would not be understood to give this as a solitary instance, but we wish we knew of many such.

The forms of society are in a high degree inimical to true hospitality. Pride has crushed genuine social feeling out of too many hearts, and the consequence is a cold sterility of intercourse, a soul-stifling ceremoniousness, a sleepless vigilance for self, totally incompatible with that free, flowing, genial intercourse with humanity, so nourishing to all the better feelings. The sacred love of home—that panacea for many of life's ills—suffers with the rest. Few people have homes nowadays. The fine, cheerful, every-day parlor, with its table covered with the implements of real occu-

pation and real amusement; mamma on the sofa, with her needle; grandmamma in her great chair, knitting; pussy winking at the fire between them, is gone. In its place we have two gorgeous rooms, arranged for company but empty of human life; tables covered with gaudy, ostentatious, and useless articles—a very mockery of anything like rational pastime—the light of heaven as cautiously excluded as the delicious music of free, childish voices; every member of the family wandering in forlorn loneliness, or huddled in some "back room" or "basement," in which are collected the only means of comfort left them under this miserable arrangement. This is the substitute which hundreds of people accept in place of home! Shall we look in such places for hospitality? As soon expect figs from thistles. Invitations there will be occasionally, doubtless, for "society" expects it; but let a country cousin present himself, and see whether he will be put into the state apartments. Let no infirm and indigent relative expect a place under such a roof. Let not even the humble individual who placed the stepping-stone which led to that fortune, ask a share in the abundance which would never have had a beginning but for his timely aid. "We have changed all that!"

But setting aside the hospitality which has any reference to duty or obligation, it is to be feared that the other kind—that which is exercised for the sake of the pleasure it brings—is becoming more and more rare among us. The deadly strife of emulation, the mad pursuit of wealth, the suspicion engendered by rivalry, leave little chance for the spontaneity, the *abandon*, the hearty sympathy which give the charm to social meetings and make the exercise of hospitality one of the highest pleasures. We have attempted to dignify our simple republicanism by far-away melancholy imitations of the Old World; but the incongruity between these forms and the true spirit of our institutions is such, that all we gain is a bald emptiness, gilded over with vulgar show. Real dignity, such as that of John Adams when he lived among his country neighbors as if he had never seen a court, we are learning to despise. We persist in making ourselves the laughing-stock of really refined people, by forsaking our true ground and attempting to stand upon that which shows our deficiencies to the greatest disadvantage. When shall we learn that the "spare feast—a radish and an egg," if partaken by the good and the cultivated, has a charm which no expense can purchase? When shall we look at the spirit rather than the semblance of things—when give up the shadow for the substance?

In 1857, Mrs. Kirkland published *Memoirs of George Washington* (New York, 12mo, pp. 516), an agreeable narrative, in which his personal and domestic life is particularly set forth, with original passages from the diaries and papers preserved in the archives at Washington. Subsequently to this, Mrs. Kirkland compiled a selection of poetry, entitled *The School-Girl's Garland*, published by Mr. Scribner in New York. Her later years were given to the cause of education and philanthropy. At the outbreak of the war of the rebellion she became actively engaged in various deeds of charity and beneficence connected with the alleviation of the sufferings of the poor, brought on by the struggle. It was in prosecution of these disinterested labors, while employed in the conduct of the great sanitary fair in New York, that, in

the midst of her benevolent exertions, she was stricken by paralysis, and died suddenly on the morning of the 5th April, 1864.

In a funeral discourse at All Souls' Unitarian Church, New York, the Rev. Dr. S. K. Lothrop, of Boston, paid a deserved tribute to her merits as a writer, her "originality and freshness" in composition, and the purity, disinterestedness, and amiability of her character.

P. HAMILTON MYERS

Is the author of a series of well written, popular American historical romances, commencing with *The First of the Knickerbockers, a tale of 1673*, published by Putnam in 1848, and speedily followed by *The Young Patroon, or Christmas in 1690*, *The King of the Hurons*, and, *The Prisoner of the Border, a Tale of 1838*. Mr. Myers is also the author of five prize tales, for three of which, *Bell Brandon, or the Great Kentrip Estate*, *The Miser's Heir*, and *The Van Veldons*, he received two hundred dollars each, from the Philadelphia *Dollar Newspaper*. The others were entitled *The Gold Crushers*, and *Ellen Welles, or the Siege of Fort Stanwix*.

P. Hamilton Myers

These stories are of a pleasing sentiment, and neat in description. The author is a native of New York, born in Herkimer village, Herkimer county, in August, 1812. He is a lawyer by profession, and now a resident of Brooklyn, New York. In addition to his story-telling faculty, Mr. Myers is an agreeable essayist. In 1841 he delivered a poem, *Science*, before the Englossian Society of Geneva College.

THOMAS MACKELLAR

Was born in the city of New York, August 12, 1812. His father came from Scotland to New York, and married into the Brasher family, once possessed of a considerable portion of the city lands. Young MacKellar was provided with a good education by his father, whose failing fortunes soon required his son's aid. Compelled early in life to seek a living, he learnt the business of a printer, and among other engagements in the calling became proof-reader in the office of Messrs. Harper & Brothers, doubtless qualified for the post by a diligent application to books which had become habitual to him. At this time in his seventeenth year, he constantly penned verses.

In 1833 he left New York for Philadelphia, entered the stereotype foundry of Mr. L. Johnson as proof-reader, became foreman, and finally a partner in this important establishment, to which he is now attached.

Mr. MacKellar's volumes of poetry, *Droppings from the Heart, or Occasional Poems*, published in 1844, and *Lines for the Gentle and Loving* in 1853, are written with earnestness and fluency, inspired by a devotional spirit and a tender feeling to the claims of family and friendship, expressive of the author's hopeful and hearty struggle with the world. They indicate a courage

which meets with success in life, and a sympathy which finds a ready response from the good and intelligent.



Thos. MacKellar

True to his Scottish lineage Mr. MacKellar has a turn for humor as well as sentiment in his verses. His volume, *Tam's Fortnight's Ramble and other Poems*, puts his notions and opinions vented in the course of a holiday excursion on the Hudson River in a highly agreeable light, as the record of a manly personal experience.

A POET AND HIS SONG.

He was a man endowed like other men
With strange varieties of thought and feeling:
His bread was earned by daily toil; yet when
A pleasing fancy o'er his mind came stealing,
He set a trap and snared it by his art,
And hid it in the bosom of his heart.
He nurtured it and loved it as his own,
And it became obedient to his beck;
He fixed his name on its submissive neck,
And graced it with all graces to him known,
And then he bade it lift its wing and fly
Over the earth, and sing in every ear
Some soothing sound the sighful soul to cheer,
Some lay of love to lure it to the sky.

SINGING ON THE WAY.

Far distant from my father's house
I would no longer stay,
But gird my soul and hasten on,
And sing upon my way!
And sing! and sing!
And sing upon the way!

The skies are dark, the thunders roll,
And lightnings round me play,
Let me but feel my SAVIOUR near,
I'll sing upon the way!
And sing! and sing!
And sing upon my way!

The night is long and drear, I cry;
O when will come the day!

I see the morning-star arise,
And sing upon the way!
And sing! and sing!
And sing upon my way!

When care and sickness bow my frame,
And all my powers decay,
I'll ask Him for his promised grace,
And sing upon the way!
And sing! and sing!
And sing upon my way!

He'll not forsake me when I'm old,
And weak, and blind, and grey;
I'll lean upon his faithfulness,
And sing upon the way!
And sing! and sing!
And sing upon my way!

When grace shall bear me home to God—
Disrobed of mortal clay,
I'll enter in the pearly gates,
And sing upon the way!
And sing! and sing!
An everlasting day!

****In 1866 Mr. MacKellar published *The American Printer*, a hand-book of Typography. Seven years later appeared *Rhymes Atween-Times*, a collection of his earlier poems, supplemented by Rhymes of Common Life, Sonnets, and Religious Rhymes of marked spirituality.**

**** GENTLE HUMANITIES.**

Shoe the horse and shoe the mare;
Never let the hoof go bare:
Trotting over flinty stones
Wears away the hardest bones.

Life has many a stony street
Even to the toughest feet:
Men the sturdiest find it so
Ere through half of life they go.

Streaks of blood are on the way,
Trod by humans every day,
Seen by love's anointed eye
While the blinded world goes by.

Yea, if all the sighs were caught
Wherewithal the air is fraught,
What a gale would sweep the skies
Laden with man's miseries!

Gently, then, O brother man!
Do the utmost good you can:
God approveth e'en the least
Deed of ruth to man or beast.

**** WHY DELAY THE VIOLETS?**

Oh where's my early violets?

'Tis time they were

Again astrir,

My pretty, modest, blue-eyed pets!

I look'd for them but yestermorn—

For every day

I pass that way—

To see if they had yet been born.

I'll seek again to-morrow noon:

The ice and snow

Went long ago,

So I expect my darlings soon.

Then I will take my children there,

And bid them see

How modesty

May make the lowliest more than fair.

**** TO A TROUBLESOME FLY.**

What! here again, indomitable pest!

Thou plagu'st me like a pepper-tempered sprite;

Thou makest me the butt of all thy spite,

And bitest me, and buzzest as in jest.

Ten times I've closed my heavy lids in vain

This early morn to court an hour of sleep;

For thou—tormentor!—constantly doth keep

Thy whizzing tones resounding through my brain,

Or lightest on my sensitive nose, and there

Thou trimm'st thy wings and shak'st thy legs of hair;

Ten times I've raised my hand in haste to smite,

But thou art off; and ere I lay my head

And fold mine arms in quiet on my bed,

Thou com'st again—and tak'st another bite.

As Uncle Toby says, "The world is wide

Enough for thee and me." Then go, I pray,

And through this world do take some other way,

And let us travel no more side by side.

Go, live among the flowers; go anywhere;

Or to the empty sugar-hogshead go,

That standeth at the grocer's store below;

Go, suit thy taste with anything that's there.

There's his molasses-measure, there's his cheese,

And ham and herring:—What! will nothing please?

Presumptuous imp! then die!—But no! I'll smite

Thee not; for thou, perchance, art young in days,

And rather green as yet in this world's ways;

So live and suffer—age may set thee right.

**** EARTH'S NOBLEST MEN.**

Some men are born t' endure the toil and strife

And heavy burdens of the earth. They are

The pillars in the temple of this life,

Its strength and ornament; or, hidden far

Beneath, they form its firm foundation-stone.

In nobleness they stand distinct and lone,

Yet other men upon them lean, and fain

(Such selfishness in human bosoms swells)

Would lay on them the weight of their own pain.

Where greatness is, a patient spirit dwells;

They least repine who bear and suffer most;

In calm and stern endurance they sustain

The ills whereof ignoble minds complain;

And in their lot they stand, nor weakly sigh
nor boast.

WILLIAM STARBUCK MAYO.

DR. MAYO is a descendant from the Rev. John Mayo, a clergyman of an ancient English family, who came to New England in 1630, and was the first pastor of the South Church at Boston. On his mother's side he traces his descent through the Starbuck family to the earliest settlers of Nantucket. He was born at Ogdensburg, on the northern frontier of New York, whither the family had removed in 1812, and was educated at the school of the Rev. Josiah Perry, a teacher of high local reputation. At the age of twelve years he entered the academy of Potsdam, where he received a good classical education; and at seventeen commenced the study of medicine at the College of Physicians and Surgeons in the city of New York. After receiving his diploma, in 1833, he devoted himself for several years to the practice of his profession. He then, urged in part by the pursuit of health and in part by the

love of adventure, determined to make a tour of exploration to the interior of Africa. He was prevented, however, from penetrating further than the Barbary States. After an excursion in Spain he returned home.



Dr. A. Mayo

In 1849 Dr. Mayo published *Kaloolah, or Journeyings to the Djebel Kumri*, a work which he had written some time before. It purports to be the Autobiography of Jonathan Romer, a youth who, after various romantic and marvellous adventures in his native American woods, goes to Africa, where he rivals Munchausen in his traveller's experiences. He finally penetrates to a purely fictitious Utopia, where he indulges in some quiet satire at the usages of civilization, and in his description of the great city of the region furnishes some valuable hints on municipal sanitary reform. He marries Kaloolah, a beautiful princess—"not too dark for a brunette"—whom he has rescued from a slave barracoon and protected through many subsequent scenes of danger, and settles down to domestic felicity in the city of Killoan.

The story is crowded with exciting and varied incident, and the interest is maintained throughout with dramatic skill.

Kaloolah was favorably received by the public, and was followed in 1850 by *The Berber, or the Mountaineer of the Atlas*, a story the scene of which is laid in Africa at the close of the seventeenth century. It is of more regular construction than *Kaloolah*, and equally felicitous in dramatic interest. Both abound in descriptions of the natural scenery and savage animals of the tropics and other regions, minutely accurate in scientific detail.

Dr. Mayo's next volume was a collection of short tales, which he had previously published anonymously in magazines, with the title suggested by the prevalent California excitement of the day—*Romance Dust from the Historic Placer*. He soon after married and spent a year or two in Europe. Since his return he has resided in New York.

** Dr. Mayo in 1872 published *Never Again*, "a tale with a tail, and this tail without sting or venom." It is a picture of life in New York city at the date of writing, with the foibles and whirl of its social and commercial circles depicted by a master of satire. In the brilliancy of some of its delineations it calls to mind that masterpiece of social satire, *Vanity Fair*, though not gifted with that artistic delicacy which constitutes the latter a living power in literature for purity and reform.

A LION IN THE PATH.

It was early on the morning of the sixth, that, accompanied by Kaloolah and the lively Clefenha, I ascended the bank for a final reconnaissance of the country on the other bank of the river. It was not my intention to wander far, but, allured by the beauty of the scene, and the promise of a still better view from a higher crag, we moved along the edge of the bank until we had got nearly two miles from our camp. At this point the line of the bank curved towards the river so as to make a beetling promontory of a hundred feet perpendicular descent. The gigantic trees grew quite on the brink, many of them throwing their long arms far over the shore below. The trees generally grew wide apart, and there was little or no underwood, but many of the trunks were wreathed with the verdure of parasites and creepers, so as to shut up, mostly, the forest vistas with immense columns of green leaves and flowers. The stems of some of these creepers were truly wonderful: one, from which depended large bunches of scarlet berries, had, not unfrequently, stems as large as a man's body. In some cases, one huge plant of this kind, ascending with an incalculable prodigality of lignin, by innumerable convolutions, would stretch itself out, and, embracing several trees in its folds, mat them together in one dense mass of vegetation.

Suddenly we noticed that the usual sounds of the forest had almost ceased around us. Deep in the woods we could still hear the chattering of monkeys and the screeching of parrots. Never before had our presence created any alarm among the denizens of the tree-tops; or, if it had, it had merely excited to fresh clamour, without putting them to flight. We looked around for the cause of this sudden retreat.

"Perhaps," I replied to Kaloolah's inquiry, "there is a storm gathering, and they are gone to seek a shelter deeper in the wood."

We advanced close to the edge of the bank, and looked out into the broad daylight that poured down from above on flood and field. There was the same bright smile on the distant fields and hills; the same clear sheen in the deep water; the same lustrous stillness in the perfumed air; not a single prognostic of any commotion among the elements.

I placed my gun against a tree, and took a seat upon an exposed portion of one of its roots. Countless herds of animals, composed of quaggas, zebras, gnus, antelopes, hart-beests, roeboks, springboks, buffalos, wild-boars, and a dozen other kinds, for which my recollection of African travels furnished no names, were roaming over the fields on the other side of the river, or quietly reposing in the shade of the scattered mimosas, or beneath the groups of lofty palms. A herd of thirty or forty tall ungainly figures came in sight, and took their way, with awkward but rapid pace, across the plain. I knew them at once to be giraffes, although they were the first that we had seen. I was straining my eyes to discover the animal that pursued them, when Kaloolah

called to me to come to her. She was about fifty yards farther down the stream than where I was sitting. With an unaccountable degree of carelessness, I arose and went towards her, leaving my gun leaning against the tree. As I advanced, she ran out to the extreme point of the little promontory I have mentioned, where her maid was standing, and pointed to something over the edge of the cliff.

"Oh, Jon'than!" she exclaimed, "what a curious and beautiful flower! Come, and try if you can get it for me!"

Advancing to the crest of the cliff, we stood looking down its precipitous sides to a point some twenty feet below, where grew a bunch of wild honeysuckles. Suddenly a startling noise, like the roar of thunder, or like the boom of a thirty-two pounder, rolled through the wood, fairly shaking the sturdy trees, and literally making the ground quiver beneath our feet. Again it came, that appalling and indescribably awful sound! and so close as to completely stun us. Roar upon roar, in quick succession, now announced the coming of the king of beasts. "The lion! the lion!—Oh, God of mercy, where is my gun?" I started forward, but it was too late. Alighting, with a magnificent bound, into the open space in front of us, the monster stopped, as if somewhat taken aback by the novel appearance of his quarry, and crouching his huge carcass close to the ground, uttered a few deep snuffling sounds, not unlike the preliminary crankings and growlings of a heavy steam-engine, when it first feels the pressure of the steam.

He was, indeed, a monster!—fully twice as large as the largest specimen of his kind that was ever condemned, by gaping curiosity, to the confinement of the cage. His body was hardly less in size than that of a dray-horse; his paw as large as the foot of an elephant; while his head!—what can be said of such a head? Concentrate the fury, the power, the capacity and the disposition for evil of a dozen thunder-storms into a round globe, about two feet in diameter, and one would then be able to get an idea of the terrible expression of that head and face, enveloped and set off as it was by the dark frame-work of bristling mane.

The lower jaw rested upon the ground; the mouth was slightly open, showing the rows of white teeth and the blood-red gums, from which the lips were retracted in a majestic and right kingly grin. The brows and the skin around the eyes were corrugated into a splendid glory of radiant wrinkles, in the centre of which glowed two small globes, like opals, but with a dusky lustrousness that no opal ever yet attained.

For a few moments he remained motionless, and then, as if satisfied with the result of his close scrutiny, he began to slide along the ground towards us; slowly one monstrous paw was protruded after the other; slowly the huge tufted tail waved to and fro, sometimes striking his hollow flanks, and occasionally coming down upon the ground with a sound like the falling of heavy clods upon a coffin. There could be no doubt of his intention to charge us, when near enough for a spring.

And was there no hope? Not the slightest, at least for myself. It was barely possible that one victim would satisfy him, or that, in the contest that was about to take place, I might, if he did not kill me at the first blow, so wound him as to indispose him for any further exercise of his power, and that thus Kaloolah would escape. As for me, I felt that my time had come. With no weapon but my long knife, what chance was there against such a monster? I cast one look at the gun that was leaning so carelessly against the tree beyond him, and

thought how easy it would be to send a bullet through one of those glowing eyes into the depths of that savage brain. Never was there a fairer mark! But, alas! it was impossible to reach the gun! Truly, "there was a lion in the path."

I turned to Kaloolah, who was a little behind me. Her face expressed a variety of emotions; she could not speak or move, but she stretched out her hand, as if to pull me back. Behind her crouched the black, whose features were contracted into the awful grin of intense terror; she was too much frightened to scream, but in her face a thousand yells of agony and fear were incarnated.

I remember not precisely what I said, but, in the fewest words, I intimated to Kaloolah that the lion would, probably, be satisfied with attacking me; that she must run by us as soon as he sprang upon me, and, returning to the camp, waste no time, but set out at once under the charge of Hugh and Jack. She made no reply, and I waited for none, but, facing the monster, advanced slowly towards him—the knife was firmly grasped in my right hand, my left side a little turned towards him, and my left arm raised, to guard as much as possible against the first crushing blow of his paw. Further than this I had formed no plan of battle. In such a contest the mind has but little to do—all depends upon the instinct of the muscles; and well for a man if good training has developed that instinct to the highest. I felt that I could trust mine, and that my brain need not bother itself as to the manner my muscles were going to act.

Within thirty feet of my huge foe I stopped—cool, calm as a statue; not an emotion agitated me. No hope, no fear: death was too certain to permit either passion. There is something in the conviction of the immediate inevitableness of death that represses fear; we are then compelled to take a better look at the king of terrors, and we find that he is not so formidable as we imagined. Look at him with averted glances and half-closed eyes, and he has a most imposing, overawing presence; but face him, eye to eye; grasp his proffered hand manfully, and he sinks from a right royal personage into a contemptible old gate-keeper on the turnpike of life.

I had time to think of many things, although it must not be supposed from the leisurely way in which I here tell the story that the whole affair occupied much time. Like lightning, flashing from link to link along a chain conductor, did memory illuminate, almost simultaneously, the chain of incidents that measured my path in life, and that connected the present with the past. I could see the whole of my back track "blazed" as clearly as ever was a forest path by a woodman's axe; and ahead! ah, there was not much to see ahead! 'Twas but a short view; death hedged in the scene. In a few minutes my eyes would be opened to the pleasant sights beyond; but, for the present, death commanded all attention. And such a death! But why such a death! What better death, except on the battlefield, in defence of one's country? To be killed by a lion! Surely there is a spice of dignity about it, maugre the being eaten afterwards. Suddenly the monster stopped, and erected his tail, stiff and motionless, in the air. Strange as it may seem, the conceit occurred to me that the motion of his tail had acted as a safety-valve to the pent up muscular energy within: "He has shut the steam off from the scape-pipe, and now he turns it on to his locomotive machinery. God have mercy upon me!—He comes!"

But he did not come! At the instant, the light figure of Kaloolah rushed past me: "Fly, fly, Jon-

'than!' she wildly exclaimed, as she dashed forward directly towards the lion. Quick as thought, I divined her purpose, and sprang after her, grasping her dress and pulling her forcibly back almost from within those formidable jaws. The astonished animal gave several jumps sideways and backwards, and stopped, crouching to the ground and growling and lashing his sides with renewed fury. He was clearly taken aback by our unexpected charge upon him, but it was evident that he was not to be frightened into abandoning his prey. His mouth was made up for us, and there could be no doubt, if his motions were a little slow, that he considered us as good as gorged.

"Fly, fly, Jon'than!" exclaimed Kaloolah, as she struggled to break from my grasp. "Leave me! Leave me to die alone, but oh! save yourself, quick! along the bank. You can escape—fly!"

"Never, Kaloolah," I replied, fairly forcing her with quite an exertion of strength behind me. "Back, back! Free my arm! Quick, quick! He comes!" 'Twas no time for gentleness. Roughly shaking her relaxing grasp from my arm she sunk powerless, yet not insensible, to the ground, while I had just time to face the monster and plant one foot forward to receive him.

He was in the very act of springing! His huge carcass was even rising under the impulsion of his contracting muscles, when his action was arrested in a way so unexpected, so wonderful, and so startling, that my senses were for the moment thrown into perfect confusion. Could I trust my sight, or was the whole affair the illusion of a horrid dream? It seemed as if one of the gigantic creepers I have mentioned had suddenly quitted the canopy above, and, endowed with life and a huge pair of widely distended jaws, had darted with the rapidity of lightning upon the crouching beast. There was a tremendous shaking of the tree tops, and a confused wrestling, and jumping, and whirling over and about, amid a cloud of upturned roots, and earth, and leaves, accompanied with the most terrific roars and groans. As I looked again, vision grew more distinct. An immense body, gleaming with purple, green, and gold, appeared convoluted around the majestic branches overhead, and stretching down, was turned two or three times around the struggling lion, whose head and neck were almost concealed from sight within the cavity of a pair of jaws still more capacious than his own.

Thus, then, was revealed the cause of the sudden silence throughout the woods. It was the presence of the boa that had frightened the monkey and feathered tribes into silence. How opportunely was his presence manifested to us! A moment more and it would have been too late.

Gallantly did the lion struggle in the folds of his terrible enemy, whose grasp each instant grew more firm and secure, and most astounding were those frightful yells of rage and fear. The huge body of the snake, fully two feet in diameter where it depended from the trees, presented the most curious appearances, and in such quick succession that the eye could scarcely follow them. At one moment smooth and flexile, at the next rough and stiffened, or contracted into great knots—at one moment overspread with a thousand tints of reflected color, the next distended so as to transmit through the skin the golden gleams of the animal lightning that coursed up and down within.

Over and over rolled the struggling beast, but in vain all his strength, in vain all his efforts to free himself. Gradually his muscles relaxed in their exertions, his roar subsided to a deep moan, his tongue protruded from his mouth, and his fetid

breath, mingled with a strong, sickly odor from the serpent, diffused itself through the air, producing a sense of oppression, and a feeling of weakness like that from breathing some deleterious gas.

I looked around. Kaloolah was on her knees, and the negress insensible upon the ground a few paces behind her. A sensation of giddiness warned me that it was time to retreat. Without a word I raised Kaloolah in my arms, ran towards the now almost motionless animals, and, turning along the bank, reached the tree against which my gun was leaning.

Darting back I seized the prostrate negress and bore her off in the same way. By this time both females had recovered their voices, Clefenha exercising hers in a succession of shrieks, that compelled me to shake her somewhat rudely, while Kaloolah eagerly besought me to hurry back to the camp. There was now, however, no occasion for hurry. The recovery of my gun altered the state of the case, and my curiosity was excited to witness the process of deglutition on a large scale which the boa was probably about to exhibit. It was impossible, however, to resist Kaloolah's entreaties, and, after stepping up closer to the animals for one good look, I reluctantly consented to turn back.

The lion was quite dead, and with a slow motion the snake was uncoiling himself from his prey and from the tree above. As well as I could judge, without seeing him straightened out, he was between ninety and one hundred feet in length—not quite so long as the serpent with which the army of Regulus had its famous battle, or as many of the same animals that I have since seen, but, as the reader will allow, a very respectable sized snake. I have often regretted that we did not stop until at least he had commenced his meal. Had I been alone I should have done so. As it was, curiosity had to yield to my own sense of prudence, and to Kaloolah's fears.

We returned to our camp, where we found our raft all ready. The river was fully half a mile wide, and it was necessary to make two trips; the first with the women and baggage, and the last with the horses. It is unnecessary to dwell in detail upon all the difficulties we encountered from the rapid currents and whirling eddies of the stream; suffice it that we got across in time for supper and a good night's sleep, and early in the morning resumed our march through the most enchanting country in the world.

WILLIAM HENRY CHANNING,

A GRADUATE of Harvard in 1829, and of the Cambridge divinity school in 1833, is a nephew of the late Dr. William Ellery Channing, and the son of the late Francis Dana Channing. He is the author of several valuable biographical publications, including the *Memoirs of the Rev. James H. Perkins of Cincinnati*, an important contribution to the *Margaret Fuller Memoirs*, and in 1848 a comprehensive *Memoir of William Ellery Channing, with Extracts from his Correspondence and Manuscripts*. In the arrangement of these works Mr. Channing, in addition to his own sympathetic comments, has preserved to the extent of his original materials an autobiographic narrative of the lives of the subjects, and has drawn together ample illustrations from various other sources. In 1840 he translated for Mr. Ripley's series of *Specimens of Foreign Literature, Jouffroy's Introduction to Ethics, including a Critical Survey of Moral Systems*.

Some years since he had charge of an independent congregation in New York, and edited a weekly reform journal, *The Present*, in the interests of transcendental socialism, which lasted not beyond two years.

Mr. Channing is not of the Strauss or Parker school of rationalists, but more devotional and affirmative, at times approaching Swedenborgianism in his disposition to unite a bold spiritual philosophy with church life and social reorganization.

** In 1872 he edited *The Perfect Life*, a series of twelve sermons by the late Dr. W. E. Channing. He has resided for years in London without a pastorate, and engaged in literary pursuits, especially in the study of Oriental religions. His conclusions have been partly embodied in a course of lectures before the Lowell Institute.

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING, also a nephew of the late Dr. Channing, and named from Wm. Ellery, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, has been an editor and literary man. He is the author of two series of *Poems*, published in Boston in 1843 and 1847; of a series of autobiographic essays in *The Dial* of 1844, entitled *Youth of the Poet and Painter*; a volume of thoughtful observations, *Conversations in Rome: between an Artist, a Catholic, and a Critic*, published in 1847; and *The Woodman and other Poems*, 1849.

There is much originality and a fine vein of reflection in this author's writings, touching on the themes of the scholar, the love of nature, and the poetic visionary.

THE POET.

Each day, new Treasure brings him for his store,
So rich he is he never shall be poor,
His lessons nature reads him o'er and o'er,
As on each sunny day the Lake its shore.

Though others pine for piles of glittering gold
A cloudless Sunset furnishes him enough,
His garments never can grow thin or old,
His way is always smooth though seeming rough.

Even in the winter's depth the Pine-tree stands,
With a perpetual Summer in its leaves,
So stands the Poet with his open hands,
Nor care nor sorrow him of Life bereaves.

For though his sorrows fall like icy rain,
Straightway the clouds do open where he goes,
And e'en his tears become a precious gain;
'Tis thus the heart of Mortals that he knows.

The figures of his Landscape may appear
Sordid or poor, their colors he can paint,
And listening to the hooting he can hear,
Such harmonies as never sung the saint.

And of his gain he maketh no account,
He's rich enough to scatter on the way;
His springs are fed by an unfailing fount,
As great Apollo trims the lamp of day.

'Tis in his heart, where dwells his pure Desire
Let other outward lot be dark or fair;
In coldest weather there is inward fire,
In fogs he breathes a clear celestial air.

So sacred is his Calling, that no thing
Of disrepute can follow in his path,
His Destiny too high for sorrowing,
The mildness of his lot is kept from wrath.

Some shady wood in Summer is his room,
Behind a rock in Winter he can sit,

The wind shall sweep his chamber, and his loom
The birds and insects, weave content at it.

Above his head the broad Skies' beauties are,
Beneath, the ancient carpet of the earth;
A glance at that, unveileth every star,
The other, joyfully it feels his birth.

So let him stand, resigned to his Estate,
Kings cannot compass it, or Nobles have,
They are the children of some handsome fate,
He, of Himself, is beautiful and brave.

** After a silence of almost a quarter of a century (excepting a blank verse poem, *Near Home*, Boston, 1858, pp. 52), Mr. W. E. Channing printed, in his fifty-third year, *The Wanderer, a Colloquial Poem*, with an introductory preface by Mr. R. W. Emerson, 1871. It treats of the varying aspects of Wood, Mountain, and Sea, as viewed by a contemplative pilgrim. Two years later appeared *Thoreau: the Poet-Naturalist; with Memorial Verses*. (Boston, pp. 355.)

**AN INDIAN CAMP—FROM THE WANDERER.

Not far below our tent an Indian camp
All softly spread its shelter in the glen
Where the old mountain-road circuits the gulf:
Three wigwams here they held; and one old man,
The hunter of the tribe, whose furrowed brow
Had felt the snow of sixty winters' fall,
At eve would mess with us, and smoke the pipe
Of peace before our cabin. He gave voice
To many a story of the past, else dim,—
Things he had done in youth, or heard them told,
And legends of religion, such as they
Who live in forests and in hardships tell.
One day Idolon said, musing of him,
"As there's no plant or bird from foreign shores
That just resembles ours, so, behind us,
Figures transported off an ancient cast,—
The Indian comes, and just as far from us.
I never dream how wildness fled from man
Among those Arab deserts, and how Greece
Fetched from the Lycian seacoast her tame myths,
Or why that fiery shore, Phœnicia's pride,
Should be so civil in her earliest creed.
But on our wild man, like this Sagamore,
Nature bestows her truthful qualities,—
Fleet on the war-path, fatal in his aim,
More versed in each small track that lightly prints
Some wandering creature, than the thing itself,
And wreathed about with festoons of odd faiths,
By which each action holds a votive power.
He hears the threatening wood-god in the wind,
That, hollow-sounding, fills his breast with fear;
His eye, forelooking as the night unrolls
The forked serpents darting on the clouds,
Sees all the great procession of his saints;
And, while the gloom rolls out the thunder's peal,
Listens the voices of his god command.
Truly the evil spirit much he fears,
Believing, as he drains the calabash,
Or solemn fills the calumet's red bowl
With Kinni-Kinnek, that a god of love
Will not produce for him much fatal loss
To be considered. When the lightning came
And snapt the crested rock whereon he played
With all his Indian boys, he felt the bolt
Crash through his heart, and knelt before the
power.

Thus with the careful savage culture fares
As the event looks forth. He does not preach
And pray, or tune of violin the string,
And celebrate the mercies of the Lord,

But flings in his fire the fish-bones, lest the fish,
Whose spirits walk abroad, detect the thief,
And ne'er permit the tribe a nibble more:
So, in the bear-feast, they are firmly bound
To swallow absolutely all that hangs
Appended, cooked or raw, about the game,
Lest he, the figment of the bear, should rise,
And thence no drop of medicable grease
The Indian coat should show, nor poll of squaw
Shine like a panel with protrusive oil.
They thus insure the state, and give the fiend,
The evil one, due homage,—pay the cash;
And the tribe say, 'What will the good god do?
Alack! the evil one is full of wile,
And black and crafty as our Indian selves;
Far better for us to keep peace with him.'

"A catalogue of woe the Indian's fate,
Drawn by the holy Puritan, and all
For his divine religion. Thence the names
Fixed to the aborigines, sweet titles,—
Cruel, fiendish, brute, and deeds to match,
At which the earth must rise. The Indian maids,
Oh, lovely are their forms! No cultured grace
Superior breeding, finer taste has shown;
And tints of color in their modest cheeks
Shaming Parisian beauty with its glow.
And the young hunter, or the agile boys,
As that plain artist claimed who named the first
The Belvidere (of all the statues known to art),
Sunbright Apollo, a young Mohawk chief.
Alas! the race, possessors of these hills,
Would not at once desert their hunting-grounds,
Loved by the Pilgrim,—martyred to the cent!"

****THE SEA—FROM THE WANDERER.**

Dreaming the sea the elder, I must search
In her for tidings of the olden days,—
Oldest and newest. For how fresh the breeze
That blows along the beaches! and the cry
Of the small glancing bird who runs before,
And still before me, as I find my way
Along the salt sea's ooze, seems like the frail
Admonitor of all the birds: and mark,
Forever turning, that green-crested wave,
Curve of the gleaming billows, and the weed
Purple and green and glistening, the long kelp
Swaying for ages towards the foaming strand;
For here the world is endless. On the marge
I sit of that small island in the bay,
As an observatory anchored there,
And view the shores receding, where afar
The long sand-beach pursues his lonely way.
Sweet the scene adorned with early sunrise,
Or when a golden hour lifts the faint mist
Of the retreating dawn, and half reveals
The far green hillsides, or the scattered town,
And bits of lovely wood, a moment seen,
Like beauty smiling in her curtained couch.
And then we turn, and meet the curling swell
Roll crashing o'er his sands,—unending surge,
Voice of another life in worlds how far!

Even like the sea himself, torn down the past,
That wrecker shows, Antonio, an old man,
Patched and repainted like his time-worn craft,
An odd tarpaulin o'er his wild gray locks,
And ever in his hand his wrecking-hook.
Cold as the strand whereon he walks he seems;
His eyes put out with gazing on the deep,
Together with the wear of seventy years,
And scanty food, chill breezes, and the spray
Running their courses in his life. Nor less
The ocean is his friend; that mystery
Still stranger as he studies it the more.

With tempests often striking o'er his path
Linked to the wrecker's eyes with the far heaven,
Upon whose omens patiently he pores,
And dreams of crashing decks or corpses pale
Washing alone Time's melancholy shore:
Thus are they filled with wisdom who compute
The sea as their companion. Books to them
Are the faint dreams of students, save that one,—
The battered Almanac,—split to the core,
Fly-blown, and tattered, that above the fire
Devoted smokes, and furnishes the fates,
And perigees and apogees of moons.
Despite the rolling temper of the main,
He knows by sternest laws the tide revolves,
And mows his marsh disdainful of the flood:
Held by firm rules, old ocean shall obey,
Indifferently fatal, friend or foe.
Her things so new, her creatures so unlike
All which the dull unmoving shore concerns,
Amid her briny passion pledged to be
Sailors unsocial, darlings of the sea.

WILLIAM HAGUE.

THE Rev. William Hague, a prominent clergyman of the Baptist denomination, is a native of the state of New York. He was graduated at Hamilton College, N. Y., in 1826, and has since filled important stations in the pulpit of his denomination at Providence, in Boston, at Newark, N. J., Albany, New York city, Chicago, and Orange, N. J. He is the author of numerous occasional addresses and orations, including Discourses on the Life and Character of John Quincy Adams, and the missionary Adoniram Judson. He has lately, in 1855, published two volumes, *Christianity and Statesmanship, with Kindred Topics*, and *Home Life*, a series of lectures. In the former he has treated of the various relations of government and religion in matters of home regulation, and especially the condition of Eastern Europe, now rapidly rising into new importance: in the latter he pursues the most prominent circumstances of domestic and social life. In both cases he shows the man of reading and of sound moderate opinions.

**In 1869 Dr. Hague was elected Professor of Homiletics in the Baptist Theological Seminary, Chicago. Fifteen months later, as the health of his family required a change of climate, he accepted a pastoral charge in Orange, N. J. His address on *The Self-Witnessing Character of the New Testament Christianity*, delivered in Philadelphia in 1871, in the course of the able "Lectures on the Bible and Modern Infidelity," has been printed (Ziegler & McCurdy, 1871, pp. 30).

THE CULTIVATION OF TASTE.

"Nothing is beautiful but what is true," say the Rhetoricians. This is a universal maxim. Conformity to truth is beauty, real and permanent. Study nature. Seek truth. The laws of nature are distinguished by simplicity, and simplicity has an abiding charm whether it appear in literature or art, in character or manners. Thence affectation always displeases when it is discovered. Though affectation be the fashion, yet it appears contemptible as soon as it loses the delusive charm of novelty or a name. In France, fashion once declared for an affected negligence of dress. Thence we hear Montaigne saying, "I have never yet been apt to imitate the negligent garb, observable among the young men of our time, to wear my cloak on one shoulder, my bonnet on one

side, and one stocking in somewhat more disorder than the other, meant to express a manly disdain of such exotic ornaments, and a contempt of art." There is no beauty in the *cultivated* negligence even of trifles. It is only that which is occasional, appropriate, and which indicates a mind engaged and absorbed in something worthy of it which truly pleases. Scott saw it in his *Lady of the Lake*, when he said,

With head upraised, and look intent,
And eye and ear attentive bent,
And locks flung back, and lips apart,
Like monument of Grecian art,
In listening mood she seemed to stand,
The guardian Naiad of the strand.

No kindred grace adorns her of whom it may be said—

Coquet and coy, at once her air,
Both studied, tho' both seem neglected;
Careless she is with artful care,
Affecting to seem unaffected.

Truth to nature, then, is beauty, and to study the laws of nature is to chasten and develope the taste for beauty.

Another means of cultivating good taste, is to study the *expression of character or design* in which the beauty of objects consists. In the material world, every thing beautiful is a manifestation of certain qualities which are by nature agreeable to the mind; and to ascertain what these are, to point them out distinctly, to classify them, is a pleasing mode of refining and quickening the taste for beauty. "The longer I live," said one, "the more familiar I become with the world around me. Oh! that I could feel the keen zest of which I was susceptible when a boy, and all was new and fair!" "The longer I live," says another, "the more charmed I become with the beauties of a picture or a landscape." The first of these had a natural taste for beauty which he had never developed by studying the expressions of character, which constitute the loveliness of creation. The other, regarding the outward universe as a splendid system of signs, directed his attention to the thing signified; loved to contemplate the moral qualities which were beaming forth from all the surrounding objects, and thus saw open before him a boundless field, ever glowing with new colors and fresh attractions. The first, as he heard a piece of music, might from the mechanism of his nature feel some pleasure arising from novelty, or a regular succession of sounds, which familiarity would soon dispel. The other, as he studied the expression of character, which those tones gave forth, as for instance, with the loud sound he associated the ideas of power or peril, with the low, those of delicacy and gentleness, with the acute, those of fear and surprise, with the grave, solemnity and dignity; he would become more and more deeply touched and enraptured, while listening to the music of nature in the voice of singing winds or in the plaint of an *Æolian* harp, in the crash of thunder or in the roar of the cataract, in the murmur of the brook or in the moan of the ocean, in the sigh of the zephyr or in the breath of the whirlwind, or while listening to the music of art breaking forth from the loud-sounding trumpet, the muffled drum, or Zion's lyre which hangs upon religion's shrine.

SAMUEL OSGOOD.

THE Rev. Samuel Osgood, of the Unitarian Church, of New York, is a member of a family of honorable lineage in the old world and the new. The family is of English ancestry, and seems to have belonged to the solid yeomanry of the old Saxon times. The American progenitor

was John Osgood, who was born July 23, 1595, and who emigrated from Andover, England, previous to the year 1639, and who, with Governor Bradstreet, founded the town of Andover, Mass., where his large farm is still held by his descendants. He had four sons, John, Stephen, Christopher, and Thomas.

From the first son John, in the sixth generation from the father, was descended the Hon. Samuel Osgood, of Revolutionary memory and of Revolutionary virtue, who has a claim of his own upon attention here as the author of several productions. He was born February 14, 1748, at Andover, Mass., was a graduate of Harvard of 1770, and applied himself for a while to the study of theology, when the War of Independence breaking out, he took part in its affairs; was in the skirmish at Lexington; became aide to General Ward; then an important member of the provincial congress of Massachusetts; a delegate to the congress of the confederation at Philadelphia in 1781, and in 1785 First Commissioner of the National Treasury. He was succeeded in this latter office, on the new adjustment of the Constitution, by Alexander Hamilton. This duty, and his appointment by Washington as Postmaster General, kept him at New York, of which city he was a resident in the latter portion of his prolonged life, holding various positions of trust and confidence. His mansion in Franklin square has an historical name, as the head-quarters of Washington. His publications were chiefly of a religious character, "Remarks on Daniel and Revelations," "A Letter on Episcopacy," a volume on "Theology and Metaphysics," another of "Chronology." He was an elder of the Brick Presbyterian Church in Beekman street, where he was interred at his death, August 12, 1813.*

The Rev. David Osgood, one of the most noted of the New England divines, of the Federalist stamp in politics, and of the Arminian school in theology, was descended from the second son Stephen, in the fifth generation from the progenitor, John Osgood. He died at the age of seventy-four, in 1822, having led a distinguished career as the minister of Medford. His publications were numerous occasional discourses.

The Rev. Samuel Osgood is descended from the third son, Christopher Osgood, of Andover, in the seventh generation from John, the founder of the family in America. He was born in Charlestown, Mass., August 30, 1812; became a graduate of Harvard in 1832, and completed his theological education at Cambridge in 1835. After two years of travel he was appointed pastor of the Unitarian Congregational Church in Nashua, N. H., in 1837; and at the close of the year 1841, took charge of the Westminster Congregational Church in Providence, R. I. In October, 1849, he succeeded the Rev. Dr. Dewey as pastor of the Church of the Messiah, in Broadway, New York.

Mr. Osgood has published translations from the German of *Olshausen on the Passion of Christ*,

* There is a notice of Samuel Osgood, prefatory to a genealogical account of the family, in J. B. Holgate's *American Genealogy*.

in Boston, 1839, and *DeWette's Practical Ethics*, with an original introduction, Boston, 1842, in two volumes. His original works are several volumes of a devotional character, and numerous articles of research, scholarship, and philosophical acumen, in the higher periodical literature. He has published *Studies in Christian Biography, or Hours with Theologians and Reformers*, including several of the Church fathers, Calvin, Grotius, George Fox, Swedenborg, Jonathan Edwards, and others; *God with Man, or Foot-prints of Providential Leaders*, devoted to biblical characters of the Old and New Testament; *The Hearth Stone; Thoughts upon Home Life in our Cities, and Mile-Stones in our Life Journey*, the latter peculiarly exhibiting the kindly, earnest, affectionate tone of the author's pastoral ministrations.



Saml Osgood.

Mr. Osgood has been a frequent contributor to the *Christian Examiner*, as well as to other literary and theological journals; while as one of the editors of the *Christian Inquirer* till 1854, the newspaper organ of the Unitarians in New York, he has diligently completed the round of periodical literature in all its relations. Whilst a temporary resident of the West in 1836 and 1837, he was co-editor of the *Western Messenger*, a religious monthly, published in Kentucky. His associate in this enterprise was the Rev. James Freeman Clarke, a graduate of Harvard of 1829; formerly a Unitarian minister at Louisville, Kentucky, and afterwards at Boston. The *Western Messenger* was a monthly magazine, published chiefly at Louisville, and for a time at Cincinnati. Mr. Clarke is the author of numerous short poems, of a portion of the *Memoirs of Margaret Fuller*, and of two religious works, "The Doctrine of Forgiveness," and "On Prayer."

Mr. Osgood's published orations, speeches, and sermons, have also been numerous, and include the prominent topics of the day connected with

education and literary institutions.* Among his personal connexions with the latter, is his prominent participation in the management of the New York Historical Society.

As a speaker, Mr. Osgood is clear, full, and emphatic, a well toned voice seconding a ready command of appropriate language. He is well read as a scholar, fertile in analysis, and happy in the use of illustrations from history, biography, or morals. In his pulpit relations he is ranked among the more evangelical class of Unitarian clergymen; and although a fond student of German literature, and an independent thinker, has never yielded to the rationalism characteristic of German theology. He usually preaches without notes, and his sermons and pastoral care are more strongly marked by love for the associations, festivals, literature, and men of the ancient church, than is common with ministers of the extreme Protestant school to which he belongs by position. He was brought up under the ministry of the Rev. James Walker, the President of Harvard, took his religious views and philosophical principles from that eminent moralist and theologian, and has continued to sustain towards him a close personal and professional relation.

REMINISCENCES OF BOYHOOD—FROM MILE-STONES IN OUR LIFE-JOURNEY.

From the old battle hill, I can see the site of the school-house where two or three hundred boys were

* The following are the principal miscellaneous publications of Mr. Osgood in pamphlets and periodicals. In the *Western Messenger*:—Physical Theory of Another Life, 1836; Dewey's Old World and New, 1836; Love of the Tragic, 1837; Robespierre, 1837; D'Holbach's System of Nature, 1838; Prescott, Bancroft, and Carlyle, 1838. In the *Christian Examiner*:—Education in the West, 1837; Debates on Catholicism, 1837; DeWette's System of Religion, 1838; DeWette's Theological Position, 1838; American Education, 1839; Satanic School Literature, 1839; Education of Mothers, 1840; Jouffroy's Ethics, 1840; Christian Ethics before the Reformation, 1840; Christian Ethics since the Reformation, 1841; Isaac Taylor on Spiritual Christianity, 1842; St. Paul's Epistles, 1842; Isaac Williams, the Poet of Puseyism, 1843; Theodore Parker's DeWette on the Old Testament, 1844; Preaching Extempore, 1844; Conventions and Conferences, 1845; Relation between Old and New Testaments, 1845; St. Augustine and his Times, 1846; St. Augustine and his Works, 1846; Memoir of Charles J. Fox, Esq., of Nashua, 1846; Hugo Grotius and his Times, 1847; John Wesley, 1847; Jonathan Edwards, 1848; Christianity and Socialism, 1848; St. Theresa and the Devotees of Spain, 1849; Modern Ecclesiastical History, 1850; The German in America, 1851; Recent Aspects of Judaism, 1853; The Church of the First Three Centuries, 1853; Milton in our Day, 1854; Americans and Men of the Old World, 1855; in the *North American Review*, Chrysostom and his Eloquence, 1846; in the *Bibliotheca Sacra*, St. Jerome and his Times, 1848; Socialism in the United States, Christian Review, 1852; The Blouse in both Hemispheres, *New York Quarterly*, 1854; Modern Prophets, *Putnam Monthly*, 1854; Loyola and the Jesuit Reaction, 1854. He has published the following sermons:—The Star of Bethlehem, 1840; Manifestation of God, 1841; Farewell at Nashua, 1841; Memory and Hope; Two Sermons on leaving Providence, 1849; Death of President Taylor, 1850; Quarter Century of the Church of the Messiah, 1851; The Scholar's Death: a Tribute to Andrews Norton, 1853; Devotion and Trade: Sermon at Louisville, Ky., 1854; Loss of the Arctic, 1854; Lessons of the Year of Calamities, 1854; Fifteen Sermons in the volume already named, and entitled, "God with Men," 1853. Speeches and Addresses published:—American Principles—an Oration, 1839; The State of Education in New Hampshire—an Address, 1841; William Penn and Roger Williams—Speech at Philadelphia, 1846; The Schools of New England—Speech at New England Dinner, 1849; Speech before the Massachusetts Bible Society, 1851; The Services of Fenimore Cooper, 1852; Remarks on the Death of Daniel Webster, 1852; Speech in Baltimore on Church Principles, 1852; The Founders of Maryland—Remarks at Baltimore, 1852; The Principle of Mutual Insurance—a Mercantile Address, 1853; The Plymouth Celebration, 1853; Semi-Centennial of the New York Historical Society, 1854; The Oriental Races—Address at the Inauguration of the Jewish Institute, 1854; American Eloquence—Speech on the Birth-day of Henry Clay, 1855.

gathered together to be whipped and taught as their fathers were before them. A new edifice, indeed, has taken the place of our school, yet upon its stateliest front I can see, as if drawn in the air by a strange pencil, the outline of that ancient building, with its round belfry, whose iron tongue held such imperial command of our hours. It costs no great effort to summon back one of those famous Examination Days that absorbed the anticipation of months, and made the week almost breathless with anxiety. There shines the nicely sanded floor, which the cunning sweeper had marked in waving figures, to redeem it from association with any vulgar dust. There sit the School Committee, chief among them the trim chairman, upon whose lips, when he pronounces the final opinion of the board, the very fates seem to rest their judgment. There, too, is the throng of parents, kindred, and friends, who have come to note the performances of the boys, to look pity upon their mistakes, and to smile sympathy upon their successes. Should the presidential chair fall to his lot, no prouder and more radiant day can come to the school-boy, than when, with new clothes and shining shoes, he stands forth to speak his well-conned piece, and wears away among the admiring crowd the ribboned medal that marks his triumph.

Our schoolmasters were great characters in our eyes, and the two who held successively the charge of the grammar department, made a prominent figure in our wayside chat, and to this day we can find some trace of their influence in our very speech and manner. They were men of very different stamp and destiny. The first of them was a tall fair-faced man, with an almost perpetual smile. I always felt kindly towards him, though it was not easy to decide whether his smile was the expression of his good-nature, or the mask of his severity. He wore it very much the same when he flogged an offender, as when he praised a good recitation. He seemed to delight in making a joke of punishment, and it was a favorite habit of his, to fasten upon the end of his rattan the pitch and gum taken from the mouths of masticating urchins, and then, coming upon their idleness unawares, he would insert the glutinous implement in their hair not to be withdrawn without an adroit jerk and the loss of some scalp locks. Poor fellow! his easy nature probably ruined him, and he left the school, not long to follow any industrious calling. When, a few years afterwards, I met him in Boston, with the marks of broken health and fortune in his face and dress, the sight was shocking to all old associations, as if a dignity quite sacerdotal had fallen into the dust. His earthly troubles have long been ended, and I take some pleasure in recording a kind and somewhat grateful feeling towards one whose name I have not heard spoken these many years. His successor was a man of different mould, a stern, resolute man, his face full of an expression that seemed to say that circumstances are but accidents, and it is the will that makes or mars the man. He was not in robust health, and it seemed to some of us, who were thoughtful of his feelings, that were it not for this, he would have been likely to pursue a more ambitious career, and give to the bar the excellent gifts that he devoted to teaching. He was a most faithful teacher, and his frown, like the rain cloud, had a richer blessing for many a wayward idler, than his predecessor's perennial smile. He has borne the burden and the heat of the day for many a long year, with ample success, and when he falls at his post, it will be with the consciousness of having done a good work for his race, in a calling far more honored by Heaven than any of the more ambitious

spheres that perhaps won his youthful enthusiasm. Well says the noble Jean Paul Richter:—"Honor to those who labor in school-rooms! Although they may fall from notice like the spring blossoms, like the spring blossoms they fall that the fruit may be born."

There are two other personages that have much to do with every youth's education, and whose names are household words in every New England home. The doctor and the minister figure largely in every boy's meditations, and in our day, the loyalty that we felt towards their professions had not been troubled by a homœopathic doubt or a radical scruple. In our case, it needed no especial docility to appreciate these functionaries.* Our doctor was a most emphatic character, a man of decided mark in the eyes alike of friends and enemies. He was very impatient of questions, and very brief yet pithy in his advice, which was of marvellous point and sagacity. He lost his brevity, however, the moment that other subjects were broached, and he could tell a good story with a dramatic power that would have made him famous upon the stage. He was renowned as a surgeon, and could guide the knife within a hair's breadth of a vital nerve or artery with his left hand quite as firmly as with his right. This ambi-dexterity extended to other faculties, and he was quite as keen at a negotiation as at an amputation. He was no paragon of conciliation, and many of the magnates of the profession appeared to have little liking for him, and sometimes called him a poor scholar, rude in learning and taste, but lucky in his mechanical tact. But he beat them out of this notion, as of many others, by giving an anniversary discourse before the State Medical Association, which won plaudits from his severest rivals, for its classical elegance, as well as its professional learning and sagacity. It was said that the wrong side of him was very wrong and very rough. But those of us who knew him as a friend, tender and true, never believed that he had any wrong side. Certain it is, that they who grew up under his practice have been little inclined to exchange the regular school of medicine, with its scientific method and gradual progress, for any new nostrums of magical pretensions.

Our minister had the name of being the wise man of the town, and I do not remember to have heard a word in disparagement of his mind or motives, even among those who questioned the soundness of his creed. His voice has always been as no other man's to many of us, whether heard as for the first time at a father's funeral, as by me when a child five years old, or in the pulpit from year to year. He came to our parish when quite young, and when theological controversy was at its full height. A polemic style of preaching was then common, and undoubtedly in his later years of calm study, and more broad and spiritual philosophizing, he would have read with some good-natured shakes of the head, the more fiery discourses of his novitiate, whilst he might recognise, throughout, the same spirit of manly independence, republican humanity, and profound reverence that have marked his whole career. There was always something peculiarly impressive in his preaching. Each sermon had one or more pithy sayings that a boy could not forget; and when the thoughts were too profound or abstract for our comprehension, there was an earnestness and reality in the manner which held the attention, like a brave ship under full sail that fixes the gaze of the spectator, though he may not know

* Dr. William J. Walker, of Charlestown, Mass., and the Rev. James Walker, now President of Harvard.

whither she is bound or what is her cargo, sure enough that she is loaded with something, and is going right smartly somewhere. It was evident that our minister was a faithful student and indefatigable thinker. When the best books afterwards came in our way, we found that the guiding lines of moral and spiritual wisdom had already been set before us, and we had been made familiar with the well winnowed wheat from the great fields of humanity. Every thought, whether original or from books, bore the stamp of the preacher's own individuality; and may well endorse the saying, that upon topics of philosophic analysis and of practical morals he was without a superior, if not without a rival in our pulpits. It is a great thing for young people to grow up under happy religious auspices, and religion itself has a new charm and power when dispensed by a man who is always named in the family with reverence and tenderness. The world would be far better, and Christian service would be much more truly valued, if there were more just and emphatic tribute paid to efficient pastoral labor. Our well known minister has now a more conspicuous station; but he cannot easily have deeper influence than when pastor for a score of years over a united parish, and one of the leaders of public opinion upon all topics of high importance. It is well that the new post is in such harmony with the previous career; for the head of a college, according to our old-fashioned ideas, should be a minister, and he should always abide in due manner by the pastoral office.

THE AGE OF ST. AUGUSTINE—FROM STUDIES IN CHRISTIAN BIOGRAPHY.

As we close our sketch with this vivid picture before us, we cannot but glance at the changes that have come over Christendom since Augustine's time. Could the legend preserved by Gibbon, and told of seven young men of that age, who were said to have come forth alive from a cave at Ephesus, where they had been immured for death by the Pagan Emperor Decius, and whence they were said to have emerged, awakened from nearly two centuries of slumber, to revisit the scenes of their youth and to behold with astonishment the cross displayed triumphant, where once the Ephesian Diana reigned supreme;—could this legend be virtually fulfilled in Augustine, dating the slumber from the period of his decease; could the great Latin father have been saved from dissolution and have sunk into a deep sleep in the tomb where Possidius and his clerical companions laid him with solemn hymns and eucharistic sacrifice, while Genseric and his Vandals were storming the city gates; and could he but come forth in our day, and look upon our Christendom, would he not be more startled than were the seven sleepers of Ephesus? There indeed roll the waves of the same great sea; there gleam the waters of the river on which so many times he had gazed, musing upon its varied path from the Atlas mountains to the Mediterranean, full of lessons in human life; there stretches the landscape in its beauty, rich with the olive and the fig-tree, the citron and the jujube. But how changed are all else. The ancient Numidia is ruled by the French, the countrymen of Martin and Hilary; it is the modern Algiers. Hippo is only a ruin, and near its site is the bustling manufacturing town of Bona. At Constantine, near by, still lingers a solitary church of the age of Constantine, and the only building to remind Augustine of the churches of his own day. In other places, as at Bona, the mosque has been converted into the Christian temple, and its mingled emblems might tell the astonished saint how the Cross had struggled with the Crescent, and how

it had conquered. Go to whatever church he would on the 28th of August, he would hear a mass in commemoration of his death, and might learn that similar services were offered in every country under the sun, and in the imperial language which he so loved to speak. Let him go westward to the sea coast, and he finds the new city, Algiers, and if he arrived at a favorable time, he might hear the cannon announcing the approach of the Marseilles steamer, see the people throng the shore for the last French news, and thus contemplate at once the mighty agencies of the modern world, powder, print, and steam. Although full of amazement, it would not be all admiration. He would find little in the motley population of Jews, Berbers, Moors, and French, to console him for the absence of the loved people of his charge, whose graves not a stone would appear to mark.

Should he desire to know how modern men philosophised in reference to the topics that once distracted his Manichean period, he would find enough to interest and astonish him in the pages of Spinoza and Leibnitz, Swedenborg and Schelling; and would be no indifferent student of the metaphysical creeds of Descartes, and Lock, and Kant. Much of novelty would undoubtedly appear to him united with much familiar and ancient. Should he inquire into the state of theology through Christendom, in order to trace the influence of his favorite doctrines of original sin and elective grace, he would learn that they had never in their decided forms been favorites with the Catholic Church, that the imperial mother had canonised his name and proscribed his peculiar creed, and that the principles that fell with the walls of the hallowed Port Royal, had found their warmest advocates in Switzerland, in Scotland, and far America, beyond the Roman communion. He would recognise his mantle on the shoulders of Calvin of Geneva, and his followers, Knox of Scotland, and those mighty Puritans who trusting in God and his decreeing will, colonised our own New England, and brought with them a faith and virtue that have continued, while their stern dogmas have been considerably mitigated in the creed of their children. The Institutes of Calvin would assure him that the modern age possessed thinkers clear and strong as he, and the work of Edwards on the Will would probably move him to bow his head as before a dialectician of a logic more adamant than his own, and make him yearn to visit the land of a divine, who united an intellect so mighty with a spirit so humble and devoted. Should he come among us, he would find multitudes to respect his name, and to accept his essential principles, though few, if any, to agree with him in his views of the doom of infants, or of the limited offer of redemption. He would think much of our orthodoxy quite Pelagian, even when tested by the opinion of present champions of the ancient faith. In the pages of Channing he would think of his old antagonist, Pelagius, revived with renewed vigor, enlarged philosophy, and added eloquence. He might call this perhaps too fond champion of the dignity of man by the name, Pelagius,—like him in doctrine, like him, as the name denotes, a dweller by the sea. Who shall say how much the influences of position helped to form the two champions of human nature, the ancient Briton and the modern New Englander, both in part at least of the same British race, both nursed by the sea-side, the one by the shores of Wales or Brittany, the other by the beach of Rhode Island. "No spot on earth," says Channing, "has helped to form me so much as that beach. There I lifted up my voice in praise amidst the tempest. There, softened by beauty, I poured out my thanksgiving and contrite confessions. There,

In reverential sympathy with the mighty power around me, I became conscious of power within."

How long before the human soul shall reach so full a development, that faith and works, reason and authority, human ability and divine grace shall be deemed harmonious, and men cease to be divided by an Augustine and Pelagius, or an Edwards and Channing? Although this consummation may not soon, if ever, be, and opinions may still differ, charity has gained somewhat in the lapse of centuries. Those who are usually considered the followers of Pelagius have been first to print a complete work of Augustine in America—his *Confessions*. The Roman Church, backed by imperial power and not checked by Augustine, drove the intrepid Briton into exile and an unknown grave. He who more than any other man wore his mantle of moral freedom in our age died, honored throughout Christendom, and the bell of a Roman cathedral joined in the requiem as his remains were borne through the thronged streets of the city of his home.

** In 1869 Dr. Osgood resigned his pastorate in New York city for European travel, and while abroad he corresponded quite fully with the *Evening Post*. He was ordained in the P. E. Church in August, 1870. His recent works in the form of essays, comprise: *Student Life*, 1860; and *American Leaves, Familiar Notes of Life and Thought*, 1867, republished from *Harper's Magazine*. In the latter year he delivered a discourse before the New York Historical Society, entitled: *New York in the Nineteenth Century*, which has been printed.

** LITTLE CHILDREN—FROM AMERICAN LEAVES.

The arrival of a baby in a family is a not very unusual occurrence; and without any very elaborate antiquarian investigation, we may safely believe that such events date back to the remotest ages, and are likely to continue for ages to come. Yet the coming of the little stranger is always a great circumstance; and once in our lifetime, however quiet may be our temperament or small our ambition, we make a sensation, and are the observed of all observers. The baby, who is usually awaited with anxiety, is welcomed with open arms; and in spite of the present formidable aspect of the bread question, and the frequent reason for calculating the proportion between the size of the bread-basket and the number of mouths waiting to be fed, the new claimant contrives to find a home with a hospitality perhaps quite as cordial in lowly as in stately households. Immediately the new-comer begins to show that marked characteristic of every new age, the revolutionary spirit; and the first shrill cry that announces his advent heralds his assault upon all the settled habitudes of the family. Every thing must yield not so much to his whims as to his dependence, and the whole family, from the old grandfather—if such venerable head there be—down to the least pet of the nursery who has just graduated from babyhood, is enlisted by a resistless sympathy in the service of the little pensioner. The baby rules in the majesty of his weakness; and while other thrones are perhaps becoming a little shaky, this majesty keeps its seat and stands among the established institutions of our race.

We are writing perhaps somewhat pleasantly upon so grave a theme as childhood; but we trust that our cheery tone, like the laugh of childhood itself, will be found to win tenderness, as well as to express joy. We confess to being lovers of little children, not only in the abstract but in the

concrete; and while well aware that the stern lessons of political economy may hint a certain limit of moderation in the philoprogenitive ambition, we know of no reasonable limit to the affection, and have no fears that good Jean Paul's creed will become too popular—that creed which all catechisms might admit, "I love God and little children." In fact, the affection that little children win from us interprets God's love to us. God loves us not because we can help Him, but because He helps us; and the best that he asks of us is that we should be willing to let Him help us by his providence and grace. He is glorified not by rising above Himself—for the All-mighty and All-perfect cannot rise above Himself—but by his condescension; and the anthem "Glory to God in the highest," was heard on earth when the Eternal Being descended to our humanity and dwelt with the Holy Child at Bethlehem. As we in our poor way repeat that condescension, we have a nearer sense of God's love; and as we befriend those whose helplessness claims our care, we rise to new wisdom and new joy. We may not, indeed, entertain any such philosophy of loving-kindness, yet may none the less have its fruits; and undoubtedly the new peace that comes into a family with the little child's coming is proof that the hearts that reach down in such tenderness to that little one are not only opened by parental affections, but also by filial faith, and the soul, like the seed-corn, as it presses its roots into the earth, opens its leaves toward heaven to drink in the rain and the sunshine of God. Whatever may be the reason, God's blessing goes with babies, and we do not care to say what kind of a world this would be without their presence. The monk and nun share in the benediction, and if nowhere else, they find something to pet even in the hour of their devotion, and there is to them something human as well as divine in the holy mother and child over the altar. The priest is no priest of God unless he leads little children to the good Shepherd; and as to the celibates not under ghostly vows, the bachelors and maids among us, we can promise them little true peace unless they continue—as they generally do—to care for some brother or sister's children in the absence of any of their own. . . .

The question of the intellectual discipline of children is closely connected with their physical training, and many are the victims of the book and the school-room. The old method was to consider the school as a kind of prison-house for the scions of our perverse humanity, where learning was to be forced down reluctant throats by terror, in the absence of any intrinsic charms in the medicinal draught. The staple of study was in the main the work of the memory, and improvement was measured, like bricklaying, by the foot, the quantity laid being final proof of the work done. Rules of grammar and arithmetic that had no sort of lodgment in the juvenile understanding were laboriously committed to memory, and verses of Scripture and poetry were learned without stint. This old-fashioned system is exploded, to the infinite relief of millions of otherwise cramped muscles and aching heads. It will be well if the new system does not fall into another kind of narrowness by dismissing the memory from its rightful office, and forcing little children to be philosophers before their time. Childhood loves variety, and the alternation of activities that is so essential to the comfort and energy of us all is imperiously necessary to the development and even to

the sanity of children. They soon weary of one thing, and judicious training will seek to study the laws of mental alternation so as to secure unity in variety, and by the interchange of exercises lead out the faculties in due order and force. Nothing is clearer than that little children are soon tired of one attitude of body, and a careful observer will note the same weariness of one attitude of the mind. The little fellow who has been sitting an hour aches to stand or walk or run; and so, too, when he has been receiving impressions from his book or teacher, he aches to change his mental attitude, and give expression to his feelings or ideas by some positive act. If we scrutinize this necessity of change, we shall find a remarkable illustration of it in the senses most essential to education, which are created as if it were in couples, as if to relieve guard with each other. The nerves of sensibility exchange labors with the nerves of motion, so that when we receive a sensation we long to make some corresponding muscular movement, and our condition is intolerable when our nerves are constantly excited and our muscles are kept in rest. The ear and the eye, each in its way, illustrate this law by alternating with their natural allies the voice and the hand. When we have listened, we long to speak; and when we have seen, we long to touch. So, on the other hand, when we have spoken we are ready to listen, and when we have touched we are the more ready to see. The same interchange of functions may be traced throughout all the faculties of the mind, and it will be a new day in the education both of young and old when the vast significance of this law is discerned, and by a wisely-adjusted alternation of exercises variety and unity of culture may be secured, and monotony and fickleness may be alike set aside. It will be then found that this discipline of children is not the dull, unwholesome thing which it is often supposed to be, and that the work of the school-room may gain not a little life and force from the sports of the play-ground. We do not, indeed, propose to do away with all hard work in school; for if there were no hard work there could be none of the happy feeling of relief when it is done, and play would lose its zest if all the hours were pastime. What we ask is that study should be in accordance with and not against the nature of the mind, and so the terrible habit be shunned that makes study so false and spectral, and shuts the world of books out of the free air and bright sunshine of nature and of God. The very tones which children, even bright children, often fall into the moment they open a book tell the whole story; and the transition from the free, ringing voice of the play-ground to that formal drawl or whine, proves that the mistake of separating words from things has begun thus early, and the blight of pedantry has fallen upon these fresh and opening buds of our hope and joy.

**** FORTUNE — FROM AMERICAN LEAVES.**

The only master of her chances is the truly practical man, who is neither madcap nor coward, and proof alike against her smiles and her frowns. Consider in what manner it is that the practical man is a match for fortune, and able to meet and master her on her own ground.

He first of all brings to his aid the force of a sound judgment, and in its light he notes calmly and keenly the goods and ills at stake, and studies

carefully the best way to shun the ill and seize the good. He is strong at once from this very point of view, and because forewarned he is forearmed. His judgment, observant of substantial good, is wisdom; and as studious of the best means to win that good, it is prudence. With wisdom and prudence for his counselors, he judges Fortune's threats and promises by a scale of substantial values, and measures the way to the true value by a scale of reasonable probabilities. So he escapes a world of follies and tricks. Not in the gambler's madness nor the lounge's alarms, but with firm, yet cautious eye, he scans the prizes to be gained or lost, and chooses prudent means to wise ends. The great wilderness of uncertain chances is no longer a wilderness to him; for he knows to what point he is to travel, with wisdom for his star and compass, and with prudence for his pathfinder and guide. To him, thus wise and prudent, there is a gradual opening of the fact that there is over all chances a prevailing law, and over the combination of events, as over the revolutions of the globe, there is a presiding purpose. Probabilities become to him clearer and clearer; and in his own vocation, as well as in the great mission of life, a light shines upon the road that he is to tread, until its dim shadows vanish into day. He is not, indeed, infallible; for to err is human: but he has studied chances till he has found the main chance, and in his ruling policy the element of certainty is so combined with the element of risk, that the risk serves to quicken and vitalize the whole combination — as the oxygen in the atmosphere, in itself so inebriating and consuming, gives spirit and life when mingled in moderate proportion with the more solid and nutritious nitrogen. To change the figure, he aims to live and work in the temperate zone of sound sense and solid strength, and he is not in danger of running off into tropical fevers or polar icebergs, for he is content to be warm without being burned, and to be cool without being frozen.

To judgment the practical man adds fortitude, which is the heart's master of the ups and downs of fortune as judgment is the head's mastery. Fortitude, we suppose, in its derivation, carries this idea; and a man of fortitude is he who is equal to either fortune. Fortitude can suffer and can dare, appearing as patience under the ills that must be borne, and as courage against the ills that must be surmounted. By patience and by courage the practical man is mightily armed as with shield and sword — with the one receiving the blows that he cannot shun, and with the other pressing on against his foe. Patience and courage, the one teaching us what we must calmly bear, and so ridding us of a host of vain and wasting repinings — the other calling out our best powers, and cheering us bravely on to our work. He is conqueror of ills inevitable who calmly bears them, and he is conqueror of ills not inevitable who boldly braves them. In all spheres of life we need both, for we must all bear defeats and ought all to win victories. Rome indeed boasted, that when Fortune entered the Eternal City she laid aside her wings; but surely, if Rome took from Fortune her fickle wings, it was only by teaching the patience and courage that conquer by endurance as by daring, and the true Roman fortitude won back the fiftful goddess by daring to do without her smiles.

To judgment and fortitude add fidelity, and our

list of the forces of the practical man is complete. Fidelity, with single eye and persistent purpose, presses on to its aim, and wins the best success, not only because in the end it secures the largest amount of good, but because it is in itself success. He who does the best that he can, according to his measure of wisdom and prudence, patience and courage, is a successful man. In the long-run the most substantial goods are his. When he succeeds, his success is not shame, and when he is shipwrecked—as the best masters sometimes are—his wreck is better trophy than the pirate cruiser's flaunting flag, that owes its safety to its inhumanity; and all true men say of fidelity defeated, what even the worldling Napoleon said of the convoy of brave prisoners after a battle: "Honor to the brave in misfortune." Fidelity defeated is on the way to success, and in all ventures that are worthy, character is the best part of capital.

Judgment, fortitude, fidelity—by these the practical man masters Fortune in spite of her changing chances. He will succeed, and cannot be put down. His success will be the best, although it may not be what the world calls the largest. In business he may not have the largest, but he will have the best, fortune, from his gains, though limited, he will win the best good. In the professions he may not gain the largest honors, but he will win the truest usefulness and peace. When the sod is put on his grave, men shall say, "Well done, good and faithful servant;" and the voice from heaven shall not refuse its Amen. His success will have height as well as breadth, and every good that comes to him will lift up his faith and affections toward the throne of God, while it widens his earthly domain.

In our public halls and libraries we may meditate upon the struggle with Fortune, as if in the Temple of History and of Human Life. The statues of true men in those halls, and the thoughts and deeds of so many generations recorded upon those shelves, press the subject home upon our thoughts, and bid us meet our chances as they met theirs. May we not take a wholesome hint from the solemn past for the better education of our children and the method of our living?

In our too-easy kindness to our children are we not sometimes more cruel than kind, and do we not educate them as if there were nothing but prosperity on earth, and Fortune had all smiles and no frowns? Would not our daughters be nobler women if more of the household utilities were united with the showy graces of their culture, and they were taught to think it a better destiny to share and lighten a true man's hardships than to be pampered by a churl's abundance? Do we not, Americans, sometimes so magnify the term Lady as to forget the better word Woman, and so pet this world's dainty Ladyhood as to slight the true Womanhood that God hath made in his own image? Our sons, too, we belittle and enfeeble by over-indulgence; and even when we devote them to study, we forget that there are two alphabets and two ways of reading. There is an A B C of the spelling-book, and an A B C of nature and life; and he who would read the great book of facts, must read it with a ready hand as well as open eyes. We surely weaken and degrade our sons if we do not bring them from the beginning to be wise and brave and faithful amidst all the changes of fortune—all the ups and downs of life.

THE ACADEMY OF NATURAL SCIENCES OF PHILADELPHIA.

THIS association originated in the social gatherings of a few friends of natural science in the city of Philadelphia. Its founders were John Speakman, a member of the Society of Friends, engaged in business as an apothecary, and Jacob Gilliams, a dentist. These gentlemen were in the habit of meeting Thomas Say and William Bartram at the residence of the latter at Kingsessing, near Philadelphia, and the pleasure and profit resulting from these interviews led to the desire of forming a plan by which reunions of these and other friends of science could be secured at stated intervals.

A meeting was called for this purpose by Messrs. Speakman and Gilliams at the residence of the first named on the evening of January 25, 1812, at which the following persons were present by invitation—Dr. Gerard Troost, Dr. Camillus McMahon Man, Messrs. John Shinn, Jr., Nicholas S. Parmentier. Steps were taken to form an organization, which was perfected on the 21st of March following, and the name of Thomas Say was by general consent added to the number of original members. An upper room was rented, and the collection of books and specimens commenced. Thomas Say was appointed the first Curator.

THOMAS SAY was born in the city of Philadelphia, July 27, 1787. He was the son of Dr. Benjamin Say, a druggist, who introduced him into the same business. He subsequently became associated in business with his friend Speakman. By injudicious endorsements the partnership became involved, and the business brought to a close. Mr. Say afterwards became curator of the Academy. His simple habits of life, while thus occupied, are pleasantly described by Dr. Ruschenberger:

"He resided in the Hall of the Academy, where he made his bed beneath a skeleton of a horse, and fed himself on bread and milk; occasionally he cooked a chop or boiled an egg; but he was wont to regard eating as an inconvenient interruption to scientific pursuits, and often expressed a wish that he had been made with a hole in his side, in which he might deposit, from time to time, the quantity of food requisite for his nourishment. He lived in this manner several years, during which time his food did not cost, on an average, more than twelve cents a day."

In 1818 Mr. Say joined Messrs. Maclure, Ord, and Peale, in a scientific exploration of the islands and coast of Georgia. They visited East Florida for the same purpose; but their progress to the interior was arrested by the hostilities between the people of the United States and the Indians. In 1819–20 he accompanied as chief geologist the expedition headed by Major Long to the Rocky Mountains, and in 1823 to the sources of the St. Peter's river and adjoining country. In 1825 he removed with Maclure and Owen to the New Harmony settlement. He remained after the separation of his two associates as agent of the property, and died of a fever, October 10, 1834.

His chief work is his *American Entomology*, published at Philadelphia in three beautifully illustrated octavo volumes, by S. A. Mitchell, in 1824–5. He also commenced a work on *American Conchology*, six numbers of which were pub-

lished before his death. He was also a frequent contributor to the journal of the Academy and other similar periodicals. A list of his articles by Mr. E. C. Herrick is published in the twenty-seventh volume of the *Am. Journal of Science*.

GERARD TROOST, the first President of the Academy, was born at Bois le Duc, Holland, March 15, 1776. He was educated in his native country, received the degree of Doctor of Medicine at the University of Leyden, and practised for a short time at Amsterdam and the Hague. He then entered the army, where he served at first as a private soldier and afterwards as an officer of the first rank in the medical department. In 1807 he was sent by Louis Buonaparte, then King of Holland, to Paris to pursue his favorite studies in natural science. He there translated into the Dutch language Humboldt's *Aspects of Nature*.

In 1809 he was sent by the King of Holland to Java, on a tour of scientific observation. He took passage from a northern port in an American vessel to escape the British cruisers, proposing to sail to New York and thence to his destination. The vessel was, however, captured by a French privateer, and carried into Dunkirk, where the naturalist was imprisoned until the French government was informed of his position. On his release, he proceeded to Paris, where he obtained a passport for America. He embarked at Rochelle, and arrived at Philadelphia in 1810.

After the abdication of Louis Buonaparte, he determined to make the United States his permanent residence, and turned his chemical knowledge to good account by establishing a manufactory of alum in Maryland.

Dr. Troost resigned the presidency of the Academy in 1817, and was succeeded by Mr. Maclure. He was afterwards, about 1821, appointed the first Professor of Chemistry in the College of Pharmacy at Philadelphia, but resigned in the following year.

In 1825 he joined Owen's community at New Harmony, where he remained until 1827, when he removed to Nashville. In the following year he became professor of Chemistry, Geology, and Mineralogy in the University of that city, and in 1831 Geologist of the state of Tennessee, an office he retained until its abolition in 1849.

Dr. Troost died at Nashville on the 14th of August, 1850. During his presidency the Academy removed, in 1815, to a hall built for its accommodation by Mr. Gilliams, in Gilliams court, Arch street, and placed at its disposal at an annual rent of two hundred dollars.

WILLIAM MACLURE, the successor of Dr. Troost, was born in Scotland in 1763. After acquiring a large fortune by his commercial exertions in London, he established himself about the close of the century in the United States. In 1803 he returned to England as one of a commission appointed to settle claims of American merchants for spoliation committed by France during her revolution.

On his return, he made a geological survey of the United States. "He went forth," says a writer in the *Encyclopædia Americana*,* "with his hammer in his hand, and his wallet on his

shoulder, pursuing his researches in every direction, often amid pathless tracts and dreary solitudes, until he had crossed and recrossed the Alleghany mountains no less than fifty times. He encountered all the privations of hunger, thirst, fatigue, and exposure, month after month, and year after year, until his indomitable spirit had conquered every difficulty and crowned his enterprise with success."

Mr. Maclure published an account of his researches, with a map and other illustrations, in the *Transactions of the American Philosophical Society*, in 1817. It bears date January 20, 1809, and was the first work of the kind undertaken in the United States. Mr. Maclure became a member of the Academy on the sixth of June, 1812, and its president on the thirtieth of December, 1817. He was a munificent benefactor as well as valuable member of the association, his gifts amounting in the aggregate to \$25,000.

One of his favorite plans of public usefulness was the establishment of an University for the study of the natural sciences. Selecting Owen's settlement at New Harmony as the field of his operations, he persuaded Dr. Troost and Messrs. Say and Lesneur to accompany him in 1825 to that place. After the failure of the scheme Mr. Maclure visited Mexico, in the hope of restoring his impaired health, and died at the capital of that country during a second visit, on the 23d of March, 1840.

Mr. Maclure presented over five thousand volumes to the library of the academy, and purchased in Paris the copperplates of several important and costly works on botany and ornithology, with a view to their reproduction in a cheap form in the United States. It is to his liberality thus exerted, that we owe the American edition of Michaux's *Sylva* by Thomas Nuttall.

On the death of Mr. Maclure, Mr. William Hembel became president of the Academy. Mr. Hembel was born at Philadelphia, September 24, 1764. He studied medicine, and served as a volunteer in the medical department of the army in Virginia during a portion of the Revolution, but owing to a deafness which he believed would incapacitate him for duty as a practitioner, refused to apply for the diploma which he was fully qualified to receive. He, however, practised for many years gratuitously among the poor of the city, and was in other respects conspicuous for benevolence. His favorite branch of study was chemistry.

Mr. Hembel resigned his presidency in consequence of advancing infirmity, in December, 1849, and died on the 12th of June, 1851. He was succeeded by Dr. Morton.

SAMUEL GEORGE MORTON was born at Philadelphia in 1799. His father died when he was quite young, and he was placed at a Quaker school by his mother, a member of that society. From this he was removed to a counting-house, but manifesting a distaste for business was allowed to follow the bent of his inclination and study for a profession. That of medicine was the one selected—Quaker tenets tolerating neither priest nor lawyer. After passing through the usual course of preliminary study under the able guidance of the celebrated Dr. Joseph Parrish, he received a diploma, and soon after sailed for Europe,

on a visit to his uncle. He passed two winters in attendance on the medical lectures of the Edinburgh school, and one in a similar manner at Paris, travelling on the Continent during the summer. He returned in 1824, and commenced practice. He had before his departure been made a member of the Academy, and now took an active part in its proceedings. Geology was his favorite pursuit. In 1827 he published an *Analysis of Tabular Spar from Bucks County*; in 1834 *A Synopsis of the Organic Remains of the Cretaceous Group of the United States*; in the same year a medical work, *Illustrations of Palmonary Consumption, its Anatomical Characters, Causes, Symptoms, and Treatment*, with twelve colored plates; and in 1849, *An Illustrated System of Human Anatomy, Special, General, and Microscopic*. During this period he was actively engaged in the duties of his profession, having, in addition to a large private practice, filled the professorship of Anatomy in Pennsylvania College, from 1839 to 1843, and served for several years as one of the physicians and clinical teachers of the Alms-House Hospital.

He commenced in 1830 his celebrated collection of skulls, one of the most important labors of his life. He thus relates its origin:—

"Having had occasion, in the summer of 1830, to deliver an introductory lecture to a course of Anatomy, I chose for my subject *The different Forms of the Skull, as exhibited in the five Races of Men*. Strange to say, I could neither buy nor borrow a cranium of each of these races, and I finished my discourse without showing either the Mongolian or the Malay. Forcibly impressed with this great deficiency in a most important branch of science, I at once resolved to make a collection for myself."

His friends warmly seconded his endeavors, and the collection, increased by the exertions of over one hundred contributors in all parts of the world, soon became large and valuable. At the time of his death it numbered 918 human specimens. It has been purchased by subscription for, and is now deposited in, the Academy, and is by far the finest collection of its kind in existence.

The first use made of the collection by Morton was the preparation of the *Crania Americana*, published in 1839, with finely executed lithographic illustrations. It was during the progress of this work that he became acquainted with George R. Gliddon, of Cairo, in consequence of an application to him for Egyptian skulls. It was followed after the arrival of Mr. Gliddon, in 1842, by an intimate acquaintance, and the publication in 1844 of a large and valuable work, the *Crania Aegyptiaca*.

Morton finally adopted the theory of a diverse origin of the human race, and maintained a controversy on the subject with the Rev. Dr. John Bachman of Charleston.

Dr. Morton died at Philadelphia, after an illness of five days, on the 15th of May, 1851. A selection of his inedited papers was published, with additional contributions from Dr. J. C. Nott and George R. Gliddon, under the title of *Types of Mankind: or Ethnological Researches, based upon the Ancient Monuments, Paintings, Sculptures, and Crania of Races, and upon their Natural, Geographical, Philological, and Bibli-*

cal History. It is prefaced by a memoir of Dr. Morton, to which we are indebted for the materials of this notice.

JOSIAH C. NOTT, the son of the Hon. Abraham Nott, was born in Union District, South Carolina, March 31, 1804. His father removed with his family in the following year to Columbia. After his graduation at the college of South Carolina in 1824, Mr. Nott commenced the study of medicine in Philadelphia, where he received his diploma in 1828. After officiating as demonstrator of Anatomy to Drs. Physick and Hosack for two years, he returned to Columbia, where he remained, engaged in practice, until 1835. A portion of the two succeeding years was passed in professional study abroad. In 1838 he removed to Mobile, Alabama, and in 1868 to New York. In 1848 he published his chief work—*The Biblical and Physical History of Man*. He has also written much on Medical Science, the Natural History of Man, Life Insurance, and kindred topics, for the American Journal of Medical Science, the Charleston Medical Journal, New Orleans Medical Journal, De Bow's Commercial Review, etc. He died at Mobile, March 31, 1873.

MR. GEORGE ORD, the friend, assistant, and biographer of Wilson, himself a distinguished ornithologist, succeeded Dr. Morton.

In 1826 the Academy purchased a building, originally erected as a Swedenborgian place of worship, to which its collections were removed. Their increase, after a few years, rendered enlarged accommodations necessary, and on the 25th of May, 1839, the corner-stone of the building in Broad street, now occupied by the institution, was laid. The first meeting was held in the new hall on the 7th of February, 1840. In 1847 an enlargement became necessary, and was effected.

In 1817 the Society commenced the publication of *The Journal of the Academy of Natural Sciences*. It was published at first monthly, and afterwards continued at irregular intervals until 1842.

In March, 1841, the publication of the *Proceedings of the Academy* was commenced. It is still continued; and up to 1872, twenty-two volumes were published. A second series of the *Journal* was commenced in December, 1847, of which seven volumes have since appeared.

These periodicals are supported by subscriptions, and by the interest on a legacy of two thousand dollars, bequeathed by Mrs. Elizabeth Stott.*

Another periodical was added in 1865, the *American Journal of Conchology*, which has reached its seventh volume. These publications are exchanged with those of two hundred scientific and philosophical institutions throughout the world.

GEORGE ROBINS GLIDDON, who was brought into considerable notice in the United States by his Lectures on Egypt, and his devotion to ethnological studies, was a native of Devonshire, in England. He was born in 1809; was early in life with his father, who held the rank

* Notice of the Origin, Progress, and Present Condition of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia. By W. J. W. Ruschenberger, M. D., Phila. 1852.

of United States Consul at Alexandria; passed twenty-three years in Egypt, part of the time United States Vice-Consul at Cairo, and from that country came to America, where he began a literary career as a lecturer on Egyptian antiquities. His works published in England and the United States are: *An Appeal to the Antiquaries of Europe on the Destruction of the Monuments of Egypt* (1841); *Discourses on Egyptian Archaeology* (the same year); *Otia Egyptiaca* (in 1849); *Ancient Egypt, her Monuments, Hieroglyphics, History, and Archaeology*, the substance of his lectures, a volume which passed through numerous editions. His ethnological researches were published in conjunction with the labors of Dr. Nott of Alabama, in the two works published at Philadelphia, in 1854 and 1859, bearing the comprehensive titles, *Types of Mankind and Indigenous Races of the Earth*, the flippant tone of which in reference to the Sacred Scriptures called forth the strong animadversions of the Right Rev. Dr. Potter, Bishop of Pennsylvania, in the introduction to his lectures on the "Evidences of Christianity." Mr. Gliddon, at the time of his death, was agent, in Central America, of the Honduras Inter-oceanic Railway Company. He died at Panama, November 16, 1857.

** In 1872 the Academy of Natural Sciences obtained an acre of ground at Nineteenth and Race Streets, and on the 30th of October laid the corner-stone of a more commodious building. The new structure is to be built in the collegiate-gothic style, and the northern wing will be the first completed.

The vast extent to which its famous collections have grown, and the needs of scientific investigators at this day, were thus sketched in the address of Dr. Ruschenberger on that occasion:—

Seeking the truths of nature demands an extensive workshop, in which to collect and arrange conveniently for use the numerous implements employed in the work. The implements consist in collections of all those natural objects which have been described, properly classified and labelled, ready for study and comparison with those supposed to be new or not yet described. And also an extensive collection of books, in which are recorded the results of investigations made by naturalists in all parts of the world; for, he who would add to the stock of knowledge in any department of science needs to be acquainted with what is known already in it, or he may find himself laboring to discover what has been ascertained. A museum and library, chemical apparatus, and microscopes constitute the machinery necessary to facilitate and guide his labors. Such a museum and library and laboratory, in such condition as to be utilized by the naturalist, require large space. And this demand for space increases with the progress of our knowledge.

The academy now possesses more than 6000 minerals, 700 rocks, 65,000 fossils, 70,000 species of plants, 1000 species of zoophytes, 2000 species of crustaceans, 500 species of myriapods and arachnidans, 25,000 species of insects, 20,000 species of shell-bearing mollusks, 2000 species of fishes, 800 species of reptiles, 31,000 birds, with the nests of 200 and the eggs of 1500 species, 1000

mammals, and nearly 900 skeletons and pieces of osteology. Most of the species are represented by four or five specimens, so that, including the archaeological and ethnological cabinets, space is required now for the arrangement of not less than 400,000 objects, besides the library of more than 22,500 volumes.

Besides space enough in our workshop to appropriately arrange the vast number of implements, room is desired for a separate and distinct arrangement of all objects necessary to illustrate the natural history of the State of Pennsylvania, as well as a suitable room in which lectures on the natural sciences may be delivered.

JOHN H. SHEPPARD.

MR. JOHN H. SHEPPARD, librarian from 1861–8, of the New England Historical and Genealogical Society, is a native of England, born at Cirencester, Gloucestershire, in 1789. His parents emigrated to America about 1793, settled in Hallowell, Maine, where the son was prepared for Harvard by Samuel Moody, the faithful preceptor of the town academy. His collegiate course was cut short in the junior year by lack of pecuniary means, when he eagerly engaged in the study of the law, was admitted to the bar in Maine, in 1810, and in 1817 was appointed Register of Probate for Lincoln County, Maine, an office which he held for seventeen years. In 1842 he removed to Boston, where he has since resided. In 1867, the University placed his name among the graduates of 1808.

Mr. Sheppard, whose legal official duties were a useful training for antiquarian pursuits, has distinguished himself by his contributions to the *New England Historical and Genealogical Register*, the valuable journal of the Society of which he is the librarian. An address, with an accompanying ode, which he delivered at the recent Tercentenary Celebration of the Birthday of Shakspeare by the Society at Boston, has been published. It displays his taste and reading; for the author is an accomplished *belles-lettres* student, and a proficient in the ancient and modern languages. He is a prominent member of the Masonic fraternity, and has delivered various orations before the lodges of Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont—including a *Defence of Masonry* in 1831—several of which have been published.

** Mr. Sheppard has recently published two works which exhibit his antiquarian tastes and thoroughness of research. These are: *Reminiscences of the Vaughan Family, and more particularly of Benjamin Vaughan, LL. D.*, read before the New England Historic-Genealogical Society, Boston, and published in 1865 (8vo., pp. 40); and *The Life of Samuel Tucker, Commodore in the American Revolution*, (12mo., pp. 384, 1868). Of Commodore Tucker, his hero, it has been said that he took more guns from the enemy during the Revolutionary war than any other commander. The work exhibits wide research, while its descriptions are graphic and picturesque. He died in Boston, June 25, 1873.

JOHN C. FREMONT.

JOHN CHARLES FREMONT is the son of a French emigrant gentleman, who married a Virginia

lady. He was born in South Carolina, January, 1813. His father dying when he was four years old, the care of his education devolved upon his mother. He advanced so rapidly in his studies that he was graduated at the Charleston College at the age of seventeen. After passing a short time in teaching mathematics, by which he was enabled to contribute to the support of his mother and family, he devoted himself to civil engineering with such success that he obtained an appointment in the government expedition for the survey of the head waters of the Mississippi, and was afterwards employed at Washington in drawing maps of the country visited. He next proposed to the Secretary of War to make an exploration across the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific. The plan was approved, and in 1842, with a small company of men, he explored and opened to commerce and emigration the great South Pass. In his Report, published by government on his return, he portrayed the natural features, climate, and productions of the region through which he had passed, with great fulness and clearness. His adventures were also described in a graphic and animated style; and the book, though a government report, was very widely circulated, and has since been reprinted by publishers in this country and England, and translated into various foreign languages. Stimulated by his success and love of adventure, he soon after planned an expedition to Oregon. Not satisfied with his discoveries in approaching the mountains by a new route, crossing their summits below the South Pass, visiting the Great Salt Lake and effecting a junction with the surveying party of the Exploring Expedition, he determined to change his course on his return. With but twenty-five companions, without a guide, and in the face of approaching winter, he entered a vast unknown region. The exploration was one of peril, and was carried through with great hardship and suffering, and some loss of life. No tidings were received from the party for nine months, while, travelling thirty-five hundred miles in view of, or over perpetual snows, they made known the region of Alta California, including the Sierra Nevada, the valleys of San Joaquin and Sacramento, the gold region, and almost the whole surface of the country. Fremont returned to Washington in August, 1844. He wrote a Report of his second expedition, which he left as soon as completed in the printer's hands, to depart on a third, the object of which was, the examination in detail of the Pacific coast, and the result, the acquisition of California by the United States. He took part in some of the events of the Mexican war, and at its close, owing to a difficulty with two American commanders, was deprived of his commission by a court-martial, and sent home a prisoner. His commission was restored on his arrival at Washington, by the President, and he soon after again started for California on a private exploration, to determine the best route to the Pacific. On the Sierra San Juan one third of his force of thirty-three men, with a number of mules, was frozen to death; and their brave leader, after great hardships, arrived at Santa Fe on foot, and destitute of everything. The expedition was refitted and reinforced, and Fremont started again,

and in a hundred days, after penetrating through and sustaining conflicts with Indian tribes, reached the Sacramento. The judgment of the military court was reversed, the valuable property acquired during his former residence secured, and the State of California returned her pioneer explorer to Washington as her first senator in 1850.

Colonel Fremont married a daughter of the Hon. Thomas H. Benton. He has, during the recesses of Congress, continued his explorations at his private cost and toil, in search of the best railway route to the Pacific.

The Reports to Government of his expeditions, and the superb edition of *Fremont's Explorations* (1859), have been the only publications of Col. Fremont; but these, from the exciting nature, public interest, and national importance of their contents, combined with the clear and animated mode of their presentation, have sufficed to give him a place as author as well as traveller.

** In 1856, Col. Fremont was defeated for the Presidency by the late James Buchanan. During the war for the Union, he repeatedly placed his sword at the service of his country, and held the rank of major-general in the regular army. In recent years, he has advocated the claims of a southern railroad to the Pacific.

JAMES NACK.

JAMES NACK holds a well nigh solitary position in literature, as one, who deprived from childhood of the faculties of hearing and speech, has yet been able not only to acquire by education a full enjoyment of the intellectual riches of the race, but to add his own contribution to the vast treasury. He was born in the city of New York, the son of a merchant, who by the loss of his fortune in business was unable to afford him many educational advantages. The want was, however, supplied by the care of a sister, who taught the child to read before he was four years old. The activity of his mind and ardent thirst for knowledge carried him rapidly forward from this point, until in his ninth year an accident entailed upon him a life-long misfortune.

As he was carrying a little playfellow in his arms down a flight of steps his foot slipped; to recover himself he caught hold of a heavy piece of furniture, which falling upon him injured his head so severely, that he lay for several hours without sign of life, and for several weeks mentally unconscious. When he recovered it was found that the organs of sound were irrevocably destroyed. The loss of hearing was gradually followed by that of speech. He was placed as soon as possible in the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, where the interrupted course of his mental training was soon resumed. He showed great aptitude for the acquirement of knowledge, and an especial facility in the mastery of foreign languages. After leaving the institution he continued, with the aid of the few books he possessed, a private course of study.

He had for some time before this written occasional poems, of one of which, *The Blue Eyed Maid*, he had given a copy to a friend, who handed it to his father, Mr. Abraham Asten. That gentleman was so much struck by its pro-

mise, that he sought other specimens of the author's skill. These confirming his favorable impressions, he introduced the young poet to several literary gentlemen of New York, under whose auspices a volume of his poems, written between his fourteenth and seventeenth years, was published. It was received with favor by critics and the public. Mr. Nack soon after became an assistant in the office of Mr. Asten, then clerk of the city and county. In 1838 he married, and in 1839 published his second volume, *Earl Rupert and other Tales and Poems*, with a memoir of the author, by Mr. Prosper M. Wetmore.

** In 1859 appeared his *Romance of the Ring, and other Poems*, chiefly on domestic topics, and with an introductory memoir by the late George P. Morris.

THE OLD CLOCK.

Two Yankee wags, one summer day,
Stopped at a tavern on their way,
Supped, frolicked, late retired to rest,
And woke to breakfast on the best.

The breakfast over, Tom and Will
Sent for the landlord and the bill;
Will looked it over; "Very right—
But hold! what wonder meets my sight!
Tom! the surprise is quite a shock!"—

"What wonder! where?"—"The clock! the clock!"

Tom and the landlord in amaze
Stared at the clock with stupid gaze,
And for a moment neither spoke;
At last the landlord silence broke—

"You mean the clock that's ticking there?
I see no wonder I declare;
Though may be, if the truth were told,
'Tis rather ugly—somewhat old;
Yet time it keeps to half a minute;
But, if you please, what wonder's in it?"

"Tom; don't you recollect," said Will,
"The clock at Jersey near the mill,
The very image of this present,
With which I won the wager pleasant?"
Will ended with a knowing wink—
Tom scratched his head and tried to think.
"Sir, begging pardon for inquiring,"
The landlord said, with grin admiring,
"What wager was it?"

"You remember
It happened, Tom, in last December,
In sport I bet a Jersey Blue
That it was more than he could do,
To make his finger go and come
In keeping with the pendulum,
Repeating, till one hour should close,
Still, '*Here she goes—and there she goes!*'—
He lost the bet in half a minute."

"Well, if *I* would, the deuce is in it!"
Exclaimed the landlord; "try me yet,
And fifty dollars be the bet,"
"Agreed, but we will play some trick
To make you of the bargain sick!"
"I'm up to that!"

"Don't make us wait,
Begin. The clock is striking eight."
He seats himself, and left and right
His finger wags with all its might,
And hoarse his voice, and hoarser grows,
With—"*here she goes—and there she goes!*"

"Hold!" said the Yankee, "plank the ready!"
The landlord wagged his finger steady,
While his left hand, as well as able,
Conveyed a purse upon the table.
"Tom, with the money let's be off!"
This made the landlord only scoff;
He heard them running down the stair,
But was not tempted from his chair;
Thought he, "the fools! I'll bite them yet!
So poor a trick shan't win the bet."
And loud and loud the chorus rose
Of, "*here she goes—and there she goes!*"
While right and left his finger swung,
In keeping to his clock and tongue.

His mother happened in, to see
Her daughter; "where is Mrs. B——?
When will she come, as you suppose?
Son!"

"*Here she goes—and there she goes!*"

"Here!—where?"—the lady in surprise
His finger followed with her eyes;
"Son, why that steady gaze and sad?
Those words—that motion—are you mad?
But here's your wife—perhaps she knows
And"

"*Here she goes—and there she goes!*"

His wife surveyed him with alarm,
And rushed to him and seized his arm;
He shook her off, and to and fro
His fingers persevered to go,
While curled his very nose with ire,
That *she* against him should conspire,
And with more furious tone arose
The, "*here she goes—and there she goes!*"

"Lawks!" screamed the wife, "I'm in a whirl!"
Run down and bring the little girl;
She is his darling, and who knows
But"—

"*Here she goes—and there she goes!*"

"Lawks! he is mad! what made him thus?
Good Lord! what will become of us?
Run for a doctor—run—run—run—
For Doctor Brown and Doctor Dun,
And Doctor Black, and Doctor White,
And Doctor Grey, with all your might."

The doctors came and looked and wondered,
And shook their heads, and paused and pondered,
'Till one proposed he should be bled,

"No—leeches you mean"—the other said—
"Clap on a blister," roared another,
"No—cup him"—"no—trepan him, brother!"
A sixth would recommend a purge,
The next would an emetic urge,
The eighth, just come from a dissection,
His verdict gave for an injection;
The last produced a box of pills,
A certain cure for earthly ills;
"I had a patient yesternight,"
Quoth he, "and wretched was her plight,
And as the only means to save her,
Three dozen patent pills I gave her,
And by to-morrow I suppose
That"—

"*Here she goes—and there she goes!*"

"You all are fools," the lady said,
"The way is, just to shave his head.
Run, bid the barber come anon!"—
"Thanks, mother," thought her clever son,
"You help the knaves that would have bit me,
But all creation shan't outwit me!"
Thus to himself, while to and fro
His finger perseveres to go,

And from his lip no accent flows
But "here she goes—and there she goes!"

The barber came—"Lord help him! what
A queerish customer I've got;
But we must do our best to save him—
So hold him, gemmen, while I shave him!"
But here the doctors interpose—

"A woman never"—

"There she goes!"

"A woman is no judge of physic,
Not even when her baby is sick.
He must be bled"—"no—no—a blister"—

"A purge you mean"—"I say a clyster"—

"No—cup him—"leech him—"pills! pills!
pills!"

And all the house the uproar fills.

What means that smile? what means that shiver!
The landlord's limbs with rapture quiver,
And triumph brightens up his face—
His finger yet shall win the race!
The clock is on the stroke of nine—
And up he starts—"Tis mine! 'tis mine!"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean the fifty!"

I never spent an hour so thrifty;
But you, who tried to make me lose,
Go, burst with envy, if you choose!
But how is this? where are they?"

"Who?"

"The gentlemen—I mean the two
Came yesterday—are they below?"

"They galloped off an hour ago."

"Oh, purge me! blister! shave and bleed!
For, hang the knaves, I'm mad indeed!"

FRANCIS BOWEN,

PROFESSOR of Moral Philosophy in Harvard College, and late editor of the North American Review, was born in Charlestown, Massachusetts. He became a graduate at Cambridge in 1833, and from 1835 to 1839 was tutor in the institution in the department which he now occupies, of Philosophy and Political Economy. He subsequently occupied himself exclusively with literary pursuits, while he continued his residence at Cambridge. In 1842 he published *Critical Essays on the History and Present Condition of Speculative Philosophy*; and in the same year an edition of Virgil, for the use of schools and colleges. In January, 1843, he became editor of the North American Review, and discharged the duties of this position till the close of 1853, when the work passed into the hands of its next editor, Mr. A. P. Peabody. During the latter portion of his editorship of the Review, Mr. Bowen's articles on the Hungarian question attracted considerable attention by their opposition to the popular mode of looking upon the subject under the influences of the Kossuth agitation.

In the winter of 1848 and 1849 Mr. Bowen delivered before the Lowell Institute in Boston a series of *Lectures on the Application of Metaphysical and Ethical Science to the Evidences of Religion*. Ten years later followed a course on the *English Metaphysicians and Philosophers*.

Mr. Bowen is also the author of several volumes of American Biography in Mr. Sparks's series, including Lives of Sir William Phipps, Baron Steuben, James Otis, and General Benjamin Lincoln.

In 1853 Mr. Bowen accepted the chair at Harvard, of Natural Theology, Moral Philosophy, and Political Economy which he still fills, (1873).

**The later works of Prof. Bowen comprise: *Documents of the Constitution of England and America*, 1854; *Principles of Political Economy Applied to the Conditions, Resources, and the Institutions of the American People*, 1856; *A Treatise on Logic, or The Laws of Pure Thought*, 1864; *American Political Economy: including Remarks on the Management of the Currency, and the Finances, since the Outbreak of the War of the Great Rebellion*, 1870.

JOHN MILTON MACKIE,

THE author of a life of Leibnitz and other works, was born in 1813, in Wareham, Plymouth county, Massachusetts. He was educated at Brown University, where he was graduated in 1832, and where he was subsequently a tutor from 1834 to 1838.

His writings, in their scholarship, variety, and spirit, exhibit the accomplished man of letters. In 1845 he published a *Life of Godfrey William Von Leibnitz*, on the basis of the German work of Dr. G. E. Guhrauer. This was followed in 1848 by a contribution to American history in a volume of Mr. Sparks's series of biography, a *Life of Samuel Gorton, one of the first settlers in Warwick, Rhode Island*.

J. Milton Mackie

In 1855 Mr. Mackie published a volume of clever sketches, the result of a portion of a European tour, entitled *Cosas de España; or, Going to Madrid via Barcelona*. It was a successful work in a field where several American travellers, as Irving, Mackenzie, Cushing, Wallis, and others, have gathered distinguished laurels. Mr. Mackie treats the objects of his tour with graphic, descriptive talent, and a happy vein of individual humor.

Mr. Mackie has been a contributor to Putnam's Magazine, where, in December, 1854, he published a noticeable article entitled "Forty Days in a Western Hotel;" and also to the leading reviews.

Mr. Mackie, in 1856, published, in Boston, a *Life of Schamyl, and a Narrative of the Circassian War of Independence against Russia*. The interest of this well-written volume of extensive research, clear in its statement and picturesque in its details, may be judged of from the brief preface of the writer. "The principal authors," he says, "who have recently written on Circassia, are Bodenstedt, Moritz Wagner, Marlinski, Dubois de Montpereux, Hommaire de Hell, Taillander, Marigny, Golovin, Bell, Longworth, Spencer, Knight, Cameron, Ditson; and from their pages chiefly has been filled the easel, with the colors of which I have endeavored to paint the following picture of a career of heroism nowise inferior to that of the most famous champions of classical antiquity, of a war of independence such as may not improperly be compared with the most glorious struggles recorded in the annals of liberty, and of a state

of society perhaps the most romantic and the most nearly resembling that described in the songs of Homer which the progress of civilization has now left for the admiration of mankind." The following year, in 1856, Mr. Mackie was attracted by another hero, of a region farther to the East, whose somewhat shadowy career, uniting personal enthusiasm with a great national movement, offered a piquant subject for the imagination. *A Life of Tai-Ping-Wang, Chief of the Chinese Insurrection*, published by Messrs. Dix, Edwards & Co., in New York, was the result of this new study. The book was, of course, dependent upon such materials as were at hand at the time. These, which were diligently employed by the author, were the English journals published in China and the official Pekin Gazette; the letters of missionaries, Protestant and Roman Catholic; the correspondence of Mr. H. Marshall, Commissioner of the United States to China, published by Congress; and other incidental sources in foreign religious journals and other quarters. The result of all this reading was an attractive volume, marked by the interesting qualities of the author's style, a neatness of expression, and, where the topic admits of it, an undercurrent of quiet humor.

In 1864, Mr. Mackie published a series of sketches of travel in the Southern portions of the United States and the West Indies, entitled, *From Cupe Cod to Dixie and the Tropics*. The style is graphic, and loosely covering a vein of serious and profitable reflection. In his preface, the author says, in reference to the time of publication, the third year of the war of the rebellion, "It may not be ill-timed to give to the press an account of a pleasure journey, made, in part, through the Southern States; and a portion of which may serve as a memento of the happy days when there existed between the inhabitants of the Northern and Southern sections of the country a free interchange of services and hospitalities. It is, indeed, the great business of the nation, at the present crisis, to bring back to the Union, by force of arms, its erring, misguided members; but, while we of the North are intent on subduing them, there is a satisfaction in showing that we neither hate nor despise them; and I am happy to contribute my humble mite in proof that we cherish pleasant reminiscences of our former friendship, and shall be ready, on the restoration of peace, to give to the returning States every right and privilege consistent with the safety, dignity, and welfare of the united Republic."

HOLIDAYS AT BARCELONA—FROM COSAS DE ESPAÑA.

Spanish life is pretty well filled up with holidays. The country is under the protection of a better-filled calendar of saints than any in Christendom, Italy, perhaps, excepted. But these guardians do not keep watch and ward for naught: they have each their "solid day" annually set apart for them, or, at least, their afternoon, wherein to receive adoration and tribute money. The poor Spaniard is kept nearly half the year on his knees. His prayers cost him his *pesetas*, too; for, neither the saints will intercede nor the priests will absolve, except for cash. But his time spent in ceremonies, the Spaniard counts as nothing. The fewer days the laborer has to work, the

happier is he. These are the dull prose of an existence essentially poetic. On holidays, on the contrary, the life of the lowest classes runs as smoothly as verses. If the poor man's *porron* only be well filled with wine, he can trust to luck and the saints for a roll of bread and a few onions. Free from care, he likes, three days in the week, to put on his best—more likely, his only bib-and-tucker—and go to mass, instead of field or wharf duty. He is well pleased at the gorgeous ceremonies of his venerable mother-church: at the sight of street processions, with crucifix and sacramental canopy, and priests in cloth of purple and of gold. The spectacle also of the gay promenading, the music, the parade and mimic show of war, the free theatres, the bull-fights, the streets hung with tapestry, and the town hall's front adorned with a flaming full length of Isabella the Second—these constitute the brilliant passages in the epic of his life. Taking no thought for the morrow after the holiday, he is wiser than a philosopher, and enjoys the golden hours as they fly. Indeed, he can well afford to do so; for, in his sunny land of corn and wine, the common necessities of life are procured with almost as little toil as in the bread-fruit islands of the Pacific.

All the Spaniard's holidays are religious festivals. There is no Fourth of July in his year. His mirth, accordingly, is not independent and profane, like the Yankee's. Being more accustomed also to playtime, he is less tempted to fill it up with excesses. It is in the order of his holiday to go, first of all, to church; and a certain air of religious decorum is carried along into all the succeeding amusements. Neither is his the restless, capering enjoyment of the Frenchman, who begins and ends his holidays with dancing; nor the chattering hilarity of the Italian, who goes beside himself over a few roasted chestnuts and a monkey. The Spaniard wears a somewhat graver face. His happiness requires less muscular movement. To stand wrapped in his cloak, statue-like, in the public square; to sit on sunny bank, or beneath shady bower, is about as much activity as suits his dignity. Only the sound of castanets can draw him from his propriety; and the steps of the *fandango* work his brain up to intoxication. Spanish festal-time, accordingly, is like the hazy, dreamy, voluptuous days of the Indian summer, when the air is as full of calm as it is of splendor, and when the pulses of Nature beat full, but feverless.

The holiday is easily filled up with pleasures. The peasant has no more to do than to throw back his head upon the turf, and tantalize his dissolving mouth by holding over it the purple clusters, torn from overhanging branches. The beggar lies down against a wall, and counts into the hand of his companion the pennies they have to spend together during the day—unconscious the while that the sand of half its hours has already run out. The village-beauty twines roses in her hair, and looks out of the window, happy to see the gay-jacketed youngsters go smirking and ogling by. The belles of the town lean over their flower balconies, chatting with neighbors, and raining glances on the throng of admirers who promenade below. Town and country wear their holiday attire with graceful, tranquil joy. Only from the cafes of the one, and the *ventorillos* of the other, may perchance be heard the sounds of revelry; where the guitar is thrummed with a gaiety not heard in serenades; where the violin leads youthful feet a round of pleasures, too fast for sureness of footing; and where the claque of the castanets rings out merrily above laugh and song, firing the heart with passions which comport not well with Castilian gravity.

** THE LOWER MISSISSIPPI — FROM CAPE COD TO DIXIE.

The weather, after my departure from Mobile, became warmer, and, in fact, perfectly tropical. Sunshine perpetual, or effulgent moonlight, accompanied me all the way across the azure gulf; but on the bar of the Mississippi a fog came out of the north, with rain, and wind, and cold, and thunder and lightning. Climate and clothing, I made a change of both on this bar. I was let down out of heaven and stuck in the mud in one and the same moment. During the voyage, our steamer had managed to attain a speed of eight knots the hour; but here, with her keel three feet deep in the sand and slime of the river, she made only about eight inches. How, for half a day, her paddles made the yellow porridge of the Mississippi boil! The wonder was that she got through into deep water even at the end of that time. Doubtless there was a snail at her stern helping her.

Charming sight it was to look upon the banks of black mud, barely rising above the level of the waters, and somewhat resembling huge leviathans lying at anchor, or alligators asleep on the surface. It would have reminded one who had been a passenger in Noah's ark of the appearance of the world the morning after the Deluge. Only, instead of doves bringing olive branches, there was but the flight of a few lazy sea gulls. Gradually, however, this primeval aspect of things gave place to that of the dry and solid earth. From mud islands, we came to others covered with reeds and rushes. Next succeeded the wild grasses. Blackbirds and buzzards shared the sky with the sea gulls. Then appeared the mammalia, wild hogs, half-tamed horses, cows browsing in pastures which lay a foot deep under water, and, finally, man — that is to say, the fisherman, in a hut built on piles. Here, also, dwelt the lighthouse keeper, and, strange to say, the worker of the telegraph. The quarantine ground — I might almost say water — came into view a little later, being wellnigh submerged, and looking like a pet nursery of fever and pestilence. I was strongly tempted to inquire of the doctor respecting the health of his own family, and express an affectionate hope that he himself had not an ague; for the man was thin in the cheeks, and sallow, and, in fact, looked quite ashamed of performing the duty of feeling anybody's pulse on board the steamer. I also wished to congratulate him on his boat; as, in case the river should rise still a little higher, it might be the saving of himself and his household.

Every inhabitant of this part of the river, I afterward observed, was the owner of a similar boat, which he used for rowing himself about his small estate, and fishing for snappers in his fields, when the water was too deep to dig potatoes. The dwellings all had the appearance of being bath-houses; built, in the lower part of the river, of logs, and thatched; higher up the stream, shingled; and, higher still, slated. But near the mouth, I could hardly have believed it a Christian land we were entering, had we not pretty soon come to a fort. This was an unmistakable evidence of civilization, and the extensive orange plantations, which afterward began to peep out of the primeval forests skirting the river side, still more favored the idea that we were entering the gates of a great country.

The quantity of driftwood in the stream was an indication, to be sure, of interminable forests higher up on its banks; but, on the other hand,

the numerous floating casks, barrels, and bottles, proved that we were approaching some large emporium of commerce. Might it not also be the seat of a prodigal luxury, a city flowing not only with milk and honey, but with ready-made cobbles and cocktails? For the yellow, foaming river really seemed to be running with egg-nogg — and it certainly did not run straight.

CHARLES F. BRIGGS.

Mr. Briggs is a native of Nantucket. He has been for many years a resident of the city of New York, and has been during the greater part of the period connected with the periodical press.

In 1845 he commenced the *Broadway Journal* with the late Edgar A. Poe, by whom it was continued after Mr. Briggs's retirement. He has also been connected with the New York Times and the *Evening Mirror*. He published in this journal a series of letters, chiefly on the literary affectations of the day, written in a vein of humorous extravaganzas, and purporting to be from the pen of Fernando Mendez Pinto.

In 1839 he published a novel, *The Adventures of Harry Franco, a Tale of the Great Panic*. This was followed by *The Haunted Merchant*, 1843, and *The Trippings of Tom Pepper, or the Results of Romancing*, 1847. The scene of these novels is laid in the city of New York at the present day. They present a humorous picture of various phases of city life, and frequently display the satirical vein of the writer.

Mr. Briggs is the author of a number of felicitous humorous tales and sketches, contributed to the *Knickerbocker* and other magazines. He has also written a few poetical pieces, several of which have appeared in *Putnam's Monthly Magazine*, with which he has been connected as editor. Others are published in a choice volume of selections, *Seaweeds from the Shores of Nantucket*.

One of his most successful productions is a little story, published in pamphlet form, with the title, *Working a Passage; or, Life in a Liner*. It gives an account of a voyage to Liverpool in the literal vein of a description from the fore-castle. In 1858 appeared his *History of the Atlantic Telegraph Cable*.

AN INTERRUPTED BANQUET—FROM LIFE IN A LINER.

Among the luxuries which the captain had provided for himself and passengers was a fine green turtle, which was not likely to suffer from exposure to salt water, so it was reserved, until all the pigs, and sheep, and poultry had been eaten. A few days before we arrived, it was determined to kill the turtle and have a feast the next day. Our cabin gentlemen had been long enough deprived of fresh meats to make them cast liquorish glances towards their hard-skinned friend, and there was a great smacking of lips the day before he was killed. As I walked aft occasionally I heard them congratulating themselves on their prospective turtle-soup and forcemeat balls; and one of them, to heighten the luxury of the feast, ate nothing but a dry biscuit for twenty-four hours, that he might be able to devour his full share of the unctuous compound. It was to be a gala day with them; and though it was not champagne day, that falling on Saturday and this on Friday, they agreed to have champagne a day in advance, that nothing should be wanting to give a finish to their turtle. It happened to be a rougher day than

usual when the turtle was cooked, but they had become too well used to the motion of the ship to mind that. It happened to be my turn at the wheel the hour before dinner, and I had the tantalizing misery of hearing them laughing and talking about their turtle, while I was hungry from want of dry bread and salt meat. I had resolutely kept my thoughts from the cabin during all the passage but once, and now I found my ideas clustering round a tureen of turtle in spite of all my philosophy. Confound them, if they had gone out of my hearing with their exulting snacks, I would not have envied their soup, but their hungry glee so excited my imagination that I could see nothing through the glazing of the binnacle but a white plate with a slice of lemon on the rim, a loaf of delicate bread, a silver spoon, a napkin, two or three wine glasses of different hues and shapes, and a water goblet clustering around it, and a stream of black, thick, and fragrant turtle pouring into the plate. By and by it was four bells; they dined at three. And all the gentlemen, with the captain at their head, darted below into the cabin, where their mirth increased when they caught sight of the soup plates. "Hurry with the soup, steward," roared the captain. "Coming, sir," replied the steward. The cook opened the door of his galley, and out came the delicious steam of the turtle, such as people often inhale, and step across the street of a hot afternoon to avoid, as they pass by Delmonico's in South William Street. Then came the steward with a large covered tureen in his hand, towards the cabin gangway. I forgot the ship for a moment in looking at this precious cargo, the wheel slipped from my hands, the ship broached to with a sudden jerk, the steward had got only one foot upon the stairs, when this unexpected motion threw him off his balance and down he went by the run, the tureen slipped from his hands, and part of its contents flew into the lee scuppers, and the balance followed him in his fall.

I laughed outright. I enjoyed the turtle a thousand times more than I should have done if I had eaten the whole of it. But I was forced to restrain my mirth, for the next moment the steward ran upon deck, followed by the captain in a furious rage, threatening if he caught him to throw him overboard. Not a spoonful of the soup had been left in the coppers, for the steward had taken it all away at once to keep it warm. In about an hour afterwards the passengers came upon deck, looking more sober than I had seen them since we left Liverpool. They had dined upon cold ham.

SIASCONSET.

Again to thee, O surf-encircled strand,
Enamored still my thoughts will turn; once more,
Dear Siasconset, by thy foam-clad shore,
Leaving in thought this tree-encumbered land,
How well I love to tread thy arid sand,
And listen to thy waves' sonorous roar,
Or watch old Pollock's back, all crested hoar,
And the wild waters hissing fierce and grand!
O pebbly beach! O Sankoty! O Sea!
And ye whose names are linked with these, how oft
In mid-day musings and in midnight dreams,
In visions bright, have ye been seen by me,
When my free spirit has been borne aloft!
And when I rhyme, shall ye not be my themes?

COATUE.

Seated where summer winds and bird and bee
Tread with their gentle feet on opening flowers,

—The fairest spot in this fair world of ours,—
My thoughts, deserting bird and flower and tree,
Have taken ship, and boldly steered to sea,
Where never yet were meads or bowers,
To brighten in the sun, or summer's showers,—
To where the winds are salt, but wild and free:
There, by my fancy's aid, I step once more,
With naked limbs, all dripping wet with brine,
And joyous leap, Coatue, upon thy shore,
As oft I leaped in days a little yore.
O bleak Coatue! would that the lot were mine
In thy clear waves to bathe my limbs once more!

CHRISTOPHER PEARSE CRANCH.

C. P. CRANCH, a son of Chief Justice Cranch, was born at Alexandria, in the District of Columbia, March 8, 1813. After being graduated at the Columbian College, Washington, in 1831, he studied divinity at Cambridge University, and preached for six or seven years. In 1844 he published a volume of *Poems* at Philadelphia. It is marked by a quiet, thoughtful vein of spiritual meditation, and an artist's sense of beauty. His later poems are to be found in the leading magazines, chiefly *Putnam's*, the *Galaxy*, and the *Atlantic*.

Mr. Cranch has for a number of years past devoted himself to landscape painting, and has secured a prominent position in that branch of art.

** Mr. Cranch has written and illustrated, in later years, two imaginative tales for children: *The Last of the Huggermuggers*, 1856; and its sequel, *Kobboltozo*, 1857. His last work, however, is the one best fitted to perpetuate his reputation: *The Æneid of Virgil Translated into English Blank Verse*, 1872. This is a companion volume in that rare series of epic translations, by Longfellow, Bryant, and Bayard Taylor, to which may be added the *Vita Nuova* of Dante by Charles Eliot Norton, which constitute the past six years a memorable epoch in American literature.

In this translation Mr. Cranch has aimed to make as literal and concise a version, in pure idiomatic English, as a metrical form would allow, and to make that version a poem, having the spirit of the original. In these high aims he has excelled his chief predecessors, Dryden and Prof. Conington, whose fidelity was weakened by the necessities of rhyme. A competent critic, who appreciates the subtle insight and grace of expression possessed by this translator as peculiarly adapted for rendering the tender imaginativeness of Virgil, declares: "His work is not only a splendid memorial of his own genius, but a worthy representation of the immortal Roman bard."^{7*}

THE BOUQUET.

She has brought me flowers to deck my room,
Of sweetest sense and brilliancy;
She knew not that she was the while
The fairest flower of all to me.
Since her soft eyes have looked on them,
What tenderer beauties in them dwell!
Since her fair hands have placed them there,
O how much sweeter do they smell!
Beside my inkstand and my books
They bloom in perfume and in light:

* New York Weekly Tribune, January 8, 1873.

A voice amid my lonesomeness,
A shining star amid my night.

The storm beats down upon the roof,
But in this room glide summer hours,
Since she, the fairest flower of all,
Has garlanded my heart with flowers.

****EXTRACTS FROM THE ÆNEID.**

THE TYRIAN BANQUET.

As thus she spoke,
She leads Æneas to the royal courts;
And in the temples of the gods, commands
A sacrifice. Meanwhile, with no less care,
Down to the sea-shore twenty bulls she sends,
A hundred bristly backs of full-grown swine,
And of fat lambs a hundred, with their dams.
Such were her gifts, for joyous feasts designed.
But all the interior palace is arranged
With splendor and with regal luxury,
And banquets are prepared, and draperies
Of purple dye, elaborately wrought;
And on the tables massive silver shines,
And records of ancestral deeds, engraved
In gold, in a long series of events
Traced step by step from ancient lineage down.

Æneas — for a father's love forbade
His mind repose — the swift Achates sends
Back to the ships, to bear to Ascanius
The tidings, and to lead him to the city.
In his Ascanius centres all his care.
Gifts too, that from the wreck of Troy were
snatched,

He orders him to bring; a mantle stiff
With figures and with gold; also a veil
With saffron-hued acanthus broidered round; —
The Grecian Helen's ornaments, the rare
And wondrous gifts her mother Leda gave,
And which her daughter from Mycenæ brought
To Troy, seeking illicit marriage rites.
Also the sceptre Iliene once had borne,
Eldest of Priam's daughters; — and with these
A beaded necklace, and a diadem
Double with gems and gold. Hastening for these,
Achates to the ships pursued his way.

* * * * *

And now Æneas, now the Trojan youths
Assemble, and on purple couches lie.
Then water for their hands the servants bring,
And bread from baskets, and around supply
Towels with nap well shorn. Within are seen
Fifty maid-servants, who in long array
Attend the hearths, and with burnt sacrifice
Enlarge the influence of the household gods;
A hundred others too, of equal age,
Who serve the dishes, and who fill the cups.
And crowds of Tyrians also come, and throng
The festive rooms, invited to recline
Upon the embroidered couches. Much they admire
The gifts Æneas brought; Iulus too,
The glowing beauty of the godlike face,
And simulated speech; the cloak, the veil
With saffron-hued acanthus broidered round.
But the Phœnician queen, all dedicate
To passion fraught with coming misery,
With soul insatiate burns, and gazes long,
Moved by the boy and by his gifts alike.
He, having hung about Æneas' neck,
Locked in a fond embrace, and the deep love
Of his false father satisfied, then seeks
The queen; she with her eyes and all her heart
Clings to him, fondles him upon her lap; —

Nor knows, unhappy one, how great the god
Who presses on her breast. He, mindful of
His Acidalian mother, by degrees
Begins to abolish all the memory
Of her Sychæus, and with living love
Preoccupy the mind long since unmoved,
And unaccustomed motions of her heart.

When in the feast there came a pause, the plates
Removed, large bowls are set, the wines are
crowned;

The rooms are filled with noise; the spacious halls
Resound with voices. From the ceilings high
O'erlaid with gold, hang lighted lamps, and night
Is vanquished by the torches blaze. And now
The queen demands a bowl heavy with gems
And gold, and fills it high with unmixed wine,
As Belus did, and his descendants all.
Then silence hushed the rooms, while thus the
queen: —

“O Jove, — for thou, 'tis said, dost give the laws
Of guests and hosts alike, — be it thy will,
That this may be a joyful day to all,
Tyrians and Trojans, in remembrance held
By our descendants. Bacchus, giver of joy,
Be present; and, propitious Juno, smile!
And you, O Tyrians, favoring, celebrate
The meeting!” With these words she poured
upon

The table a libation of the wine;
And what was left touched lightly to her lips,
And, with a bantering tone, to Bitias gave.
He, not unwilling, drained the foaming bowl,
And from the full gold drenched himself with wine.
Then followed other guests of lordly rank.
Long-haired Iopas with his golden lyre
Pours out with ringing voice what Atlas taught.
He sings the wandering moon, and of the sun
The laboring eclipses; and of men,
And cattle, and of showers, and fires of heaven;
Arcturus, and the rainy Hyades;
And the two constellations of the Bears;
And why the winter suns make haste to dip
In ocean, and what causes the delay
Of slowly moving nights. The Tyrians shout,
Redoubling their applause; the Trojans join.

Thus did the unhappy queen prolong the night
With varied converse, drinking in the while
Long draughts of love: and much of Priam asked
And much of Hector; how equipped in arms
Aurora's son had come; how looked the steeds
Of Diomed; how large Achilles stood.
“Come now, my guest,” she said; “and from the
first

Relate to us the Grecian stratagems,
And all thy people's sad mishaps, and all
Thy voyages; for now the seventh year
Bears thee still wandering over land and sea.”

DOOM OF LAOCOÖN AND TROY.

Here another dire event
More dreadful far befalls, disturbing us,
Wretched and unprepared, with gloomy thoughts.
Laocoön, chosen Neptune's priest by lot,
A huge bull at the solemn altars there
Was sacrificing, when behold, two snakes —
I shudder as I tell — from Tenedos
Come gliding on the deep, with rings immense,
Pressing upon the sea, and side by side
Toward the shore they move with necks erect,
And bloody crests that tower above the waves;
Their other parts behind sweeping the sea,
With huge backs winding on in sinuous folds.

A noise of foaming brine is heard. And now
 They reach the shores, their burning eyes suffused
 With blood and fire, and lick their hissing mouths
 With quivering tongues. We, pale with terror, fly.
 But they with steady pace Laocoön seek.
 First the two bodies of his little sons
 Each serpent twines about, with tightening folds,
 And bites into their miserable limbs.
 Then him, as he with help and weapons comes,
 They seize, and bind him in their mighty spires;
 Twice round the middle, twice around his neck,
 Twisting, with scaly backs, they raise on high
 Their heads and lofty necks. He with his hands
 Strains to untwine the knots, his fillets wet
 With gore and poison black. His dreadful shrieks
 Rise to the stars: — such groans as when a bull
 Flies from the altar wounded, and shakes free
 His forehead from the ill-aimed axe. But they,
 The dragons, slip away to the lofty shrine
 And citadel of cruel Pallas. There,
 Beneath the goddess' feet and orb'd shield,
 They hide. Then verily a new fear creeps
 Into the trembling hearts of all. They said
 Laocoön paid the penalty deserved
 Of crime, for having with his steel profaned
 The sacred wood, when he had hurled his spear
 Against the horse. And now all cry aloud
 To take the image to its rightful seat,
 And supplicate the goddess. We divide
 The walls, and open lay the battlements.
 All for the work prepare. Beneath the feet
 We lay smooth rollers, and around the neck
 Strain hempen ropes. The terrible machine
 Passes the walls, filled full with armed men.
 Around, the youths and the unwedded maids
 Sing sacred songs, rejoicing when they touch
 Their hands against the ropes. Onward it moves,
 And threatening glides into the city's midst.
 Alas, my country! Ilium, home of gods!
 Dardanian battlements renowned in war!
 Four times, e'en at the threshold of the gate,
 It stopped: four times we heard the noise of arms
 Ring from the depths within. Yet on we press,
 Thoughtless of omens, blind with furious zeal,
 And in the sacred citadel we lodge
 The fatal monster. And now Cassandra opes
 Her lips, — that by the deity's command
 Should never be believed by Trojan ears, —
 And prophesies to us our future fates.
 We, miserable, unto whom this day
 Was doomed to be our last, hang on our shrines,
 Throughout the city, wreaths of festive leaves.
 Meanwhile, with changing sky night comes apace
 Upon the ocean, wrapping with wide shade
 Earth, sky, and crafty wiles of Myrmidons.
 The Trojans, scattered through the town, are still,
 For sleep embraces every weary frame.

RUMOR.

Then through the cities wide
 Of Lybia, all at once flies Rumor forth, —
 Rumor, than whom no evil is more swift.
 She grows by motion, gathers strength by flight.
 Small at the first, through fear, soon to the skies
 She lifts herself. She walks upon the ground,
 And hides her head in clouds. Her parent Earth,
 Wrath, so they say, at the anger of the gods,
 Gave birth to her, her latest progeny,
 Sister to Cœus and Enceladus;
 With nimble feet, and swift persistent wings,
 A monster huge and terrible is she.
 As many feathers as her body bears,
 So many watchful eyes beneath them lurk,
 So many tongues and mouths, and ears erect.

By night 'twixt heaven and earth she flies, through
 shades,
 With rushing wings, nor shuts her eyes in sleep.
 By day she watches from the roofs or towers;
 And the great cities fills with haunting fears;
 As prone to crime and falsehood as to truth,
 She with her gossip multifold now filled
 The people's ears, rejoicing, — fiction and fact
 Alike proclaiming.

FATE OF YOUNG MARCELLUS.*

"Others, I ween,
 Shall mould, more delicately, forms of bronze,
 Lifelike, and shape the human face in stone;
 Plead causes with more skill, describe the paths
 Of heavenly orbs, and note the rising stars.
 But thou, O Roman, bend thy mind to rule
 With strength thy people. This shall be thy art;
 And to impose the terms and rules of peace;
 To spare the vanquished, and subdue the proud."
 So spoke Anchises, while they wondering stood;
 And then resumes: "See where Marcellus moves,
 Glorious with his triumphal spoils, and towers
 O'er all, a victor. He the Roman state
 Shall keep from tottering, in tumultuous days.
 He, armed and horsed, shall overthrow the power
 Of Carthagina and rebellious Gaul;
 And the third captured trophy shall hang up,
 An offering to his father Romulus."

But here Æneas spoke: for now he saw
 Beside the hero, clad in glittering arms,
 A youth in form and face exceeding fair;
 But sad his brow, with joyless eyes cast down; —
 "O father, who is he who there attends
 The hero's steps? His son, or some one else
 Of his illustrious line descended? Hark,
 What murmuring sounds surround him as he
 moves!

How noble is his mien! But gloomy Night
 With shadows sad is hovering round his head."
 To whom Anchises, weeping floods of tears,
 Made answer: "O my son, seek not to know
 The heavy sorrows of thy race! This youth
 The Fates will only show a little while
 On earth, nor will permit a longer stay.
 Too potent would the Roman race have seemed
 To you, ye gods, had such gifts been our own.
 What groans of heroes from that field shall rise,
 Near Mars, his mighty city! or what gloom
 Of funeral pomp shalt thou, O Tiber, see,
 When gliding by his new-raised mound of death!
 No youth of Ilian race shall ever lift
 To such great heights of hope the Latian sires;
 Nor Rome shall boast henceforth so dear a child.
 Alas for virtue and the ancient faith!
 Alas, the strong hands unsubdued in war!
 No enemy could ever have opposed
 His sword unscathed, whether on foot he charged,
 Or spurred his foaming steed against the foe.
 Ah, dear lamented boy, canst thou but break
 The stern decrees of fate, then wilt thou be
 Our own Marcellus! — Give me lilies, brought
 In heaping handfuls. Let me scatter here
 Dark purple flowers; these offerings at least
 To my descendant's shade I fain would pay,
 Though now, alas, an unavailing rite."

HENRY THEODORE TUCKERMAN.

THE TUCKERMAN family is of English origin, and
 has existed more than four centuries in the
 county of Devon, as appears from the parish

* The nephew of Augustus, who died at the age of eighteen.

registers and monumental inscriptions.* By the mother's side, Mr. Tuckerman is of Irish descent. The name of the family is Keating. In Macaulay's recent history he thus speaks of one of her ancestors as opposing a military deputy of James II., in his persecution of the Protestant English in Ireland in 1686:—"On all questions which arose in the Privy Council, Tyrconnel showed similar violence and partiality. John Keating, Chief-Justice of the Common Pleas, a man distinguished for ability, integrity, and loyalty, represented with great mildness, that perfect equality was all that the general could ask for his own church." The subject of this notice is a nephew of the late Rev. Dr. Joseph Tuckerman—a memoir of whom appeared in England within a few years, and who is known and honored as the originator of the ministry at large, in Boston, one of the most efficient of modern Protestant charities. His mother was also related to and partly educated with another distinguished Unitarian clergyman, Joseph Stevens Buckminster.



Henry T. Tuckerman.

Henry Theodore Tuckerman was born in Boston, Massachusetts, April 20, 1818. His early education was begun and completed in the excellent schools of that city and vicinity. In 1833, after preparing for college, the state of his health rendered it necessary for him to seek a milder climate. In September he sailed from New York for Havre, and after a brief sojourn in Paris, proceeded to Italy, where he remained until the

ensuing summer, and then returned to the United States. He resumed his studies, and in the fall of 1837, embarked at Boston for Gibraltar, visited that fortress and afterwards Malta, then proceeded to Sicily, passed the winter in Palermo, and made the tour of the island; in the following summer driven from Sicily by the cholera, of the ravages of which he has given a minute account, he embarked at Messina for Leghorn, passed the ensuing winter (1838) chiefly at Florence, and early the next summer returned home; in 1845 he removed from Boston to New York, where he has since resided, except in the summer months, which he has passed chiefly at Newport, R. I. In 1850 he received from Harvard College the honorary degree of Master of Arts. In the winter of 1852 he visited London and Paris for a few weeks.

The writings of Mr. Tuckerman include poems, travels, biography, essay, and criticism. A characteristic of his books is that each represents some phase or era of experience or study. Though mainly composed of facts, or chapters which have in the first instance appeared in the periodical literature of the country,* they have none of them an occasional or unfinished air. They are the studies of a scholar; of a man true to his convictions and the laws of art. His mind is essentially philosophical and historical; he perceives truth in its relation to individual character, and he takes little pleasure in the view of facts unless in their connexion with a permanent whole. Hence what his writings sometimes lose in immediate effect, they gain on an after perusal. His productions pass readily from the review or magazine to the book.

Taking his writings in the order of publication, they commenced with a collection of essays, tales, and sketches in 1835, entitled *The Italian Sketch Book*, which has since been enlarged in a second and third edition. With many of the author's subsequent productions, it took a favorable view of the Italian character, when it was the fashion to undervalue it. Among other novelties in its sketches, it contained an account of the little Republic of San Marino. The prominent topics of the country, as they occur to a man of education, were presented in a picturesque manner. After the author's return from a second Italian tour, he published in 1839 *Isabel, or Sicily a Pilgrimage*, in which with a thin disguise of fiction, allowing the introduction of sentiment, discussion, and story, the peculiar features of the island, in its natural beauties and its remains of art, are exhibited. After a considerable interval, another volume of travel appeared, the result of a visit to England in 1853. It is entitled *A Month in England*. Mr. Tuckerman has also published in the magazines a few chapters of a similar memorial of France on the same tour. Like the former works, they are books of association rather than of mere daily observation. The author while abroad studies character as it is expressed in men and institutions;

* It is still represented there—the name belonging to several of the gentry. In the seventeenth century the Tuckermans intermarried with the Fortescue family, that of Sir Edward Harris, and that (now extinct) of "Giles of Bowden;" the former is now represented by the present Earl of Fortescue. Previous to this a branch of the Tuckermans emigrated to Germany. In a history of the county of Braunschwieg, by William Hanemann, published in Lüneburg in 1827, allusion is made to one of this branch—Peter Tuckerman, who is mentioned as the last abbot of the monastery of Riddagshausen; he was chosen to the chapter in 1621, and, at the same time, held the appointment of court preacher at Wolfenbüttel. Some of his writings are extant, and his monument is an imposing and curious architectural relic.

* Mr. Tuckerman has been a contributor to all the best magazine literature of the day: in Walsh's Review, the North American Review, the Democratic, Graham's Magazine, the Literary World, the Southern Literary Messenger, Christian Examiner, &c. As his chief contributions have been collected, or are in process of collection, in his books, we need not refer to particular articles.

making what he sees subordinate to what he thinks. In the volume on England, there is a graphic and humorous description of the universal reception of Mrs. Stowe's book during the Uncle Tom mania, which shows a capability his readers might wish to have had oftener exercised, of presenting the exciting events of the day.

In 1846 a volume, the first of his collections from the magazines, *Thoughts on the Poets*, was published in New York. It contained articles on some of the masters of the Italian school, and the chief English poets of the nineteenth century, with two American subjects in Drake and Bryant. The critical treatment is acute and kindly, reaching its end by an ingenious track of speculation. This was followed by a series of home studies, *Artist Life, or Sketches of American Painters*; the materials of which were drawn in several instances from facts communicated by the artists themselves. They are studies of character, in which the artist and his work illustrate each other. The selection of subjects ranges from West to Leutze. The sketches are written *con amore*, with a keen appreciation of the unworldly, romantic, ideal life of the artist. Picturesque points are eagerly embraced. There is a delicate affection to the theme which adapts itself to each artist and his art. The paper on Huntington, in particular, has this sympathetic feeling. With these sketches of "Artist Life," may be appropriately connected, *A Memorial of Horatio Greenough*, prefixed to a selection from the sculptor's writings, and published in 1853. It brings into view the writer's Italian experiences, his personal friendship, and is a tasteful record of the man and of his art.

In 1849 and '51 Mr. Tuckerman published two series of papers, which he entitled, *Characteristics of Literature illustrated by the Genius of Distinguished Men*. The types of character which he selected, and the favorites of his reading and study whom he took for their living portraiture, show the extent and refinement of his tastes. In choosing Sir Thomas Browne and Horne Tooke for his philosophers, he was guided by love for the poetical and curious. He delicately discriminated between the Humorist and the Dilettante in Charles Lamb and Shenstone. Hazlitt was his Critic; Beckford, with his refined writing, love of art, and poetical adventure, was "picked man" of Travel; Steele his good-natured Censor; Burke his Rhetorician; Akenside his Scholar; Swift his Wit; Humboldt his Naturalist; Talfourd his Dramatist; Channing his Moralist; and Edward Everett his Orator. In all this we may perceive a leaning to the quiet and amiable, the order of finished excellence of thoroughbred men. Widely scattered as these twenty-two papers were in the periodical literature of the country when they first appeared, they indicate the careful and tasteful literary labor with which Mr. Tuckerman has served the public in the culture of its thought and affections. The tempting power of the critic has never led him aside to wound a contemporary interest, or thwart a rival author. He has written in the large and liberal spirit of a genuine scholar. While mentioning these claims as a literary critic, we may refer to a genial and comprehensive *Sketch of American Literature*, in a series of

chapters appended to Shaw's "English Literature," reprinted as a text-book for academies.

In a similar classification of a more general nature, out of the range of literature, Mr. Tuckerman has published a series of *Mental Portraits, or Studies of Character*, in which Boone represents the Pioneer; Lafitte, the Financier; Korner, the Youthful Hero; Giacomo Leopardi, the Sceptical Genius; and Gouverneur Morris, the Civilian.

In this choice of topics, Mr. Tuckerman has latterly been frequently directed to American subjects of an historical interest. Besides his elaborate papers on the artists and authors of the country, he has written, among other sketches of the kind, *A Life of Commodore Silas Talbot*, of the American navy,* and an appreciative article in a recent number of the North American Review,† on the personal character and public services of De Witt Clinton.

The Optimist, a Collection of Essays, published in 1850, exhibits the author in a highly agreeable light. In an easy Horatian spirit, he runs over the usual means and ends of the world, throwing a keen glance at popular notions of living, which destroy life itself; and gathering up eagerly, with the art of a man whose experience has taught him to economize the legitimate sources of pleasure within his reach, every help to cheerfulness and refinement. Some of these essays are picturesque, and show considerable ingenuity; all exhibit a thoughtful study of the times.

From a still more individual private view of life, are *The Leaves from the Diary of a Dreamer*, delicately published in 1853 by Pickering in London, in quaint old type of the English Augustan period of literature. Under the guise of the posthumous journal of an invalid traveller in Italy, the sensitive emotions of a passionate lover, with a keen susceptibility to the art and nature around him, are described. There are frequent personal anecdotes in this volume of such personages of the times, as Byron, Sismondi, and Hawthorne.

The chief of Mr. Tuckerman's poems, collected and published in Boston in 1851, is *The Spirit of Poetry*, an elaborate essay in heroic verse of some seven hundred lines. It traces the objects of fancy and sentiment in life and nature with an observant eye. The miscellaneous poems are tributes to the outer world, passages of sentiment or memorials of historical events, expressing the more subtle spirit of the author's life of travel and study.

MARY.

What though the name is old and oft repeated,
What though a thousand beings bear it now;
And true hearts oft the gentle word have greeted,—
What though 'tis hallowed by a poet's vow?
We ever love the rose, and yet its blooming
Is a familiar rapture to the eye,
And yon bright star we hail, although its looming
Age after age has lit the northern sky.
As starry beams o'er troubled billows stealing,
As garden odors to the desert blown,
In bosoms faint a glad some hope revealing,
Like patriot music or affection's tone—

* Published by J. C. Riker, New York, 1850.

† Oct., 1854.

Thus, thus for aye, the name of Mary spoken
By lips or text, with magic-like control,
The course of present thought has quickly broken,
And stirred the fountains of my inmost soul.

The sweetest tales of human weal and sorrow,
The fairest trophies of the limner's fame,
To my fond fancy, Mary, seem to borrow
Celestial halos from thy gentle name:
The Grecian artist gleaned from many faces,
And in a perfect whole the parts combined,
So have I counted o'er dear woman's graces
To form the Mary of my ardent mind.

And marvel not I thus call my ideal,
We inly paint as we would have things be,
The fanciful springs ever from the real,
As Aphrodite rose from out the sea;
Who smiled upon me kindly day by day,
In a far land where I was sad and lone!
Whose presence now is my delight alway!
Both angels must the same blessed title own.

What spirits round my weary way are flying,
What fortunes on my future life await,
Like the mysterious hymns the winds are sighing,
Are all unknown,—in trust I bide my fate;
But if one blessing I might crave from Heaven,
'T would be that Mary should my being cheer,
Hang o'er me when the chord of life is riven,
Be my dear household word, and my last accent
here.

ROME.

*Roma! Roma! Roma!
Non è più come era prima,*

A terrace lifts above the People's square,
Its colonnade;
About it lies the warm and crystal air,
And fir-tree's shade.

Thence a wide scene attracts the patient gaze,
Saint Peter's dome
Looms through the far horizon's purple haze,
Religion's home!

Columns that peer between huge palace walls,
A garden's bloom,
The mount where crumble Cæsar's ivied halls,
The Castle-Tomb;

Egypt's red shaft and Travertine's brown hue,
The moss-grown tiles,
Or the broad firmament of cloudless blue
Our sight beguiles.

Once the awed warrior from yon streamlet's banks,
Cast looks benign,
When pointing to his onward-moving ranks,
The holy sign.

Fair women from these casements roses flung
To strew his way,
Who Laura's graces so divinely sung
They live to-day.

In those dim cloisters Palestine's worn bard
His wreath laid by,
Yielding the triumph that his sorrows marred,
Content to die.

From yonder court-yard Beatrice was led,
Whose pictured face
Soft beauty unto sternest anguish wed
In deathless grace.

Here stood Lorraine to watch on many an eve
The sun go down;
There paused Corinne from Oswald to receive
Her fallen crown.

By such a light would Raphael fondly seek
Expression rare,
Or make the Fornarina's olive cheek
Love's blushes wear.

A shattered bridge here juts its weedy curve
O'er Tiber's bed,
And there a shape whose name thrills every nerve,
Arrests the tread.

O'er convent gates the stately cypress rears
Its verdant lines,
And fountains gaily throw their constant tears
On broken shrines.

Fields where dank vapors steadily consume
The life of man,
And lizards rustle through the stunted broom,—
Tall arches span.

There the wan herdsman in the noontide sleeps,
The gray kine doze,
And goats climb up to where on ruined heaps
Acanthus grows.

From one imperial trophy turn with pain
The Jews aside,
For on it emblems of their conquered fane
Are still descried.

The mendicant, whose low plea fills thine ear
At every pass,
Before an altar kings have decked, may hear
The chanted mass.

On lofty ceilings vivid frescoes glow,
Auroras beam;
The steeds of Neptune through the water go,
Or Sybils dream.

As in the flickering torchlight shadows weaved
Illusions wild,
Methought Apollo's bosom slightly heaved,
And Juno smiled!

Aerial Mercuries in bronze upspring,
Dianas fly,
And marble Cupids to their Psyches cling,
Without a sigh.

In grottoes, see the hair of Venus creep
Round dripping stones,
Or thread the endless catacombs where sleep
Old martyrs' bones.

Upon this esplanade is basking now
A son of toil,
But not a thought rests on his swarthy brow
Of Time's vast spoil.

His massive limbs with noblest sculptures vie,
Devoid of care
Behold him on the sunny terrace lie,
And drink the air!

With gestures free and looks of eager life,
Tones deep and mild,
Intent he plies the finger's harmless strife
A gleesome child!

The shaggy Calabrese, who lingers near,
At Christmas comes to play
His reeds before Madonna every year,
Then hastes away.

Now mark the rustic pair who dance apart;
What gay surprise!
Her clipsome bodice holds the Roman heart
That lights her eyes:

His rapid steps are timed by native zeal;
The manly chest
Swells with such candid joy that we can feel
Each motion's zest.

What artless pleasure her calm smile betrays,
 Whose glances keen
 Follow the pastime as she lightly plays
 The tambourine!

They know when chestnut groves repast will yield,
 Where vineyards spread;
 Before their saint at morn they trustful kneeled,
 Why doubt or dread?

A bearded Capuchin his cowl throws back,
 Demurely nigh;
 A Saxon boy with nurse upon his track,
 Bounds laughing by.

Still o'er the relics of the Past around
 The Day-beams pour,
 And winds awake the same continuous sound
 They woke of yore.

Thus Nature takes to her embrace serene
 What Age has clad,
 And all who on her gentle bosom lean
 She maketh glad.

TRUE ENTHUSIASM—FROM A COLLOQUIAL LECTURE ON NEW
 ENGLAND PHILOSOPHY.

Let us recognise the beauty and power of true enthusiasm; and whatever we may do to enlighten ourselves and others, guard against checking or chilling a single earnest sentiment. For what is the human mind, however enriched with acquisitions or strengthened by exercise, unaccompanied by an ardent and sensitive heart? Its light may illumine, but it cannot inspire. It may shed a cold and moonlight radiance upon the path of life, but it warms no flower into bloom; it sets free no ice-bound fountains. Dr. Johnson used to say, that an obstinate rationality prevented him from being a Papist. Does not the same cause prevent many of us from unburendening our hearts and breathing our devotions at the shrines of nature? There are influences which environ humanity too subtle for the dissecting knife of reason. In our better moments we are clearly conscious of their presence, and if there is any barrier to their blessed agency, it is a formalized intellect. Enthusiasm, too, is the very life of gifted spirits. Ponder the lives of the glorious in art or literature through all ages. What are they but records of toils and sacrifices supported by the earnest hearts of their votaries? Dante composed his immortal poem amid exile and suffering, prompted by the noble ambition of vindicating himself to posterity; and the sweetest angel of his paradise is the object of his early love. The best countenances the old painters have bequeathed to us are those of cherished objects intimately associated with their fame. The face of Raphael's mother blends with the angelic beauty of all his Madonnas. Titian's daughter and the wife of Correggio again and again meet in their works. Well does Foscolo call the fine arts *the children of Love*. The deep interest with which the Italians hail gifted men, inspires them to the mightiest efforts. National enthusiasm is the great nursery of genius. When Cellini's statue of Perseus was first exhibited on the Piazza at Florence, it was surrounded for days by an admiring throng, and hundreds of tributary sonnets were placed upon its pedestal. Petrarch was crowned with laurel at Rome for his poetical labors, and crowds of the unlettered may still be seen on the Mole at Naples, listening to a reader of Tasso. Reason is not the only interpreter of life. The fountain of action is in the feelings. Religion itself is but a state of the affections. I once met a beautiful peasant woman in the valley of the Arno, and asked the number of her children. "I have three here and two in paradise," she calmly replied, with a tone

and manner of touching and grave simplicity. Her faith was of the heart. Constituted as human nature is, it is in the highest degree natural that rare powers should be excited by voluntary and spontaneous appreciation. Who would not feel urged to high achievement, if he knew that every beauty his canvas displayed, or every perfect note he breathed, or every true inspiration of his lyre, would find an instant response in a thousand breasts? Lord Brougham calls the word "impossible" the mother-tongue of little souls. What, I ask, can counteract self-distrust, and sustain the higher efforts of our nature, but enthusiasm? More of this element would call forth the genius, and gladden the life of New England. While the mere intellectual man speculates, and the mere man of acquisition cites authority, the man of feeling acts, realizes, puts forth his complete energies. His earnest and strong heart will not let his mind rest; he is urged by an inward impulse to embody his thought; he must have sympathy, he must have results. And nature yields to the magician, acknowledging him as her child. The noble statue comes forth from the marble, the speaking figure stands out from the canvas, the electric chain is struck in the bosoms of his fellows. They receive his ideas, respond to his appeal, and reciprocate his love.

THE HOME OF THE POET ROGERS—FROM A MONTH IN ENGLAND.

The aquatic birds in St. James's Park, with their variegated plumage, may well detain loiterers of maturer years than the chuckling infants who feed them with crumbs, oblivious of the policeman's eye, and the nurse's expostulations; to see an American wild duck swim to the edge of the lake, and open its glossy bill with the familiar airs of a pet canary, is doubtless a most agreeable surprise; nor can an artistic eye fail to note the diverse and picturesque forms of the many noble trees, that even when leafless, yield a rural charm to this glorious promenade (the elms are praised by Evelyn); but these woodland amenities, if they cause one often to linger on his way to the Duke of Sunderland's and Buckingham palace; and if the thought, that it was here, while taking his usual daily walk, that Charles received the first intimation of the Popish plot, lure him into an historical reverie, neither will long withdraw the attention of the literary enthusiast from the bit of green sward before the window of Rogers, which, every spring morning, until the venerable poet's health sent him into suburban exile, was covered with sparrows expectant of their banquet from his aged yet kindly hand. The view of the park from this drawing-room bow-window instantly disenchants the sight of all town associations. The room where this vista of nature in her genuine English aspect opens, is the same so memorable for the breakfasts, for many years, enjoyed by the hospitable bard and his fortunate guests. An air of sadness pervaded the apartment in the absence of him, whose taste and urbanity were yet apparent in every object around. The wintry sun threw a gleam mellow as the light of the fond reminiscence he so gracefully sung, upon the Turkey carpet, and veined mahogany. It fell, as if in pensive greeting, on the famous Titian, lit up the cool tints of Watteau, and made the bust found in the sea near Pozzuoli wear a creamy hue. When the old housekeeper left the room, and I glanced from the priceless canvas or classic urn, to the twinkling turf, all warmed by the casual sunshine, the sensation of comfort never so completely realized as in a genuine London breakfast-room, was touched to finer issues by the atmosphere of beauty and the memory of genius. The groups of poets, artists, and wits, whose commune had filled this room with the electric glow of intellectual life, with

gems of art, glimpses of nature, and the charm of intelligent hospitality, to evoke all that was most gifted and cordial, reassembled once more. I could not but appreciate the suggestive character of every ornament. There was a Murillo to inspire the Spanish traveller with half-forgotten anecdotes, a fine Reynolds to whisper of the literary dinner where Garrick and Burke discussed the theatre and the senate; Milton's agreement for the sale of "Paradise Lost," emphatic symbol of the uncertainty of fame; a sketch of Stonehenge by Turner, provocative of endless discussion to artist and antiquary; bronzes, medals, and choice volumes, whose very names would inspire an affluent talker in this most charming imaginable nook, for a morning colloquy and a social breakfast. I noticed in a glass vase over the fireplace, numerous sprigs of orange blossoms in every grade of decay, some crumbling to dust, and others but partially faded. These, it appeared, were all plucked from bridal wreaths, the gift of their fair wearers, on the wedding-day, to the good old poet-friend; and he, in his bachelor fantasy, thus preserved the withered trophies. They spoke at once of sentiment and of solitude.

Mr. Tuckerman published, in 1857, in a crown octavo volume of nearly five hundred pages, a series of *Essays, Biographical and Critical, or Studies of Character*, the selection including prominent representatives of the various classes of men who have in a particular manner influenced modern society: as, "George Washington, the Patriot," "Robert Southey, the Man of Letters," "Francis Jeffrey, the Reviewer," "John James Audubon, the Ornithologist," and a score of others similarly characterized. This is a species of writing in which the author excels, and he has treated the various subjects with much discrimination, various illustration, and a genial, imaginative sympathy. In 1859, Mr. Putnam published, in an elegant quarto volume, Mr. Tuckerman's essay on Washington, from the work last mentioned, with the addition of an elaborate and interesting paper on "The Portraits of Washington," by the same author, accompanied by numerous valuable illustrations. This work was sold by subscription, only one hundred and fifty-six copies of it being printed. A portion of it is published as an appendix to Mr. Irving's *Life of Washington*.

In 1861, at an early stage of the "War for the Union," Mr. Tuckerman published a noticeable pamphlet, entitled, *The Rebellion: Its Latent Causes and True Significance*. In a series of letters, addressed to a friend abroad, he reviews the incidental, social, industrial, and other influences growing out of the great political evil which alienated the two portions of the country. The essay is written in a patriotic vein, with firmness and candor, and will remain, a thoughtful memorial of the times, to be consulted by the philosophical historian. Associated with this, in its national object, we may mention a publication by the author, in 1864: *A Sheaf of Verse bound for the Fair*, a contribution to the great fair of the Sanitary Commission, held that year in the city of New York. It includes a selection of previously uncollected poems on Italy, memorial verses on the artist Crawford, and Irving, and other occasional productions. The same year, Mr. Tuckerman published an elaborate

work, entitled, *America and her Commentators, with a Critical Sketch of Travel in the United States*. In this well-filled octavo volume, the various travellers who have written works of importance on the country are appropriately classified according to their several nationalities and objects, their character noticed, and their leading views presented, with their observations on the rapidly changing scenes which they in turn described. The whole subject is treated in a philosophical spirit, while its pictures of society, at different periods, present a constant succession of anecdote and topics of interest. It is an eminently instructive and entertaining parlor-table book, from which much may be learned on every page of the progress of manners at home, the history of opinion of the country in Europe, and generally of the development of American nationality.

A later production of Mr. Tuckerman is entitled *John Wakefield Francis, a Biographical Essay*, prefixed to a new edition (Widdleton, New York, 1865) of Dr. Francis's "Old New York," a memoir, in fact, of the late eminent physician, with whom the author was on the most intimate personal relation. He has drawn his friend's character in its various lights with tact and acuteness, recording a variety of anecdotes, and with no little ingenuity presenting a complete picture of the man with truthfulness and candor. A few years previously, in 1856, Mr. Tuckerman wrote a similar *Memorial of the Life and Character of John W. Francis, Jr., in a Letter to his Father*, which was privately printed.

** Each of Mr. Tuckerman's later works have added to his reputation as an appreciative and discriminating critic, and as a scholar of refined tastes.

In 1866 appeared *The Criterion; or, The Test of Talk about Familiar Things*. It comprised a series of twelve genial essays on such diverse topics as inns, authors, pictures, doctors, holidays, lawyers, sepulchres, actors, newspapers, preachers, statues, and bridges. A year after were reprinted *The Maga Papers About Paris*, originally contributed to Putnam, the Continental, Knickerbocker, and the Atlantic Monthlies, with an appendix containing a report of the Great Exposition of 1867. These collections of essays were, as Mr. Duyckinck states,* "all capacious, well-filled volumes, abounding in thought, healthy in sentiment—a storehouse of varied and extensive reading. . . . His impulse was philosophical. He used details as illustrative of essential traits of character. Hence a constant habit of generalization in his writings, under which facts were arranged in groups, leading at times to the disappointment of readers who looked for the simpler form of narrative, and who were impatient of disquisition. The appreciation of the essays undoubtedly required a certain degree of previous cultivation, or at least a liking for the theme. Yet they were not abstruse, and indeed were always abundantly supplied with picturesque illustrations. It is wonderful looking over his productions of

* Memorial of Henry Theodore Tuckerman, by Evert A. Duyckinck. Read before the New York Historical Society, January 2, 1872, with an Appendix of Proceedings, pp. 16.

this kind, which are to be counted by hundreds, to notice how full and minute and well sustained they are. There is a prodigality of literary anecdote in phrases, sentences, suggestions, and the supply is never exhausted."

In 1868 was issued: *Book of the Artists: American Artist Life; Comprising Biographical and Critical Sketches of American Artists, Preceded by an Historical Account of the Rise and Progress of Art in America; with an Appendix, containing an account of Notable Pictures and Private Collections.* This work Mr. Duyckinck "ranks with *The Arts of Design* by Dunlap, the only work on the subject with which it can be compared in importance. It is everywhere alive with a true poetical appreciation of its theme. It is naturally more complete when treating of the older artists than of contemporaries, of whom more might in some instances have been said. But he who would inform himself of the genius of Stuart, Sully, Inman, Greenough, and their associates, cannot afford to neglect its pages. It is in many respects the substantial crowning effort of the author's literary career."

The Life of John Pendleton Kennedy, published in 1871, was the last of his works, and a truly valuable contribution to the biographies of men of letters.

Mr. Tuckerman was prostrated by a sudden attack of pneumonia complicated with pleurisy, and his death occurred in New York City, December 17, 1871. "He was literally in the midst of his busy literary avocations when the summons came. He may be said almost to have died with the pen in his hand," recorded his friend, in the able commemorative discourse before the New York Historical Society. "There are at least a score of distinct volumes published by Mr. Tuckerman; and when we reflect that these are, in nearly every instance, made up of separate complete parts, perfect treatises in themselves, reprinted from the leading periodicals of the day, and that of such productions a great many remain ungathered in reviews, magazines, and newspapers, we may form some estimate of the extent of his literary industry. He was, in fact, one of the most faithful workers of his time."

** AUTHORS — FROM THE CRITERION.

"High is our calling, friend! Creative Art,
Whether the instrument of words she uses,
Or pencil pregnant with ethereal hues,
Demands the service of a mind and heart,
Though sensitive, yet in their weakest part
Heroically fashioned — to infuse
Faith in the whispers of the lonely muse,
While the whole world seems adverse to desert."

WORDSWORTH.

Some of the fondest illusions of our student-life and companionship were based on literary fame. The only individuals, of the male gender, who then seemed to us (indiscriminate and mutual lovers of literature) worthy of admiration and sympathy, were authors. Our ideal of felicity was the consciousness of distributing ideas of vital significance, and causing multitudes to share a sentiment born in a lonely heart. The most real and permanent sway of which man is capable we imagined that of ruling and cheering the minds of others through the medium of literature. Our

herbals were made up of flowers from the graves of authors; their signatures were our only autographs. The visions that haunted us were little else than a boundless panorama that displayed scenes in their lives. We used continually to see, in fancy, Petrarch beside a fountain, under a laurel, with the sweet *penseroso* look visible in his portraits; Dante in the corridor of a monastery, his palm laid on a friar's breast, and his stern features softened as he craved the only blessing life retained for him — *peace*; rustic Burns, with his dark eye proudly meeting the curious stare of an Edinburgh coterie; Camdens breasting the waves with the Lusid between his teeth; Johnson appalling Boswell with his emphatic "*Sir*"; Milton — his head like that of a saint encircled with rays — seated at the organ; Shakespeare walking serenely, and with a benign and majestic countenance, beside the Avon; Steele jocosely presiding at table with liveried bailiffs to pass the dishes; the bright face of Pope looming up from his deformed body in the cool twilight of a grotto; Voltaire's sneer withering an auditor through a cloud of snuff; Molière reading his new comedy to the old woman; Landor standing in the ilex path of a Tuscan villa; Savage asleep on a bulk at midnight in one of the London parks; Dryden seated in oracular dignity in his coffee-house arm-chair; Metastasio comparing notes with a handsome *prima donna* at Vienna; Alfieri with a magnificent steed in the midst of the Alps; Swift stealing an interview with Miss Johnson, or chuckling over a chapter of Gulliver; the funeral pyre of Shelley lighting up a solitary crag on the shores of the Mediterranean; and Byron, with marble brow and rolling eye, guiding the helm of a storm-tossed boat on the Lake of Geneva! Such were a few only of the *tableaux* that haunted our imaginations. We echoed heartily Akenside's protest against the sermon on Glory:

"Come, then, tell me, sage divine,
Is it an offence to own
That our bosoms e'er incline
Towards immortal glory's throne?
For with me nor pomp nor pleasure,
Bourbon's might, Braganza's treasure,
So can fancy's dream rejoice,
So conciliate reason's choice,
As one approving word of her impartial voice.

"If to spurn at noble praise
Be the passport to thy heaven;
Follow thou those gloomy ways;
No such law to me was given;
Nor, I trust, shall I deplore me,
Faring like my friends before me;
Nor a holier place desire
Than Timoleon's arms acquire,
And Tully's curule chair, and Milton's golden lyre."

In our passion for native authors we revered the memory of Brockden Brown, and detected in his romantic studies the germs of the supernatural school of fiction; we nearly suffocated ourselves in the crowded gallery of the old church at Cambridge, listening to Sprague's Phi Beta Kappa poem; and often watched the spiritual figure of the "Idle Man," and gazed on the white locks of our venerable painter, with his "Monaldi" and "Paint King" vividly remembered. We wearied an old friend of Brainard's by making him repeat anecdotes of the poet; and have spent hours in the French coffee-house which Halleck once frequented, eliciting from him criticisms, anecdotes, or recitations of Campbell. New Haven people that came in our way were obliged to tell all they could remember of the vagaries of Percival, and the elegant hospitality of Hillhouse. We have followed Judge Hopkinson through the rectangu-

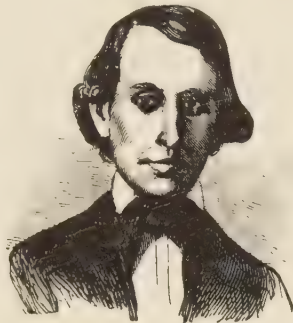
lar streets of his native metropolis, with the tune of "Hail Columbia" humming in our ears; and kept a curious eye on Howard Payne through a whole evening party, fondly cognizant of "Sweet Home." Beaumont and Fletcher were our Damon and Pythias. The memorable occurrence of our childhood was the advent of a new Waverley novel, and of our youth a fresh Edinburgh Review. We loved plum color because poor Goldy was vain of his coat of that hue; and champagne, partly because Schiller used to drink it when writing; we saved orange-peel because the author of the "Rambler" liked it; and put ourselves on a course of tar-water, in imitation of Berkeley. Roast-pig had a double relish for us after we had read Elia's dissertation thereon. We associated gold-fish and china jars with Gray, skulls with Dr. Young, the leap of a sturgeon in the Hudson with Drake's "Culprit Fay," pine-trees with Ossian, stained-glass windows with Keats (who set one in an immortal verse), fortifications with Uncle Toby, literary breakfasts with Rogers, water-fowl with Bryant, foundlings with Rousseau, letter-writing with Madame de Sévigné, bread and butter with the author of Werther, daisies with Burns, and primroses with Wordsworth. Mrs. Thrale's acceptance of Piozzi was a serious trouble to our minds; and whether "little Burney" would be happy after her marriage with the noble *émigré* was a problem that made us really anxious until the second part of her Diary was procurable and relieved our solicitude. An unpatriotic antipathy to the Pilgrim Fathers was quelled by the melodious pæan of Mrs. Hemans; and we kept vigils before a portrait of Mrs. Norton, at an artist's studio, with a chivalric desire to avenge her wrongs.

CHARLES T. BROOKS.

CHARLES T. BROOKS was born at Salem, Mass., June 20, 1813. At Harvard, which he entered in 1823, a sensitive and studious youth, he obtained his introduction, through Dr. Follen, to the world of German poetry and prose, with which his literary labors have been since so prominently identified. Schiller's song of Mary Stuart on a temporary release from captivity, was one of the earliest, as it has been one of the latest poems which he has attempted.

The subject of his valedictory at Cambridge was, "The Love of Truth, a Practical Principle." Three years afterwards, on completing his studies at the Theological school, he read a dissertation on "the old Syriac version of the New Testament," and shortly after, on taking his second degree at the University, delivered an oration on "Decision of character, as demanded in our day and country." He began his career as a preacher at Nahant, in the summer of 1835. After officiating in different parts of New England, chiefly in Bangor, Augusta, and Windsor, Vt., he was settled in Newport, Rhode Island, in January, 1837, where he has since continued in charge of the congregation worshipping in the church in which Channing held the dedication service in 1836. Channing also preached the sermon at his ordination in June, 1837, the one published in his works, as afterwards repeated to Mr. Dwight at Northampton. In October of the same year, Mr. Brooks was married to Harriet, second daughter of the late Benjamin Hazard, lawyer and legislator of Rhode Island.

His course as an author began in the year 1838 with a translation of Schiller's *William Tell*, which was published anonymously at Providence. The year or two following, he translated from the same author, the dramas of *Mary Stuart* and the *Maid of Orleans*, which yet (1855) remain unpublished. In 1840 he translated the *Titan* of Jean Paul Richter, a work of great labor and rare delicacy, which was long unpublished. In 1842 a volume of his miscellaneous specimens of German song was published as one of Mr. Ripley's* series of Foreign Literature, by



Charles T. Brooks

Munroe & Co., of Boston. In 1845 he published an article on *Poetry* in the *Christian Examiner*. The same year he delivered the Phi Beta Kappa poem at Cambridge. In 1847, Munroe & Co. published his translation of Schiller's *Homage of the Arts, with Miscellaneous Pieces from Ruckert, Freiligrath, and other German Poets*. In this year, too, he recited a poem entitled *Aquidneck*, upon the hundredth anniversary of the Redwood Library at Newport. This was published next year by Burnet at Providence, in a little volume containing several other commemorative pieces. In 1851, Mr. Brooks published at Newport a pamphlet, *The Controversy touching the Old Stone Mill, in the town of Newport, Rhode Island, with Remarks Introductory and Conclusive*: a pleasant dissection of the subject, calculated to set entirely at rest any pretensions of the Northman to an antiquarian property in that curious though sufficiently simple structure.

* Mr. George Ripley, to whom scholars are under obligations for this series of "Specimens of Foreign Standard Literature," published in fifteen volumes, between the years 1838 and 1845, is the present accomplished literary editor and critic of the New York Tribune, a work to which he brings rare tact and philosophical acumen. He was the chief manager of the Brook Farm Association, with which his friend and associate in the Tribune, Mr. Charles A. Dana, a good scholar, a forcible writer and effective speaker, was also connected. Mr. Ripley's services to literature are important in numerous journals. In 1840 he published in Boston an essay "On the Latest Form of Infidelity." Messrs. Ripley and Dana were the editors of *Appleton's New American Cyclopædia*, 1858-63.

In June, 1853, Ticknor & Co. published his *German Lyrics*, containing specimens of Anastasius Grun, and others of the living poets of Germany, selected from a mass of translations in part previously printed in the Literary World, and in part in manuscript. He has since published a little collection named *Songs of Field and Flood*, printed by John Wilson at Boston.

In 1853, Mr. Brooks made a voyage to India for his health, the incidents and sensations of which he has embodied in a narrative entitled, *Eight Months on the Ocean, and Eight Weeks in India*, which is still in MS. Among other unpublished writings by Mr. Brooks, is a choice translation of the humorous poem of the German University students, *The Life, Opinions, Actions, and Fate of Hieronimus Jobs the Candidate*, of which he has printed several chapters in the Literary World,* and which has been further made familiar to the public, by the exhibition in Mr. Boker's Gallery of German Painting in New York, of the exquisite paintings by Hasenclever, of scenes from its pages.

Mr. Brooks is also, besides his quaint and felicitous translations from the minor German poets, the author of numerous occasional verses—a series of Festival, New Year, and Anniversary addresses, all ready and genial, with a frequent infusion of a humorous spirit.

NEWPORT—FROM AQUIDNECK.

Hail, island-home of Peace and Liberty!
Hail, breezy cliff, grey rock, majestic sea!
Here man should walk with heavenward lifted eye,

Free as the winds, and open as the sky!
O thou who here hast had thy childhood's home,
And ye who one brief hour of summer roam
These winding shores to breathe the bracing breeze,
And feel the freedom of the skies and seas,
Think what exalted, sainted minds once found
The sod, the sand ye tread on, holy ground!
Think how an Allston's soul-enkindled eye
Drank in the glories of our sunset-sky!
Think how a Berkeley's genius haunts the air,
And makes our crags and waters doubly fair!
Think how a Channing, "musing by the sea,"
Burned with the quenchless love of liberty!
What work God witnessed, and that lonely shore,
Wrought in him 'midst the elemental roar!
How did that spot his youthful heart inform,
Dear in the sunshine,—dearer in the storm.
"The Father reigneth, let the Earth rejoice
And tremble!"—there he lifted up his voice
In praise amid the tempest—softened there
By nature's beauty rose the lowly prayer.
There as, in reverential sympathy,
He watched the heavings of the giant sea,
Stirred by the Power that ruled that glorious din,
Woke the dread consciousness of power within!

They are gone hence—the large and lofty souls;
And still the rock abides—the ocean rolls;
And still where Reason rears its beacon-rock,
The Powers of Darkness dash with angry shock.
In many an anxious vigil, pondering o'er
Man's destiny on this our western shore,
Genius of Berkeley! to thy morning-height
We lift the piercing prayer—"What of the night?"
And this thy Muse, responsive, seems to say:
"Not yet is closed the Drama or the Day:

Act well thy part, how small soe'er it be,
Look not to Heaven alone—Heaven looks to thee!"
Spirit of Channing! to thy calm abode,
We, doubtful plodders of this lowly road,
Call: "From thy watch-tower say, for thou canst
see,

How fares the wavering strife of liberty?"
And the still air replies, and the green sod,
By thee beneath these shades, in musing, trod,—
And these then lonely wal's, where oft was caught
The electric spark of high, heroic thought,—
And yonder page that keeps for ever bright,
Of that great thought the burning shining light,—
All these, with voice of power—of God,—to-day
Come to the soul, and calmly, strongly say:
"Be faithful unto death in Freedom's strife,
And on thy head shall rest the crown of life."

Lines on Hearing MENDELSSOHN'S MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM PERFORMED BY THE GERMANIANS AT NEWPORT.

It haunts me still—I hear, I see, once more
That moonlight dance of fairies on the shore.
I hear the skipping of those airy feet;
I see the mazy twinkling, light and fleet.
The sly sharp banter of the violin
Wakes in the elfin folk a merry din;
And now it dies away, and all is still;
The silver moon-beam sleeps upon the hill;
The flute's sweet wail, a heavenly music, floats,
And like bright dew-drops fall the oboe's notes.
And hark; again that light and graceful beat
Steals on the ear, of trooping, tiny feet,—
While, heard by fits across the watery floor,
The muffled surf-drum booms from some far shore
And now the fairy world is lost once more
In the grand swell of ocean's organ-roar,—
And all is still again;—again the dance
Of sparkling feet reflects the moon-beam's glance;
Puck plays his antics in the o'erhanging trees,—
Music like Ariel's floats on every breeze.—
Thus is the Midsummer Night's Dream to me,
Pictured by music and by memory,
A long midsummer day's reality.

THE SABBATH—FROM THE GERMAN OF KRUMMACHER.

The Sabbath is here!
Like a dove out of heaven descending,
Toil and turmoil suspending,
Comes in the glad morn!
It smiles on the highway,
And down the green by-way,
'Mong fields of ripe corn.

The Sabbath is here!
Behold! the full sheaves own the blessing,
So plainly confessing
A Father's mild care.
In Sabbath-noon stillness,
The crops in their fulness
How graceful and fair!

The Sabbath is here!
No clank of the plough-chain we hear, now,—
No lash, far or near, now,—
No creaking of wheels.
With million low voices
The harvest rejoices
All over the fields.

The Sabbath is here!
The seed we in faith and hope planted;
God's blessing was granted;
It sprang to the light,
We gaze now, and listen
Where fields wave and glisten,
With grateful delight.

The Sabbath is here!
 Give praise to the Father, whose blessing
 The fields are confessing!
 Soon the reapers will come,
 With rustling and ringing
 Of sickles, and bringing
 The yellow sheaves home.

The Sabbath is here!
 The seed we in fond hope are sowing
 Will one day rise, glowing
 In the smile of God's love.
 In dust though we leave it,
 We trust to receive it
 In glory above!

In 1856, Mr. Brooks completed an important literary enterprise, in the publication of a poetical translation of Goethe's tragedy of *Faust*. He was led to this work by the desire to render the poem into "the exact and ever-changing metre of the original," an undertaking which the numerous previous translators had neglected or set aside as impracticable. What they failed to accomplish, it was admitted by critics that Mr. Brooks performed to a degree of success entitling him to an honorable place among the English scholars and poets who have tasked their powers in the illustration of this wonderful poem. His long practice in rendering the niceties of expression of the German language, in his versions of poems of sentiment and humor, facilitated his labors on *Faust*, and the result is a volume which is equally admired by the student and general reader for its idiomatic felicity. The rare mental training and poetic susceptibilities which Mr. Brooks has brought to this work will, doubtless, be still more strikingly displayed should he give to the world, as we believe it is his intention to do, a translation of the more difficult second part of *Faust*.

The translation of *Faust* was followed, in 1863, by two others of peculiar interest, from the German. The first of these was a version from the quaint, humorous collegiate poem, *The Life, Opinions, Actions, and Fate of Hieronimus Jobs, the Candidate, a Man who Whilom Won Great Renown, and Died as Night-watch in Schildeburg Town* (Frederick Leyboldt, Philadelphia). This production, a pleasant and ingenious satire on learned and other officials, and their ways, developing a character of great humor in the "Candidate," has been a constant favorite in Germany since its first appearance, in 1784. The author was Dr. Karl Arnold Kortum, a physician of Westphalia, of whom little is known. Mr. Brooks has entered into the spirit of the author's kindly and grotesque humors, reproducing his quaint rhymes, or rendering them by as laughable equivalents, and accomplishing the very difficult task of acceptably introducing to a foreign public a work of peculiarly distinctive local traits. The volume published by Mr. Brooks embraces the first portion of the entire poem. It is complete in itself; but the author added other adventures in two subsequent "parts," which Mr. Brooks has also translated, and has now ready for the press.

The other translation, published about the same time, by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, involved much greater labor, from its difficulty

and extent. This was the celebrated philosophic romance, *Titan*, from the German of *Jean Paul Friedrich Richter*. Mr. Brooks had devoted the leisure of many years to this work, in the study of which he had been encouraged and sustained by his friends, both excellent German scholars, the Rev. Dr. Furness, of Philadelphia, and the Rev. Dr. Hedge, of Providence. After seeking at home and in England for a publisher in vain, it was left to the enterprise and sagacity of the Boston publishers to bring the work out in a style commensurate with its merits. Though issued in the period of the early struggles of the country with the great Southern rebellion, when the minds of all were engrossed by topics of immediate and unprecedented interest, the book was a success from the start. It was eagerly sought for, and soon passed to a second edition. Translations of other works of Richter were called for, and Mr. Brooks was led to undertake a version of the *Hesperus*; or, *Forty-five Dog-post Days*, the companion of *Titan*, as a leading romance by the author. This appeared from the press in 1865. Here again, in these translations, Mr. Brooks had an opportunity for the display of his native turn for humor, his favorite "character" studies, and his intimacy with the intricacies of German expression. So happy was the result, that his work was readily appreciated by all thoughtful readers, and elicited from the historian, Carlyle, perhaps the most accomplished and profound student of Jean Paul, the warmest eulogium. Besides these important works, Mr. Brooks has published a volume of pulpit discourses, and various translations of minor German works of interest, including *Hearty and Humorous Things from the Children's World*; *The Spark that went a Sparking*; and *The Stairway of Human Life*, a series of poems (Willis P. Hazard, Philadelphia). He has also written, not as yet published, translations of Hans Sach's play, *The Unlike Children of Eve*, acted originally in 1553; the *Jubel Senior* of Jean Paul; *Grillparzer's Ahnfrau*, a melodrama, in Hiawatha metre; and *The Autobiography of Klaus Harms*, a Lutheran clergyman of Kiel, who celebrated the three hundredth anniversary of the issue of Luther's celebrated theses against popery, by issuing a like number of propositions versus Rationalism, of which he was an ardent opponent.

** In 1867, Mr. Brooks published a volume of poetic translations from the German of Leopold Schefer, entitled: *The Layman's Breviary*; or, *Meditations for Every Day in the Year*. Of this author the New York *Times* well and pithily remarks: "Schefer unites the deepest worship of the works of nature—as the creations of God—with the broadest human sympathies, and clothes his poetical meditations with a profuse wealth of oriental imagery." In 1870 appeared *Schiller's Homage to the Arts*, (a reprint of the edition of 1846), followed the next year by *Puck's Nightly Pranks*, from the German of Ludwig Bund, and illustrated by the silhouettes of Paul Knewka. It was followed by: *Max and Maurice*, from the German of W. Busch, 1872; and *The Tall Student*, from the German, 1873.

The World-Priest, translated from the German of Leopold Schefer, a series of short poetical essays in blank verse, came from the busy and felicitous pen of Mr. Brooks in 1873. This somewhat obscure title he explains to be synonymous with "Priest of Nature," or "Priest of Humanity." *The World-Priest* was published in Germany in 1846, ten years after *The Layman's Breviary*, and when its author was sixty-two years old. In its preface the translator remarks: "A large proportion of these poems turn upon the trials and sorrows of life, its disappointments and compensations, upon the yearnings and aspirations of the human heart, the immortality and divinity of the spirit in man." Among those remarkable for earnestness and simplicity of teaching are: "The Highest Spirit," "The Three Works," and "The Three Treasures of Life," with its final prayer:

"I thank thee, God! for Labor, Care, and Love!"

A severe affliction of the eyes compelled Mr. Brooks to rest from his pulpit labors and his studies in 1872-3.

**** EXTRACTS FROM FAUST.**

MARGERY'S ROOM.

MARGERY (*at the spinning-wheel alone*).

My heart is heavy,
My peace is o'er;
I never — ah! never —
Shall find it more.

While him I crave
Each place is the grave,
The world is all
Turned into gall.

My wretched brain
Has lost its wits,
My wretched sense
Is all in bits.

My heart is heavy,
My peace is o'er;
I never — ah! never —
Shall find it more.

Him only to greet, I
The street look down.
Him only to meet, I
Roam through the town.

His lofty step,
His noble height,
His smile of sweetness,
His eye of might;

His words of magic,
Breathing bliss,
His hand's warm pressure,
And ah! his kiss.

My heart is heavy,
My peace is o'er,
I never — ah! never —
Shall find it more.

My bosom yearns
To behold him again.
Ah, could I find him
That best of men!
I'd tell him then
How I did miss him,
And kiss him
As much as I could,
To die on his kisses
Would do me good!

DONJON.

(*In a niche a devotional image of the Mater Dolorosa, before it pots of flowers.*)

MARGERY (*puts fresh flowers into the pots*).

Ah, hear me,
Draw kindly near me,
Mother of sorrows, heal my woe!

Sword-pierced, and stricken
With pangs that sicken,
Thou seest thy son's last life-blood flow!

Thy look — thy sighing —
To God are crying,
Charged with a son's and mother's woe!

Sad mother!
What other
Knows the pangs that eat me to the bone?
What within my poor heart burneth,
How it trembleth, how it yearneth,
Thou canst feel and thou alone!

Go where I will, I never
Find peace or hope — forever
Woe, woe and misery!

Alone, when all are sleeping,
I'm weeping, weeping, weeping,
My heart is crushed in me.

The pots before my window,
In the early morning hours,
Alas, my tears bedewed them,
As I plucked for thee these flowers.

When the bright sun good-morrow
In at my window said,
Already in my anguish
I sate there in my bed.

From shame and death redeem me, oh!
Draw near me,
And pitying, hear me,
Mother of sorrows, heal my woe!

**** THE HIGHEST SPIRIT — FROM THE WORLD-PRIEST.**

Be not impetuous, vehement, over-loud
Where there is no necessity; it spoils
The tone and whole complexion of the house,
Spoils for the inmates all their tranquil mood,
Stirs up too violent an answer, spoils
The very ring and color of the land.
What dost thou call necessity? — the cry
For swift and vigorous help, when suddenly
Harm and disaster threaten any one,
When a good thing, if it is done, must be done
Quickly, and when delay is danger, letting
A spark grow up into a mighty fire.
Spare otherwise thy treasure of heart's-strength
Which, like thy days, was measured out to thee
For the long works and uses of thy life;
Spare even thy breast the needless draught of
breath,
The arm its muscular strength, the eyes their
sight,
When thou wouldst only spend thy force for
naught.
But keep thy energies well gathered up,
As thy life's treasure, wasted by no rust,
But ever ready in a wakeful soul
For service: to be willingly brought out,
Yea, wholly given up, for him who needs
The good of it, that he may do thee good.
So, sweetly, to divine maturity
Grows day by day the maiden's slender form;
Her modest virtue spares her gracious limbs,

Refrains from giving away a hair, a hand,
A word out of the heart, or even a look,
Till the right time comes, and the right loved man,
That she may be to him the perfect wife,
Who shall, in blessing him, herself be blest!

My child, *the greatest strength is gentleness*;
It rules the child with one kind, faithful word,
Rules man and wife, people and neighborhood,
It even controls the beggar's vicious dogs.
But the *weak* heart is not the gentle spirit,
The *strong*, full heart alone possesses spirit
Even to heroism and martyrdom,
Like the still sword that carries in its sheath.
Scream not, then, like the bell that cries out
"Fire!"

When only fire-flies' sparks are trailing by,
But when the alarm bell calls to earnest work,
Fly as the storm flies roaring to the fire.

SYLVESTER JUDD,

THE author of *Margaret*, and a clergyman of the Unitarian Church, of a marked individuality of opinion and an earnest spiritual and moral life, was born at Westhampton, Hampshire county, Mass., July 23, 1813. His grandfather, Sylvester Judd, a man of character and influence in his day, was one of the first settlers of the place and the son of the Rev. Jonathan Judd, the first clergyman of Southampton, and for sixty years pastor of that flock. The father of our author, also Sylvester Judd, though engaged in trade in the country at Westhampton, applied himself so vigorously to study that he attained a considerable knowledge of Greek, Latin, and French; worked his way through a course of the higher mathematics, and became generally conversant with polite literature. He married a daughter of Aaron Hall, of Norwich, a man of good repute in the Revolutionary era.

The young Sylvester Judd, the third of the name in the direct line, passed his early years at Westhampton, under the usual earnest influences of the old New England Puritan homes. At the age of nine years, his father having become unfortunate in business, and his habits of study having got the better of his pursuit of trade, he removed to Northampton, to become proprietor and editor of the Hampshire Gazette, with which a younger brother, then recently deceased, had been connected. At this spot the boyhood and youth of Sylvester were passed; a period of religious influence which was marked by his conversion during a revival. Then came a struggle between devotion to trade, to which the slender fortunes of his father invited him, and a natural tendency to an educated life. It ended in his entry at Yale College, where he received his degree in 1836. The picture of his college life, as published by Miss Arethusa Hall, shows an earnest, devotional spirit. After leaving Yale, he took charge of a private school at Templeton, Mass. "There, for the first time," says his biographer, "he began to have intercourse with that denomination of Christians termed Unitarians, and came to understand more fully their distinguishing views. Previously, he had been very little acquainted with Unitarian works or Unitarian preaching; but he now perceived that the deductions of his own unbiassed mind, and the conclusions towards which he found it verging,

were much in harmony with those received by this body of Christians." As his old opinions changed, a social struggle occurred with his family, friends, and supporters. He felt that he was out of place with these former associations, and declined the offer of a professorship in Miami College, Ohio. "Feeling and thinking thus," he writes to his brother, "you see I could not become connected with an Old School Presbyterian College." A record of his conflict is preserved in a manuscript which he prepared for the private use of his father's family, entitled "Cardiagraphy," an exposition of his theological difficulties and conclusions, which is published in his biography. It was now evident to his family that they must resign all hope of the Calvinistic minister. The issue had been made in all conscientiousness, and Mr. Judd choosing another path, entered the Divinity School at Harvard in 1837. At the completion of his course, in 1840, he became engaged to supply the pulpit of the Unitarian church in Augusta, Maine, and was



Sylvester Judd

soon formally installed as pastor. He married the next year a daughter of the Hon. Revel Williams, of Augusta.

In 1843 he seems first to have turned his attention to authorship. His *Margaret, a Tale of the Real and Ideal*; including *Sketches of a Place not before described, called Mons Christi*, was commenced at that time and reached the public in 1845. A second revised and improved edition appeared in two volumes in 1851.

As the best account of the scope of this work, we may cite the remarks of its author on the subject from a letter to a brother clergyman:—

"The book designs to promote the cause of liberal Christianity, or, in other words, of a pure Christianity: it would give body and soul to the divine elements of the gospel. It aims to subject bigotry, cant, pharisaism, and all intolerance. Its basis is Christ: him it would restore to the church, him it would develop in the soul, him it

would enthrone in the world. It designs also, in judicious and healthful ways, to aid the cause of peace, temperance, and universal freedom. In its retrospective aspect, it seeks to preserve some reminiscences of the age of our immediate fathers, thereby describing a period of which we have no enduring monuments, and one the traces of which are fast evanescent. The book makes a large account of nature, the birds and flowers, for the sake of giving greater individuality to, and bringing into stronger relief, that which the religious mind passes over too loosely and vaguely. It is a New England book, and is designed to embody the features and improve the character of our own favored region.

"But more particularly, let me say, the book seems fitted partially to fill up a gap long left open in Unitarian literature,—that of imaginative writings. The Orthodox enjoy the works of Bunyan, Hannah More, Charlotte Elizabeth, the Abbots, &c., &c. But what have we in their place? The original design of the book was almost solely to occupy this niche; although, I fancy, you may think it has somewhat passed these limits. It seems to me, that this book is fitted for a pretty general Unitarian circulation; that it might be of some use in the hands of the clergy, in our families, Sunday-school libraries, &c. My own personal education in, and acquaintance with, 'Orthodoxy,' as well as my idea of the prevalent errors of the age, lead me to think such a book is needed."

The above will sufficiently explain its theological bearings. As a novel or romance, in the ordinary sense, it is crudely expressed and inartistic; as a vigorous sketch of old New England life and character, of fresh, vivid portraiture and detail, and particularly in its descriptive passages of nature, for the minute study of which in plants, birds, and other accessories, the author had an especial fondness, it is a production of marked merit. Of the several criticisms passed upon it, the most complimentary must be considered the admirable series of drawings made from its pages by the artist Mr. F. O. C. Darley, whose pencil has brought out with extraordinary beauty and effect the varieties of character of the book, and its occasional dramatic and picturesque scenes. These sketches are now being prepared for publication, and when issued, by their delicacy and vigor of expression, will form ready interpreters no less of the genius of the artist than the author to the public.

In 1850 Mr. Judd published *Philo, an Evangelist*, a didactic poem in blank verse. It was rude and imperfect in execution. Again resorting to the author for an elucidation of its design, we find the following expression in a characteristic letter to a friend:—

TO THE REV. E. E. H.

Augusta, Dec. 21, 1849.

My dear Sir, —Will you accept a copy of "Philo," and a brief claviary?

First, the book is an "attempt."

Second, it is an epical or heroic attempt.

Third, it would see if in liberal and rational Christianity, and there is no other, and that is Unitarianism, are epic and heroic elements.

Fourth, it remembers that Calvinism has its "Course of Time;" and it asks if Unitarianism, that

is, the innermost of reason and divinity, will have any thing; or rather, approaching, humbly, of course, the altar of Great Thought and Feeling, it would like to know if it would be agreeable to that altar to receive a little gift, a turtle-dove and a small pigeon, of Unitarian faith and hope.

Fifth, and correlatively, it asks if, in this very sensible and sound age of ours, imagination must needs be inactive, and awed by philosophy, utility, steam.

Sixth, and more especially, if any of the foregoing points are admitted, the book seeks through the medium of poetry to interpret prophecy. It is conceived that prophecy, the Apocalypse for example, was once poetry; and moreover that we shall fail to understand prophecy until it is recast in its original form.

This observation applies particularly to that most interesting, yet most enigmatical matter, the second coming of Christ, &c., &c.

What may be the fortune of "Philo," I am neither prophet nor poet enough to tell.

I am not a beggar of applause, as I would not be the pensioner of dulness.

With sincere regards, I am yours, &c.

SYLVESTER JUDD.

In the same year with the publication of *Philo* appeared *Richard Edney and the Governor's Family, a Rus-Urban Tale, simple and popular, yet cultured and noble, of Morals, Sentiment, and Life, practically treated and pleasantly illustrated; containing also Hints on Being Good and Doing Good*. It was intended by the author as a modern companion to Margaret, introducing the career of a young man among the rural and town incidents of New England life. The incidents at a sawmill, and other descriptions, point out the local studies of the author in Maine. Like the author's previous books, as a purely literary production, it was "caviare to the general;" as an expression of the writer's peculiar mood and opinions in a certain unfettered, individual essay style, its perusal will well reward curiosity. A description of a snow-storm was one of the felicities of Margaret; Richard Edney opens with another in the same vivid, minutely truthful manner.

In addition to these published writings of Mr. Judd, he completed a dramatic production in five acts—*The White Hills, an American Tragedy*, which remains in manuscript. An analysis of it, with several passages, is given in the biography of the author, where it is stated to be chiefly moral in its aim—"its object being to mirror the consequences of a man's devoting himself to an all-absorbing love of gain,—to the supreme worship of Mammon," the idea being suggested by the general rage for California gold, at the time of the composition of the play prevalent in the community. The location of the plot in the White Mountains was an improvement of the same Indian legend mentioned in Sullivan's History of Maine, upon which Mr. Hawthorne founded his tale of the Great Carbuncle.

Mr. Judd, in addition to his services in the pulpit, found frequent opportunities as a lyceum lecturer on topics growing out of the religious ideas which were the mainspring of his life. He took a prominent part in the social reforms of the day, opposed war, slavery, and advocated the cause of temperance. He was fond of children

and of country life; one of the favorite recreations of his ministry at Augusta being an annual rural festival, in June, with his young parishioners. He felt the beauty of the old observance of Christmas, and was accustomed on the eve of that day to open his church, decorated for the occasion with the time-honored evergreens. His kindly disposition and genial activity, his study of language and habits of composition, have been described by a fond and appreciative pen in the admirably prepared volume, *Life and Character of the Rev. Sylvester Judd*, published in 1854, and "tenderly and most lovingly" dedicated by its author, Arethusa Hall, "to the three little children whose father was translated from their home before they were old enough to know and comprehend him."

The Rev. Sylvester Judd died after a short illness at his home in Augusta, Jan. 20, 1853.

A posthumous work from his pen—*The Church in a Series of Discourses*—was published in 1854.

A NEW ENGLAND SNOW-STORM AND A HOME SCENE—FROM MARGARET.

An event common in New England is at its height. It is snowing, and has been for a whole day and night, with a strong north-east wind. Let us take a moment when the storm intermits, and look in at Margaret's and see how they do. But we cannot approach the place by any of the ordinary methods of travel; the roads, lanes, and by-paths are blocked up; no horse or ox could make his way through those deep drifts, immense mounds and broad plateaus of snow. If we are disposed to adopt the means of conveyance formerly so much in vogue, whether snow-shoes or magic, we may possibly get there. The house or hut is half sunk in a snow bank; the waters of the Pond are covered with a solid enamel as of ivory; the oxen and the cow in the barn-yard, look like great horned sheep in their fleeces of snow. All is silence, and lifelessness, and if you please to say, desolation. Hens there are none, nor turkeys, nor ducks, nor birds, nor Bull, nor Margaret. If you see any signs of a human being, it is the dark form of Hash, mounted on snow-shoes, going from the house to the barn. Yet there are the green hemlocks and pines, and firs, green as in summer, some growing along the flank of the hill that runs north from the Indian's Head, looking like the real snow-balls, blossoming in mid-winter, and nodding with large white flowers. But there is one token of life, the smoke coming from the low grey chimney, which, if you regard it as one, resembles a large, elongated, transparent balloon; or if you look at it by piece-meal, it is a beautiful current of bluish-white vapor, flowing upward unendingly; and prettily is it striped and particolored as it passes successively the green trees, the bare rocks, and white crown of the hill behind, nor does its interest cease even when it disappears among the clouds. Some would dwell a good while on that smoke, and see in it manifold out-shows and denotements of spiritualities; others would say, the house is buried so deep, it must come up from the hot mischievous heart of the earth; others still would fancy the whole Pond lay in its winding-sheet, and that if they looked in, they would behold the dead faces of their friends. Our own sentiment is, that that smoke comes from a great fire in the great fire-place, and that if we should go into the house, we should find the family as usual there; a fact which, as the storm begins to renew itself, we shall do well to take the opportunity to verify.

Flourishing in the centre of these high-rising and broad-spreading snows, unmoved amid the fiercest onsets of the storm, comfortable in the extremity of winter, the family are all gathered in the kitchen, and occupied as may be. In the cavernous fire-place burns a great fire, composed of a huge green back-log, a large green fore-stick, and a high cob-work of crooked and knotty refuse-wood, ivy, hornbeam, and beech. Through this the yellow flame leaps and forks, and the bluish-grey smoke flows up the ample sluice-way of the chimney. From the ends of the wood the sap fries and drips on the sizzling coals below, and flies off in angry steam. Under the forestick great red coals roll out, sparkle a semibrief, lose their grosser substance, indicate a more ethereal essence in prototypal forms of white, down-like cinders, and then fall away into brown ashes. To a stranger the room has a sombre aspect, rather heightened than relieved by the light of the fire burning so brightly at mid-day. The only connexion with the external air is by the south window-shutter being left entirely open, forming an aperture through the logs of about two feet square; yet when the outer light is so obscured by a storm, the bright fire within must anywhere be pleasant. In one corner of the room sits Pluck, in a red flannel shirt and leather apron, at work on his kit mending a shoe; with long and patient vibration and equipoise he draws the threads, and interludes the strokes with snatches of songs, banter, and laughter. The apartment seems converted into a workshop; for next the shoemaker stands the shingle-maker, Hash, who with free in one hand and mallet in the other, by dint of smart percussion, is endeavoring to rive a three-cornered billet of hemlock on a block. In the centre of the room sits Brown Moll, with still bristling and grizzly hair, pipe in her mouth, in a yellow woollen long-short and black petticoat, winding a ball of yarn from a windle. Nearer the fire are Chilion and Margaret, the latter also dressed in woollen, with the *Orbis Pictus*, or world displayed, a book of Latin and English, adorned with cuts, which the Master lent her; the former with his violin, endeavoring to describe the notes in Dr. Byles's Collection of Sacred Music, also a loan of the Master's, and at intervals trailing on the lead of his father in some popular air. We shall also see that one of Chilion's feet is raised on a stool, bandaged, and apparently disabled. Bull, the dog, lies rounded on the hearth, his nose between his paws, fast asleep. Dick, the grey squirrel, sits swinging listlessly in his wire wheel, like a duck on a wave. Robin, the bird, in its cage, perched on its roost, shrugs and folds itself into its feathers as if it were night. Over the fire-place, on the rough stones that compose the chimney, which day and night through all the long winter are ever warm, where Chilion has fixed some shelves, are Margaret's flowers; a blood-root in the marble pot Rufus Palmer gave her, and in wooden moss-covered boxes, pinks, violets, and buttercups, green and flowering. Here also, as a sort of mantel-tree ornament, sits the marble kitten which Rufus made under a cedar twig. At one end of the crane in the vacant side of the fire-place hang rings of pumpkin rinds drying for beer. On the walls are suspended strings of dried apples, bunches of yarn, and the customary fixtures of coats, hats, knapsacks, &c. On the sleepers above is a chain-work of cobwebs, loaded and knapped with dust, quivering and gleaming in the wind that courses with little or no obstruction through all parts of the house. Near Hash stands the draw-horse, on which he smoothes and squares his shingles; underneath it and about lies a pile of fresh, sweet-scented, white shavings and splinters. Through the

yawns of the back door, and sundry rents in the logs of the house, filter in unweariably fine particles of snow, and thus along the sides of the room rise little cone-shaped, marble-like pilasters. Between Hash and his father, elevated on blocks, is the cider barrel. These are some of the appendages, inmates, and circumstances of the room. Within doors is a mixed noise of lapstone, mallets, swifts, fiddle, fire; without is the rushing of the storm.

* * * * *

"You *shall* fetch some wood, Meg, or I'll warm your back with a shingle," said her mother, flinging out a threat which she had no intention of executing. "Hash is good for something, that he is."

* * * * *

Hash, spurred on by this double shot, plied his mallet the harder, and declared with an oath that he would not get the wood, that they might freeze first; adding that he hauled and cut it, and that was his part.

Chilion whispered his sister, and she went out for the purpose in question. It was not excessively cold, since the weather moderated as the storm increased, and she might have taken some interest in that tempestuous outer world. Her hens, turkeys, and ducks, who were all packed together, the former on their roost under the shed, the latter in one corner, also required feeding; and she went in and got boiled potatoes, which they seemed glad to make a meal of. The wind blazed and racketed through the narrow space between the house and the hill. Above, the flakes shaded and mottled the sky, and fell twirling, pitching, skimble-scamble, and anon, slowly and more regularly, as in a minuet; and as they came nearer the ground, they were caught up by the current, and borne in a horizontal line, like long, quick spun, silver threads, afar over the white fields. There was but little snow in the shed, although entirely open on the south side; the storm seeming to devote itself to building up a drift in front. This drift had now reached a height of seven or eight feet. It sloped up like the roof of a pyramid, and on the top was an appendage like a horn, or a plume, or a marble jet d'eau, or a frozen flame of fire; and the elements in all their violence, the eddies that veered about the corner of the house, the occasional side-blasts, still dallied, and stopped to mould it, and finish it; and it became thinner, and more tapering, and spiral; each singular flake adjusting itself to the very tip, with instinctive nicety; till at last it broke off by its own weight—then a new one went on to be formed.

* * * * *

That day and all that night the snow continued to fall, and the wind raged. When Margaret went to her loft, she found her bed covered with a pile of snow that had trickled through the roof. She shook the coverlid, undressed, laid herself on her thistle-down pallet—such a one had she been able to collect and make—to her sleep. The wind surged, swelled, puffed, hissed, whistled, shrieked, thundered, sighed, howled, by turns. The house jarred and creaked; her bed rocked under her; loose boards on the roof clattered and rattled; the snow pelted her window-shutter. In such a din and tustle of the elements lay the child. She had no sister to nestle with her, and snug her up; no gentle mother to fold the sheets about her neck, and tuck in the bed; no watchful father to come with a light, and see that she slept safe. Alone and in darkness she climbed into her chamber, alone and in darkness she wrapt herself in the bed. In the fearfulness of that night she sung or said to herself some words of the Master's, which he, however, must have given

her for a different purpose—for of needs must a stark child's nature in such a crisis appeal to something above and superior to itself, and she had taken a floating impression that the Higher Agencies, whatever they might be, existed in Latin:—

O sanctissima, O purissima,
Dulcis Virgo Maria,
Mater amata, inemerata!
Ora, ora pro nobis!

As she slept amid the passion of the storm, softly did the snow from the roof distil upon her feet, and sweetly did dreams from heaven descend into her soul.

HENRY B. HIRST.

Mr. Hirst is a native of Philadelphia, where he was born August 23, 1813. In 1830 he commenced the study of the law, but was not admitted to practice, owing to interruptions in his plans, until 1843.

Mr. Hirst's poetical career was also commenced at a comparatively late period, his first published poems having appeared in *Graham's Magazine*, when he was about thirty. In 1845 he published at Boston *The Coming of the Mammoth; the Funeral of Time, and other Poems*. The chief production of the volume describes the terror and desolation caused by a herd of Mammoth, all of whom are destroyed by lightning, with the exception of one survivor, who, pursued by warriors, takes his course across the Mississippi, the prairies, traverses the rocky mountains, and plunges unscathed into the Pacific. The remaining poems display vigor and feeling, and include a number of well written sonnets.

Mr. Hirst's next work, *Endymion, a Tale of Greece*, in four cantos, appeared in 1848. It is an eloquent classic story, varied from the old Greek legend, and was written, the author tells us, before he had perused the poem of Keats.

In 1849 he published *The Penance of Roland, a Romance of the Peine Forte et Dure, and other Poems*. The story of the romance is that of a knight, who, having slain his wife in a fit of jealousy, is arrested, and refusing to plead, is subjected to the ingenious old penalty of pressure by weight. He persists in his determination, that his estates, which would otherwise be escheated to the crown, may pass to his heir. In his agony he is visited by his nephew, who confesses to have slandered the murdered lady. The knight's last moments are cheered by a vision of his wife, and he dies repentant and happy. This striking narrative is wrought into a poem of much spirit and beauty. The volume also contains a ballad, *Florence*, an interesting story, poetically narrated. The remaining poems are descriptive and reflective, and are eloquent in tone, with occasional traces of imitation. Mr. Hirst died in Philadelphia, March 30, 1874.

THE ROBIN.

The woods are almost bare; the mossy trees
Moan as their mottled leaves are hurried by,
Like sand before the Simoom, over the leas,
Yellowing in Autumn's eye:

And very cold the bleak November wind
Shrills from the black Nor'-West, as fitfully blow
The gusts, like fancies through a maniac mind,
Eddying to and fro.

Borne, like those leaves, with piercing cries, on high
 The Robins come, their wild, autumnal wail,
 From where they pass, dotting the angry sky,
 Sounding above the gale.

Down, scattered by the blast, along the glen,
 Over the browning plains, the flocks alight,
 Crowding the gum in highland or in fen,
 Tired with their southward flight.

Away, away, flocking they pass, with snow
 And hail and sleet behind them, where the South
 Shakes its green locks, and delicate odors flow
 As from some fairy mouth.

Silently pass the wintry hours: no song,
 No note, save a shrill querulous cry
 When the boy sportsman, cat-like, creeps along
 The fence, and then—then fly.

Companioned by the cautious lark, from field
 To field they journey, till the winter wanes,
 When to some wondrous instinct each one yields,
 And seeks our northern plains.

March and its storms; no matter how the gale
 May whistle round them, on, through snow, and
 sleet,
 And driving hail, they pass, nor ever quail,
 With tireless wings and feet.

Perched here and there on some tall tree—as breaks
 The misty dawn, loud, clarionet-like, rings
 Their matin hymn, while Nature also wakes
 From her long sleep, and sings.

Gradually the flocks grow less, for, two by two,
 The Robins pass away,—each with his mate;
 And from the orchard, moist with April dew,
 We hear their pretty prate;

And from the apple's snowy blossoms come
 Gushes of song, while round and round them
 crowd
 The busy, buzzing bees, and, over them, hum
 The humming-birds aloud.

The sparrow from the fence; the oriole
 From the now budding sycamore; the wren
 From the old hat; the blue bird from his hole
 Hard by the haunts of men;

The red-start from the wood-side; from the meadow,
 The black-check, and the martin in the air;
 The mournful wood-thrush from the forest shadow
 With all of fair and rare

Among those blossoms of the atmosphere,—
 The birds,—our only Sylphids,—with one voice,
 From mountain side and meadow, far and near,
 Like them at spring rejoice.

May, and in happy pairs the Robins sit
 Hatching their young,—the female glancing down
 From her brown nest. No one will trouble it,
 Lest heaven itself should frown

On the rude act, for from the smouldering embers
 On memory's hearth flashes the fire of thought,
 And each one by its flickering light remembers
 How flocks of Robins brought,

In the old time, leaves, and sang, the while they
 covered
 The innocent babes forsaken. So they rear
 Their fledglings undisturbed. Often has hovered
 While I have stood afar

A Robin's nest, o'er me that simple story,
 Gently and dove-like, and I passed away

Proudly, and feeling it as much a glory
 As 'twas in Caesar's day

To win a triumph, to have left that nest
 Untouched; and many and many a schoolboy
 time,

When my sure gun was to my shoulder prest,
 The thought of that old rhyme

Came o'er me, and I let the Robin go.
 —At last the young are out, and to the woods
 All have departed: Summer's sultry glow
 Finds them beside the flocks.

Then Autumn comes, and fearful of its rage
 They flit again. So runs the Robin's life;
 Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter sees its page
 Unstained with care or strife.

J. L. H. MCCrackEN

Was the son of a New York merchant, and pursued his father's business. He was engaged in the trade with western Africa, and it was on a business visit to Sierra Leone that his death occurred from a fever of the climate, March 25, 1853. It was about his fortieth year. Mr. McCracken bore a distinguished part in New York society by his fortune, his amateur pursuit of literature, and his fine conversational powers. He wrote for the magazines and journals—in particular for the Knickerbocker, under the editorship of Hoffman, and Mr. Benjamin's "American Monthly" where one of his papers was entitled *The Education of the Blood*. A very clever sketch, *The Art of Making Poetry by an Emeritus Professor*, appeared in the second number of the Knickerbocker. He wrote a few trifles for Yankee Doodle. In 1849, he published in the Democratic Review a comedy in five acts, of New York life, entitled *Earning a Living*. He had also a hand in a Democratic free-trade paper, which had a short career.

THE ART OF MAKING POETRY.

I'll rhyme you so eight years together, dinners, suppers, and sleeping hours excepted—it is the right butter women rate to market.—*As You Like It*.

Cardinal Richelieu is reported to have said once that he would make so many dukes that it should be a shame to be one, and a shame not to be one. It appears, however, that he changed his mind afterwards, inasmuch as, down to St. Simon's time, there were only twelve or thirteen dukes in France, besides the blood-royal. At present they are more plenty, though it is even yet some distinction to be a duke, out of Italy; and in Poland there is an express law against the title being borne by any man who has not a clear income of three hundred dollars a year to support its dignity. In Bavaria, you may be made a baron for 7000 rix-dollars (or \$5250)—or a count for 30,000 rix-dollars, but in this last case you must not follow any trade or profession; bankers, accordingly, content themselves with baronies, usually, like sensible men, preferring substance to sound; as, in fact, when it is perfectly well known you are able to buy a dozen counts and their titles, the world gives you credit as for the possession—perhaps more. But what Cardinal Richelieu threatened with regard to dukedoms has, in fact, been effected by the progress of the world with regard to another title as honorable, perhaps, as that of duke, though few of its possessors could retain it if the Polish regulation mentioned above were to be applied to it and enforced. I mean the title of poet. To be a poet, or, rather—for there is still some rever-

ence left for that name—to be a versifier, is in these days a shame, and not to be one is a shame. That is, it is a shame for any man to take airs or pique himself on a talent now so common, so much reduced to rule and grown absolutely mechanical, and to be learned like arithmetic; and, on the other hand, for these same reasons, it is a shame not in some degree to possess it, or have it for occasions at command. It is convenient sometimes to turn some trifle from a foreign language, to hit off a scrap for a corner of a newspaper, to write a squib or an epigram, or play a game at *crambo*, and for all these emergencies the practised versifier is prepared. He has, very likely, the frames of a few verses always ready in his mind, constructed for the purpose, into which he can put any given idea at a moment's warning, with as much certainty as he could put a squirrel or a bird into a cage he had ready for it. These frames may consist merely of the rhymes, or *bouts rimés*, being common-place words, such as would be easily lugged in *a-propos* to anything; or they may be very common-place verses ready made, upon which an appropriate travestie could easily be superinduced; or, finally, their places may be supplied by the actual verses of some author, who should, however, be, if possible, but little known, which may be travestied impromptu. This will be better understood by an instance, and as I am now making no secret of the matter, I will take those well-known lines of Moore:—

Vain was that man—and false as vain,
Who said, were he ordained to run
His long career of life again,
He would do all that he had done.
It is not thus the voice that dwells
In coming birth-days, speaks to me;
Far otherwise, of time it tells,
Wasted unwisely—carelessly.

Now, suppose I wish to make love in poetry. I am a despairing lover—or will suppose myself one for the present, and my griefs may be poured out in this same measure, and with so many of these same words, as to leave no ground for any claim to authorship for me in the following stanza:—

Vain are the hopes, ah! false as vain,
That tempt me weary thus to run
My long career of love again,
And only do what I have done.
Ah! not of hope the light that dwells
In yonder glances speaks to me;
Of an obdurate heart it tells,
Trifling with hearts all carelessly.

And now take the same stanza, only change the circumstance to something as different as possible. I am a flaming patriot, the enemy is at our gates, and I am to excite my fellow citizens to arms. It will go to the self-same tune and words:—

Our country calls, and not in vain,
Her children are prepared to run
Their fathers' high career again;
And may we do as they have done.
In every trumpet voice there dwells
An echo of their fame for me;
Oh, who can hear the tale it tells,
And pause supinely—carelessly.

Again, which is a more possible case in our country, I am disgusted with an unprincipled mob orator, some indescribably low, but gifted scion of perdition, one whom no prose can reach; why, have at him with the same arms,—they are always ready:—

Thou bad vain man, thou false as vain,
If Satan were ordained to run
A free career on earth again,
He would do all that thou hast done.
It is of him the voice that dwells
In thy gay rhetoric speaks to me,
Of horrors scotfully it tells,
Of crime and suffering carelessly.

Or, lastly—for one may get too much of this—I am enraged with a bad singer or musician, and want to gibbet him. Lol is not Tom Moore my executioner:—

I stop my ears, but all in vain—
In vain to distant corners run:
He imitates the owls again,
And will do all that they have done.
Of roasting cats the voice that dwells
In such discordance, speaks to me;
Of Topket up in arms it tells,
With doors left open carelessly.

* * * * *

I quit here for a moment the subject of rhyme, to say a word or two upon blank verse, that mortal humbug which “prose poets” are so fond of, and, certainly, the world would soon be full of it, if any body were fond of them. There is no more difficulty or skill in cutting up a given quantity of prose into blank verse, than there is in sawing up a log into planks. Both operations certainly reflect credit on their original inventors, and would immortalize them if we knew their names; but Fame would have her hands full, and her mouth too, if she should occupy herself in these days with all the handicraftsmen in both or either. The best way, perhaps, of setting this in a clear point of view, is to exemplify it; and, for this purpose, it would not be difficult to pitch upon authors whose whole writings, or nearly so, would bear being written as blank verse, though they were given out as prose. For instance, there is John Bunyan, the whole of whose works it would be easier to set up into verse than to restore some works, now held to be such, to their metrical shape, if, by any accident, the ends of their lines should get confused. Let the reader try his skill in reconstructing, with the visible signs of poetry, the following extract from *Samson Agonistes*, from line 118, omitting the next three, and going on to line 130:—

See how he lies at random, carelessly diffused * * * in slavish habit, ill-fitted weeds, o'er-worn and soiled, or do my eyes misrepresent; can this be he, that heroic, that renowned, irresistible Samson, whom, unarmed, no strength of man or fiercest wild beast could withstand; who tore the lion as the lion tears the kid, ran on embattled armies clad in iron, and weaponless himself, made arms ridiculous, &c.

But to return to Bunyan; take the following extract, which is *verbatim* from his “World to Come.” It is more correct metre than much that we find written as verse in the old dramatists, though it is always printed as prose:—

Now, said my guardian angel, you are on
The verge of hell, but do not fear the power
Of the destroyer;
For my commission from the imperial throne
Secures you from all dangers.
Here you may hear from devils and damned souls
The cursed causes of their endless ruin;
And what you have a mind to ask, inquire;
The devils cannot hurt you, though they would,
For they are bound
By him that has commissioned me, of which
Themselves are sensible, which makes them rage,
And fret, and roar, and bite their hated chains,
But all in vain.

And so on, *ad infinitum*, or throughout the “World to Come.”

But not to seek eccentric writers and farfetched examples, let us take a popular and noted one, even Dr. Johnson himself; everybody will recognise the opening sentence of *Rasselas*:—

Ye who listen with credulity to the whispers of fancy, and pursue with eagerness the phantoms of hope, who expect that age will perform the promises of youth, and that the deficiencies of the present day will be supplied by the morrow, attend to the history of *Rasselas*, prince of Abyssinia.

This is prose incontrovertibly. In two minutes it shall be as incontrovertibly blank verse:—

Oh, ye, who listen with credulity
To fancy's whispers, or with eagerness
Phantoms of hope pursue, or who expect
Age will perform the promises of youth,
Or that the present day's deficiencies
Shall by the morrow be supplied, attend
To Rasselas, the Abyssinian Prince,
His history. Rasselas was fourth son, &c.

I do not suspect any reader of this Magazine of stupidity enough to find a difficulty here, or of wit enough to imagine one. The process speaks for itself, and so far requires no comment; but in carrying it a step or two farther, we shall see by what alchemy gold may be transmuted into baser metals and into tinsel, and how the rogue who steals, or the poor devil who borrows it, may so thoroughly disguise it as to run no risk at last in passing it openly for his own. I take the first six lines only of the above, and tipping them with rhymes, they suffer a little violence, and read thus:—

Oh, ye who listen,—a believing race—
To fancy's whispers, or with eager chase
Phantoms of hope pursue, expecting still
Age will the promises of youth fulfil,
Or that the morrow will indeed amend
The present day's deficiencies, attend—

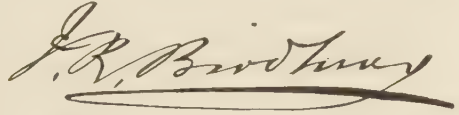
Now, in this shape they might do pretty well, had they not been taken purposely from a notorious part of a notorious work; for one might borrow even from Rasselas, in the middle or anywhere less in sight, and few indeed are the critics who would detect and expose the cheat. But the next stage of our progress would distance the major part even of these. That a scrap from Rasselas should be set to Yankee Doodle is an idea which seems to have been reserved from all time to be first broached in the present article. But if not the same, there are similar things done hourly; and if the written monuments of genius, like the temples and palaces of antiquity, were themselves diminished by all the materials they supply to new constructions, how much would there be remaining of them now. Imagine a chasm in Moore or Byron for every verse any lover has scrawled in an album, or any Cora or Matilda in a newspaper; or reverse the case, and imagine the masters of the lyre and of the pen reclaiming, throughout the world, whatever is their own, in whatever hands, and in whatever shape it might be now existing. The Scotch freebooter was warned upon his death-bed—rather late, but it was the first time the parson had had a chance at him—that in another world all the people he had robbed, and all the valuables he had robbed them of, sheep, horses, and cattle, would rise up to bear witness against him. "Why then," said he, in a praiseworthy vein of restitution, "if the horses, and kye, and a' will be there, let ilka shentleman tak her ain, and Donald will be an honest man again." Now, I should like to be by, at a literary judgment, when "ilka shentleman should tak her ain," to have righteousness rigidly laid to the line, and see who would in fact turn out to be "a shentleman" and have a balance left that was "her ain," and who would be a Donald, left with nothing, a destitute "*bipes implumis*." Then, and not till then, will I give back the following piece of morality to Rasselas, and indeed, in the shape into which I am now going to put it, I think it will not be till then that he, or anybody for him, will lay claim to it.

Air—Yankee Doodle.

Listen ye, who trust as true
All the dreams of fancy,
Who with eager chase pursue
Each vain hope you can see,
Who expect that age will pay
All that youth may borrow,
And that all you want to day
Will be supplied to-morrow.

JOHN ROMEYN BRODHEAD.

AUTHOR of a "History of the State of New York," &c., is descended from an old New York family, the ancestor of which, Captain Daniel Brodhead, of Yorkshire, England, was an officer in the expedition under Colonel Nicolls against New Netherland in 1664, and settled in Esopus, or Kingston, Ulster county, in 1665. His grandfather, Charles W. Brodhead, of Marbletown, Ulster county, was



a captain of grenadiers in the Revolutionary Army, and was present at the surrender of General Burgoyne at Saratoga. His father was the late Rev. Jacob Brodhead, D.D., a distinguished clergyman of the Reformed Dutch church, and formerly one of the ministers of the Collegiate churches in the city of New York. His mother was a daughter of the late John N. Bleecker of Albany. His father having removed to Philadelphia in 1818, to take charge of the First Reformed Dutch church there, Mr. Brodhead was born in that city on the second day of January, 1814, and was named after his uncle, the late Rev. John B. Romeyn, D.D. He was thoroughly drilled at grammar-schools in Philadelphia and New Brunswick, and at the Albany Academy. In 1826 his father returned to New York, where Mr. Brodhead was prepared for Rutgers College, of which he entered the junior class, and from which he was graduated in 1831 with the degree of Bachelor of Arts. Immediately afterwards he began the study of the law in the office of Hugh Maxwell, Esq., and in 1835 was licensed to practise his profession. This he did for two years in the city of New York in partnership with Mr. Maxwell. His tastes, however, inclining him to literary pursuits, Mr. Brodhead went, in 1837, to reside with his parents, who were then living at Saugerties in Ulster county, where he occupied himself chiefly in the study of American history. In 1839 he went to Holland, where his kinsman, the late Mr. Harmanus Bleecker, was *Chargé d' Affaires*, and was attached to the United States Legation at the Hague. While there he projected the work of writing the history of New York. In the mean time the Legislature, at the suggestion of the New York Historical Society, had passed an act on the 2d of May, 1839, to appoint an agent to procure and transcribe documents in Europe relative to the Colonial History of this State. Under this act, Governor Seward, who had always manifested a warm interest in the success of the measure, commissioned Mr. Brodhead as agent in the spring of 1841. The particular objects of this agency were to procure such additional historical records as should render the archives of New York as complete and comprehensive as possible; and the agent was accordingly required to procure all papers in the public offices of European governments, in his judgment "relating to or in any way affecting the colonial or other history of this state."

During the three following years Mr. Brodhead devoted his whole time to the execution of this

delicate and responsible duty, and was laboriously occupied in searching the archives of Holland, England, and France, for such papers as he thought would illustrate the history of New York, and serve to fill up the gaps in the existing state records at Albany. In this work he received the friendly aid and advice of Mr. Bleecker, Mr. Stevenson, Mr. Everett, and General Cass, who then represented the United States at the Hague, London, and Paris, and by whose intervention the various public offices in those cities were liberally opened to the researches of the agent.

The result of this enterprise was the procurement of a vast collection of historical documents, consisting of more than five thousand separate papers, and comprising a large part of the official correspondence of the colonial authorities of New York with the governments at home. Many of these documents had never before been known to the historian, though they are of acknowledged importance. From the Hague and Amsterdam Mr. Brodhead obtained a collection of Holland records which fill sixteen large volumes, and relate to the period during which New Netherland was under the Dutch dominion. From London forty-seven volumes were procured, containing copies of the instructions of the English government to its officers in New York, and the reports of those officers to the home authorities, with other interesting papers. From the archives of the Marine and War departments at Paris seventeen volumes were collected, which contain, besides many other documents relating to Canada in connexion with New York, most of the correspondence of the French Generals Dieskau, Montcalm, and Vaudreuil.

With this rich harvest Mr. Brodhead came back to New York in the summer of 1844; and Mr. Bancroft, after carefully examining the collection, pronounced that "the ship in which he returned was more richly freighted with new materials for American history than any that ever crossed the Atlantic." Mr. Brodhead was immediately invited to deliver the address before the New York Historical Society at its fortieth anniversary, which took place on the 20th November, 1844. This address, which embodied a statement of some of the results of Mr. Brodhead's researches in Europe, was published by the society, together with an account of the festival which followed, on which occasion John Quincy Adams and Albert Gallatin met in public for the last time.

In February, 1845, Mr. Brodhead, having deposited his transcripts in the secretary's office, submitted his final report as historical agent, which was laid before the Legislature by a message from Governor Wright, and was printed by order of the Senate as document No. 47 of that session. This report contains a detailed statement of the researches of the agent, and also a full analytical catalogue of the several documents comprised in the eighty volumes of Mr. Brodhead's collection. It may here be added that all these documents were soon in course of publication in ten large quarto volumes, under an act of the Legislature passed on the 30th of March, 1849.

Upon the appointment of Mr. Bancroft as Minister to Great Britain in 1846, President Polk, at his request, commissioned Mr. Brodhead to be Secretary of the United States Legation at London.

There he remained, until both minister and secretary were recalled by President Taylor in 1849. On his return to New York, Mr. Brodhead applied himself diligently to the execution of the work he had so long meditated, the *History of the State of New York*, the first volume of which, embracing the period under the Dutch, from 1609 to 1664, was published by the Harpers early in 1853. This book was well received by the public.

The extensive stores of original material collected by the author enabled him to present many curious and important facts of picturesque and local interest for the first time, while the main progress of the work unfolded the peculiar commercial restrictive system of trading monopoly, the regulations of the West India Company, and the domestic institution of the patroonships, which, at first the protection, soon became an impediment to the fortunes of the colony. The various political and social influences of the New Netherlands presenting the earnest, liberal, and popular elements of the home country, are exhibited with care and fidelity to the manuscript and other authorities which are constantly referred to, and passages of which are frequently embroidered in the text. The remaining distribution of the subject by the author, embraces the three periods from 1664 to the cession of Canada in 1763, from that date to the inauguration of Washington in 1789, and thence to the present day.

In the autumn of 1853 Mr. Brodhead was appointed by President Pierce Naval Officer of the Port and District of New York. While his official duties engrossed the most of his time, he did not neglect the prosecution of his history, nor withdraw his attention from literary labors. Among other things of this nature he prepared and delivered, by special request, an address on the Commercial History of New York, before the Mercantile Library Association, at the opening of the new Clinton Hall in Astor Place on the 8th of June, 1854. This address was published by the association.

In the spring of 1855 Mr. Brodhead received from the President the appointment of Consul-General of the United States at Japan. This office, however, he did not accept; and he held the post of Naval Officer of the Port of New York till 1857.

** In 1871 appeared the second volume of Mr. Brodhead's *History of the State of New York*. It narrated the events of the period from the English conquest in 1664 to the execution of Governor Leisler in 1691. The fidelity and spirit of the historian make this work a classic, and, it was hoped, would secure its completion to the inauguration of President Washington; but its author died suddenly in New York city, May 6, 1873. His other publications include an *Oration on the Conquest of New Netherland*, delivered before the New York Historical Society, October 12, 1864; and *Government of Sir Edmund Andros over New England*, 1867.

**THE ENGLISH CONQUEST OF NEW NETHERLAND.

The story of the reduction of Long Island and New Amsterdam has now been minutely told: the unexpected blockade of the port by the English; the overwhelming force of the invaders; the weak-

ness of Fort Amsterdam and its garrison; the almost solitary heroism and loyalty of Stuyvesant; the natural resentment of the city burghers against the authorities in Holland, who had left them unprotected against surprise; their common prudence, which preferred the easy terms offered by the English commander to the consequences of an unavailing resistance and a capture by storm; their reasonable dread of being plundered by the English colonial volunteers from the east; the inevitable capitulation of the metropolis, and the consequent surrender of the whole Dutch province. There was, indeed—as Stuyvesant reluctantly confessed—“an absolute impossibility of defending the fort, much less the city of New Amsterdam, and still less the country.”

On the part of England this conquest of New Netherland was an act of peculiar national baseness. It was a scandalous outrage. It was planned in secret, and was accomplished with deliberate deceit toward a friendly government. None but Englishmen had the impudence to do so vile a wrong. Its true motive was carefully concealed in all the diplomatic statements which attempted to justify the deed. The navigation laws of England, which were chiefly meant to cripple the commerce of her great maritime rival, could not be enforced in America as long as that rival possessed so important a province there. The intensely selfish spirit of those laws eagerly employed the most unjustifiable means to maintain them. Because England coveted New Netherland, and not because she had any rightful claim, she treacherously seized it as a prize. The whole transaction was eminently characteristic of an insolent and overbearing nation. On no other principle than that which frequently afterward governed the predatory aggressions of England in India and elsewhere can her conquest of the Dutch province be defended.

Nevertheless, unjustifiable as was the deed, the temptation to commit it was irresistible. Its actual execution was probably only a question of time. The event itself could hardly have been avoided by the Dutch government, unless all their previous policy had been reversed, and the holding of New Netherland at all hazards against any enemies been made an indispensable obligation. But this could not have been expected. Neither the West India Company—now on the brink of bankruptcy—nor the States General adequately valued their American province. It was not until toward the end of their rule that the importance of New Netherland and the necessity of securing it seriously engaged the attention of the authorities in Holland. Even then their apparent indifference encouraged the mousing designs of England. Charles the Second decreed that the United Netherlands should no longer have a foothold in North America. The decree was executed; and the Dutch province became the easy prey of undeclared enemies, who sneaked, in time of peace, into her chief harbor. New York replaced New Netherland on the map of the world. Although wars in Europe followed, the result in America was the same. Holland retired from the unequal strife, leaving France and Spain to contend for a season with England for ultimate supremacy in North America.

By the conquest of New Netherland, England became the mistress of all the Atlantic coast between Acadia and Florida. On the north and west her colonies were now bounded by the French possessions, on the south by those of Spain, on the

east by the ocean. Yet, although the British American dominions thus became geographically united, they were neither homogeneous in character nor sympathetic in feeling. The Puritan colonies, while they rejoiced in the subjection of their “noxious neighbors” to the crown of England, had themselves no respect for their own ungodly sovereign. The aid which they had given to the royal commissioners was a fatal political mistake, if any purpose of independence was really cherished. They thus lost the best opportunity they ever had of securing their local governments, because the king was now master of the most advantageous position on the continent, from which he could, if necessary, direct military and naval operations for their reduction in case of revolt. Maryland, equally removed from Puritan severity and Cavalier license, was content that its territorial dispute should at all events be adjudged. Virginia, perhaps, felt less interest in the event, although the prompt loyalty of her people, who had hastened to proclaim their restored sovereign, was naturally gratified at the extension of his dominion over all the neighboring coast between Cape Henlopen and Montauk Point.

In the progress of years, a common allegiance and common dangers produced greater sympathy among the Anglo-American plantations. Nevertheless, although incorporated into the British colonial empire, New York never lost her social and political identity and her salutary moral influence. It was her lot to sustain fiercer trials, and gain a more varied experience, than any other American state. It was equally her destiny to temper the narrow characteristics of her English sister colonies with the larger ideas which she had herself derived from Holland. Midway between New England and Virginia, she stood for nearly a century guarding her long frontier against the attacks of Canada; and at length she became the PIVOT PROVINCE, on which hinged the most important movements of that sublime revolt against the oppression of England, the only parallel to which was the successful struggle that the forefathers of her first settlers maintained against the gigantic despotism of Spain.

The terms of capitulation offered by Nicolls and accepted by Stuyvesant were, perhaps, the most favorable ever granted by a conqueror. In theory, the king only resumed his rightful authority over a province which had been intrusively occupied and improved by the Dutch. Once reduced under his own proprietary rule, the Duke of York hoped that it would become not only profitable to himself, but a valuable accession to the colonial dominions of the crown, to which he was the presumptive heir. His policy, therefore, was to obtain peaceful possession of the territory, and at the same time induce its Dutch inhabitants to remain there and become loyal English subjects. Indeed, the duke's patent authorized him to govern British subjects only. The most liberal inducements were accordingly offered to the people of New Netherland, with ostentatious benevolence. On the other hand, the Dutch colonists, chagrined at the imbecility and seeming indifference of the authorities in the fatherland, and having many causes of complaint against their own provincial government, accepted the change of rulers calmly and hopefully, if not with positive satisfaction.

Yet, by becoming British subjects, the Dutch inhabitants of New Netherland did not gain political freedom. Fresh names and laws, they found,

did not secure fresh liberties. Amsterdam was changed to York, and Orange to Albany. But these changes only commemorated the titles of a conqueror. It was nearly twenty years before that conqueror allowed for a brief period to the people of New York even that faint degree of representative government which they had enjoyed when the three-colored ensign of Holland was hauled down from the flag-staff of Fort Amsterdam. New Netherland exchanged Stuyvesant, and the West India Company, and a republican sovereignty, for Nicolls, and a royal proprietor, and a hereditary king. The province was not represented in Parliament; nor could the voice of its people reach the chapel of Saint Stephen at Westminster as readily as it had reached the chambers of the Binnenhof at the Hague.

LOUIS LEGRAND NOBLE

WAS born in the vale of the Butternut Creek in Otsego county, New York, in 1812. He passed his early years in rural life and its associations at this place and in western New York, when he removed with his parents, in his twelfth year, to Michigan



Louis L. Noble

Territory, then considered in the region of the Far West. The family settlement was on the Huron river, in the midst of the primitive and unfettered influences of a world of natural beauty, well adapted to graft on the heart of an ingenuous, susceptible youth, a lifelong love of nature. This vigorous existence, combining the toils of a frontier residence with the sports of the field, supplied the stock of poetical associations since liberally interwoven with the author's prose and poetical compositions. In the midst of the labors of the field, inspired by the books which had fallen in his way, he penned verses and planned various comprehensive poetical schemes. From this at once toilsome and visionary life he was called by the death of his father to a survey of the actual world. He applied himself resolutely to study,

and having pursued the course of instruction in the General Theological Seminary of the Protestant Episcopal Church in New York, was in 1840 admitted to orders. He about this time published a few poems, *Pewatam* in the *New World*, and *Nimahmin* in *Graham's Magazine*, both Indian romances, and pure inventions of the author, together with a number of miscellaneous descriptive poems.

After his ordination, Mr. Noble was settled for a time in North Carolina, in a parish on the Albemarle river. Still devoted to nature, he passed his summers in extensive tours in the Alleghanies. In 1844 he became rector of a church at Catskill, on the Hudson, where he enjoyed an intimate acquaintance with the artist Cole; the two friends being drawn to each other by a common love of nature and poetical sympathies. An ample record of this intercourse is preserved in Mr. Noble's eloquent memorial of his companion, modestly bearing its title from the artist's chief pictures, *The Course of Empire, Voyage of Life, and other Pictures of Thomas Cole, N.A., with Selections from his Letters and Miscellaneous Writings: illustrative of his Life, Character and Genius*. Mr. Cole died in 1848, and this work was undertaken, with full possession of his numerous manuscripts, shortly after. It did not, however, appear from the press till 1853. Its best characteristic is its sympathy with the genius of its subject. It may pass for an autobiography of the artist, so faithfully is his spirit represented by a kindred mind.

Mr. Noble is now a rector in Chicago. His poems are marked by their faithful description of nature, and a dreamy, poetical spirit, in harmony with the landscape.

**Mr. Noble's later works are: *The Hours, and other Poems*, 1857; and *After Icebergs, with a Painter: a Summer Voyage to Labrador and Around Newfoundland*, with the artist Church, 1861.

TO A SWAN, FLYING BY NIGHT ON THE BANKS OF THE HURON.

Oh, what a still, bright night!—the dropping dew
Wakes startling echoes in the sleeping wood:
The round-topped groves across yon polished lake
Beneath a moon-light glory seem to bend.
But, hark!—what sound—out of the dewy deep,
How like a far-off bugle's shrillest note
It sinks into the listening wilderness.
A Swan—I know her by the trumpet-tone:
Winging her airy way in the cool heaven,
Piping her midnight melody, she comes.
Beautiful bird!—at this mysterious hour
Why on the wing, with chant so wild and shrill?
The loon, most wakeful of the water-fowl,
Sung out her last good-night an hour ago;
Midway, she sits upon the glassy cove,
Whist as the floating lily at her side,
The purple-pinioned heron, that loves to fan,
At evening late, as thin and chill an air,
With the wild-duck is nodding in the reeds.
Frightened, perchance, from solitary haunt,
At grassy isle, or silver-sanded bank,
By barking fox, now, heedless of alarm,
With thy own music and its echo pleased,
Thou sail'st, at random, on the aerial tide.
Lone minstrel of the night, if such thou roamest,
His own who would not wish thy strong white
wings!—

Whether thou wheel'st into a thinner air,
 Or sink'st aslant to regions of the dew,
 How spirit-like thy bugle-tones must seem,
 In whispers dying in the upper deep—
 How sweet the mellow echoes, coming up,
 Like answering calls, to tempt thee down to rest!
 And hither, haply, thou wilt bend thy neck
 To shake thy quills and bathe thy snowy breast
 Till morn, if thy down-glancing eye catch not
 Thy startling image rising in the lake.
 Lone wanderer, that seest, from thy far height,
 The dark land set with many a star-bright pond,
 Alight:—thou wilt not find a lovelier rest.
 Lilies, like thy own feathery bosom fair,
 Lie thick as stars around its sheltering isles.
 Fearless, among them, as their guardian queen,
 'Neath over-bending branches shalt thou glide,
 Till early birds shake down the heavy dew,
 And whistling pinions warn thee to the wing.
 Now clearer sounds thy voice, and thou art nigh:—
 From central sky thy clarion music falls,
 Oh, what a mystic power hath one wild throat,
 Vocal, at midnight, in the depths of heaven?—
 What soothing harmonies the trembling air
 Through the ethereal halls may breathe, that ear
 Which asks no echo—the internal ear,
 Alone can list. But, hark, how hill and dell
 Catch up the falling melody! They come,
 The dulcet echoes from the hollow woods,
 Like music of their own: while lingering in
 From misty isles, steal softest symphonies.
 It hath strange might to thrill each living heart.
 The weary hunter, listening with hushed breath,
 As the sweet tones with his sensations play,
 A gentle tingling feels in every vein,
 And all forgets his home and toilsome hunt.
 River, that linkest in one sparkling chain
 The crescent lakes and ponds of Washtenug,
 For ever be thy darkening oaks uncut;
 Thy plains unfurrowed and thy meads unown!
 That thy wild singing-birds, unscared, may blend,
 Daily, with thine, their own free minstrelsy,
 And nightly, wake thy silent solitudes.

Bird of the tireless wing, thou wilt not stoop;
 Thine eye is on the border of the sky,
 Skirted, perchance, by Huron or St. Clair.
 The chasing moonbeams, glancing on thy plumes,
 Reveal thee now a thing of life and light,
 Lessening and sinking in the mistless blue.
 There, thou art lost—thy bugle-tones are hushed!—
 Tinkle the wood-vaults with far-dropping dew:
 Yet, in mine ear thy last notes linger still;
 And, like the close of distant music mild,
 Die, with a pleasing sadness, on my heart.

****THE SPLENDID ICEBERGS OF CAPE ST. JOHN—FROM
 AFTER ICEBERGS WITH A PAINTER.**

We are making a round of calls on all the icebergs of Cape St. John, painting, sketching, and pencilling as we go. Our calls are cut short for the want of wind, and we lie becalmed on the low, broad swells, majestically rolling in upon the Cape, only a mile to the south-west. Captain Knight is evidently uneasy at this proximity. A powerful current is setting rapidly in, carrying us over depths too great for our cables, up to the very cliffs. If the adventurous mariner, who first sighted this bold and forward headland, was bent upon christening it by an apostolic name, why did he not call it Cape St. Peter? All in all, it is certainly the finest coast scenery I have ever seen; and Captain Knight assures us it is the very finest on the eastern shore of Newfoundland. It is a black, jagged wall, often four, and even five hun-

dred feet in height, with a five-mile front, and the deep sea close in to the rock, without a beach, and almost without a foothold. This stupendous, natural wharf stretches back into the south-west toward the main land, widening very little for twenty miles or more, dividing the large expanse of White Bay on the west from the larger expanse of Notre Dame Bay on the east and south, the fine *Ægean*, before mentioned, with its multitudinous islands, of which we get not the least notion from any of our popular maps.

Such is a kind of charcoal sketch of Cape St. John, toward which, in spite of all we can yet do, we are slowly drifting. Unless there be power in our boat, manned by all the crew pulling across the current, with the Captain on the bow cracking them up with his fine, firm voice, I do not see why we are not in the greatest danger of drifting ashore. It is possible that there is a breath of wind under the cliffs, by which we might escape round into still water. With all the quiet of the ocean, I see the white surf spring up against the precipices. In the strongest gales of the Atlantic, the surges here must be perfectly terrific, and equal to anything of the kind on the globe. The great Baffin current, sweeping past with force and velocity, makes this a point of singular danger. To be wrecked here, with all gentleness, would be pretty sure destruction. In a storm, the chance of escape would be about the same as in the rapids of Niagara. After all, there is a fine excitement in this rather perilous play with the sublime and desolate. Would any believe it? I am actually sea-sick, and that in the full enjoyment of this grandeur of adamant and ice. I find I am not alone. The painter with his live colors falls to the same level of suffering with the man of the dull lead-pencil and the note-book. A slight breeze has relieved us of all anxiety, and all necessity of further effort to row out of danger. We are moving perceptibly up the wide current, and propose to escape to the north as soon as the wind shall favor.

We have just passed a fragment of some one of the surrounding icebergs that has amused us. It bore the resemblance of a huge polar bear, reposing upon the base of an inverted cone with a twist of a sea-shell, and whirling slowly round and round. The ever-attending green water, with its aerial clearness, enabled us to see its spiral folds and horns as they hung suspended in the deep. The bear, a ten-foot mass in tolerable proportion, seemed to be regularly beset by a pack of hungry little swells. First, one would take him on the haunch, then whip back into the sea over his tail and between his legs. Presently a bolder swell would rise and pitch into his back with a ferocity that threatened instant destruction. It only washed his satin fleece the whiter. While Bruin was turning to look the daring assailant in the face, the rogue had pitched himself back into his cave. No sooner that, than a very bull-dog of a billow would attack him in the face. The serenity with which the impertinent assault was borne was complete. It was but a puff of silvery dust, powdering his mane with fresher brightness. Nothing would be left of bull but a little froth of all the foam displayed in the fierce onset. He too would turn and scud into his hiding-place. Persistent little waves! After a dash singly, all around, upon the common enemy, as if by some silent agreement under water, they would all rush on, at once, with their loudest roar and shaggy foam, and overwhelm poor bear so

completely, that nothing less might be expected than to behold him broken into his four quarters, and floating helplessly asunder. Mistaken spectators! Although, by his momentary rolling and plunging, he was evidently aroused, yet neither Bruin nor his burrow were at all the worse for all the wear and washing. The deep fluting, the wrinkled folds and cavities, over and through which the green and silvery water rushed back into the sea, rivalled the most exquisite sculpture. And nature not only gives her marbles, with the finest lines, the most perfect lights and shades, she colors them also. She is no monochromist, but polychroic, imparting such touches of dove-tints, emerald and azure, as she bestows upon her gems and her skies.

We are bearing up under the big berg as closely as we dare. To our delight, what we have been wishing, and watching for, is actually taking place: loud explosions with heavy falls of ice, followed by the cataract-like roar, and the high, thin seas, wheeling away beautifully crested with sparkling foam. If it is possible, imagine the effect upon the beholder: This precipice of ice, with tremendous cracking, is falling toward us with a majestic and awful motion. Down sinks the long water-line into the black deep; down go the porcelain crags, and galleries of glassy sculptures, a speechless and awful baptism. Now it pauses and returns: up rise sculptures and crags streaming with the shining, white brine; up comes the great, encircling line, followed by things new and strange, crags, niches, balconies and caves; up, up it rises, higher and higher still, crossing the very breast of the grand ice, and all bathed with rivulets of gleaming foam. Over goes the summit, ridge, pinnacles and all, standing off obliquely in the opposite air. Now it pauses in its upward roll: back it comes again, cracking, cracking, cracking, "groaning out harsh thunder" as it comes, and threatening to burst, like a mighty bomb, into millions of glittering fragments. The spectacle is terrific and magnificent. Emotion is irrepresible, and peals of wild hurra burst forth from all.

The effect of the sky-line of this berg is marvellously beautiful. An overhanging precipice on this side, and steep slopes on the other, give a thin and notched ridge, with an almost knife-like sharpness, and the transparency and tint of sapphire, a miracle of beauty along the heights of the dead white ice, over which the sight darts into the spotless ultramarine of the heavens. On the right and left shoulders of the berg, the slopes fall off steeply this way, having the folds and the strange purity peculiar to snow-drifts. One who has dwelt pleasantly upon draperies in marble,—upon those lovely swellings and depressions,—those sweet surfaces and lines of grace and beauty of the human form, perfected in the works of sculptors, will appreciate the sentiment of the ices to which I point.

At the risk of being thought over-sentimental and extravagant, I will say something more of the great iceberg of Cape St. John, now that we are retiring from it, and giving it our last look. Of all objects an iceberg is in the highest degree multiform in its effects. Changeable in its colors as the streamers of the northern sky, it will also pass from one shape to another with singular rapidity. As we recede, the upper portions of the solid ice have a light and aerial effect, a description of which is simply impossible. Peaks and spires rise out of the strong and apparently

unchanging base with the light activity of flame. A mighty structure on fire, all in ice!

Cape St. John!—As we slowly glide away toward the north, and gaze back upon its everlasting cliffs, confronted by these wonderful icebergs, the glorious architecture of the polar night, I think of the apostle's vision of permanent and shining walls, "the heavenly Jerusalem," "the city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God."

"The good south wind" blows at last with strength, and we speed on our way over the great ocean, darkly shining in all its violet beauty. Pricking above the horizon, the peak of a berg sparkles in the glowing daylight of the west like a silvery star. C—— has painted with great effect, notwithstanding the difficulty of lines and touches from the motion of the vessel. If one is curious about the troubles of painting on a little coaster, lightly ballasted, dashing forward frequently under a press of sail, with a short sea, I would recommend him to a good, stout swing. While in the enjoyment of his smooth and sickening vibrations, let him spread his pallet, arrange his canvas, and paint a pair of colts at their gambols in some adjacent field.

HENRY NORMAN HUDSON.

MR. HUDSON was born January 28, 1814, in the town of Cornwall, Addison County, Vermont. The first eighteen years of his life were mainly spent on the farm and in the common school. For his early religious instruction he was indebted to the Rev. Jediah Bushnell, whom he speaks of as "a minister of the old New England school, a venerable and excellent man, a somewhat stiff and rigid Calvinist, indeed, but well fraught with the best qualities of a Christian pastor and gentleman." At the age of eighteen, Mr. Hudson removed to Middlebury, a town adjoining Cornwall, where he became apprenticed to Mr. Ira Allen, for the purpose of learning the trade of coach-making. Here he continued as apprentice and journeyman about four years, when he resolved to secure the benefit of a college education. He began the work of preparation in the fall of 1835, entered the Freshman class of Middlebury College the following August, and was graduated in 1840. His next three years were spent in teaching at the South, one year at Kentucky, and two years in Huntsville, Alabama. Having early acquired a taste for reading, and especially occupied himself with the study of Shakespeare, he found time to write out a course of lectures on his favorite author, which he first delivered at Huntsville, and shortly after at Mobile, in the winter of 1843-4. The next spring he repeated the course at Cincinnati. Induced by his success in these places he visited Boston the following winter, where the lectures were listened to by large and intelligent audiences, bringing the author both fame and profit. The first result was to enable him to discharge his pecuniary obligations to the friends by whose aid he had been assisted while in college. The lectures were repeated in New York, Philadelphia, and other cities with varying success, and finally appeared from the press of Baker and Scribner, in New York, in 1848.

Mr. Hudson's early religious views had undergone considerable change from the Congregational-

ism in which he was brought up, when in 1844 he became acquainted in Boston with the late Dr.



H. N. Hudson

William Crosswell, who had then just entered on his ministerial work in the parish of the Advent. Earnestly attached to the man and his doctrines, Mr. Hudson became a member of the congregation, and not long after a candidate for orders in the diocese of New York. He was ordained by Bishop Whittingham, in Trinity Church, in 1849.

The following year, at the solicitation of Messrs. Munroe and Co., of Boston, he engaged to edit the works of Shakespeare in eleven volumes, on the plan and in the style of the Chiswick edition published in 1826. This work was nearly completed in 1855, having reached its eighth volume, the publication having been somewhat delayed by the elaborate care bestowed upon it by the editor, and the necessity he has been under of associating with it more remunerating pursuits. The chief points in the edition are a thorough revision and restoration of the text according to the ancient copies, notes carefully selected and compactly written, and an introduction, historical, bibliographical, and critical, to each play.

In November, 1852, Mr. Hudson became party to an arrangement to edit the Churchman newspaper in New York. He entered upon the work, which he discharged with eminent ability, on the first of January, 1853, and continued in it till September 9, 1854, when he withdrew in consequence of what seemed to him unreasonable encroachments of the proprietor upon his province.

In addition to these editorial and other labors, Mr. Hudson has written a number of elaborate articles in the monthly and quarterly periodicals, including *Thoughts on Education*, in the Democratic Review,* a paper which contains the substance of a well digested volume; *On Lord Mahon's and Macaulay's Histories*, an essay on *The Right Sources of Moral and Political Knowledge*, in the Church Review; and a masterly review of Bailey's *Festus* in the American Whig Review. In 1850 Mr. Hudson published a sermon, *Old Wine in Old Bottles*, originally preached at the Church of the Advent, in Boston.

The style of Mr. Hudson is marked by a cer-

tain rugged strength and quaintness; occasionally reminding the reader, in its construction and the analytical subtleties of which it is the vehicle, of the old school of English theological writing. His composition is labored, sinewy, and profound. As a moralist, his views are liberal and enlarged, while opposed as far as possible to maudlin philanthropy and sentimentality. As a critic of Shakespeare he is acute, philosophical, reverential; following the school of Coleridge, and reproducing from the heart of the subject the elements of the author's characters, which are drawn out in a fine amplification.

THE WEIRD SISTERS—FROM THE LECTURES ON SHAKESPEARE.

The Weird Sisters are the creatures not of any pre-existing superstition, but purely of Shakespeare's own mind. They are altogether unlike any thing else that art or superstition ever invented. The old witches of northern mythology would not have answered the poet's purpose; those could only act upon men,—these act within them; those opposed themselves against human will,—these identify themselves with it; those could inflict injury,—these inflict guilt; those could work men's physical ruin,—these win men to work their own spiritual ruin. Macbeth cannot resist them, because they take from him the very will and spirit of resistance. Their power takes hold of him like a fascination of hell: it seems as terrible and as inevitable as that of original sin; insuring the commission of crime, not as a matter of necessity, for then it would be no crime, but simply as a matter of fact. In using them, Shakespeare but borrowed the drapery of pre-existing superstition to secure faith in an entirely new creation. Without doing violence to the laws of human belief he was thus enabled to enlist the services of old credulity in favor of agents or instruments suited to his peculiar purpose.

The Weird Sisters are a combination of the terrible and the grotesque, and hold the mind in suspense between laughter and fear. Resembling old women save that they have long beards, they bubble up into human shape, but are free from all human relations; without age, or sex, or kin; without birth, or death; passionless and motionless; anomalous alike in looks, in action, and in speech; nameless themselves, and doing nameless deeds. Coleridge describes them as the imaginative divorced from the good; and this description, to one who understands it, expresses their nature better than any thing else I have seen. Gifted with the powers of prescience and prophecy, their predictions seem replete with an indescribable charm which works their own fulfillment, so as almost to leave us in doubt whether they predestinate or produce, or only foresee and foretell the subsequent events.

Such as they are,—

So withered and so wild in their attire;
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on't,—

such is the language in which they mutter their horrid incantations. It is, if such a thing be possible or imaginable, the poetry of hell, and seems dripping with the very dews of the pit. A wondrous potency, like the fumes of their charmed pot, seems stealing over our minds as they compound the ingredients of their hell-broth. In the materials which make up the contents of their cauldron, such

as

Toad, that under coldest stone,
Days and nights hath thirty-one
Sweltered venom, sleeping got;
Witch's mummy; maw and gulf
Of the ravined salt-sea shark;

* May and July, 1845.

Root of hemlock, digg'd i' the dark ;
 Liver of blaspheming Jew ;
 Gall of goat ; and slips of yew,
 Silver'd in the moon's eclipse ;
 Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips ;
 Finger of birth-strangled babe,
 Ditch-deliver'd by a drab ;
 —sow's blood, that hath eaten
 Her nine farrow ; grease that's sweaten
 From the murderer's gibbet ;—

there is a strange confusion of the natural and supernatural, which serves to enchant and bewilder the mind into passiveness. Our very ignorance of any physical efficacy or tendency in the substances and conditions here specified, only enhances to our imagination their moral potency ; so that they seem more powerful over the soul inasmuch as they are powerless over the body.—The Weird Sisters, indeed, and all that belong to them, are but poetical impersonations of evil influences : they are the imaginative, irresponsible agents or instruments of the devil ; capable of inspiring guilt, but not of incurring it ; in and through whom all the powers of their chief seem bent up to the accomplishment of a given purpose. But with all their essential wickedness there is nothing gross, or vulgar, or sensual about them. They are the very purity of sin incarnate ; the vestal virgins, so to speak, of hell ; radiant with a sort of inverted holiness ; fearful anomalies in body and soul, in whom every thing seems reversed ; whose elevation is downwards ; whose duty is sin ; whose religion is wickedness ; and the law of whose being is violation of law ! Unlike the Furies of Eschylus, they are petrific, not to the senses, but to the thoughts. At first, indeed, on merely looking at them, we can hardly keep from laughing, so uncouth and grotesque is their appearance : but afterwards, on looking into them, we find them terrible beyond description ; and the more we look into them, the more terrible do they become ; the blood almost curdling in our veins as, dancing and singing their infernal glees over embryo murders, they unfold to our thoughts the cold, passionless, inexhaustible malignity and deformity of their nature.

In beings thus made and thus mannered ; in their fantastical and unearthly aspect, awakening mixed emotions of terror and mirth ; in their ominous reserve and oracular brevity of speech, so fitted at once to overcome scepticism, to sharpen curiosity, and to feed ambitious hopes ; in the circumstances of their prophetic greeting, a blasted heath, as a spot deserted by nature and sacred to infernal orgies,—the influences of the place thus falling in with the supernatural style and matter of their discourses ; in all this we recognise a peculiar adaptedness to generate even in the strongest minds a belief in their predictions.

What effect, then, do the Weird Sisters have on the action of the play ? Are their discourses necessary to the enacting of the subsequent crimes ? and, if so, are they necessary as the cause, or only as the condition of those crimes ? Do they operate to deprave, or only to develop the characters brought under their influence ? In a word, do they create the evil heart, or only untie the evil hands ? These questions have been variously answered by critics. Not to dwell on these various answers, it seems to me tolerably clear, that the agency of the Weird Sisters extends only to the inspiring of confidence in what they predict. This confidence they awaken in Banquo equally as in Macbeth ; yet the only effect of their proceedings on Banquo is to try and prove his virtue. The fair inference, then, is, that they furnish the motives, not the principles of action ; and these motives are of course to good or to bad, according to the several preformations and predispositions of character whereon they operate. But

what relation does motive bear to action ? On this point, too, it seems to me there has been much of needless confusion. Now moral action, like vision, presupposes two things, a condition and a cause. Light and visual power are both indispensable to sight ; there can be no vision without light ; yet the cause of vision, as every body knows, is the visual power pre-existing in the eye. Neither can we walk without an area to walk upon ; yet nobody, I suppose, would pronounce that area the cause of our walking. On the contrary, that cause is obviously within ourselves ; it lies in our own innate mobility ; and the area is necessary only as the condition of our walking. In like manner both will and motive are indispensable to moral action. We cannot act without motives, any more than we can breathe without air ; yet the cause of our acting lies in certain powers and principles within us. As, therefore, vision springs from the meeting of visual power with light, so action springs from the meeting of will with motive. Surely, then, those who persist in holding motives responsible for our actions, would do well to remember, that motives can avail but little after all without something to be moved.

One of the necessary conditions of our acting, in all cases, is a belief in the possibility and even the practicability of what we undertake. However ardent and lawless may be our desire of a given object, still a conviction of the impossibility of reaching it necessarily precludes all efforts to reach it. So fully are we persuaded that we cannot jump over the moon, that we do not even wish, much less attempt to do it. Generally, indeed, apprehensions and assurances more or less strong of failure and punishment in criminal attempts operate to throw us back upon better principles of action ; we make a virtue of necessity ; and from the danger and difficulty of indulging evil and unlawful desires, fall back upon such as are lawful and good ; wherein, to our surprise, nature often rewards us with far greater pleasures than we had anticipated from the opposite course. He who removes those apprehensions and assurances from any wicked enterprise, and convinces us of its safety and practicability, may be justly said to furnish us motives to engage in it ; that is, he gives us the conditions upon which, but not the principles from which, our actions proceed ; and therefore does not, properly speaking, deprave, but only develops our character. For example, in ambition itself, unchecked and unrestrained by any higher principles, are contained the elements of all the crimes necessary to the successful prosecution of its objects. I say successful prosecution ; for such ambition is, from its nature, regardless of every thing but the chances of defeat : so that nothing less than the conviction or the apprehension that crimes will not succeed, can prevent such ambition from employing them.

Mr. Hudson completed his edition of the works of Shakspeare with the eleventh volume, in 1856. In addition to the carefully annotated text, marked by diligent reading, judicious selection of the most intelligent labors of the best commentators, and original deduction, this work is valuable for an elaborate presentation and discussion of all the facts bearing upon the poet's biography in a "Life of Shakspeare," and a painstaking "Historical Sketch of the English Drama before Shakspeare." In the merit of philosophical discrimination and exhaustive analysis of character, Mr. Hudson's edition of Shakspeare, among the many which

have appeared of the dramatist, has its especial claims upon public attention.

From January, 1857, to June, 1858, Mr. Hudson edited at New York a periodical devoted to the interests and doctrines of the Protestant Episcopal Church, entitled *The American Church Monthly*. A large portion of this journal was written by the editor, who brought to theology the same candid, earnest spirit which had distinguished his labors in literature. He had important assistance in this publication from Mr. Hugh Davy Evans, of Baltimore,* a writer of marked ability in the discussion of theological, political, and social topics. On the close of this publication, in its third volume, Mr. Hudson accepted a call to a parish at Litchfield, Connecticut, where he passed the years 1859 and 1860. In the winter of the year 1860-'61, he delivered a new course of Shakspearian lectures in New York and other cities. On the Fast-day appointed by President Buchanan, January 4, 1861, he delivered a sermon in New York, entitled *Christian Patriotism*, which has been published. During the late civil war, Mr. Hudson served as chaplain in the army, and was for some time stationed with his regiment in South Carolina; he was subsequently in General Butler's army, on the James, when, in consequence of the publication of a letter in the *New York Evening Post*, reflecting on that officer, he was placed under arrest. He has recently published an account of this affair, entitled, *A Chaplain's Campaign with General Butler* (New York, printed for the author, 1865, 8vo, pp. 66).

In 1871 Mr. Hudson prepared an edition of the *Plays of Shakspeare*, selected and carefully edited for the use of families and schools, in two volumes, with introductions and notes; and in 1873, *Shakspeare: his Life, Art, and Characters*, in two volumes.

ELIAS NASON.

The Rev. Elias Nason was born at Wrentham, Mass., April 21, 1811. His parents removing shortly after to Hopkinton, the years of his boyhood were passed in that romantic town, and several of them at the celebrated "Frankland Place," the history of which he has lately written. Many of his early days were spent in braiding straw, in hunting, in fishing, in setting traps for rabbits, quails, and partridges, and in studying Perry's Spelling Book, Adams's Arithmetic, and Morse's Geography, at the common schools, then kept by Mellen Chamberlain, Daniel Earnes, Abijah Ellis, and others. His taste for reading was developed early; his scanty means were carefully invested in such books as he could find for sale in the village store where his parents traded. By good fortune, Thomson's Seasons, Addison's Spectator, Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield, and the Life of Dr. Franklin early fell into his hands. They were read and re-read

with avidity; and, afterward, Scott's Lady of the Lake and Marmion; the poems of Burns and Dryden's Virgil gave him irrepressible delight. Indeed, ere the age of twelve had been reached, these and many other of the English classics had been obtained and read beneath the elm and chestnut trees of Magunco, on the southern slope of which the Frankland House stood. He also found a stock of well-selected books at the house of Mr. Daniel Holbrook, a relative, in Wrentham, where he spent many hours in reading and listening to stories of the Revolution, in which the father of the family had borne a part. Two of the sons, Dr. John E. and Silas P. Holbrook, were intense lovers of nature, and, through their influence, Mr. Nason's mind was early turned to the study of natural history.

At the age of fifteen he began to learn the trade of paper-making, with David Bigelow & Co., of Framingham, and, while engaged in this employment, continued to read the English poets and historians, and in part prepared himself for college. He also learned the art of music from the fragmentary music-books which were gathered from the paper-rags, and from which he copied carefully the notes of every song he found into a book prepared especially for the purpose. His final preparation for college was made under the Rev. Mr. Colton, of Amherst, Mass., from whose kind instruction he entered Brown University, then under the fostering care of Dr. Wayland, in 1831. His roommate in college was Leonard Bliss, author of the History of Rehoboth, who was shot inhumanly in Louisville, Kentucky, some years afterward. Mr. Nason's favorite study in his college course was Greek, in which he always had the mark of "excellent;" and he also acquired, while at the University, a knowledge of the French and the Italian. On graduating, he taught an academy, for a season, at Lancaster, Mass., and at that period spent six or seven hours each day in the study of music and the modern languages.

In February, 1836, he visited Charleston, S. C., and, after spending some time in that then delightful city, enjoying the society of his relative, Dr. John E. Holbrook, distinguished as a naturalist, he engaged in the study of the Southern flora, and gave lectures before many Southern audiences on this subject. The next year he had the charge of the *Georgia Courier*, a daily paper published in Augusta; and, after this, served for three successive years as principal of the academy at Waynesboro, Georgia. Here he studied Hebrew, continued his botanic rambles, and, in one winter, as books were scarce in that locality, read entirely through, article by article, the original edition of the celebrated French Encyclopædia, by Diderot and his friends.

On returning North, in 1840, Mr. Nason went to reside at Newburyport, Mass., where he was engaged in teaching the Latin, high, and other schools until the close of 1849. During this period he acquired a knowledge of the German, Spanish, and Syriac languages, edited for a while the *Watchtower*, lectured before many lyceums,

* Mr. Evans, besides his contributions to church journals, is the author of several legal works: an *Essay on Pleading*, (Baltimore 1827); *Maryland Common Law Practice* (1839); and of several publications relating to Episcopacy: *Essays to Prove the Validity of Anglican Ordinations* (1844 and 1851); and an *Essay on the Episcopate of the First Episcopal Church of the United States of America* (Philadelphia, 1855).

and wrote many articles for the magazines. He also studied theology, and was licensed as a preacher in the summer of 1849. In 1850 he became master of the high school in Milford, and in 1852 pastor of an Orthodox Congregationalist denomination at Natick, Mass. In 1858 he was called to the Mystic Church, in Medford, and three years later he was installed pastor of the First Congregational Church in Exeter, N. H. He now resides at North Billerica, Mass., as an author and lecturer.

Mr. Nason's own publications are: *Songs for the School Room* (1842); *Chrestomathie Française* (1849); *Memoir of Rev. N. Howe, of Hopkinton* (1851); *Thou Shalt not Steal* (1852); *Strength and Beauty of the Sanctuary, a Dedication Sermon* (1854); *Congregational Hymn Book* (1857); *Congregational Tune Book* (1858); *Congregational Hymn and Tune Book* (1859); *Our Obligations to Defend Our Country* (1861); *Sermon on the War* (1861); *Songs for Social and Public Worship* (1862); *Eulogy on Edward Everett* (1865); *Fountains of Salvation* (1865); *Eulogy on Abraham Lincoln* (1865); *Sir Charles Henry Frankland, Baronet; or, Boston in the Colonial Times* (Munsell, Albany, 1865).

The style of Mr. Nason is marked by its impassioned fervor. A genuine lover of literature, he has cultivated his imagination by the study of the best authors. His writings show the man of reading and reflection. The Eulogy on Everett, recently delivered before the New England Historic Genealogical Society, is one of the most eloquent tributes paid to the character and labors of the departed scholar, orator, and statesman. The Eulogy on President Lincoln, delivered before the same society, is equally marked by its earnest patriotism and nice appreciation of individual character.

** Mr. Nason's later works comprise: *Life and Character of Governor John Albion Andrew*, 1868; *A Monograph on Our National Song*, 1869; *Memoir of Mrs. Susanna Rowson*, 1870; *The Life and Public Services of the Hon. Henry Wilson*, 1872, in connection with Hon. Thomas Russell; and a *Gazetteer of Massachusetts*, 1873. He is now preparing a history of the sacred and lyrical poets of America.

DANIEL CLEMENT COLESWORTHY.

Mr. Colesworthy is a descendant of an ancient family of Boston, having among his immediate ancestors one of the celebrated "Boston Tea-Party." He was born in Portland, Maine, July 14, 1810. He established the *Portland Tribune*, a weekly paper devoted to literature, biography, history, &c., in that city, in 1841, and continued to edit and publish it for four years. He left Portland in 1850, and established himself in Cornhill, Boston, in the bookselling business, which he has since pursued. He is the author of several volumes. His writings in prose and verse are adapted to the people, and are generally on topics of familiar domestic interest. His tales, of which he has composed many, illustrate the moralities of common life somewhat in the school of Franklin; while his poems, written with ease and simplicity, embrace the ever-en-

during themes of the affections. The titles of Mr. Colesworthy's writings are: *Common Incidents*, *My Teacher* (1833); *Sabbath-School Hymns* (1833); *Address to the People of Color* (1835); *Advice to an Apprentice* (1836); *Opening Buds* (1839); *Touch at the Times*, *Happy Deaths* (1840); *Chronicles of Casco Bay* (1850); *The Old Bureau, and other Tales* (1861); *A Group of Children, and other Poems* (1865); *Character of Rev. Charles Jenkins* (1833); *Juvenile Story Books* (1834); *The Year, a Poem* (1873); *School is Out* (1873).

HENRY JAMES.

Henry James was born at Albany, N. Y., June 3, 1811. His education was interrupted by an accident in his boyhood, resulting in the amputation of a leg. He graduated at Union College, Schenectady, and passed two or three years in the Theological Seminary at Princeton, N. J. He never, we are told by a writer well acquainted with Mr. James's literary productions, "applied for a license to preach, because of a conviction that the gospel which, as a minister of any of the regular churches, he would be bound to set forth, was not in accordance with apostolic standards. During a tour in Europe, he became interested in the views of Robert Sandeman, of whose *Letters on Theron and Aspasia* he prepared an edition, with an original preface (New York, 1839). In 1840 he published a pamphlet, entitled *Remarks on the Apostolic Gospel*, in which he maintained the absolute divinity of Jesus Christ, while denying the doctrine of the Trinity. On another visit to Europe, in 1843, he became acquainted with the works of Swedenborg, which have ever since exercised a great influence upon his opinions and writings. In 1846 he published *What is the State?* a lecture delivered in Albany; and in 1847, *A Letter to a Swedenborgian*, in which, while asserting the doctrine of Swedenborg, he argued against the ecclesiastical organization of the New Jerusalem Church. In the winter of 1849-50, he delivered in New York a course of lectures which were collected into a volume, under the title of *Moralism and Christianity* (1852), and excited much attention. The leading idea of this volume is the distinction between the moral and the religious life of man; the former being, according to the author, mere obedience to the law of human society, while the latter is the product of divine love and light flowing into the soul; consequently the one is outward, formal, and temporary, while the other is inward, spontaneous, and permanent. A second course of lectures, delivered in 1851-2, setting forth the same general views, was published, together with several articles written for magazines and reviews, in a volume entitled *Lectures and Miscellanies*, in 1852. This was followed by *The Church of Christ not an Ecclesiasticism* (1854); *The Nature of Evil* (1855); and *Christianity the Logic of Creation* (London and New York, 1857). In all these works Mr. James advocates, with exceeding beauty of style and fervor of argument, a body of religious, philosophical, and social doctrine, which in its

theological affinities is most related to Swedenborg, and whose humanitarian tendencies accord with the teachings of the modern socialists. Mr. James' is, however, rather a theologian than a metaphysician; the absoluteness of the Divine Being and the Divine Humanity of the Saviour forming the starting point of all his speculations.*

** In 1863 appeared: *Substance and Shadow; or, Morality and Religion in their Relation to Life*; and in 1869, *The Secret of Swedenborg, being an Elucidation of his Doctrine of the Divine Natural Humanity*.

E. H. CHAPIN

Was born in Union Village, Washington County, New York, December 29, 1814. His first studies were given to the law, but he soon became engaged in the ministry. He was settled first over a congregation at Richmond, Va., in 1838, and subsequently from 1840 to 1848 was stationed at Charlestown and Boston. In 1848 he became a resident of New York, and is now pastor of the Fourth Universalist Society in the city, occupying the edifice at the corner of Forty-fifth Street and Fifth Avenue.

Mr. Chapin's chief reputation is as a pulpit orator and lecturer, his lyceum engagements extending through the country. His style is marked by its poetical fervor and frequent happy illustrations, and an ingenious vein of thought. His delivery is calm and winning.



E. H. Chapin.

His chief publications are of a practical devotional character, bearing the titles, *Hours of Communion*; *Crown of Thorns*; *A Token for the Sorrowing*; *Discourses on the Lord's Prayer and the Beatitudes*; *Characters in the Gospels, illustrating Phases of Character at the Present Day*. In 1853 and in 1854 he published *Moral Aspects of City Life*, and *Humanity in the City*—two

series of his courses on topics of social life; fashions, amusements, and vices; the relation of machinery and labor, wealth and poverty; the temptations to crime, and other themes of a similar character, which are exhibited in a philosophical, devotional spirit, with equal earnestness and kindliness. *Extemporaneous Discourses, and Providence and Life*, are his later works.

VOICES OF THE DEAD—FROM THE CROWN OF THORNS.

"He being dead yet speaketh." The departed have voices for us. In order to illustrate this, I remark, in the first place, that the dead speak to us, and commune with us, *through the works which they have left behind them*. As the islands of the sea are the built up casements of myriads of departed lives; as the earth itself is a great catacomb; so we, who live and move upon its surface, inherit the productions and enjoy the fruits of the dead. They have bequeathed to us by far the larger portion of all that influences our thoughts, or mingles with the circumstances of our daily life. We walk through the streets they laid out. We inhabit the houses they built. We practise the customs they established. We gather wisdom from the books they wrote. We pluck the ripe clusters of their experience. We boast in their achievements. And by these they speak to us. Every device and influence they have left behind tells their story, and is a voice of the dead. We feel this more impressively when we enter the customary place of one recently departed, and look around upon his work. The half-finished labor, the utensils hastily thrown aside, the material that exercised his care and received his last touch, all express him and seem alive with his presence. By them, though dead, he speaketh to us with a freshness and tone like his words of yesterday. How touching are those sketched forms, those unfilled outlines, in that picture which employed so fully the time and genius of the great artist—Belshazzar's Feast! In the incomplete process, the transition-state of an idea from its conception to its realization, we are brought closer to the mind of the artist; we detect its springs and hidden workings, and therefore feel its *reality* more than in the finished effort. And this is one reason why we are more impressed at beholding the work just left than in gazing upon one that has been for a long time abandoned. Having had actual communion with the contriving mind, we recognise its presence more readily in its production; or else the reency of the departure heightens the expressiveness with which everything speaks of the departed. The dead child's cast-off garment, the toy just tossed aside, startles us as though with his renewed presence. A year hence they will suggest him to us, but with a different effect.

But though not with such an impressive tone, yet just as much, in fact, do the productions of those long gone speak to us. Their *minds* are expressed there, and living voice can do little more. Nay, we are admitted to a more intimate knowledge of them than was possessed by their contemporaries. The work they leave behind them is the *sum-total* of their lives—expresses their ruling passion—reveals, perhaps, their real sentiment. To the eyes of those placed on the stage with them, they walked as in a show, and each life was a narrative gradually unfolding itself. We discover the moral. We see the results of that completed history. We judge the quality and value of that life by the residuum. As "a prophet has no honor in his own country," so one may be misconceived in his own time, both to his undue disparagement and his undue exaltation;

*Appleton's "New American Cyclopedia," Art. Henry James.

therefore, can another age better write his biography than his own. His work, his permanent result, speaks for him better, at least truer, than he spoke for himself. The rich man's wealth, the sumptuous property, the golden pile that he has left behind him—by it, being dead, does he not yet speak to us? Have we not, in that gorgeous result of toiling days and anxious nights, of brain-sweat and soul-lack, the man himself, the cardinal purpose, the very life of his soul? which we might have surmised while he lived and wrought, but which, now that it remains the whole sum and substance of his mortal being, speaks far more emphatically than could any other voice he might have used. The expressive lineaments of the marble, the pictured canvass, the immortal poem—by it, *genius*, being dead, yet speaketh. To us, and not to its own time, is unhoarded the wealth of its thought and the glory of its inspiration. When it is gone—when its lips are silent, and its heart still—then is revealed the cherished secret over which it toiled, which was elaborated from the living alembic of the soul, through gainful days and weary nights—the sentiment which could not find expression to contemporaries—the gift, the greatness, the lyric power, which was disguised and unknown so long. Who, that has communed with the work of such a spirit, has not felt in every line that thrilled his soul, in every wondrous lineament that stamped itself upon his memory for ever, that the dead can speak, yea, that they have voices which speak most truly, most emphatically, when they are dead? So does *Industry* speak, in its noble monuments, its precious fruits! So does *Maternal Affection* speak, in a chord that vibrates in the hardest heart, in the pure and better sentiment of after-years. So does *Patriotism* speak, in the soil liberated and enriched by its sufferings. So does the *Martyr* speak, in the truth which triumphs by his sacrifice. So does the *great man* speak, in his life and deeds, glowing on the storied page. So does the *good man* speak, in the character and influence which he leaves behind him. The voices of the dead come to us from their works, from their results, and these are all around us.

But I remark, in the second place, that the dead speak to us in *memory* and *association*. If their voices may be constantly heard in their works, we do not always heed them; neither have we that care and attachment for the great congregation of the departed, which will at any time call them up vividly before us. But in that congregation there are those whom we have known intimately and fondly, whom we cherished with our best love, who lay close to our bosoms. And these speak to us in a more private and peculiar manner,—in mementos that flash upon us the whole person of the departed, every physical and spiritual lineament—in consecrated hours of recollection that open up all the train of the past, and re-twine its broken ties around our hearts, and make its endearments present still. Then, then, though dead, they speak to us. It needs not the vocal utterance, nor the living presence, but the mood that transforms the scene and the hour supplies these. That face that has slept so long in the grave, now bending upon us, pale and silent, but affectionate still—that more vivid recollection of every feature, tone, and movement, that brings before us the departed, just as we knew them in the full flush of life and health—that soft and consecrating spell which falls upon us, drawing in all our thoughts from the present, arresting, as it were, the current of our being, and turning it back and holding it still as the flood of actual life, rushes by us—while in that trance of soul the beings of the past are shadowed—old friends, old days, old scenes re-

cur, familiar looks beam close upon us, familiar words reëcho in our ears, and we are closed up and absorbed with the by-gone, until tears dissolve the film from our eyes, and some shock of the actual wakes us from our reverie;—all these, I say, make the dead to commune with us really as though in bodily form they should come out from the chambers of their mysterious silence, and speak to us. And if life consists in *experiences*, and not mere physical contacts—and if love and communion belong to that experience, though they take place in meditation, or dreams, or by actual contact—then, in that hour of remembrance, have we really lived with the departed, and the departed have come back and lived with us. Though dead, they have spoken to us. And though memory sometimes induces the spirit of heaviness—though it is often the agent of conscience and wakens us to chastise—yet, it is wonderful how, from events that were deeply mingled with pain, it will extract an element of sweetness. A writer, in relating one of the experiences of her sick-room, has illustrated this. In an hour of suffering, when no one was near her, she went from her bed and her room to another apartment, and looked out upon a glorious landscape of sunrise and spring-time. "I was suffering too much to enjoy this picture at the moment," she says, "but how was it at the end of the year? The pains of all those hours were annihilated, as completely vanished as if they had never been; while the momentary peep behind the window-curtain made me possessor of this radiant picture for evermore." "Whence this wide difference," she asks, "between the good and the evil? Because the good is indissolubly connected with ideas—with the unseen realities which are indestructible." And though the illustration which she thus gives bear the impression of an individual peculiarity, instead of an universal truth, still, in the instance to which I apply it, I believe it will very generally hold true, that memory leaves a pleasant rather than a painful impression. At least, there is so much that is pleasant mingled with it, that we would not willingly lose the faculty of memory—the consciousness that we can thus call back the dead and hear their voices—that we have the power of softening the rugged realities which only suggest our loss and disappointment, by transferring the scene and the hour to the past and the departed. And, as our conceptions become more and more spiritual, we shall find the *real* to be less dependent upon the outward and the visible—we shall learn how much life there is in a thought—how veritable are the communions of spirit with spirit; and the hour in which memory gives us the voices of the dead will be prized by us as an hour of actual experience, and such opportunities will grow more precious to us. No, we would not willingly lose this power of memory.

T. S. ARTHUR

Was born in 1809, near Newburgh, Orange county, New York. In 1817, his parents removed to Baltimore, where he lived till 1841, when he removed to Philadelphia, where he has since resided.

His boyhood, as we learn from a brief autobiography prefixed to one of his books, was passed with but few advantages of instruction in Maryland. He left school to be apprenticed, when he entered upon a course of self-education. His sight failing him when he became his own master, he abandoned the trade which he had learnt, and was for three years a clerk. In 1833, he went to the West as agent for a Banking Company; the institution failed and he returned to Baltimore. He then

associated himself with a friend as editor of a newspaper, and soon became engaged in the active career of authorship, which he has since pursued with popular favor. His writings embrace numerous series of works of fiction of a domestic moral character; pictures of American life subordinated to a moral sentiment. He has published more than fifty volumes, besides numerous tales in cheap form.*



** Mr. Arthur for many years has been the editor and proprietor of *Arthur's Home Magazine*. The number of his books to date (1873) will exceed seventy volumes. Of many of these the sale has been very large. *Three Years in a Man-Trap*, one of his latest works, reached a circulation of over 25,000 copies within twelve months of its publication. This book was dramatized, and it drew crowded houses for over thirty nights on its first appearance.

GENTLE HAND.

When and where, it matters not now to relate—but once upon a time, as I was passing through a thinly peopled district of country, night came down upon me, almost unawares. Being on foot, I could not hope to gain the village toward which my steps were directed, until a late hour; and I therefore

preferred seeking the shelter and a night's lodging at the first humble dwelling that presented itself.

Dusky twilight was giving place to deeper shadows, when I found myself in the vicinity of a dwelling, from the small uncurtained windows of which the light shone with a pleasant promise of good cheer and comfort. The house stood within an enclosure, and a short distance from the road along which I was moving with wearied feet. Turning aside, and passing through the ill-hung gate, I approached the dwelling. Slowly the gate swung on its wooden hinges, and the rattle of its latch, in closing, did not disturb the air until I had nearly reached the little porch in front of the house, in which a slender girl, who had noticed my entrance, stood awaiting my arrival.

A deep, quick bark answered, almost like an echo, the sound of the shutting gate, and, sudden as an apparition, the form of an immense dog loomed in the doorway. At the instant when he was about to spring, a light hand was laid upon his shaggy neck and a low word spoken.

"Go in, Tiger," said the girl, not in a voice of authority, yet in her gentle tones was the consciousness that she would be obeyed; and, as she spoke, she lightly bore upon the animal with her hand, and he turned away, and disappeared within the dwelling.

"Who's that?" A rough voice asked the question; and now a heavy-looking man took the dog's place in the door.

"How far is it to G——?" I asked, not deeming it best to say, in the beginning, that I sought a resting-place for the night.

"To G——!" growled the man, but not so harshly as at first. "It's good six miles from here."

"A long distance; and I'm a stranger, and on foot," said I. "If you can make room for me until morning, I will be very thankful."

I saw the girl's hand move quickly up his arm, until it rested on his shoulder, and now she leaned to him still closer.

"Come in. We'll try what can be done for you." There was a change in the man's voice that made me wonder.

I entered a large room, in which blazed a brisk fire. Before the fire sat two stout lads, who turned upon me their heavy eyes, with no very welcome greeting. A middle-aged woman was standing at a table, and two children were amusing themselves with a kitten on the floor.

"A stranger, mother," said the man who had given me so rude a greeting at the door; "and he wants us to let him stay all night."

The woman looked at me doubtfully for a few moments, and then replied coldly—

"We don't keep a public house."

"I am aware of that, ma'am," said I; "but night has overtaken me, and it's a long way yet to——."

"Too far for a tired man to go on foot," said the master of the house, kindly, "so it's no use talking about it, mother; we must give him a bed."

So unobtrusively, that I scarcely noticed the movement, the girl had drawn to the woman's side. What she said to her I did not hear, for the brief words were uttered in a low voice; but I noticed, as she spoke, one small, fair hand rested on the woman's hand. Was there magic in that gentle touch? The woman's repulsive aspect changed into one of kindly welcome, and she said:

"Yes, it's a long way to G——. I guess we can find a place for him."

Many times more, during that evening, did I observe the magic power of that hand and voice—the one gentle yet potent as the other.

On the next morning, breakfast being over, I was

* We give a list of most of these writings, though not in the order of their production:—*Sketches of Life and Character*, 8vo., pp. 420; *Lights and Shadows of Real Life*, 8vo., pp. 800; *Leaves from Books of Human Life*, 12mo.; *Golden Grains from Life's Harvest Field*, 12mo.; *the Lotions and the Pinkertons*, 12mo.; *Heart Histories and Life Pictures*; *Tales for Rich and Poor*, 6 vols. 18mo.; *Library for the Household* 12 vols. 18mo.; *Arthur's Juvenile Library*, 12 vols. 16mo.; *Cottage Library*, 6 vols. 18mo.; *Ten Nights in a Bar-Room*, 12mo.; *Six Nights with Washingtonians*, 8vo.; *Advice to Young Men*, 18mo.; *Advice to Young Ladies*, 18mo.; *Maiden, Wife, and Mother*, 3 vols. 18mo.; *Tales of Married Life*, 3 vols. 18mo.; *Stories of Domestic Life*, 3 vols. 18mo.; *Tales from Real Life*, 3 vols. 18mo.; *Tired of House-keeping*, 18mo.; *Novels in Cheap Form*, 20 vols. ** *All's for the Best Series*, 3 vols. 18mo.; *After the Storm*, 12mo.; *The Hand Without the Heart*, 12mo.; *Light on Shadowed Paths*, 12mo.; *Out in the World*, 12mo.; *Our Neighbors in the Corner House*, 12mo.; *Nothing but Money*, 12mo.; *What Came Afterwards*, 12mo.; *Three Years in a Man-Trap*, a *Temperance Story*, 12mo.; *Cast Adrift*, 12mo.

preparing to take my departure, when my host informed me that if I would wait for half an hour he would give me a ride in his wagon to G——, as business required him to go there. I was very well pleased to accept of the invitation. In due time, the farmer's wagon was driven into the road before the house, and I was invited to get in. I noticed the horse as a rough-looking Canadian pony, with a certain air of stubborn endurance. As the farmer took his seat by my side, the family came to the door to see us off.

"Dick!" said the farmer in a peremptory voice, giving the rein a quick jerk as he spoke.

But Dick moved not a step.

"Dick! you vagabond! get up." And the farmer's whip cracked sharply by the pony's ear.

It availed not, however, this second appeal. Dick stood firmly disobedient. Next the whip was brought down upon him, with an impatient hand; but the pony only reared up a little. Fast and sharp the strokes were next dealt to the number of half-a-dozen. The man might as well have beaten his wagon, for all his end was gained.

A stout lad now came out into the road, and catching Dick by the bridle, jerked him forward, using, at the same time, the customary language on such occasions, but Dick met this new ally with increased stubbornness, planting his forefeet more firmly, and at a sharper angle with the ground. The impatient boy now struck the pony on the side of his head with his clinched hand, and jerked cruelly at his bridle. It availed nothing, however; Dick was not to be wrought upon by any such arguments.

"Don't do so, John!" I turned my head as the maiden's sweet voice reached my ear. She was passing through the gate into the road, and, in the next moment, had taken hold of the lad and drawn him away from the animal. No strength was exerted in this; she took hold of his arm, and he obeyed her wish as readily as if he had no thought beyond her gratification.

And now that soft hand was laid gently on the pony's neck, and a single low word spoken. How instantly were the tense muscles relaxed—how quickly the stubborn air vanished.

"Poor Dick!" said the maiden, as she stroked his neck lightly, or softly patted it with a child-like hand.

"Now, go along, you provoking fellow!" she added, in a half-chiding, yet affectionate voice, as she drew up the bridle. The pony turned toward her, and rubbed his head against her arm for an instant or two; then, pricking up his ears, he started off at a light, cheerful trot, and went on his way as freely as if no silly crotchet had ever entered his stubborn brain.

"What a wonderful power that hand possesses!" said I, speaking to my companion, as we rode away.

He looked at me for a moment as if my remark had occasioned surprise. Then a light came into his countenance, and he said, briefly—

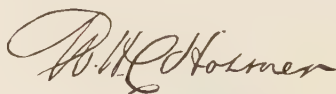
"She's good! Everybody and everything loves her."

Was that, indeed, the secret of her power? Was the quality of her soul perceived in the impression of her hand, even by brute beasts! The father's explanation was, doubtless, the true one. Yet have I ever since wondered, and still do wonder, at the potency which lay in that maiden's magic touch. I have seen something of the same power, showing itself in the loving and the good, but never to the extent as instanced in her, whom, for want of a better name, I must still call "Gentle Hand."

WILLIAM H. C. HOSMER.

MR. HOSMER was born at Avon, in the valley of

the Genesee, New York, May 25, 1814. He was graduated at Geneva College, and soon after commenced the study of the law with his father, the Hon. George Hosmer, one of the oldest members of the bar of Western New York. Mr. Hosmer was in due course licensed, and has practised his profession with success.



His parents having settled in the Genesee valley while it was yet occupied by the Seneca Indians, Mr. Hosmer's attention was early directed to the history and legends of the race whose home, possessions, and stronghold, had been for a succession of ages in that valley, and whose footprints were yet fresh upon its soil. His mother conversed fluently in the dialect of the tribe, and was familiar with its legends. These circumstances naturally directed Mr. Hosmer in the choice of a theme for his first poem, *Yonnonadio*, an Indian tale in seven cantos, published in 1844.

In 1854 Mr. Hosmer published a complete collection of his *Poetical Works* in two volumes duodecimo. The first contains the Indian romance of Yonnonadio, followed by legends of the Senecas, Indian traditions and songs, Bird Notes, a series of pleasantly versified descriptions of a few American birds, and the Months, a poetical calendar of nature. The second contains Occasional Poems, Historic scenes drawn from European history, Martial Lyrics, several of which are in honor of the Mexican war, Songs and Ballads, Funeral Echoes, Sonnets, and Miscellaneous Poems. The enumeration displays the variety of the writer's productions. He maintains throughout a spirited and animated strain.

OCTOBER.

What is there saddening in the autumn leaves?
Have they that "green and yellow melancholy"
That the sweet poet spake of?

BRAINED.

The tenth one of a royal line
Breathes on the wind his mandate loud,
And fitful gleams of sunlight shine
Around his throne of cloud:
The Genii of the forest dim
A many-colored robe for him
Of fallen leaves have wrought;
And softened is his visage grim
By melancholy thought.

No joyous birds his coming hail,
For Summer's full-voiced choir is gone,
And over Nature's face a veil
Of dull, gray mist is drawn:
The crow, with heavy pinion-strokes,
Beats the chill air in flight, and croaks
A dreary song of dole:
Beneath my feet the puff-ball smokes,
As through the fields I stroll.

An awning broad of many dyes
Above me bends, as on I stray,
More splendid than Italian skies
Bright with the death of day;
As in the sun-bow's radiant braid
Shade melts like magic into shade,
And purple, green, and gold,

With carmine blent, have gorgeous made
October's flag unrolled.

The partridge, closely ambushed, hears
The crackling leaf—poor, timid thing!
And to a thicker covert steers
On swift, resounding wing:
The woodland wears a look forlorn,
Hushed is the wild bee's tiny horn,
The cricket's bugle shrill—
Sadly is Autumn's mantle torn,
But fair to vision still.

Black walnuts, in low, meadow ground,
Are dropping now their dark, green balls,
And on the ridge, with rattling sound,
The deep brown chestnut falls.
When comes a day of sunshine mild,
From childhood, nutting in the wild,
Outbursts a shout of glee;
And high the pointed shells are piled
Under the hickory tree.

Bright flowers yet linger:—from the morn
Yon Cardinal hath caught its blush,
And yellow, star-shaped gems adorn
The wild witch-hazel bush;
Rocked by the frosty breath of Night,
That brings to frailer blossoms blight,
The germs of fruit they bear,
That, living on through Winter white,
Ripens in Summer air.

The varied aster tribes unclose
Bright eyes in Autumn's smoky bower,
And azure cup the gentian shows,
A modest little flower:
Their garden sisters pale have turned,
Though late the dahlia I discerned
Right royally arrayed:
And phlox, whose leaf with crimson burned
Like cheek of bashful maid.

In piles around the cider-mill
The parti-colored apples shine,
And busy hands the hopper fill,
While foams the pumice fine—
The cheese, with yellow straw between
Full, juicy layers, may be seen,
And rills of amber hue
Feed a vast tub, made tight and clean,
While turns the groaning screw.

From wheat-fields, washed by recent rains,
In flocks the whistling plover rise
When night draws near, and leaden stains
Obscure the western skies:
The geese, so orderly of late,
Fly over fence and farm-yard gate,
As if the welkin black
The habits of a wilder state
To memory brought back.

Yon streamlet to the woods around,
Sings, flowing on, a mournful tune,
Oh! how unlike the joyous sound
Wherewith it welcomed June!
Wasting away with grief, it seems,
For flowers that flaunted in the beams
Of many a sun-bright day—
Fair flowers!—more beautiful than dreams
When life hath reached its May.

Though wild, mischievous sprites of air,
In cruel mockery of a crown,
Drop on October's brow of care
Dead wreaths and foliage brown,
Abroad the sun will look again,
Rejoicing in his blue domain,
And prodigal of gold,

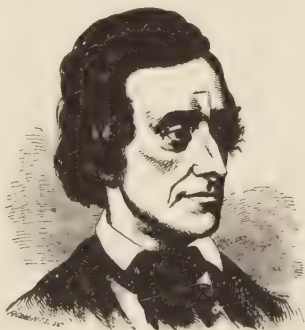
Ere dark November's sullen reign
Gild stream and forest old.

Called by the west wind from her grave,
Once more will summer re-appear,
And gladden with a merry stave
The wan, departing year;
Her swiftest messenger will stay
The wild bird winging south its way,
And night, no longer sad,
Will emulate the blaze of day,
In cloudless moonshine clad.

The scene will smoky vestments wear,
As if glad Earth—one altar made—
By clouding the delicious air
With fragrant fumes, displayed
A sense of gratitude for warm,
Enchanting weather after storm,
And raindrops falling fast,
On dead September's mouldering form,
From skies with gloom o'ercast.

JOEL TYLER HEADLEY

WAS born at Walton, Delaware county, New York, December 3, 1814. He was graduated at Union College in 1839, and studied for the ministry at the Auburn Theological Seminary. Compelled by ill-health to relinquish this calling, he travelled in Europe in 1842 and 1843, passing a considerable portion of his time in Italy. On his return to America in 1844, he prepared a volume descriptive of his foreign tour, *Letters from Italy*, followed by *The Alps and the Rhine*. They



J. T. Headley

were published in the popular series of Wiley and Putnam's Library of American Books, and were received with unusual favor by the public. In 1846 Mr. Headley achieved a still more decided success in the publication of his spirited biographical sketches, *Napoleon and his Marshals*, to which *Washington and his Generals* in the next year was an American companion. *A Life of Oliver Cromwell*, based mainly upon Carlyle's researches, in 1848; *The Imperial Guard of Napoleon*, based upon a popular French history by Emile Marco de St. Hilaire, in 1851; *Lives of Scott and Jackson* in 1852; *A History of the War of 1812*, in 1853, and

a *Life of Washington*, first published in *Graham's Magazine* in 1854, followed in sequence the author's first successes in popular biography and history.



Headley's Residence.

A spirited volume of travelling sketches, the result of a summer excursion in northern New York, *The Adirondack, or Life in the Woods*, appeared from Mr. Headley's pen in 1849, which, with two volumes of biblical sketches, *Sacred Mountains and Sacred Scenes and Characters*, and a volume of *Miscellanies, Sketches, and Rambles*, completes the list, to 1855, of his publications.

His books, impressed by the keen, active temperament of the author, are generally noticeable for the qualities of energy and movement, which are at the secret of their popular success.

Mr. Headley resides at a country seat in the neighborhood of Newburgh on the Hudson. In 1854 he was chosen to represent his District in the State Legislature.

WASHINGTON AND NAPOLEON.

No one, in tracing the history of our struggle, can deny that Providence watched over our interests, and gave us the only man who could have conducted the car of the Revolution to the goal it finally reached. Our revolution brought to a speedy crisis the one that must sooner or later have convulsed France. One was as much needed as the other, and has been productive of equal good. But in tracing the progress of each, how striking is the contrast between the instruments employed—Napoleon and Washington. Heaven and earth are not wider apart than were their moral characters, yet both were sent of Heaven to perform a great work. God acts on more enlarged plans than the bigoted and ignorant have any conception of, and adapts his instruments to the work he wishes to accomplish. To effect the regeneration of a comparatively religious, virtuous, and intelligent people, no better man could have been selected than Washington. To rend asunder the feudal system of Europe, which stretched like an iron frame-work over the people, and had rusted so long in its place, that no slow corrosion or steadily wasting power could affect its firmness, there could have been found no better than Bonaparte. Their missions were as different as their characters. Had Bonaparte been put in the place of

Washington, he would have overthrown the Congress, as he did the Directory, and taking supreme power into his hands, developed the resources, and kindled the enthusiasm of this country with such astonishing rapidity, that the war would scarcely have begun ere it was ended. But a vast and powerful monarchy, instead of a republic, would have occupied this continent. Had Washington been put in the place of Bonaparte, his transcendent virtues and unswerving integrity would not have prevailed against the tyranny of faction, and a prison would have received him, as it did Lafayette. Both were children of a revolution, both rose to the chief command of the army, and eventually to the head of the nation. One led his country step by step to freedom and prosperity, the other arrested at once, and with a strong hand, the earthquake that was rocking France asunder, and sent it rolling under the thrones of Europe. The office of one was to defend and build up Liberty, that of the other to break down the prison walls in which it lay a captive, and rend asunder its century-bound fetters. To suppose that France could have been managed as America was, by any human hand, shows an ignorance as blind as it is culpable. That, and every other country of Europe, will have to pass through successive stages before they can reach the point at which our revolution commenced. Here Liberty needed virtue and patriotism, as well as strength—on the continent it needed simple power, concentrated and terrible power. Europe at this day trembles over that volcano Napoleon kindled, and the next eruption will finish what he begun. Thus does Heaven, selecting its own instruments, break up the systems of oppression men deemed eternal, and out of the power and ambition, as well as out of the virtues of men, work the welfare of our race.

LAFAYETTE.

He did not possess what is commonly termed genius, nor was he a man of remarkable intellectual powers. In youth, ardent and adventurous, he soon learned under Washington to curb his impulses, and act more from his judgment. Left to himself, he probably never would have reached any great eminence—but there could have been no better school for the fiery young republican, than the family of Washington. His affection and reverence for the latter gradually changed his entire character. Washington was his model, and imitating his self-control and noble patriotism, he became like him in patriotism and virtue. The difference between them was the same as that between an original and a copy. Washington was a man of immense strength of character—not only strong in virtue, but in intellect and will. Everything bent before him, and the entire nation took its impress from his mind. Lafayette was strong in integrity, and nothing could shake his unalterable devotion to the welfare of man. Enthusiastically wedded to republican institutions, no temptation could induce him to seize on, or aid power which threatened to overthrow them. Although somewhat vain and conceited, he was generous, self-sacrificing, and benevolent. Few men have passed through so many and so fearful scenes as he. From a young courtier, he passed into the self-denying, toilsome life of a general in the ill-clad, ill-fed, and ill-disciplined American army—thence into the vortex of the French Revolution and all its horrors—thence into the gloomy prison of Olmutz. After a few years of retirement, he appeared on our shores to receive the welcome of a grateful people, and hear a nation shout his praise, and bear him from one limit of the land to another in its arms. A few years pass by, and with his gray hair falling

about his aged countenance, he stands amid the students of Paris, and sends his feeble shout of defiance to the throne of the Bourbon, and it falls. Rising more by his virtue than his intellect, he holds a prominent place in the history of France, and linked with Washington, goes down to a greater immortality than awaits any emperor or mere warrior of the human race.

His love for this country was deep and abiding. To the last his heart turned hither, and well it might:—his career of glory began on our shores—on our cause he staked his reputation, fortune, and life, and in our success received the benediction of the good the world over. That love was returned with interest, and never was a nobler exhibition of a nation's gratitude, than our reception of him at his last visit. We love him for what he did for us—we revere him for his consistency to our principles amid all the chaos and revolutions of Europe; and when we cease to speak of him with affection and gratitude, we shall show ourselves unworthy of the blessings we have received at his hands. "HONOR TO LAFAYETTE!" will ever stand inscribed on our temple of liberty until its ruins shall cover all it now contains.

In 1855, Mr. Headley was chosen Secretary of State of New York, and held the office for the ensuing two years. In 1859 he published a *Life of General Havelock*, and in 1861, *The Chaplains and Clergy of the Revolution* (12mo, pp. 402). In the latter work the author, in the words of his preface, designed "not merely to give a series of biographical sketches, but to exhibit the religious element—in other words, present the religious phase of the Revolution. Individual clergymen might have been devoted patriots, and rendered efficient service to their country, and yet the pulpit, as such, deserve no more prominent place in the struggle than the profession of law or medicine, because many of its members bore a distinguished part in it. The clergy, however, wielded a twofold power—as individuals, and as representatives of a profession which, in New England, dominated the state." Mr. Headley has illustrated this subject by numerous examples, embracing forty-six chapters.

** Mr. Headley's later publications are mainly military biographies. They comprise: *Grant and Sherman: Their Campaigns and Generals*, 1866; *Farragut and Our Naval Commanders*, 1867; *The Great Rebellion, a History of the Civil War in the United States*, 2 vols., 1863-6; and *Life of U. S. Grant*, 1868, partly founded on data from his private papers furnished by his chief of staff, Gen. Adam Badeau, who also published an elaborate *History of General U. S. Grant*, in two octavo volumes, in 1868. Two years later appeared his *Sacred Heroes and Martyrs; Mountain Adventures*, in 1871; and in 1873, a *History of the Great Riots of New York City, from 1741 to the Present Time*.

The Rev. P. C. HEADLEY, a brother of the preceding, is the author of biographies of *Napoleon*, *the Empress Josephine*, *Mary Queen of Scots*, and *Lafayette*, and a series of *Boy's Lives of Heroes of the War*, including Generals Grant, Mitchel, Admiral Farragut, and others. His last work is *The Camp and Court of David*.

Dr. Hodge was born in Philadelphia, December 28, 1797. He was educated at the College of New Jersey and at the Theological Seminary at Princeton, completing his course at the latter in 1819. In 1820 he was appointed Assistant Professor, and in 1822 Professor of Oriental and Biblical Literature in the Seminary. In 1840 he was made Professor of Didactic and Exegetical Theology, and, in 1852, also of Polemic Theology. He is known to the public as an author by his numerous contributions to the *Biblical Repertory and Princeton Review*, which he founded; two collections of which have been published, *Princeton Theological Essays* (2 vols., 1846-7), and *Reviews and Essays* (1857). In 1835 he published a *Commentary on Romans*, and in 1840-41, a *Constitutional History of the Presbyterian Church*. He has also published *Commentaries on Ephesians* and the *Epistles to the Corinthians*, and a volume entitled *Way of Life*.

** In 1871-2 appeared *Systematic Theology*, in three octavo volumes. This crowning work of Dr. Hodge's life was immediately republished in Great Britain; and it has been hailed as the greatest contribution to Christian doctrine since the days of Jonathan Edwards. Its keynote is the axiom of evangelical Protestantism, that "the Bible is the only infallible source of knowledge of Divine things." The first volume, after an introduction, which treats of Theology as a science founded on the facts of the Bible, and the true method of investigation, which is inductive, with a consideration of the phases of rationalism, mysticism, Roman Catholic doctrines concerning the rule of faith, and the Protestant rule of faith—expounds Theology proper, which includes all the Bible teaches of the being, nature, and attributes of God, his relations to the world, his decrees, and his works of creation and providence. The second relates to the department of Anthropology, which includes the origin, nature, and probation of man, the nature of sin, and the effects of Adam's transgression on himself and his posterity. The third volume treats of the plan of God for the salvation of the race, with the work of the Redeemer, and the doctrines deduced therefrom, under the heading of Soteriology; while the division of Eschatology explains the doctrines which concern the soul after death; and that of Ecclesiology defines the nature and prerogatives of the Church. A supplementary volume to be prepared by his son was projected, but subsequently abandoned. In its place, Dr. Hodge prepared an Index in 1873.

The termination of the fiftieth year of Dr. Hodge's professorship in the Princeton Theological Seminary, was publicly commemorated by an assemblage of many leading divines and professors of the country at that institution, April 24, 1872. This semi-centennial was celebrated by the organization of an Alumni association, the permanent endowment of the "Charles Hodge Professorship," by a subscription of \$50,000, the presentation of a purse of \$15,350, and the inception of a fund to give

copies of Dr. Hodge's works to needy students of the Seminary. These contributions were made by nearly six hundred separate donors, residing in twenty-five different States and Territories, and at missionary stations in foreign lands.

The oration by Rev. Joseph T. Duryea, D. D., on "The title of Theology to rank as a Science," was followed by a congratulatory address from Rev. Henry A. Boardman, D. D., to which Dr. Hodge made a brief and touching response. Among the after addresses, wherein fitting tributes were paid to "the ablest and most eminent living representative of dogmatic theology in the Presbyterian Church,"* Rev. Dr. S. Irenæus Prime, of the New York Observer, termed him one who had "the heart of a woman and the head of a man," adding:

"The Princeton Review has been repeatedly alluded to, but no specific reference has been made to Dr. Hodge's power as a reviewer. I think—and I have had connection with the press now for thirty years,—I think Dr. Hodge the ablest reviewer in the world. Any one who has carefully studied the Princeton Review for the last thirty years, will bear me witness when I testify to the trenchant power with which he has defended the truth, and put forth the peculiar views which have made that review a power in the Church and in the world."

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE,

THE daughter of the Rev. Dr. Lyman Beecher, was born in Litchfield, Connecticut, about the year 1812. Her elder sister, Esther Catherine Beecher, born in 1800 at East Hampton, Long Island, had established in 1822 a successful female seminary at Hartford, Connecticut. With this establishment Harriet was associated from her fifteenth year till her marriage in her twenty-first with the Rev. Calvin E. Stowe, at that time Professor of Languages and Biblical Literature in the Divinity school at Cincinnati, whither Mrs. Stowe accompanied him, and where, during a long residence, she became interested in the question of slavery, which has furnished the topic of her chief literary production. Mrs. Stowe was well known at home as a writer before her famous publication, which gave her a world-wide reputation. She had written a number of animated moral tales, which showed a quick perception and much earnestness in expression, a collection of which was published by the Harpers in 1849 entitled *The May Flower*; or, *Sketches of the Descendants of the Pilgrims*. A new edition, much enlarged, appeared in 1855. Her great work, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*; or, *Life among the Lowly*, appeared as a book from the press of Jewett & Co. in Boston in 1852. It had been previously published week by week in chapters in the National Era, an anti-slavery paper at Washington.

Uncle Tom, the hero of the story, is a negro slave, noted for a faithful discharge of his duties, a circumstance which does not exempt him from the changes in condition incident to his position. His master, a humane man, becomes embarrassed

in his finances and sells the slave to a dealer. After passing through various hands he dies at the south-west. The fortunes of two runaway slaves contribute to the interest of the book. The escape on the floating ice of the Ohio from the slave to the free state forms one of its most dramatic incidents. Masters as well as slaves furnish the dramatic personæ, and due justice is rendered to the amiable and strong points of southern character. The story of little Eva, a beautiful child, dying at an early age, is narrated with literary skill and feeling.

Many of the scenes of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* having been objected to as improbable, the author, in justification of the assailed portions, published



H.B. Stowe

A Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin, a collection of facts on the subject of slavery drawn from southern authorities. These, however, still leave the question of the probability of Uncle Tom's adventures an open one, the opponents of the book asserting that the pecuniary value of his virtues would have secured a permanent home and kind treatment to so exemplary a character, without regard to the confessedly strong feeling of attachment existing in the old settled portions of the south towards trustworthy family servants.

Uncle Tom was originally published in book form in two duodecimo volumes. A handsomely illustrated edition subsequently appeared. The sale of these editions had, by the close of 1852, reached to two hundred thousand copies. In England twenty editions in various forms, ranging in price from ten shillings to sixpence a copy, have been published. The aggregate sale of these up to the period we have mentioned, is stated by a late authority* to have been more than a million of copies. "In France," the Review adds, "Uncle Tom still covers the shop windows of the Boulevards; and one publisher alone, Eustace Barba, has sent out five different editions in different

* Address of Rev. Dr. C. P. Krauth: Proceedings connected with the Semi-Centennial Commemoration of the Professorship of the Rev. Charles Hodge, D. D., LL. D., in the Theological Seminary at Princeton, N. J., April 24, 1872. New York: A. D. F. Randolph & Co.

forms. Before the end of 1852 it had been translated into Italian, Spanish, Danish, Swedish, Dutch, Flemish, German, Polish, and Magyar. There are two different Dutch translations, and twelve different German ones; and the Italian translation enjoys the honor of the Pope's prohibition. It has been dramatized in twenty different forms and acted in every capital in Europe and in the free states of America."

Soon after the publication of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* Mrs. Stowe, in company with her husband and the Rev. Charles Beecher, her brother, visited Great Britain. Her observations were communicated to the public some time after her return by the issue, in conjunction with her husband, of two volumes of travels, *Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands*.

The great reputation of her novel, and the sympathy of all classes of the English people with the views it contained, had secured to the author an universally favorable reception, and we have consequently much in her volumes of lords and ladies, but these fortunately do not "all her praise engross," for she has an eye for art, literature, and humanitarian effort. She expresses her opinion on art with warmth and freedom, without, however, always securing the respect of the critical reader for her judgment.

The Rev. Charles Beecher contributes his journal of a tour on the Continent to his sister's volumes.

UNCLE TOM IN HIS CABIN.

The cabin of Uncle Tom was a small log building, close adjoining to "the house," as the negro *par excellence* designates his master's dwelling. In front it had a neat garden-patch, where, every summer, strawberries, raspberries, and a variety of fruits and vegetables, flourished under careful tending. The whole front of it was covered by a large scarlet bignonia and a native multiflora rose, which, entwining and interlacing, left scarce a vestige of the rough logs to be seen. Here, also, in summer, various brilliant annuals, such as marigolds, petunias, four-o'clocks, found an indulgent corner in which to unfold their splendors, and were the delight and pride of Aunt Chloe's heart.

Let us enter the dwelling. The evening meal at the house is over, and Aunt Chloe, who presided over its preparation as head cook, has left to inferior officers in the kitchen the business of clearing away and washing dishes, and come out into her own snug territories, to "get her ole man's supper;" therefore, doubt not that it is her you see by the fire, presiding with anxious interest over certain frizzling items in a stewpan, and anon with grave consideration lifting the cover of a bake-kettle, from whence steam forth indubitable intimations of "something good." A round, black, shining face is hers, so glossy as to suggest the idea that she might have been washed over with white of eggs, like one of her own tea rusks. Her whole plump countenance beams with satisfaction and contentment from under her well-starched checked turban, bearing on it, however, if we must confess it, a little of that tinge of self-consciousness which becomes the first cook of the neighborhood, as Aunt Chloe was universally held and acknowledged to be.

A cook she certainly was, in the very bone and centre of her soul. Not a chicken, or turkey, or duck in the barn-yard but looked grave when they saw her approaching, and seemed evidently to be reflecting on their latter end; and certain it was that she

was always meditating on trussing, stuffing, and roasting, to a degree that was calculated to inspire terror in any reflecting fowl living. Her corn-cake, in all its varieties of hoe-cake, dodgers, muffins, and other species too numerous to mention, was a sublime mystery to all less practised compounders; and she would shake her fat sides with honest pride and merriment, as she would narrate the fruitless efforts that one and another of her compeers had made to attain to her elevation.

The arrival of company at the house, the arranging of dinners and suppers "in style," awoke all the energies of her soul; and no sight was more welcome to her than a pile of travelling trunks launched on the verandah, for then she foresaw fresh efforts and fresh triumphs.

Just at present, however, Aunt Chloe is looking into the bake-pan; in which congenial operation we shall leave her till we finish our picture of the cottage.

In one corner of it stood a bed, covered neatly with a snowy spread; and by the side of it was a piece of carpeting of some considerable size. On this piece of carpeting Aunt Chloe took her stand, as being decidedly in the upper walks of life; and it and the bed by which it lay, and the whole corner, in fact, were treated with distinguished consideration, and made, as far as possible, sacred from the marauding inroads and desecrations of little folks. In fact, that corner was the *drawing-room* of the establishment. In the other corner was a bed of much humbler pretensions, and evidently designed for *use*. The wall over the fireplace was adorned with some very brilliant scriptural prints, and a portrait of General Washington, drawn and colored in a manner which would certainly have astonished that hero, if ever he had happened to meet with its like.

On a rough bench in the corner, a couple of woolly-headed boys, with glistening black eyes and fat shining cheeks, were busy in superintending the first walking operations of the baby, which, as is usually the case, consisted in getting up on its feet, balancing a moment, and then tumbling down,—each successive failure being violently cheered, as something decidedly clever.

A table, somewhat rheumatic in its limbs, was drawn out in front of the fire, and covered with a cloth, displaying cups and saucers of a decidedly brilliant pattern, with other symptoms of an approaching meal. At this table was seated Uncle Tom, Mr. Shelby's best hand, who, as he is to be the hero of our story, we must designate type for our readers. He was a large, broad-chested, powerfully-made man, of a full glossy black, and a face whose truly African features were characterized by an expression of grave and steady good sense, united with much kindness and benevolence. There was something about his whole air self-respecting and dignified, yet united with a confiding and humble simplicity.

He was very busily intent at this moment on a slate lying before him, on which he was carefully and slowly endeavoring to accomplish a copy of some letters, in which operation he was overlooked by young Master George, a smart, bright boy of thirteen, who appeared fully to realize the dignity of his position as instructor.

"Not that way, Uncle Tom,—not that way," said he, briskly, as Uncle Tom laboriously brought up the tail of his g the wrong side out; "that makes a q, you see."

"La sakes, now, does it?" said Uncle Tom, looking with a respectful, admiring air, as his young teacher flourishingly scrawled q's and g's innumerable for his edification; and then, taking the pencil in his big, heavy fingers, he patiently re-commenced.

"How easy white folks al'us does things!" said Aunt Chloe, pausing while she was greasing a griddle with a scrap of bacon on her fork, and regarding young Master George with pride. "The way he can write, now! and read, too! and then to come out here evenings and read his lessons to us,—it's mighty interestin'!"

"But, Aunt Chloe, I'm getting mighty hungry," said George. "Isn't that cake in the skillet almost done?"

"Mose done, Mas'r George," said Aunt Chloe, lifting the lid and peeping in,—"*browning beautiful—a real lovely brown.* Ah! let me alone for dat. Missis let Sally try to make some cake, t'other day; jes to *larn* her, she said. 'O, go way, Missis,' says I; 'it really hurts my feelin's, now, to see good vittles spoiled dat ar way! Cake ris all to one side—no shape at all; no more than my shoe;—go way!'"

And with this final expression of contempt for Sally's greenness, Aunt Chloe whipped the cover off the bake-kettle, and disclosed to view a neatly-baked pound-cake, of which no city confectioner need to have been ashamed. This being evidently the central point of the entertainment, Aunt Chloe began now to bustle about earnestly in the supper department.

"Here you, Mose and Pete! get out de way, you niggers! Get away, Polly honey,—mammy 'll give her baby somefin by and by. Now, Mas'r George, you jest take off dem books, and set down now with my old man, and I'll take up the sausages, and have de first griddle full of cakes on your plates in less dan no time."

"They wanted me to come to supper in the house," said George; "but I knew what was what too well for that, Aunt Chloe."

"So you did—so you did, honey," said Aunt Chloe, heaping the smoking batter-cakes on his plate; "you know'd your old aunty'd keep the best for you. O, let you alone for dat! Go way!" And, with that, aunty gave George a nudge with her finger, designed to be immensely facetious, and turned again to her griddle with great briskness.

"Now for the cake," said Master George, when the activity of the griddle department had somewhat subsided; and, with that, the youngster flourished a large knife over the article in question.

"La bless you, Mas'r George!" said Aunt Chloe, with earnestness, catching his arm, "you wouldn't be for cuttin' it wid dat ar great heavy knifel! Smash all down—spile all de pretty rise of it. Here, I've got a thin old knife, I keeps sharp a purpose. Dar now, see! comes apart light as a feather! Now eat away—you won't get anything to beat dat ar."

"Tom Lincon says," said George, speaking with his mouth full, "that their Jinny is a better cook than you."

"Dem Lincons an't much count, no way!" said Aunt Chloe, contemptuously; "I mean, set along side *our* folks. They's 'spectable folks enough in a kinder plain way; but, as to gettin' up anything in style, they don't begin to have a notion on't. Set Mas'r Lincon, now, alongside Mas'r Shelby! Good Lor! and Missis Lincon,—can she kinder sweep it into a room like my missis,—so kinder splendid, yer know! O, go way! don't tell me nothin' of dem Lincons!"—and Aunt Chloe tossed her head as one who hoped she did know something of the world.

"Well, though, I've heard you say," said George, "that Jinny was a pretty fair cook."

"So I did," said Aunt Chloe,—"*I may say dat. Good, plain, common cookin', Jinny'll do;—make a good pone o' bread,—bile her taters far,—her corn cakes isn't extra, not extra now, Jinny's corn cakes*

isn't, but then they's far,—but, Lor, come to de higher branches, and what can she do? Why, she makes pies—sartin she does; but what kinder crust? Can she make your real flecky paste, as melts in your mouth, and lies all up like a puff? Now, I went over thar when Miss Mary was gwine to be married, and Jinny she jest showed me de weddin' pies. Jinny and I is good friends, ye know. I never said nothin'; but go long, Mas'r George! Why, I shouldn't sleep a wink for a week, if I had a batch of pies like dem ar. Why, dey wan't no 'count 'tall."

"I suppose Jinny thought they were ever so nice," said George.

"Thought so!—didn't she? Thar she was, showin' 'em, as innocent—ye see, it's jest here, Jinny *don't know*. Lor, the family an't nothing! She can't be spected to know! 'Tan't no fault o' hern. Ah, Mas'r George, you doesn't know half your privileges in yer family and bringin' up!" Here Aunt Chloe sighed, and rolled up her eyes with emotion.

"I'm sure, Aunt Chloe, I understand all my pie and pudding privileges," said George. "Ask Tom Lincon if I don't crow over him every time I meet him."

* * * * *

By this time Master George had arrived at that pass to which even a boy can come (under uncommon circumstances), when he really could not eat another morsel, and, therefore, he was at leisure to notice the pile of woolly heads and glistening eyes which were regarding their operations hungrily from the opposite corner.

"Here, you Mose, Pete," he said, breaking off liberal bits, and throwing it at them; "you want some, don't you? Come, Aunt Chloe, bake them some cakes."

And George and Tom moved to a comfortable seat in the chimney-corner, while Aunt Chloe, after baking a goodly pile of cakes, took her baby on her lap, and began alternately filling its mouth and her own, and distributing to Mose and Pete, who seemed rather to prefer eating theirs as they rolled about on the floor under the table, tickling each other, and occasionally pulling the baby's toes.

"O! go long, will ye?" said the mother, giving now and then a kick, in a kind of general way, under the table, when the movement became too obstreperous. "Can't ye be decent when white folks comes to see ye? Stop dat ar, now, will ye? Better mind yourselves, or I'll take ye down a button-hole lower, when Mas'r George is gone!"

What meaning was couched under this terrible threat, it is difficult to say; but certain it is that its awful indistinctness seemed to produce very little impression on the young sinners addressed.

* * * * *

"Well, now, I hopes you're done," said Aunt Chloe, who had been busy in pulling out a rude box of a trundle-bed; "and now, you Mose and you Pete, get into thar; for we's goin' to have the meetin'."

"O mother, we don't wanten. We wants to sit up to meetin'—meetin's is so curis. We likes 'em."

"La, Aunt Chloe, shove it under, and let 'em sit up," said Master George, decisively, giving a push to the rude machine.

Aunt Chloe, having thus saved appearances, seemed highly delighted to push the thing under, saying, as she did so, "Well, mebbe 'twill do 'em some good."

The house now resolved itself into a committee of the whole to consider the accommodations and arrangements for the meeting.

"What we's to do for cheers now, I declare I don't know," said Aunt Chloe. "As the meeting had been

held at Uncle Tom's weekly, for an indefinite length of time, without any more "cheers," there seemed some encouragement to hope that a way would be discovered at present.

"Old Uncle Peter sung both the legs out of dat oldest cheer, last week," suggested Mose.

"You go long! I'll boun' you pulled 'em out; some o' your shines," said Aunt Chloe.

"Well, it'll stand, if it only keeps jam up agin de wall!" said Mose.

"Den Uncle Peter musn't sit in it, cause he allays hitches when he gets a singing. He hitched pretty nigh across de room t'other night," said Pete.

"Good Lor! get him in it then," said Mose, "and den he'd begin, 'Come saints and sinners, hear me tell, and den down he'd go,'"—and Mose imitated precisely the nasal tones of the old man, tumbling on the floor, to illustrate the supposed catastrophe.

"Come now, be decent, can't ye?" said Aunt Chloe; "an't yer ashamed?"

Master George, however, joined the offender in the laugh, and declared decidedly that Mose was a "buster." So the maternal admonition seemed rather to fail of effect.

"Well, ole man," said Aunt Chloe, "you'll have to tote in them ar bar'ls."

"Mother's bar'ls is like dat ar widder's, Mas'r George was reading 'bout in de good book,—dey never fails," said Mose, aside to Pete.

"I'm sure one on 'em caved in last week," said Pete, "and let 'em all down in de middle of de sing-in'; dat ar was failin', want it?"

During this aside between Mose and Pete, two empty casks had been rolled into the cabin, and being secured from rolling by stones on each side boards were laid across them, which arrangement, together with the turning down of certain tubs and pails, and the disposing of the rickety chairs, at last completed the preparation.

"Mas'r George is such a beautiful reader, now, I know he'll stay to read for us," said Aunt Chloe; "pears like 'twill be so much more interestin'."

George very readily consented, for your boy is always ready for anything that makes him of importance.

The room was soon filled with a motley assemblage, from the old gray-headed patriarch of eighty to the young girl and lad of fifteen. A little harmless gossip ensued on various themes, such as where old Aunt Sally got her new red head-kerchief, and how "Missis was a going to give Lizzy that spotted muslin gown, when she'd got her new borage made up;" and how Mas'r Shelby was thinking of buying a new sorrel colt, that was going to prove an addition to the glories of the place. A few of the worshippers belonged to families hard by, who had got permission to attend, and who brought in various choice scraps of information, about the sayings and doings at the house and on the place, which circulated as freely as the same sort of small change does in higher circles.

After a while the singing commenced to the evident delight of all present. Not even all the disadvantage of nasal intonation could prevent the effect of the naturally fine voices, in airs at once wild and spirited. The words were sometimes the well-known and common hymns sung in the churches about, and sometimes of a wilder, more indefinite character, picked up at camp-meetings.

The chorus of one of them, which ran as follows, was sung with great energy and unction:—

Die on the field of battle,
Die on the field of battle,
Glory in my soul.

Another special favorite had oft repeated the words—

O, I'm going to glory,—wont you come along with me?
Don't you see the angels beck'ning, and a calling me away?
Don't you see the golden city and the everlasting day?

There were others, which made incessant mention of "Jordan's banks," and "Canaan's fields," and the "New Jerusalem;" for the negro mind, impassioned and imaginative, always attaches itself to hymns and expressions of a vivid and pictorial nature; and, as they sung, some laughed, and some cried, and some clapped hands, or shook hands rejoicingly with each other, as if they had fairly gained the other side of the river.

Various exhortations or relations of experience followed, and intermingled with the singing. One old gray-headed woman, long past work, but much revered as a sort of chronicle of the past, rose, and leaning on her staff, said—

"Well, chil'en! Well, I'm mighty glad to hear ye all and see ye all once more, 'cause I don't know when I'll be gone to glory; but I've done got ready, chil'en; 'pears like I'd got my little bundle all tied up, and my bonnet on, jest a waitin' for the stage to come along and take me home; sometimes, in the night, I think I hear the wheels a rattlin', and I'm lookin' out all the time; now, you jest be ready too, for I tell ye all, chil'en," she said, striking her staff hard on the floor, "dat ar glory is a mighty thing! It's a mighty thing, chil'en,—you don't no nothing about it,—it's wonderful." And the old creature sat down, with streaming tears, as wholly overcome, while the whole circle struck up

O Canaan, bright Canaan,
I'm bound for the land of Canaan.

Master George, by request, read the last chapters of Revelation, often interrupted by such exclamations as "The sakes now!" "Only hear that!" "Jest think on't!" "Is all that a comin' sure enough?"

George, who was a bright boy, and well trained in religious things by his mother, finding himself an object of general admiration, threw in expositions of his own, from time to time, with a commendable seriousness and gravity, for which he was admired by the young and blessed by the old; and it was agreed, on all hands, that "a minister couldn't lay it off better than he did," that "'twas reely 'mazin'!"

Uncle Tom was a sort of patriarch in religious matters in the neighborhood. Having naturally an organization in which the morale was strongly predominant, together with a greater breadth and cultivation of mind than obtained among his companions, he was looked up to with great respect, as a sort of minister among them; and the simple, hearty, sincere style of his exhortations might have edified even better educated persons. But it was in prayer that he especially excelled. Nothing could exceed the touching simplicity, the child-like earnestness of his prayer, enriched with the language of Scripture, which seemed so entirely to have wrought itself into his being, as to have become a part of himself, and to drop from his lips unconsciously; in the language of a pious old negro, he "prayed right up." And so much did his prayer always work on the devotional feelings of his audiences, that there seemed often a danger that it would be lost altogether in the abundance of the responses which broke out everywhere around him.

In 1855, Mrs. Stowe published *The May Flower and Miscellaneous Writings*, a new edition, with

additions, of her series of *New England Sketches*, previously collected under this title. After a second visit to Europe, she published, the following year, *Dred*; a *Tale of the Great Dismal Swamp*, in which she again presented, under a thin veil of romance, the relations of freedom and slavery in the Southern States. In her preface she wrote, prophetically: "The issues presented by the great conflict between liberty and slavery do not grow less important from year to year. On the contrary, their interest increases with every step in the development of the national career. Never has there been a crisis in the history of this nation so momentous as the present. If ever a nation was raised up by Divine Providence and led forth upon a conspicuous stage as if for the express purpose of solving a great moral problem in the sight of all mankind, it is this nation!"

In 1859, Mrs. Stowe, having turned her attention to another field, published *The Minister's Wooing*, a Tale of New England Life in the Eighteenth Century, which had appeared in successive chapters in the *Atlantic Monthly*. She now became a constant contributor to this journal, writing for its pages another work of fiction, *Agnes of Sorrento*, completed in 1862, and publishing also in the same year, *The Pearl of Orr's Island*: A Story of the Coast of Maine, from the columns of the *Independent*. Mrs. Stowe still continued her contributions to the *Atlantic Monthly*, being engaged in 1866 in furnishing a series of essays and sketches of domestic life, entitled *The Chimney Corner*.

A volume, *House and Home Papers*, from this source, was published by her in 1864. Her publishers, Messrs. Ticknor and Fields, advertise the present year (1873) the *three hundred and twentieth thousand* of her *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

** The versatility and endurance of Mrs. Stowe's powers as an author have been sharply taxed, and not found wanting, since 1864. Her new works have outstripped the very years in their number; while as a writer of stories for children, as an essayist on topics vital to home-life, as a delineator of the humors of the Yankee character, this estimable lady has repeated the evidences of her old-time genius.

In 1865 appeared *Little Foxes*, with the signature of Christopher Crowfield, containing a series of chatty essays, full of home-thrusts at such weak points of humanity as fault-finding, irritability, repression, persistence, intolerance, discourtesy, and exactingness. It was followed by *Queer Little People*, in 1867; *Children's Corner*, 1868; *Our Charley*, and *What to do with Him*, 1869; *Pussy Willow*, a *New Juvenile*, 1870—all story-books for children.

Religious Poems, with Illustrations, was issued in 1867 (16mo., pp. 107.) Besides the poems on miscellaneous subjects, it contains a series full of pathos, entitled: "Hours of the Night; or, Watches of Sorrow," of which the one on the "Fourth Hour—the Sorrows of Mary" was "dedicated to the mothers who have lost sons in the late war;" also "Pressed Flowers from Italy," such as *The Gardens of the Vatican*, *St. Peter's Church*, *The Miserere*.

In 1868 were published: *Men of Our Times*; or, *Leading Patriots of the Day*, a book of biog-

raphies; and *The Chimney Corner*, a collection of essays mainly devoted to social phases of "the woman question," with suggestive papers on the sources of amusement, the origin of fashion and fitness of dress, etc. These were followed in 1869 by: *Oldtown Folks*, a graphic sketch of life in New England before the innovating days of steam, introducing Sam Lawson the Yankee, who deserves to be a kinsman to transatlantic Sam Weller; and *The American Woman's Home*, a book illustrative of the principles of domestic science, edited with Miss E. Catherine Beecher, who also prepared *Woman's Profession as Mother and Educator*, 1871.

Mrs. Stowe, in 1869, contributed an article on "The True Story of Lady Byron's Life," to the September number of the *Atlantic Monthly* and of *Macmillan's Magazine*, in which she accused Lord Byron of flagrant profligacy, as an answer to caustic criticisms of his wife in the autobiography of the Countess Guiccioli. This article evoked an international criticism scarcely paralleled in literary history for the universality of its condemnation. Yet the author elaborated her theme, and published in 1870, as a duodecimo volume: *Lady Byron Vindicated: A History of the Byron Controversy, from its Beginning in 1816 to the Present Time*—of which 8000 copies were sold within six months.

In 1871 appeared *Pink and White Tyranny: A Society Novel*. This work is against the easy dissolution of the marriage contract, and describes itself as "all about one man and one woman." *Oldtown Fireside Stories*, told by the irrepressible Sam Lawson; and *My Wife; or, Harry Henderson's History*, followed in 1872. The latter, which pictures "the modern emancipated young woman of advanced ideas and free behavior," also designs itself to be "simply and only the old story—old as the first chapter of Genesis—of Adam desolate and lonely without Eve, and how he sought and how he found her." *Palmetto Leaves*, a volume of sketches, 1873, relates to life in Florida, in which State Mrs. Stowe spends a part of the year with her husband, Prof. Calvin E. Stowe.* It was followed by *Women in Sacred History*, a series of biographies.

** "ONLY A YEAR"—FROM RELIGIOUS POEMS.

One year ago—a ringing voice,
A clear blue eye,
And clustering curls of sunny hair,
Too fair to die.

Only a year,—no voice, no smile,
No glance of eye,
No clustering curls of golden hair,
Fair but to die!

One year ago,—what loves, what schemes,
Far into life!
What joyous hopes, what high resolves,
What generous strife!

The silent picture on the wall,
The burial stone.

* Calvin Ellis Stowe, D. D., a native of Natick, Massachusetts, where he was born April 26, 1802, and a graduate of Bowdoin College and Andover Theological Institute, held professorships at Dartmouth College, Lane Theological Seminary, Bowdoin College, and Andover Theological Seminary, from 1827 to 1864. His works, besides a series of reports on public instruction, include: *History of the Hebrew Commonwealth*, from the German of Jahn, 1828; *Criticism and Interpretation of the Bible*, 1835; *Origin and History of the Books of the Bible—The New Testament*, 1867.

Of all that beauty, life, and joy
Remain alone!

One year, — one year — one little year,
And so much gone!
And yet the even flow of life
Moves calmly on.

The grave grows green, the flowers bloom fair,
Above that head;
No sorrowing tint of leaf or spray
Says he is dead.

No pause or hush of merry birds,
That sing above,
Tells us how coldly sleeps below
The form we loved.

Where hast thou been this year, beloved?
What hast thou seen?
What visions fair, what glorious life,
Where thou hast been?

The veil! the veil! so thin, so strong!
'Twixt us and thee;
The mystic veil! when shall it fall,
That we may see?

Not dead, not sleeping, not even gone,
But present still,
And waiting for the coming hour
Of God's sweet will.

Lord of the living and the dead,
Our Saviour dear!
We lay in silence at thy feet
This sad, sad year!

**THE GARDENS OF THE VATICAN.

Sweet fountains, flashing with a dreamy fall,
And mosses green, and tremulous veils of fern,
And banks of blowing cyclamen, and stars
Blue as the skies, of myrtle blossoming,
The twilight shade of ilex overhead
O'erbubbling with sweet song of nightingale,
With walks of strange, weird stillness, leading on
'Mid sculptured fragments half to green moss
gone,

Or breaking forth amid the violet leaves
With some white gleam of an old world gone by.
Ah! strange, sweet quiet! wilderness of calm,
Gardens of dreamy rest, I long to lay
Beneath your shade the last long sigh, and say:
Here is my home, my Lord, thy home and mine;
And I, having searched the world with many a
tear,

At last have found thee and will stray no more.
But vainly here I seek the Gardener
That Mary saw. These lovely walls beyond,
That airy, sky-like dome, that lofty fane,
Is as a palace whence the king is gone.
And taken all the sweetness with himself.
Turn again, Jesus, and possess thine own!
Come to thy temple once more as of old!
Drive forth the money-changers, let it be
A house of prayer for nations. Even so,
Amen! Amen!

**REPRESSION—FROM LITTLE FOXES.

. . . And now for the moral — and that is, that
life consists of two parts — *Expression and Repression* — each of which has its solemn duties. To
love, joy, hope, faith, pity, belongs the duty of
expression: to envy, malice, revenge, and all un-
charitableness, belongs the duty of *repression*.

Some very religious and moral people err by

applying *repression* to both classes alike. They
repress equally the expression of love and hatred,
of pity and of anger. Such forget one great law,
as true in the moral world as in the physical, —
that repression lessens and deadens. Twice or
thrice mowing will kill off the sturdiest crop of
weeds; the roots die for want of expression. A
compress on a limb will stop its growing; the
surgeon knows this, and puts a tight bandage
around a tumor; but what if we put a tight
bandage about the heart and lungs, as some
young ladies of my acquaintance do, — or band-
age the feet, as they do in China? And what if
we bandage a nobler inner faculty and wrap *love*
in grave-clothes?

How many live a stingy and niggardly life in
regard to their richest inward treasures! They
live with those they love dearly, whom a few
more words and deeds expressive of this love
would make so much richer, happier, and better;
and they cannot, will not, turn the key and give
it out. People who in their very souls really do
love, esteem, reverence, almost worship each
other, live a barren, chilly life side by side,
busy, anxious, preoccupied, letting their love go
by as a matter of course, a last year's growth,
with no present buds and blossoms.

Are there not sons and daughters who have
parents living with them as angels unawares, —
husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, in
whom the material for a beautiful life lies locked
away in unfruitful silence — who give time to
everything but the cultivation and expression of
mutual love?

The time is coming, they think, in some far future,
when they shall find leisure to enjoy each other,
to stop and rest side by side, to discover to each
other these hidden treasures which lie idle and
unused.

Alas! time flies and death steals on, and we
reiterate the complaint of one in Scripture: "It
came to pass, while thy servant was busy hither
and thither, the man was gone."

The bitterest tears shed over graves are for words
left unsaid and deeds left undone. "She never
knew how I loved her." "He never knew what
he was to me." "I always meant to make more
of our friendship." "I did not know what he
was to me till he was gone." Such words are the
poisoned arrows which cruel death shoots back-
ward at us from the door of the sepulchre.

How much more might we make of our family
life, of our friendships, if every secret thought
blossomed into a deed! We are not now speak-
ing merely of personal caresses. These may or
may not be the best language of affection. Many
are endowed with a delicacy, a fastidiousness of
physical organization, which shrinks away from
too much of these, repelled and overpowered. But
there are words and looks and little observances,
thoughtfulnesses, watchful little attentions, which
speak of love, which make it manifest, and there is
scarce a family that might not be richer in heart-
wealth for more of them.

It is a mistake to suppose that relations must of
course love each other because they are relations.
Love must be cultivated, and can be increased by
judicious culture, as wild fruits may double their
bearing under the hand of a gardener, and love can
dwindle and die out by neglect, as choice flower-
seeds planted in poor soil dwindle and grow
single.

Two causes in our Anglo-Saxon nature prevent
this easy faculty and flow of expression which

strike one so pleasantly in the Italian or French life: the dread of flattery, and a constitutional shyness.

"I perfectly longed to tell So-and-so how I admired her the other day," says Miss X.

"And why in the world didn't you tell her?"

"O, it would seem like flattery, you know."

Now, what is flattery?

Flattery is *insincere* praise given from interested motives, not the sincere utterance to a friend of what we deem good and lovely in him.

And so, for fear of flattery, these dreadfully sincere people go on side by side with those they love and admire, giving them all the time the impression of utter indifference. Parents are so afraid of exciting praise and vanity in their children by the expression of their love and approbation, that a child sometimes goes sad and discouraged by their side, and learns with surprise, in some chance way, that they are proud and fond of him. There are times when the open expression of a father's love would be worth more than church or sermon to a boy; and his father cannot utter it, will not show it.

The other thing that represses the utterances of love is the characteristic *shyness* of the Anglo-Saxon blood. Oddly enough, a race born of two demonstrative, out-spoken nations—the German and the French—has an habitual reserve that is like neither. There is a powerlessness of utterance in our blood that we should fight against, and struggle outward towards expression. We can educate ourselves to it, if we know and feel the necessity; we can make it a Christian duty, not only to love, but to be loving,—not only to be true friends, but to *show* ourselves friendly. We can make ourselves say the kind things that rise in our hearts and tremble back on our lips,—do the gentle and helpful deeds which we long to do and shrink back from; and, little by little, it will grow easier,—the love spoken will bring back the answer of love,—the kind deed will bring back a kind deed in return,—till the hearts in the family circle, instead of being so many frozen, icy islands, shall be full of warm airs and echoing bird-voices answering back and forth with a constant melody of love.

** THE BULL-FIGHT—FROM OLDTOWN FIRESIDE STORIES.

It was Saturday afternoon,—time of blessed memory to boys,—and we were free for a ramble after huckleberries; and, with our pails in hand, were making the best of our way to a noted spot where that fruit was most abundant.

Sam was with us, his long legs striding over the ground at a rate that kept us on a brisk trot, though he himself was only lounging leisurely, with his usual air of contemplation.

"Look 'ere, boys," he suddenly said, pausing and resting his elbow on the top of a rail-fence, "we shall jest hev to go back and go round by Deakin Blodgett's barn."

"Why so?" we both burst forth in eager tones.

"Wal, don't ye see the deakin's turned in his bull into this ere lot?"

"Who cares?" said I. "I ain't afraid."

"Nor I," said Harry. "Look at him: he looks mild enough: he won't hurt us."

"Not as you knows on," said Sam; "and then, agin, you don't know,—nobody never knows, what one o' them 'ere critters will do: they's jest the most contrary critters; and ef you think

they're goin' to do one way they're sure to do t'other. I could tell ye a story now that'd jest make yer har stan' on end."

Of course we wanted to have our hair stand on end, and beset Sam for the story; but he hung off.

"Lordy massy! boys, jest let's wait till ye've got yer huckleberries: yer granny won't like it ef ye don't bring her none, and Hepsy she'll be in my har,—what's left on't," said Sam, taking off his old torn hat, and rubbing the loose shock of brash and grizzled hair.

So we turned and made a *détour*, leaving the bull on the right, though we longed amazingly to have a bout with him, for the fun of the thing, and mentally resolved to try it when our mentor was not round.

It all comes back to me again,—the image of that huckleberry-pasture, interwoven with fragrance of sweet-fern, and the ground under our feet embroidered with star-moss and wintergreen, or foamy patches of mossy frost-work, that crushed and cracked delightfully beneath our feet. Every now and then a tall, straight fire-lily—black, spotted in its centre—rose like a little jet of flame; and we gathered it eagerly, though the fierce August sun wilted it in our hands. The huckleberry-bushes, bending under their purple weight, we gathered in large armfuls, and took them under the shadow of the pine-trees, that we might strip them at our leisure, without being scorched by the intense glare of the sun. Armful after armful we carried and deposited in the shade, and then sat down to the task of picking them off into our pails. It was one of those New England days hotter than the tropics. Not a breath of air was stirring, not a bird sang a note, not a sound was heard, except the drowsy grating of the locusts.

"Well, now, Sam, now tell us that story about the bull."

"Lordy massy, how hot 'tis!" said Sam, lying back, and resting on the roots of a tree, with his hands folded under his head. "I'm all in a drip of sweat."

"Well, Sam, we'll pick off your berries, if you'll talk."

"Wal, wal, be kerful yer don't git no green ones in among 'em, else Hepsy 'll be down on me. She's drefful partikelar, she is. Every thing has to be jest so. Ef it ain't, you'll hear on't. Lordy massy! boys, she's always telling me I don't do nothin' for the support of the family. I leave it to you if I didn't ketch her a nice mess o' fish a Tuesday. I tell her folks can't expect to roll in money, and allers to have every thing Jess 'z they want it. We brought nothin' into the world with us, and it's sartin we ken carry nothin' out; and, having food and raiment, we ought to be content. We have ben better off n we be now. Why, boys, I've seen the time that I've spent thirty-seven cents a week for nutmegs; but Hepsy hain't no gratitude: such folks hez to be brought down. Take care, now, yer ain't a-putting green ones in; be yer?"

"Sam, we sha'n't put in any at all, if you don't tell us that story."

"Lordy massy! you young ones, there ain't never no contentin' yer, ef a fellow was to talk to the millennium. Wonder now if there is going to be any millennium? Wish I'd waited, and been born in them days, 'spect things would a sorter come along easier. Wal, I shall git through some way, I s'pose."

"Sam," said I, sitting back, "we're putting all our berries into your pail; and, if you don't begin to tell us a story, we won't do it."

"Lordy massy! boys, I'm kind o' collectin' my ideas. Ye have to talk awhile to git a-goin', everybody does. Wal, about this 'ere story. Ye 'member that old brown house, up on the hill there, that we saw when we come round the corner? That 'ere was where old Mump Moss used to live. Old Mump was consid'able of a nice man: he took in Ike Sanders, Mis' Moss's sister's boy, to help him on the farm, and did by him pretty much ez he did by his own. Bill Moss, Mump's boy, he was a contrairy kind o' critter, and he was allers a-hectorin' Ike. He was allers puttin' off the heaviest end of every thing on to him. He'd shirk his work, and git it off on to Ike every way he could. And he allers threw it up at him that he was eatin' his father's bread; and he watched every mouthful he ate, as if he hated to see it go down. Wal, ye see, for all that, Ike he grewed up tall and strong, and a real handsome young feller; and everybody liked him. And Bill he was so gritty and contrairy, that his own mother and sisters couldn't stan' him; and he was allers a-flingin' it up at 'em that they liked Ike more'n they did him. Finally his mother she said to him one day, 'Why shouldn't I, sez she, 'when Ike's allers pleasant to me, and doin' every thing he ken fur me, and you don't do nothin' but scold.' That 'ere, you see, was a kind o' home-thrust, and Bill he didn't like Ike a bit the better for that. He did every thing he could to plague him, and hector him, and sarcumvent him, and set people agin him.

"Wal, ye see, 'twas the old story about Jacob and Laban over agin. Every thing that Ike put his hand to kind o' prospered. Everybody liked him, everybody hed a good word for him, everybody helped grease his wheels. Wal, come time when he was 'twenty-one, old Mump he gin him a settin'-out. He gin him a freedom suit o' clothes, and he gin him a good cow, and Mis' Moss she knit him up a lot o' stockings, and the gals they made him up his shirts. Then, Ike he got a place with Squire Wells, and got good wages; and he bought a little bit o' land, with a house on it, on Squire Wells's place, and took a mortgage on't, to work off. He used to work his own land, late at night and early in the mornin', over and above givin' good days' works to the squire; and the old squire he sot all the world by him, and said he hedn't hed sich a man to work since he didn't know when.

"Wal, a body might ha' thought that when Bill had a got him out o' the house, he might ha' ben satisfied, but he wasn't. He was an ugly fellow, Bill Moss was; and a body would ha' thought that every thing good that happened to Ike was jest so much took from him. Come to be young men, grewed up together, and waitin' on the gals round, Ike he was pretty apt to cut Bill out. Yer see, though Bill was goin to have the farm, and all old Mump's money, he warn't pleasant-spoken; and so, when the gals got a chance, they'd allers rather go with Ike than him. Finally, there was Delily Sawin, she was about the handsomest girl there was round, and she bed all the fellers arter her; and her way was to speak 'em all fair, and keep 'em all sort o' waitin' and hopin', till she got ready to make her mind up. She'd entertain Bill Saturday night, and she'd tell Ike he might come Sunday night; and so Ike he was well pleased, and Bill he growled.

"Wal, there come along a great cattle-show. Squire Wells he got it up: it was to be the grettest kind of a time, and Squire Wells he give money fur prizes. There was to be a prize on the best cow, and the best bull, and the best ox, and the best horse, and the biggest punkins and squashes and beets, and there was a prize for the best loaf o' bread, and the best pair o' stockin's, and the handsomest bed-quilt, and the rest o' women's work. Wal, yer see, there was a gret to-do about the cattle-show; and the wagons they came in from all around,—ten mites; and the gals all dressed up in their best bunnits, and they had a ball in the evenin'. Wal, ye see, it so happened that Bill and Ike each on 'em sent a bull to the cattle-show; and Ike's bull took the prize. That puts the cap-sheaf on for Bill. He was jest about as much riled as a feller could be; and that evenin' Delily she danced with Ike twice as many times ez she did with him. Wal, Bill he got it round among the fellers that the jedges hed been partial; and he said, if them bulls was put together, his bull would whip Ike's all to thunder. Wal, the fellers thought 'twould be kind o' fun to try 'em, and they put Ike up to it. And finally 'twas agreed that Ike's bull should be driv over to old Mump's; and the Monday after the cattle-show, they should let 'em out into the meadow together and see which was the strongest. So there was a Sunday the bulls they were both put up together in the same barn; and the 'greement was, they wasn't to be looked at nor touched till the time come to turn 'em out.

"Come Sunday mornin', they got up the wagon to go to meetin'; and Mis' Moss and the gals and old Mump, they was all ready; and the old yaller dog he was standin' waitin' by the wagon, and Bill warn't nowhere to be found. So they sent one o' the girls up chamber to see what'd got him; and there he was a-lyin' on the bed, and said he'd got a drefful headache, and didn't think he could go to meetin'. Wal, the second bell was a-tollin', and they had to drive off without him: they never mistrusted but what 'twas jest so. Wal, yer see, boys, 'twas that 'ere kind o' Sunday headache that sort o' gets better when the folks is all fairly into meetin'. So, when the wagon was fairly out o' sight, Bill he thought he'd jest go and have a peek at them bulls. Wal, he looked and he peeked, and finally he thought they looked so sort o' innocent 'twouldn't do no harm to jest let 'em have a little run in the cow-yard aforehand. He kind o' wanted to see how they was likely to cut up. Now, ye see, the mischief about bulls is, that a body never knows what they's goin' to do, 'cause whatever notion takes 'em allers comes into their heads so kind o' sudden, and it's jest a word and a blow with 'em. Wal, so fust he let out his bull, and then he went in and let out Ike's. Wal, the very fust thing that critter did he run up to Bill's bull, full tilt, and jest gin one rip with his horns right in the side of him, and knocked him over and killed him. Didn't die right off, but he was done for; and Bill he gin 'a yell, and run right up and hit him with a stick, and the old feller turned right round, and come at him. I tell you, Bill he turned and made a straight coat-tail, rippin' and peelin' it towards the house, and the bull tearin' on right arter him. Into the kitchen he went, and he hedn't no time to shut the door, and the bull arter him; and into the keepin'-room, and the bull arter him there. And he hedn't but jest time to git up the chamber-stairs, when he heard the old feller roarin' and tearin' round there like

all natur. Fust he went to the lookin'-glass, and smashed that all to pieces. Then he histed the table over, and he rattled and smashed the chairs round, and made such a roarin' and noise, ye'd ha' thought there was seven devils there; and in the midst of it Bill he looked out of the window, and see the wagon a-comin back; and 'Lordy massy!' he thought to himself, 'the bull 'll kill every one on 'em,' and he run to the window and yelled and shouted, and they saw him, and thought the house must be afire. Finally, he bethought him of old Mump's gun, and he run round and got it, and poked it through a crack of the chamber-door, and fired off bang! and shot him dead, jest as Mis' Moss and the girls was comin' into the kitchen-door.

"Wal, there was, to be sure, the 'bomination of desolation when they come in and found every thing all up in a heap and broke to pieces, and the old critter a kickin' and bleedin' all over the carpet, and Bill as pale as his shirt-tail on the chamber-stairs. They had an awful mess on't; and there was the two bulls dead and to be took care uv.

"Wal, Bill,' said his father, 'I hope yer satisfied now. All that comes o' stayin' to home from meetin', and keepin' temporal things in yer head all day Sunday. You've lost your own bull, you've got Ike's to pay for, and ye'll have the laugh on yer all round the country.'

"I expect, father, we ken corn the meat,' says Mis' Moss, 'and maybe the hide'll sell for something,' sez she; for she felt kind o' tender for Bill, and didn't want to bear down too hard on him.

"Wal, the story got round, and everybody was a-throwin it up at Bill; and Delily, in partikular, hector'd him about it till he wished the bulls had been in the Red Sea afore he'd ever seen one on 'em. Wal, it really driv him out o' town, and he went off out West to settle, and nobody missed him much; and Ike he married Delily, and they grew from better to better, till now they own just about as pretty a farm as there is round. Yer remember that white house with green blinds, that we passed when we was goin' to the trout-brook? Wal, that 'ere's the one."

HARRIET FARLEY,

THE editor of "The Lowell or New England Offering," in an autobiographic sketch published in Mrs. Hale's "Woman's Record," gives the following characteristic account of her career:—

"My father is a Congregational clergyman, and at the time of my birth was settled in the beautiful town of Claremont, in the state of New Hampshire. Though I left this place when six years of age, I still remember its natural beauties, which even then impressed me deeply. The Asheutney Mountain, Sugar River, with its foaming falls, the distant hills of Vermont, all are in my memory. My mother was descended from the Moodys, somewhat famous in New England history. One of them was the eccentric and influential Father Moody. Another was Handkerchief Moody, the one who wore, so many years, 'the minister's veil.' One was the well known Trustee Moody, of Dunwell Academy, who educated my grandmother. She was a very talented and estimable lady.

"My father was of the genuine New Hampshire stock—from a family of pious, industrious, agricultural people; his brothers being deacons, and some of his sisters married to deacons. I have not learned

that any of them ever committed a disgraceful act. His grandmother was eminent for her medical knowledge and skill, and had as much practice as is usually given to a country doctor. His mother was a woman of fine character, who exerted herself, and sacrificed much, to secure his liberal education. His sisters were energetic in their coöperation with their husbands, to secure and improve homes among the White and the Green Mountains, and Wisconsin. So much for progenitors.

"I was the sixth of ten children, and, until fourteen, had not that health which promises continued life. I was asthmatic, and often thought to be in a consumption. I am fortunate now in the possession of excellent health, which may be attributed to a country rearing, and an obedience to physical laws, so far as I understand them. At fourteen years of age I commenced exertions to assist in my own maintenance, and have at different times followed the different avocations of New England girls. I have plaited palm-leaf and straw, bound shoes, taught school, and worked at tailoring; besides my labors as a weaver in the factory, which suited me better than any other.

"After my father's removal to the little town of Atkinson, New Hampshire, he combined the labors of preceptor of one of the two oldest Academies in the state, with his parochial duties; and here, among a simple but intelligent people, I spent those years which give the tone to female character. At times there was a preceptress to the Academy; but it was in the summer, when I was debilitated, and my lessons were often studied on my bed. I learned something of French, drawing, ornamental needle-work, and the usual accomplishments—for it was the design of my friends to make me a teacher—a profession for which I had an instinctive dislike. But my own feelings were not consulted. Indeed, perhaps it was not thought how much these were outraged; but their efforts were to suppress the imaginative and cultivate the practical. This was, undoubtedly, wholesome discipline; but it was carried to a degree that was painful, and drove me from my home. I came to Lowell, determined that if I had my own living to obtain, I would get it in my own way; that I would read, think, and write, *when I could*, without restraint; that if I did well I would have the credit of it; if ill, my friends should be relieved from the blame, if not from the stigma. I endeavored to reconcile them to my lot, by a devotion of all my spare earnings to them and their interests. I made good wages; I dressed economically; I assisted in the liberal education of one brother, and endeavored to be the guardian angel of a lovely sister, who, after many years of feebleness, is now perhaps a guardian angel to me in heaven. Twice before this had I left 'the mill,' to watch around the death-beds of loved ones—my elder sister, and a beautiful and promising brother. Two others had previously died; two have left their native state for a Texan home. So you will see that my feelings must have been severely tried. But all this has, doubtless, been beneficial to me.

"It was something so new to me to be praised and encouraged to write, that I was at first overwhelmed by it, and withdrew as far as possible from the attentions that some of my first contributions to the 'Offering' directed towards me. It was with great reluctance that I consented to edit, and was quite as unwilling at first to assist in publishing. But circumstances seem to have compelled me forward as a business woman, and I have endeavored to *do my duty*.

"I am now the proprietor of 'The New England Offering.' I do all the publishing, editing, canvassing,

and, as it is bound in my office, I can in a hurry help fold, cut covers, stitch, &c. I have a little girl to assist me in the folding, stitching, &c.; the rest, after it comes from the printer's hand, is all my own work. I employ no agents, and depend upon no one for assistance. My edition is four thousand."

The Lowell Offering was commenced in 1841.

In 1848 Miss Farley published a volume chiefly made up of her contributions to that periodical, entitled *Shells from the Strand of the Sea of Genius*. Another volume from the various writers in the same publication was collected by Charles Knight, in London, and published in one of his popular libraries in 1849—*Mind among the Spindles*.

ELIZABETH F. ELLETT.

Mrs. ELIZABETH FRIES ELLETT was born at Sodus Point, on Lake Ontario, New York, in October, 1818. Her maiden name was Lummis. Her father was a physician, Dr. William Nixon Lummis, the pupil and the friend of Rush, whom he strongly resembled in person. He was of a New Jersey family, and became one of the pioneers of Western New York, expending a fortune in improvements in the country adjoining Sodus bay, of which others reaped the advantage. He was a man of talent and religious character, and admired for his social qualities. His second wife, the mother of our author, was Sarah, the daughter of Captain John Maxwell, an officer in the American army during the Revolutionary war, and the niece of General William Maxwell in the same service.

Mrs. Ellet was educated in English and French at the female seminary, under the care of Susan Marriott, an accomplished English Quaker lady, at Aurora, Cayuga county, New York. She was early married to Dr. William H. Ellett, who has occupied the professorship of chemistry at Columbia College, New York, and in the South Carolina College at Columbia. In 1849 they came to reside permanently in New York.



E. F. Ellett.

The poetical talent was marked in Mrs. Ellett at a very early age. She wrote good verses at fif-

teen, and in 1835 published a volume of poems. At the same period appeared a tragedy from her pen entitled *Teresa Contarini*, founded on a Venetian historic incident, which was performed on the stage. In 1841 a volume in prose appeared from her pen, *The Characters of Schiller*, a critical essay on the genius of that author, and analysis of his characters. *Scenes in the Life of Joanna of Sicily*, partly historical and partly fanciful; and a small volume for children, *Rambles about the Country*, appeared about the same time. Mrs. Ellett also, at this period, contributed articles to the American Quarterly Review, the North American and the New York Reviews, on Italian and French dramatic and lyric poetry, and wrote tales and poems for monthly magazines in New York, Philadelphia, and Charleston. In 1848 she published her work, *The Women of the American Revolution*, in two volumes, to which a third was subsequently added. It was an undertaking requiring not only a special sympathy (which Mrs. Ellett possessed through her family associations) and literary skill, but much labor and research. These memoirs, which shed so important a light on the history of the Revolution, were chiefly compiled from original materials, manuscripts of the times, or personal recollections of the surviving friends of the heroines. A companion volume, *The Domestic History of the Revolution*, is a connected narrative exhibiting the life of the period.

Another collection of memoirs is *The Pioneer Women of the West*, written from original materials. *Summer Rambles in the West* describes a tour through several of the western states, with a full description of parts of Minnesota Territory.

She is also the author of a pleasant volume, *Evenings at Woodlawn*, a collection of European legends and traditions; of *Novellettes of the Musicians*, a series of tales, original and selected from the German, founded on incidents in the personal history of artists, and illustrative of their character and the style of their works. Her later works are: *Watching Spirits*, an illustrated volume; *Women Artists in all Ages and Countries*, a tribute to womanly genius, 1859; *Queens of American Society*, 1867; *Court Circles of the Republic*, 1869; *The Brides and Widows of the Bible*, 1873.

LINES TO —.

Thou in faithfulness hast afflicted me.—Ps. cxlix. 75.

Smitten of Heaven—and murmuring 'neath the rod—
Whose days are heavy with their freight of gloom:
Drooping and faint, with eyes
Not yet by Faith unclosed—

Art thou repining that thou stand'st apart,
Like the tree lightning-blasted! wrung with pain,
No sympathy can heal—
No time can e'er assuage.

This life to thee is but a sea of woe,
Whose deep unto its deep of sorrow calls:
While others walk a maze
Of flowers, and smiles, and joys!

Look up—thou lone and sorely stricken one!
Look up—thou darling of the Eternal Sire!
More blest a thousand-fold
Than they—the proudly gay!

For them earth yields her all of bliss;—for thee
Kind Heaven doth violence to its heart of love;

And Mercy holds thee fast,
Fast in her iron bonds—

And wounds thee lest thou 'scape her jealous care,
And her best gifts—the cross and thorn—bestows,
They dwell within the vale,
Where fruits and flowers abound.

Thou on affliction's high and barren place;
But round about the mount charlots of fire—
Horses of fire—encamp
To keep thee safe for heaven.

JEDIDIAH V. HUNTINGTON.

MR. HUNTINGTON was born in 1814, and educated as a physician. After practising his profession for several years, he became, in December, 1839, a candidate for orders in the Protestant Episcopal Church, and a professor in St. Paul's College, Flushing. After his ordination he was for a short time rector of a church in Middlebury, Vermont. He then visited Europe, and remained for several years in Italy. On his return he became a Roman Catholic, but did not enter the priesthood of that communion. After a residence of a few years in New York, he removed to Baltimore, where he edited a monthly magazine. In 1855 he again removed to St. Louis, and edited a weekly journal, "The Leader," a literary, political, and family newspaper.

In 1843 he published a volume of *Poems*, mostly of a religious and reflective character, including several translations from the hymns of the Breviary. His next publication, *Alice, or the New Una*, appeared in London, in 1849, during his residence abroad. It is a singular compound of the art, the religious and the fashionable novel, and contained many scenes whose warmth of description laid the work open to censure. Its beauty of language, and picturesque descriptions of natural scenery, attracted much attention. It was reprinted during the same year in the United States, and, in 1852, appeared in a revised edition with many judicious alterations. Mr. Huntington's second novel, *The Forest*, was published in 1852. It is a continuation of *Lady Alice*, the leading characters being transferred from Europe to the Adirondack Mountains. The fine scenery of the region is depicted with beauty, but the fiction is, like its predecessor, deficient in the vigorous delineation of character.

THE SONG OF THE OLD YEAR.

December 31st, 1888.

Of brethren we six thousand be,
Nor one e'er saw another;
By birth-law dire must each expire
To make way for a brother;
Old Father Time our common sire,
Eternity our mother.

When we have spent the life she lent,
Her breast we do not spurn;
The very womb from which we loom,
To it we still return;
Its boundless gloom becomes a tomb
Our shadows to inurn.

In the hour of my birth, there was joy and mirth;
And shouts of gladness filled my ear;
But directly after each burst of laugh
Came sounds of pain and fear;

—The groans of the dying, the bitter crying
Of those who held them dear.

The regular bent of dancing feet
Ushered my advent in;
But on the air the voice of prayer
Arose above the din;
Its accents sweet did still entreat
Pardon for human sin.

As thus began my twelve-months' span
Through the infinite extended;
So ever hath run on my path,
Twixt joy and grief suspended;
But chiefly measured by things most treasured,
In death with burdens blended.

The bell aye tolls for departing souls
Of those whom I have slain;
The ceaseless knell to me doth tell
Each minute of my reign.
Their bodies left of life bereft,
Would cumber hill and plain.

But I have made, with my restless spade,
Their thirty-million graves;
With constant toil upturning the soil,
Or parting the salt-sea waves,
To find a bed for my countless dead
In the secret ocean-caves.

By fond hopes blighted, of true vows plighted
Showing the little worth;
By affections wasted: by joys scarce tasted,
Or poisoned ere their birth;
I have proved to many, there is not any
Pure happiness on earth.

And prophetic power upon the hour
Of my expiring waits;
What I have been not enters in
With me the silent gates:
The fruit within its grace, or sin,
For endless harvest waits.

And lo, as I pass with that running glass
That counts my last moments of sorrow,
The tale I tell, if pondered well,
The soul of young hope must harrow;
For mirrored in me, ye behold what shall be
In the New-Year born to-morrow.

Dr. Huntington published a third novel, entitled *Rosemary, or Life and Death*, in 1860, a book of remarkable invention, in which the author employed his experience as a student of medicine and psychology. He was now suffering from ill health, but bore up against the consumption, which was making inroads upon his life, with characteristic resignation and strength of mind. "For many years," says the writer of an obituary in the *New York Evening Post*, "Dr. Huntington had been an invalid, but his pen was rarely idle; he found rare comfort in domestic relations, constant happiness in the society and attachment of his friends; nature, under every aspect, life, with its mysterious vicissitudes, and art, with her pure inspirations, beguiled illness of its languor, and made his existence full of interest, while his religious faith sustained and cheered him to the last." At the close of 1861 he went abroad, and during the winter was enabled to enjoy, in the South of France, the rides and walks amid and beside the Pyrenees. There, in February, he suffered

a new attack of his disease, and, after a fortnight's serious illness, died at Pau, March 10th, 1862, "full of Christian peace and hope."

RUFUS WILMOT GRISWOLD

Was born in Rutland county, Vermont, Feb. 15, 1815, of an old New England family which contributed some of the earliest settlers to the country. Much of his early life, as we learn from a biographical article which originally appeared in the Knickerbocker Magazine, "was spent in voyaging about the world; before he was twenty years of age, he had seen the most interesting portions of his own country, and of southern and central Europe." He afterwards studied divinity and became a preacher of the Baptist denomination. He is chiefly known to the public, however, through his literary productions. He became early connected with the press; was associated in the editorship of the New Yorker, the Brother Jonathan, and New World newspapers, and other journals in Boston and Philadelphia. In 1842, he was the editor of Graham's Magazine, which he conducted with eminent success, drawing to the work the contributions of some of the best authors of the country who found liberal remuneration, then a novelty in American literature, from the generous policy of the publisher.



R. W. Griswold

In 1850, Mr. Griswold projected *The International Monthly Magazine*, five volumes of which were published by Messrs. Stringer and Townsend of New York. Like all of his undertakings of this character, it was liberally devoted to the notice and support of American authors, with whom Mr. Griswold has constantly maintained an extensive personal acquaintance.

His most prominent relations of this kind, however, have been through his series of books, *The Poets and Poetry of America*, the first edition of which appeared in 1842; *The Prose Writers of America*, which was first published in 1846; and the *Female Poets of America*, in 1849. They were the first comprehensive illustrations of the literature of the country, and have exerted an important influence through their criticisms,

and on the reputation of the numerous authors included, in their reception at home and abroad.

Mr. Griswold is also the author of a volume, *The Poets and Poetry of England in the Nineteenth Century*, in similar style with the American series, and has edited an octavo volume, *The Sacred Poets of England and America*.

In 1847, he was engaged in Philadelphia in the preparation of two series of biographies, *Washington and the Generals of the American Revolution*, and *Napoleon and the Marshals of the Empire*.

Mr. Griswold, among other illustrations of American history and society, is the author of an interesting appendix to an edition of D'Israeli's *Curiosities of Literature*, entitled *The Curiosities of American Literature*. In 1842, he published in New York a volume on an excellent plan, worthy of having been continued, entitled *The Biographical Annual*.

Among other productions of his pen should be mentioned an early volume of Poems in 1841; a volume of Sermons, and a Discourse in 1844, on *The Present Condition of Philosophy*.

His latest publication is, *The Republican Court, or American Society in the Days of Washington*, a costly printed volume from the press of the Appletons, in 1854. On the thread of the domestic life of Washington, Mr. Griswold hangs a social history of the period, which he is thus enabled to sketch in its leading characteristics in the northern, middle, and southern states; the career of the great founder of the Republic, fortunately for the common sympathy of the whole, having been associated with all these elements of national life. The book is full of interesting matter from the numerous memoirs and biographies, is illustrated by a number of portraits of the more eminent ladies of the time, and has been well received by the public.

Dr. Griswold was in 1855 engaged on a revision of his larger works on American literature, which have passed through numerous editions with successive improvements.

Mr. Griswold died at New York, August 27, 1857, at the age of forty-two. His latest literary employment, in addition to those enumerated, was the preparation of the text for an illustrated Life of Washington, which increasing ill health compelled him to leave unfinished.

Mr. Griswold was a diligent collector of books relating to American history and literature, and left a large library in these departments, which was sold under direction of his executor, Mr. George H. Moore, in New York, in May, 1859. A small portion of this library was bequeathed, with several original portraits of American authors, to the New York Historical Society.

** A new edition, revised and enlarged, of *Griswold's Prose Writers of America*, with a "Supplementary Essay on the Intellectual Prospects and Condition of America," by Prof. John H. Dillingham, was published in 1870, by Messrs. Porter & Coates. It contains notices of the works of thirty-seven leading American authors not previously inserted, with representative extracts from their chief writings. Mr. Henry T.

Coates and Mr. Samuel G. Hazard assisted in its preparation.

BENJAMIN DAVIS WINSLOW

WAS born in Boston, February 13, 1815. His early years were passed at home, at the residence of Gen. William Hall, at Boston, and with the Rev. Samuel Ripley at Waltham, where he received his first instructions in Latin. He was prepared for Harvard under the tuition of Mr. D. G. Ingraham, of Boston, received his degree at this college in 1835, entered the General Theological Seminary of the Protestant Episcopal Church at New York, pursued the usual term of study, and was ordained Deacon in 1838, by his friend Bishop Doane of New Jersey, to whom he became assistant minister of St. Mary's Church, Burlington. The brief remaining portion of his life was passed in this service. He died November 21, 1839.

A genial memorial of his Sermons and Poetical Remains, in an octavo volume, was prepared by Bishop Doane, entitled *The True Catholic Churchman, in his Life and in his Death*. The sermons are earnest doctrinal compositions, written with ease and elegance. The poems, many of which are devoted to sacred church associations, are all in a truthful and fervent vein, with a happy facility of execution, and on the score both of taste and piety are well worthy to be associated with the kindred compositions of the author's friends, Croswell and Doane.

THOUGHTS FOR THE CITY.

Out on the city's hum!
My spirit would flee from the haunts of men
To where the woodland and leafy glen
Are eloquently dumb.

These dull brick walls which span
My daily walks, and which shut me in;
These crowded streets, with their busy din—
They tell too much of man.

Oh! for those dear wild flowers,
Which in their meadows so brightly grew,
Where the honey-bee and blithe bird flew
That gladdened boyhood's hours.

Out on these chains of flesh!
Binding the pilgrim who fain would roam,
To where kind nature hath made her home,
In bowers so green and fresh.

But is not nature here?
From these troubled scenes look up and view
The orb of day, through the firmament blue,
Pursue his bright career.

Or, when the night-dews fall,
Go watch the moon with her gentle glance
Flitting over the clear expanse—
Her own broad star-lit hall.

Mortal the earth may mar,
And blot out its beauties one by one;
But he cannot dim the fadeless sun,
Or quench a single star.

And o'er the dusky town,
The greater light that ruleth the day,
And the heav'nly host, in their bright array
Look gloriously down.

So, 'mid the hollow mirth,
The din and strife of the crowded mart;

We may ever lift up the eye and heart
To scenes above the earth.

Blest thought, so kindly given!
That though he toils with his boasted might,
*Man cannot shut from his brother's sight
The things and thoughts of Heaven!*

HENRY BARNARD.

Henry Barnard, a gentleman most honorably associated by his devoted labors with the great cause of American education, is a native of Connecticut. He was born at Hartford, January 14, 1811, of a family which had lived on the spot from the first settlement of the colony. His father was a wealthy farmer, who gave to his son every advantage of education. Beginning with the usual New England preliminary training of the common school, he advanced through the higher course of an academy at Monson, Massachusetts, and the Hopkins Grammar School, in Hartford, to Yale College, which he entered at the age of fifteen, in 1826. His college career of four years was marked by his diligence and success in classical studies, with a greater devotion to English literature than generally enters into the subgraduate course. He especially availed himself, also, of the opportunities of intellectual intercourse with his fellow-pupils, and of the prompt use of his faculties offered by the discussions and the exercises of the college literary societies.

Leaving college with honor, in 1830, Mr. Barnard devoted five years to a systematic course of reading and preparation for the law, joining to the usual preliminary study of the profession a diligent reading of the best English authors, including the works of Bacon, Gibbon, Warburton, Burke, Barrow, Taylor, and other great masters of thought and expression. Following, too, as we are told, the advice of President Day of Yale, he kept up and improved his acquaintance with the classics, by reading every day something of Homer, Virgil, or Cicero. His mental habits as a scholar were also strengthened by taking charge for a time of a school in Willsboro, Pennsylvania.

In 1835, having pursued his special legal studies in the office of the Hon. Willis Hall, afterward Attorney-General of the State of New York, and of Mr. William H. Hungerford, of Hartford, he was admitted as attorney and counsellor at law in Connecticut. Before entering on the practice of his profession, he was enabled, by the liberality of his father, to visit Europe, having previously travelled with the earnestness of a diligent observer through the Western and Southern portions of the United States. For the purpose of a more intimate knowledge of life and nature abroad, he made extensive journeys on foot in England, Scotland, and Switzerland. He also made the acquaintance of some of the most eminent literary personages of Great Britain. Thus fortified by intelligent travel, he returned, after an absence of eighteen months, to the United States, with increased power, and a confirmed resolution to make his life useful to his countrymen.

In 1837, he was elected to represent Hartford

in the Legislature of the State, and served in that body for three years, devoting himself to measures relating to the social, intellectual, and moral welfare of the people. Various humanitarian objects enlisted his attention, as the education of the deaf and dumb, the care of the poor and insane, public libraries, &c.; but he was especially engaged in originating and securing the passage of an "Act to Provide for the Better Supervision of Common Schools." A board of commissioners was created by this act, of which Mr. Barnard was made the secretary. The duties of this office were of the most responsible character, and, in fact, threw upon the secretary the guidance and working of the whole system. It became his duty to ascertain, either by communication or by personal inspection, the actual condition of the schools; to address at least one meeting of parents, teachers, and school officers in each county; to edit and superintend the publication of a journal devoted to education, and to present to the board and the Legislature a report of his various observations, with suggestions as to the management of the great interests intrusted to him.

His first annual report was presented in 1839, exhibiting a vast array of facts, the result of a diligent and intelligent performance of these various duties. It called forth the admiration of the late Chancellor Kent, who pronounced it, in his Commentaries on American Law, "A bold and startling document, founded on the most painstaking and critical inquiry, and containing a minute, accurate, comprehensive, and instructive exhibition of the practical condition and operation of the common-school system of education."^{*} Four reports of this character covered the period of Mr. Barnard's secretaryship, when the board was abolished by some untoward political action, in 1842. During this period, Mr. Barnard also issued four volumes of the *Connecticut Common School Journal*. The compensation allowed by the State for these services, nearly four thousand dollars, was generously expended by the secretary in promoting the work of education.

Mr. Barnard next made a tour throughout the country, collecting material for a *History of Public Schools and the Means of Popular Education in the United States*, from the preparation of which he was withdrawn to the work of setting on foot a comprehensive system of school education in Rhode Island. He was instrumental in introducing a bill providing for the appointment of an agent or commissioner to examine into and further this work of instruction in the State; and, on the act being passed, became such commissioner. He performed these new duties from 1843 to 1849, creating a system of organization, exact in detail, thorough and efficient in all its regulations. His published writings during this time include *A Report on the Public Schools of Rhode Island* (1845); *Documents Relating to the Public Schools of Rhode Island* (1848); *Documentary History of the Public Schools of Providence, from 1800 to 1849*, and

Journal of the Rhode Island Institute of Instruction, 3 vols. (1845-49). At the close of his services, which he was compelled to relinquish from ill health, Mr. Barnard received the unanimous thanks of the Senate and House of Representatives of the State for "the able, faithful, and judicious manner in which he had, for five years, fulfilled his duties as Commissioner of Public Schools."

Returning now to his home in Connecticut, and the enjoyment of the mansion which he had inherited from his father, he resisted various offers of professorships and other responsible situations connected with education, to advance this good work in his own State. In 1849, he saw his favorite project successful, of the establishment of a State Normal School, and he was placed at the head of it, in its general conduct, with the duties added to this office of principal, of Superintendent of Common Schools. On the 4th of June, 1851, he delivered the dedicatory address on the completion of the building provided by the citizens of New Britain for the accommodation of the State Normal School.

In 1852, he published a *Discourse in Commemoration of the Life, Character, and Services of the Rev. Thomas H. Gallaudet*, delivered at the request of the citizens of Hartford, with an appendix, embracing a "History of Deaf-Mute Instruction and Institutions in Europe and the United States, and particularly of the American Asylum at Hartford." He again edited the *Connecticut Common School Journal* from 1850 to 1855. In 1854, he published a volume of nearly nine hundred octavo pages, an elaborate view of *National Education in Europe*, a repository of valuable facts, which was declared by the *Westminster Review* "to group under one view the varied experience of nearly all civilized countries."

Mr. Barnard resigned his official duties as Superintendent in Connecticut in 1854; but he did not, however, relinquish the purpose of his life in his devotion to the cause of education. He began the publication, at Hartford, of a quarterly review, the *American Journal of Education*, in 1856, and it has since been continued, and conducted by him. Its pages embrace all that relates to the history, the philosophy, and practice of the work of instruction.

One of the latest and most important distinct publications of Mr. Barnard is a volume, the first of a projected series, entitled, *Educational Biography, or Memoirs of Teachers, Educators, and Promoters and Benefactors of Education, Literature, and Science*. One of its subjects, the precursor of a long line of American worthies, has also furnished a separate theme for the author in his *Biographical Sketch of Ezekiel Cheever; with Notes on the Early Free Schools and School Books of New England*, of which a second edition was published at Hartford, in 1856.

There are other works of Mr. Barnard relating to the topic of education, of which we may mention a volume, of which the large number of one hundred and thirty thousand copies have been sold, entitled, *Practical Illustrations of the Principles of School Architecture*. The value of such labors speaks for itself. It is of a practi-

* Notice of Dr. Barnard in the *Massachusetts Teacher*, Jan., 1855.

cal character, and a reputation like that of Dr. Barnard—he has received the degree of doctor of laws from Yale College, from Union, and from Harvard, founded upon it—can only be supported by manifest ability. Dr. Barnard, in 1855, was elected president of the American Association for the Advancement of Education.

** In 1867, Dr. Barnard was appointed Commissioner of the National Department of Education at Washington, then newly created; and he held that office three years.

T. B. THORPE.

T. B. THORPE was born at Westfield, Mass., March 1, 1815. His father Thomas Thorpe, a man of literary genius, was a clergyman, who died in New York city at the early age of twenty-six. His son lived in New York till his transfer to the Wesleyan University at Middletown, Connecticut, where he passed three years; but his health failing him, in 1836 he left Connecticut for the south, where he resided in Louisiana to the year 1853. In early life he displayed a taste for painting. His picture of "the Bold Dragoon," illustrative of Irving's story, was executed in his seventeenth year, and exhibited at the old American Academy of Fine Arts. Like Irving himself, he left the pencil for the pen, and turned his talent for grouping and sketching to the kindred province of descriptive writing. He soon became known as the author of a series of western tales, adopting the name of Tom Owen, the Bee-Hunter, the title of one of his first stories, the subject of which was an eccentric personage—to whom the author has given a wild flavor of poetry—a "bee-hunter" by profession, with whom he fell in shortly after his removal to the south.



T. B. Thorpe.

For many years Mr. Thorpe was an editor of one of the leading political newspapers in New Orleans, devoted to the interests of Henry Clay. In this enterprise, notwithstanding his fine litera-

ry tact, political knowledge, and untiring energy, he was compelled, for lack of pecuniary resources, to leave the field to others. On the announcement of the war with Mexico, he distinguished himself by his zeal in raising volunteers; and as bearer of dispatches to General Taylor he was not only early in the field, but had a most excellent position to witness the scenes of war. His letters, published in a New Orleans paper, were the first that reached the United States. The descriptions of the American camp, the country, and the Mexican people, were extensively published. Immediately after General Taylor took possession of Matamoros, he prepared, in 1846, a volume entitled *Our Army on the Rio Grande*, succeeded by *Our Army at Monterey*. These two volumes, according to their extent, have furnished most of the materials that have been wrought into the subsequent histories relating to the events which they describe.

Mr. Thorpe bore an active part in the election of General Taylor to the Presidency. He took the field as a speaker, and became one of the most popular and efficient orators of the South-West. His speeches were marked by their good sense, brilliancy of expression, and graphic humorous illustration.

In 1853, Mr. Thorpe removed to New York with his family, and among other literary enterprises prepared a new collection of his sketches, which were published by the Appletons, with the title, *The Hive of the "Bee-Hunter."* This miscellany of sketches of peculiar American character, scenery, and rural sports, is marked by the simplicity and delicacy with which its rough humors are handled. The style is easy and natural, the sentiment fresh and unforced, showing a fine sensibility. In "the Bee-Hunter," there is a vein of poetry, which has been happily caught by Darley in the illustration which accompanies the sketch in the volume. In proof of the fidelity of Mr. Thorpe's hunting scenes, there is an anecdote connected with some of his writings. His taste for life in the back-woods, the hunter's camp fire, and the military bivouac, shown in his published sketches, had attracted the attention in England of Sir William Drummond Stewart, an eccentric Scotch nobleman, who projected and accomplished a tour in the Rocky Mountains. On his arrival at New Orleans, he endeavored to secure Mr. Thorpe as a member of his party; an offer which could not be conveniently accepted. While Sir William was absent, however, Mr. Thorpe wrote a series of letters, purporting to give an account of the "Doings of the Expedition," which were published in this country and England as genuine, Sir William himself pronouncing them the most truthful of all that were written, all the while supposing they were from some member of his party.

Mr. Thorpe is a contributor to Harpers' Magazine, where he has published several descriptive articles on southern life and products, and a sketch, "The Case of Lady Macbeth Medically Considered."

** Mr. Thorpe is an illustration of how entirely absorbing are the claims of the periodical literature of the country on a popular author; for he finds from its publishers a demand for all

the literary labor he can perform. Independent of his contributions to the magazines and the daily press, he has had in his study for years, yet still incomplete, a work intended to illustrate the sacrifices, triumphs, and romance in the Southwest.

TOM OWEN, THE BEE-HUNTER.

As a country becomes cleared up and settled, bee-hunters disappear, consequently they are seldom or never noticed beyond the immediate vicinity of their homes. Among this backwoods fraternity, have flourished men of genius in their way, who have died unwept and unnoticed, while the heroes of the turf, and of the chase, have been lauded to the skies for every trivial superiority they may have displayed in their respective pursuits.

To chronicle the exploits of sportsmen is commendable—the custom began as early as the days of the antediluvians, for we read, that “Nimrod was a mighty hunter before the Lord.” Familiar, however, as Nimrod’s name may be—even Davy Crockett’s—how unsatisfactory their records, when we reflect that TOM OWEN, the bee-hunter, is comparatively unknown?

Yes, the mighty Tom Owen has “hunted,” from the time that he could stand alone until the present time, and not a pen has inked paper to record his exploits. “Solitary and alone” has he traced his game through the mazy labyrinth of air; marked, I hunted;—I found;—I conquered;—upon the carcasses of his victims, and then marched homeward with his spoils; quietly and satisfiedly, sweetening his path through life; and, by its very obscurity, adding the principal element of the sublime.

It was on a beautiful southern October morning, at the hospitable mansion of a friend, where I was staying to drown dull care, that I first had the pleasure of seeing Tom Owen.

He was, on this occasion, straggling up the rising ground that led to the hospitable mansion of mine host, and the difference between him and ordinary men was visible at a glance; perhaps it showed itself as much in the perfect contempt of fashion that he displayed in the adornment of his outward man, as it did in the more elevated qualities of his mind, which were visible in his face. His head was adorned with an outlandish pattern of a hat—his nether limbs were encased by a pair of inexpressibles, beautifully fringed by the brier-bushes through which they were often drawn; coats and vests, he considered as superfluities; hanging upon his back were a couple of pails, and an axe in his right hand, formed the varieties that represented the corpus of Tom Owen.

As is usual with great men, he had his followers, who, with a courtier-like humility, depended upon the expression of his face for all their hopes of success.

The usual salutations of meeting were sufficient to draw me within the circle of his influence, and I at once became one of his most ready followers.

“See yonder!” said Tom, stretching his long arm into infinite space, “see yonder—there’s a bee.”

We all looked in the direction he pointed, but that was the extent of our observations.

“It was a fine bee,” continued Tom, “black body, yellow legs, and went into that tree,”—pointing to a towering oak blue in the distance. “In a clear day I can see a bee over a mile, easy!”

When did Coleridge “talk” like that? And yet Tom Owen uttered such a saying with perfect ease.

After a variety of meanderings through the thick woods, and clambering over fences, we came to our place of destination, as pointed out by Tom, who selected a mighty tree containing sweets, the possession of which the poets have likened to other sweets that leave a sting behind.

The felling of a mighty tree is a sight that calls up a variety of emotions; and Tom’s game was lodged in one of the finest in the forest. But “the axe was laid at the root of the tree,” which in Tom’s mind was made expressly for bees to build their nests in, that he might cut them down, and obtain possession of their honeyed treasure. The sharp axe, as it played in the hands of Tom, was replied to by a stout negro from the opposite side of the tree, and their united strokes fast gained upon the heart of their lordly victim.

There was little poetry in the thought, that long before this mighty empire of States was formed, Tom Owen’s “bee-hive” had stretched its brawny arms to the winter’s blast, and grown green in the summer’s sun.

Yet such was the case, and how long I might have moralized I know not, had not the enraged buzzing about my ears satisfied me that the occupants of the tree were not going to give up their home and treasure, without showing considerable practical fight. No sooner had the little insects satisfied themselves that they were about to be invaded, than they began, one after another, to descend from their airy abode, and fiercely pitch into our faces; anon a small company, headed by an old veteran, would charge with its entire force upon all parts of our body at once.

It need not be said that the better part of valor was displayed by a precipitate retreat from such attacks.

In the midst of this warfare, the tree began to tremble with the fast repeated strokes of the axe, and then might have been seen a “bee-line” of stingers precipitating themselves from above, on the unfortunate hunter beneath.

Now it was that Tom shone forth in his glory, for his partisans—like many hangers-on about great men, began to desert him on the first symptoms of danger; and when the trouble thickened, they, one and all, took to their heels, and left only our hero and Sambo to fight the adversaries. Sambo, however, soon dropped his axe, and fell into all kinds of contortions; first he would seize the back of his neck with his hands, then his legs, and yell with pain. “Never holler till you get out of the woods,” said the sublime Tom, consolingly; but writhe the negro did, until he broke, and left Tom “alone in his glory.”

Cut,—thwack! sounded through the confused hum at the foot of the tree, marvellously reminding me of the interruptions that occasionally broke in upon the otherwise monotonous hours of my school-boy days.

A sharp cracking finally told me the chopping was done, and, looking aloft, I saw the mighty tree balancing in the air. Slowly, and majestically, it bowed for the first time towards its mother earth,—gaining velocity as it descended, it shivered the trees that interrupted its downward course, and falling with thundering sounds, splintered its mighty limbs, and buried them deeply in the ground.

The sun for the first time in at least two centuries, broke uninterruptedly through the chasm made in the forest and shone with splendor upon the magnificent Tom, standing a conqueror among his spoils.

As might be expected, the bees were very much

astonished and confused, and by their united voices proclaimed death, had it been in their power, to all their foes, not, of course, excepting Tom Owen himself. But the wary hunter was up to the tricks of his trade, and, like a politician, he knew how easily an enraged mob could be quelled with smoke; and smoke he tried, until his enemies were completely destroyed.

We, Tom's hangers-on, now approached his treasure. It was a rich one, and, as he observed, "contained a rich chance of plunder." Nine feet, by measurement, of the hollow of the tree were full, and this afforded many pails of pure honey.

Tom was liberal, and supplied us all with more than we wanted, and "toted," by the assistance of Sambo, his share to his own home, soon to be devoured, and soon to be replaced by the destruction of another tree, and another nation of bees.

Thus Tom exhibited within himself, an unconquerable genius which would have immortalized him, had he directed it in following the sports of Long Island or New Market.

We have seen the great men of the southern turf glorying around the victories of their favorite sport—we have heard the great western hunters detail the soul-stirring adventures of a bear-hunt—we have listened with almost suffocating interest, to the tale of a Nantucket seaman, while he portrayed the death of a mighty whale—and we have also seen Tom Owen triumphantly engaged in a bee-hunt—we beheld and wondered at the sports of the turf—the field—and the sea—because the objects acted on by man were terrible, indeed, when their instincts were aroused.

But, in the bee-hunt of Tom Owen, and its consummation,—the grandeur visible was imparted by the mighty mind of Tom Owen himself.

GEORGE EDWARD ELLIS

Was born in Boston in 1815. He became a graduate of Harvard in 1833; studied at the Divinity school at Cambridge, and was ordained in Charlestown in 1838 as successor to the Rev. (now President) James Walker, in the ministry of the Harvard church, which he resigned in 1869.

He has been one of the editors of the *Christian Register*, the religious paper of the Massachusetts Unitarians, and was also associated with the brilliant pulpit orator, the Rev. Dr. George Putnam, in the editorship of the *Christian Examiner*. His reading, scholarship, literary readiness, vivacity, and good English style, admirably qualify him for the work of periodical literature.*

Mr. Ellis is the author of three volumes of biography in Mr. Sparks's *American series*: the lives of John Mason—the author of the history of the Pequot war—Anne Hutchinson, and William Penn.

* We may here glance at the history of the *Examiner*. It grew out of the *Christian Disciple*, a monthly publication commenced by the Rev. Noah Worcester, under the auspices of Dr. Channing and others, in 1818. At the completion of its sixth volume, in 1818, Dr. Worcester surrendered it to the Rev. Henry Ware, Jr., who published the work every two months for five years. In 1824, passing into the hands of the Rev. J. G. Palfrey, its title was changed to the *Christian Examiner*. He was its editor for two years, when it was conducted from 1826 to 1831 by Mr. Francis Jenks. In the latter year it was transferred to the Rev. James Walker and the Rev. Francis William Pitt Greenwood. It was edited by the former six years, Mr. Greenwood's health not allowing him to labor upon it, when Dr. Walker was succeeded by the Rev. William Ware, and the latter in turn, after a few years, by the Rev. Messrs. Lamson and Gannett, from whose hands it passed to the care of Messrs. Putnam and Ellis.—*Sidney Willard's Memoirs*, ii. 281-2. The *Examiner* is now discontinued.

His contributions to periodical literature are numerous, embracing many articles in the *New York Review*, the *North American*, the *Atlantic Monthly*, etc. He has frequently delivered occasional discourses and orations, and his published addresses of this kind would fill many volumes.

** Dr. Ellis published, in 1866, a *Memoir of Dr. Luther V. Bell*; in 1869, a *Memoir of Jared Sparks*, and also two lectures delivered before the Lowell Institute on *The Aims and Purposes of the Founders of Massachusetts, and their Treatment of Dissentients and Intruders*; in 1871, a *Memoir of Benjamin Thompson, Count Rumford*, prepared at the request of his associates in the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, in connection with a complete edition of the Count's works; and in 1872, a *History of the Massachusetts General Hospital*, for the last twenty years.

ORGAN MELODIES.

There is a sort of instinctive feeling within us that an organ should be reserved for only sacred uses. The bray of the martial trumpet seems akin to the din and clangor of a military movement. The piano is the appropriate ornament and instrument of the household room of comfort and domestic delight. Lesser instruments, with their gay tones, and their lighter lessons for the heart, adapt themselves to the unstable emotions of the hour—in revelry, excitement, or gratification. To each of them there is a season, and from our youth to our age these varied instruments may minister to us, according to their uses and our sensibilities. The harp which the monarch of Israel swept as the accompaniment to his divine lyrics; the timbrel which Miriam, the sister of Aaron, took in her hand when she raised the glad psalm—"Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously;" the silver trumpets which the priests blew to proclaim the great Jewish festivals; the horn and the psalter, the sackbut and the dulcimer, which lifted up the anthems of the Tabernacle or the Temple-worship, were not without a sacred influence, helping with their strings or pipes the effect of holy song. But the religious sentiment is the largest that fills the heart of man; its sweep and compass are the widest, and in the course of our own short lives that religious sentiment will range like "a song of degrees" over all the varying emotions of the soul, engaging every tone to give it utterance.

"Praise the Lord with gladness," is the key-note of one Psalm. "Out of the depths have I cried to Thee, O Lord," is the plaintive moan of another. "Sing unto the Lord, all the earth," is the quickening call to a general anthem. "Keep silence before Me, O Islands!" stills the trembling spirit into a low whisper of its fear. "The Lord is my Shepherd," is the beautiful pastoral lyric for the serene life of still waters. "He bowed the heavens and came down, he did fly upon the wings of the wind; the Lord also thundered in the heavens, and he shot out lightnings from the sky"—this is the Psalm for the stormy elements or a troubled heart. "O Lord, rebuke me not in thine anger!" is now our imploring cry; "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in Him," is now the boast of the resigned spirit. "The lines are fallen to me in pleasant places," is the bright lyric of the heart that finds its joy on earth. "O, that I had wings like a dove, for then would I flee away and be at rest!" is the burden of the heart when it sighs and moans over the wreck of mortal delights. "Thou hast made man

but a little lower than the angels!" is the tone which befits the feeling of our human dignity. "Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations: thou carriest us away as with a flood," is the mingled note of melancholy and faith with which we contemplate our failing years, and yield up one after another from our earthly fellowship to the summons of the everliving God—the everlasting Refuge.

Thus, through the whole range of emotions and sensibilities of the heart, in its thrills and wails, in its elation and its gloom, in penitence, remorse, submission and hope, in gratitude, aspiration, or high desire—that heart varies its note, but sincerity will make music of all its utterances in psalm or dirge. Precious, precious beyond all our terms of praise, are those religious songs and hymns which come to us from the prophetic lips once touched with the fire of God. If they are dear to us, how dear must they have been to those who sung them in their majestic and solemn Hebrew tones, beneath the cedars that bowed, and the hills that melted, and in the corn-fields that laughed when the song of praise arose to God. How many glad harvests with their laden vintages and garner, how many rejoicing scenes of happiness, and how many ancient sorrows born of our inevitable lot on the earth, stand for ever painted and rehearsed in the Psalms of David. Over no single scene or incident in Jewish history are we so completely engaged in sympathy with their sad fortunes as in one in which the tender melodies of sacred song, and the holy uses of music, bring them touchingly before us. When they were weary captives in pagan Babylon, their tearful hearts turned back to their beloved Jerusalem: "By the rivers of Babylon there we sat down: yea, we wept when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof. For there they that carried us away captive required of us a song; and they that wasted us required of us mirth, saying, 'Sing us one of the songs of Zion.' How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?" That burst of sadness is of itself a fond and precious song.

CYRUS A. BARTOL,

A COLLEAGUE of Dr. Lowell in the ministry of the West church, Boston, is a graduate of Bowdoin of 1832, and of the Harvard divinity school in 1835. He has published numerous occasional sermons, and is the author of the volumes, *The Christian Spirit and Life* and *The Christian Body and Form*. He brings in these discourses a somewhat elaborate literary style, uniting metaphysical insight and poetical sentiment, to the usual exhortations of the pulpit. He issued in 1856 a volume of meditative essays suggested by a recent European tour, entitled *Pictures of Europe*; and two years later, *Church and Congregations*, a plea for their unity. His latest works are *Radical Problems*—essays on deep questions of thought and morals; and *The Rising Faith*, whose aim is to controvert the positive convictions which promise to survive a period of scientific criticism and radical denial of all authorities and beliefs.

ALLSTON'S BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST.—FROM A DISCOURSE ON PERFECTION.

In yonder village, a painter paces, in quiet meditation, his little room. Beautiful pictures has he sent forth to charm every beholder; but he alone is not satisfied. He draws some grand theme from the mighty chronicle of the Bible. He would turn the words of the rapt prophet into colors. He would hold up to the eyes of men a scene of the divine judg-

ments, that should awe down every form of sin, and exalt every resolve of holiness in their hearts. The finished result of his labors is shortly expected. But the idea of perfection has seized with an overmastering grasp upon him, and it must give him pause. How shall that awful writing of doom be pencilled on the plastered wall? How shall that finger, as it were of a man's hand, and yet the finger of God, be revealed? How shall those voluptuous forms below, that have been all relaxed with the wine and the feast and the dalliance of the hour, be represented in their transition so swift to conscience-stricken alarm, prostrate terror, ineffectual rage, and palsied suspense, as they are confronted by those flaming characters of celestial indignation, which the soothsayers, with magic scrolls, and strange garb, and juggling arts, can but mutter and mumble over, and only the servant of Almighty God calmly explain? How shall it be done according to the perfect pattern shown in the Mount of Revelation of God's word? The artist thinks and labors, month by month, and year after year. The figures of Babylonish king and consort, of Hebrew seer and maiden, and of Chaldee magician, grow into expressive portraits under his hand. The visible grandeur of God the Judge, over against the presumptuous sins of man, approaches its completeness. The spectator would now be entranced with the wondrous delineation. But the swiftly conceiving mind which shapes out its imaginations of that dread tribunal, so suddenly set up in the hall of revelry, is not yet content. The idea of perfection, that smote it, smites it again. The aspiration after a new and higher beauty, that carried it to one point, lifts it to another, and bears it far aloft, in successive flights, ever above its own work. Yet still, on those few feet of canvas, the earnest laborer breathes out, for the best of a lifetime, the patient and exhaustless enthusiasm of his soul. He hides the object, dear as a living child to its mother, from every eye, and presses on to the mark. If he walks, he catches a new trait of expression, some new line of lustrous illumination, to transfer to this painted scripture which he is composing. If he sleeps, some suggestion of an improvement will steal even into his dreams. In weariness and in sickness, he still climbs slowly, painfully, to his task. In absence, his soul turns back, and makes all nature tributary to his art. And on his expiring day he seizes his pencil to strive, by another stroke still, after the perfection which flies before him, and leaves his work as with the last breath of his mouth, and movement of his hand, upon it, to show, amid unfinished groups, and the measured lines for a new trial, that, if absolute perfection cannot be reached here on earth, yet heights of splendor and excellence can be attained, beyond all the thoughts of him whom the glorious idea has never stirred. What a lesson for us in our moral and religious struggles! What a rebuke for our idle loiterings in the heavenward way! What a shame to our doubtings about that perfection to which God and Christ and apostles call!

GEORGE WASHINGTON GREENE.

GEORGE WASHINGTON GREENE, the son of N. R. Greene, and grandson of Major-General Greene of the Revolutionary army, was born at East Greenwich, Kent county, Rhode Island, April 8, 1811. He entered Brown University in 1825, but was obliged to leave the institution in his junior year in consequence of ill-health. He next visited Europe, where, with the exception of a few short visits home, he remained until 1847. In 1837 he received the appointment of United States consul at Rome, an office which he retained until his re-

call by President Polk in 1845. On his return he became professor of modern languages in Brown University. At this time, he prepared several elementary books for the study of French and Latin, besides editing some historical textbooks, and translating from the French a class-book on the History of the Middle Ages. In 1852 he removed to the city of New York, where he devoted himself to teaching, and to writing for the periodicals.

In 1835 he published an article in the *North American Review*, the first of a long series of contributions to that and other critical journals of the country. A portion of these papers have been collected in a volume with the title *Historical Studies*, published by G. P. Putnam in 1850. The titles of these are Petrarch, Machiavelli, The Reformation in Italy, Italian Literature in the first half of the Nineteenth Century, Manzoni, The Hopes of Italy, Historical Romance in Italy, Libraries, Verazzano, and Charles Edward. It will be seen from the enumeration that the subjects treated of are, with two exceptions, drawn from Italian history or literature. The exceptions are such but in part, for in all discourse of libraries the ancient home of learning must be prominent, and the Italian burial-place of the exiled Stuarts has probably contributed much to the perpetuity of their reputation.

During the last year of his residence in Rome Mr. Greene prepared a life of his grandfather, General Greene, for Sparks's *American Biography*. Since his return to the United States he has been engaged in arranging the papers of General Greene for publication, and in the preparation of a more extended biography to accompany the work. In 1854 he edited an edition of the Works of Addison, in six volumes.

**The late works of Prof. Greene deserve to be standard authorities by their thoroughness of research, ease of narrative, and philosophic views. They comprise: *Biographical Studies*, of Cooper, Irving, Cole, and Crawford, 1860; *Historical View of the American Revolution*, 1865, a series of lectures delivered before the Lowell Institute in 1862; and an elaborate *Life of Nathanael Greene, Major-General in the Army of the Revolution*, 3 vols., 8vo., 1867-70—a work contemplated and in hand from early youth. The appendix to volume second contains a reprint of the pamphlets in controversy with Mr. Bancroft.

Prof. Greene returned to Rhode Island in 1861, and engaged in public life as representative of his native town in the General Assembly, where he served four years as chairman of the Committee on Education. In 1872 he was appointed non-resident Professor of American History in Cornell University.

BOTTA, THE HISTORIAN.

The same causes which concurred in giving him so decided a taste for the best writers of his native tongue, led him to view with particular fondness the school in which they had been formed. His profound knowledge of Latin favored the cultivation of this partiality, and enabled him to study at the very sources of classic eloquence. Hence, when he took

up his pen for the composition of history, it was with a mind warm from the meditation of Livy, of Tacitus, and of those who, by treading closely in their footsteps, have formed the most durable school of modern history. Thus the form of his works, naturally,—we had almost said, necessarily,—became classic. His narrative is arranged and conducted with consummate art. Sketches, portraits, and full descriptions are disposed at proper intervals, according to the nature and importance of the incident or of the person. If there be an important question to weigh, he puts it in the form of a debate, and makes you a listener to the discussions of the actual heroes of the scene. It is thus that he brings you to the grave deliberations of the Venetian senate, or placing you, as it were, in some hidden recess, discloses to you the midnight counsels of a band of conspirators. And often, so powerful is the charm of his eloquence, you feel excited, chilled, terror-struck,—moved, in short, by turns, with all the feelings that such a scene is calculated to awaken.

His narrations, if compared with those of the great historians of antiquity, will be found to possess two of the highest qualities of which this kind of writing is susceptible; clearness and animation. He never wrote until he had completed his study of the event; and then, by the assistance of a most exact and retentive memory, he wrote it out just in the order in which it arranged itself in his head. He was thus enabled to give his narrative that appearance of unity of conception, which it is impossible to communicate, unless where the mind has, from the very first, embraced the subject in its full extent. The glow of composition, moreover, was never interrupted, and he was free to enter with the full force of his feelings into the spirit of the scenes he was describing. Hence many who deny him others of the higher qualities of an historian, allow him to be one of the most fascinating of narrators.

His descriptions have more of the warmth of poetry in them than those of any other modern historian with whose works we are acquainted. Here, indeed, he seems to be upon his own ground; and, whether he describe a battle-field, a midnight assault, a sack, the siege or the storming of a city or of a fortress,—the convulsions, in short, of man or of nature herself,—he is everywhere equally master of his subject. His eye seems to take in the whole at a glance, and seize instinctively upon those points which are best calculated to characterize the scene. If he leaves less to the reader than Tacitus or Salust, the incidents that he introduces are so well chosen, that they seize forcibly upon the imagination, and never fail to produce their full effect. His description of the flight of the French exiles from Savoy, of the passages of the Alps by Bonaparte and by Macdonald, of the sack of Pavia, of the siege of Famagosta, and of the earthquake in Calabria, may be cited as equal to anything that ever was written. Read the taking of Siena by Cosimo the First. You are moved as if you were on the spot, and were witnessing with your own eyes that scene of horror. You can see the band of exiles worn down, emaciated, by watching and by want. The whole story of the past is graven upon their deathlike countenances. As the melancholy train moves slowly onward, sighs, tears, ill suppressed groans force their way. They touch even the hearts of the victors. Every hand is stretched out to succor and to console. But grief and hardship have done their work. Their files were thin, when they passed for the last time the gate of their beloved home; but, ere they reach the banks of the Arbia, many a form has sunk exhausted and death-struck by the way. And, to complete the picture, he adds one little touch, which we give in

the original, for the force of the transposition would be lost in English. "Sapevano bene di aver perduta una patria, ma se un'altra ne avrebbero trovata, nol sapevano."

The portraits of Botta are not equal to the other parts of his writings. No writer ever described character by action better than he; but, in the uniting of those separate traits which constitute individual character, and those slight and delicate shades which diversify it, he often fails. The same may be said of his views of the general progress of civilization. He never, indeed, loses sight of this capital point; and some of his sketches, such for example as the whole first book of his "History of Italy from 1789," are admirable; but the development of the individual and of society, and their mutual and reciprocal action, are not kept so constantly in view, and made to march on with the body of the narrative, with all that distinctness and precision, which we have a right to expect from so great a writer.

The moral bearing of every event, and of every character, is, on the contrary, always placed in full relief. Here his judgment is never at fault; and the high and the low, the distant and the near, are alike brought with stern impartiality to answer for their deeds at the tribunal of historical morality. "O si," he cries, addressing himself, after the relation of one of the most horrid acts ever perpetrated, to those who flatter themselves with the hope that their greatness will always prove a sufficient screen from the infamy that they deserve, "infamativi pure co' fatti, che la storia vi infamerà co' detti." And nowhere is the goodness of his own heart more apparent than in the delight with which he dwells upon those few happy days which sometimes break in like an unexpected gleam of sunshine upon the monotonous gloom of history; entering into all the minuter details, and setting off the event and its hero, by some well-chosen anecdote or apposite reflection.

Of his style we have, perhaps, already said enough. Purity of diction, richness, variety, and an almost intuitive adaptation of construction and of language to the changes of the subject, are its leading characteristics. The variety of his terms is wonderful; and no one, who has not read him with attention, can form a correct idea of the power and inexhaustible resources of the Italian. A simple narrator, an exciting orator, soft, winning, stern, satirical at will, consummate master of all the secrets of art, he seems to us to have carried many parts of historical composition to a very high pitch of perfection; and, if in some he appear less satisfactory, it is because he falls below the standard that we have formed from his own writings, rather than any that we have derived from those of others.

**** A DEDICATION TO H. W. LONGFELLOW.***

"MY DEAR LONGFELLOW, Thirty-nine years ago, this month of April, you and I were together at Naples, wandering up and down amid the wonders of that historical city, and, consciously in some things and unconsciously in others, laying up those precious associations which are youth's best preparation for age. We were young then, with life all before us; and, in the midst of the records of a great past, our thoughts would still turn to our own future. Yet, even in looking forward, they caught the coloring of that past, making things bright to our eyes, which, from a purely American point of view, would have worn a different aspect. From then till now the spell of those days has been upon us.

"One day—I shall never forget it—we returned at sunset from a long afternoon amid the statues and relics of the Museo Borbonico. Evening was coming on with a sweet promise of the stars; and our minds and hearts were so full that we could not think of shutting ourselves up in our rooms, or of mingling with the crowd on the Toledo. We wanted to be alone, and yet to feel that there was life all around us. We went up to the flat roof of the house, where, as we walked, we could look down into the crowded street, and out upon the wonderful bay, and across the bay to Ischia and Capri and Sorrento, and over the house-tops and villas and vineyards to Vesuvius. The ominous pillar of smoke hung suspended above the fatal mountain, reminding us of Pliny, its first and noble victim. A golden vapor crowned the bold promontory of Sorrento, and we thought of Tasso. Capri was calmly sleeping, like a sea-bird upon the waters; and we seemed to hear the voice of Tacitus from across the gulf of eighteen centuries, telling us that the historian's pen is still powerful to absolve or condemn long after the imperial sceptre has fallen from the withered hand. There, too, lay the native island of him whose daring mind conceived the fearful vengeance of the Sicilian Vespers. We did not yet know Nicolini, but his grand verses had already begun the work of regeneration in the Italian heart. Virgil's tomb was not far off. The spot consecrated by Sannazzaro's ashes was near us. And over all, with a thrill like that of solemn music, fell the splendor of the Italian sunset.

"We talked and mused by turns, till the twilight deepened and the stars came forth to mingle their mysterious influences with the overmastering magic of the scene. It was then that you unfolded to me your plans of life, and showed me from what 'deep cisterns' you had already learned to draw. From that day the office of literature took a new place in my thoughts. I felt its forming power as I had never felt it before, and began to look with a calm resignation upon its trials, and with true appreciation upon its reward. Thenceforth, little as I have done of what I wished to do, literature has been the inspiration, the guide, and the comfort of my life. And now, in giving to the world the first, perhaps the only, work for which I dare hope a life beyond my own, the memory of those days comes back to me, and tells me that, loving me still in the fullness of your fame as you loved me in the hour of aspiration, you will not be unwilling to see your name united with mine upon these pages, which but for your counsel and your sympathy would never have been written."

****THE RETREAT ACROSS THE DAN—FROM THE LIFE OF NATHANIEL GREENE.**

It was not the distance of the Dan which gave such absorbing interest to this retreat, for that was only a little over seventy miles. But the season was February, the worst month of the year, and the road lay through the red clay region, always difficult for the traveller. Deep and slimy, hardening at night into a rough and broken surface, softening during the day into a heavy mire, and with horses' feet and wagon tracks cutting into it all the way, every step was made with efforts equally exhausting to man and horse. These were obstacles which both armies would meet alike. But one army was well clothed, provided with good shoes for marching, and good

* Dedication to the Life of Nathanael Greene, dated April 3, 1867.

blankets for sleeping, and a full allowance of good food. The other was clad, when clad at all, in unsubstantial garments, wholly unsuited to the season, but partly supplied with shoes, with but one blanket to three men, and dependent upon their daily collections for provisions.

Yet on this little army hung the fate of the South; and as men called to mind how Lincoln and Gates had failed, they trembled for Greene. How could he hope with such inadequate means to make head against the best of English soldiers, led by the best of English generals? How could he keep down the Tories, now that the royal troops were at hand to protect and incite them? How could he keep up the courage and stimulate the hopes of the Whigs, with the Tories at their doors to burn and kill? Arnold was in Virginia, at the head of a strong detachment. What was there to prevent him from coöperating with Cornwallis, and crushing Greene between them? Never had there been a moment of deeper anxiety. Never had the separation of north from south seemed so imminent. Never had men listened more eagerly for the steps of the courier, or weighed more earnestly the ground of their few hopes, and their many fears! "My hopes," writes Washington to Greene, "rest on my knowledge of your talents."

"We wait the receipt of further accounts with the utmost anxiety," writes Major Shaw to his brother, when the news of Greene's recrossing the Dan reached the north. "The present is a time of great expectation."

And now, like two champions eager to enter the lists, the two leaders prepared themselves for the final struggle. Cornwallis had refreshed his men by rest, had lightened their burden by the destruction of his baggage, had divined, as he fondly thought, the intentions of his adversary, and stood all prepared to dash boldly forward in pursuit. Greene had put his heavy baggage in safety; had taken all the necessary steps for raising the country in the enemy's rear; had provided for the passage of the river, by collecting boats at different points, from whence, in a few hours, they could be brought together at the point he had chosen for a crossing place; and then, dividing his army once more, pushed the main body forward on the direct road to Boyd's Ferry, and ordered the rest, seven hundred picked men, armed as light troops, to throw themselves in front of Cornwallis, and give their companions time to cross the Dan. These seven hundred men consisted of "the cavalry of the first and third regiments, and the Legion, two hundred and forty in all; a detachment of two hundred and eighty infantry, under Lieutenant-colonel Howard; the infantry of Lee's Legion, and sixty Virginia rifle-men." The command of this choice band was first offered to Morgan. But Morgan was almost helpless from ague and rheumatism, and reluctantly declined. It was then given to Otho Williams.

No sooner were his arrangements completed, than Greene put his troops in motion. It was the 10th of February. The main body set forward on the direct road to Boyd's Ferry. The light troops under Williams threw themselves boldly in front of the enemy. Cornwallis, seeing a body of horse and foot before him, slackened his speed in order to bring his long line into closer order, and then moved swiftly and cautiously on. Williams, inclining to the left, came out upon an intermediate road with the main army on his right, and Corn-

wallis, who still supposing that Greene could only cross at the upper fords, was confident of reaching them before him, on the left. Greene's plan had succeeded fully. The movements of the main body were effectually masked by the movements of the light troops.

And behind this mask, he pressed forward on the direct road to the ferry; his weary men bearing bravely up against privation and fatigue, marching all day, resting only part of the night, leaving their footprints in blood on the broken and frosty ground, with but one blanket for three as they crouched around their bivouac fires, often with rain, sometimes with snow falling upon their unprotected bodies, and chilled by the frequent passage of deep water-courses. The North Carolina militia lost heart, and by the third day all but about eighty of them had deserted, captains and majors going off with their men. "You have the flower of the army," wrote Greene to Williams; "do not expose the men too much, lest our situation should grow more critical." At four the next morning he writes again, "Follow our route, as a division of our forces might encourage the enemy to push us further than they will dare to do if we are together. I have not slept four hours since you left me, so great has been my solicitude to prepare for the worst. I have great reason to believe that one of Tarleton's officers was in our camp night before last." And thus resolute, watchful, and provident, he holds on his way.

Meanwhile, Williams was bending all his energies to mislead his adversary and retard his march. "It is Greene's rear," thought Cornwallis, "and I have him in my grasp." The British advance was led by O'Hara, the American rearguard by Lee. Both knew the nature of the stake, and both were equally resolved to win it. Williams had weighed his chances well, and looked at the danger in all its aspects. While day lasted, it was a question of vigilance and speed. But with night came stratagems and surprises. Could the English general once get between the two divisions of the American army, they would both be at his mercy. Therefore, half of the light troops was put each night upon guard, while the other half snatched a hurried sleep. Six hours in forty-eight was the allowance; and so strong is sleep, that no sooner were the night guards set, than every man not on duty threw himself upon the ground wherever the order to halt found him, as if he grudged to lose a moment of his share. At three in the morning the whole body was again under arms, pressing forward to secure a tranquil breakfast, their only meal.

And thus they held their way for three days, Cornwallis believing all the while that every step was bringing him nearer to the only point at which his adversary could cross. Little did he dream that the boats which Greene's foresight and Carlington's diligence had provided, were already collected on the south bank of the Dan, prepared to receive their precious freight, and that Kosciuszko was busy on the north bank throwing up a breastwork to cover the crossing.

On the third day, Cornwallis changed his course, crossing with the main body into the high road to Dix's Ferry, the road held by the American light troops, part of Tarleton's legion pressing forward till it came into contact with Lee. It was the first time that the two legions had met face to face, and in the sudden, sharp encounter, eighteen of the English were killed and only two of the Americans. In the afternoon of the same day, Lee himself

barely escaped a surprise. The same afternoon Cornwallis discovered his mistake, and saw that his nimble adversary was again about to elude his grasp. He crossed into the right road, the road to Irvin's Ferry, and continued the pursuit.

It was a question of speed now. Lee and O'Hara were constantly in sight of each other, and more than once within musket shot. The marksmen on the legion flanks could hardly stay their hands at the tantalizing sight. But Williams's stringent orders withheld them from a useless hazard. Yet wherever a water-course crossed the way or a defile retarded for a moment the steps of the Americans, their pursuers would rush forward and try to throw themselves upon the rear. More than once the pursued paused and prepared themselves for an encounter. Soon, however, it became evident that there was little to gain by such a waste of strength, and both parties held on their way at even pace as if they had been parts of the same army.

Day waned, and pursuers and pursued breathed more freely as they saw the grateful evening shadows deepen into night. "We shall get some rest now," said the men. But Cornwallis still held on, and Williams dared not halt. The night was dark, the wind was cold, and a drizzly mist filled the air. Suddenly the cavalry in advance saw the tree-tops before them lighten up as with the blaze of many fires. As the van pressed forward, the flames grew brighter, and presently a long row of watch fires came into view. The hearts of the Americans sank within them. "Alas, all this toil for such an ending! Has Cornwallis succeeded at last, and hemmed Greene in between the river and a superior army?" Then came a sudden impulse. "If this is the main army, the army on which the safety of the south depends, we will throw ourselves upon the enemy, and buy our brethren's safety with our blood." The noble words passed from mouth to mouth, and reached the ear of Williams. He turned to Greene's last letter. This had been his halting ground two nights before, and some friendly hand must have fed the fires till now.

At last Cornwallis halted, and Williams, keeping far enough in advance to secure space for his videttes and guards, gave the welcome order to rest. Fires were quickly kindled, and all who were not on guard laid themselves down by the grateful blaze, and slept with their arms by their sides. At midnight, Cornwallis was again a-foot, prepared for the final struggle. One more day and his triumph was sure. Therefore, putting forth all his strength, he drove in the American videttes, and pressed on. And ever in the dark, wet night, and over the broken and frost-bound roads, both armies held on their way cheerfully, for both knew that the end was near. Daylight found them still struggling through mist and mire, and many weary miles were passed before the order to halt was heard again. A much needed hour was given to each army for breakfast, and rest, and onward they pressed once more. Then, somewhat later, a horseman was seen approaching the American van at full speed. Breathless, with joyful haste, begrimed and bespattered with mire, he dashed up to Williams and handed him a letter. It was from Greene, written at two of the same afternoon. "The greater part of our wagons are over," it said, "and the troops are crossing." The welcome tidings passed swiftly from mouth to mouth, and then up went a shout—hurrah and hurrah—till the air rang with it. It reached

the British army; and the British general, as he listened, must have found something ominous in the sound. Still he continued the pursuit. With evening another missive came with the auspicious date, "Irvin's Ferry, 5 1-2 o'clock. All our troops are over, and the stage is clear. The infantry will cross here, the horse below. Major Hardman had posted his party in readiness on this side, and the infantry and artillery are posted on the other, and I am ready to receive and give you a hearty welcome."

That night the American army slept on the north bank of the Dan. It was long since they had slept so sweetly, and never had their spirits been lighter. And when they woke at dawn, and saw through the cold, gray air, the paling watch-fires of the enemy on the opposite bank, their hearts beat high with exultation; not merely that present doubt and fear were over, not merely that they could give rest to their weary limbs and satisfy to the full the cravings of hunger, but because their safety was the safety of the south, and in their own triumph they foresaw the triumph of their holy cause. Officer and soldier met with radiant smile and beaming eye. Around every watch-fire there were tales of risks run, feats performed, and privations endured. Loud were the praises of Williams and his gallant light troops; earnest the commendations of Carrington, who had done staff duty and field duty through those anxious days, and done both so well. But louder and more earnest still were the expressions of their admiration for Greene, who had foreseen every danger, provided for every contingency, and inflicted upon the British arms the severest blow which they had received in the whole course of the southern war.

Greene alone had no time for exultation. Even during the retreat he had found the time for writing which he could not find for sleep; and now the last boat had hardly reached the shore when his pen was again at work. "On the Dan River," he writes to Jefferson, the same evening, "almost fatigued to death, having had a retreat to conduct for upwards of two hundred miles, manoeuvring constantly in the face of the enemy, to give time for the militia to turn out and get off our stores."

"The miserable situation of the troops for want of clothing," he writes to Washington, "has rendered the march the most painful imaginable, many hundreds of the soldiers marking the ground with their bloody feet. The British army is much stronger than I had calculated upon in my last. I have not a shilling of money to obtain intelligence with, notwithstanding my application to Maryland for that particular purpose. Our army is in good spirits, notwithstanding their sufferings and excessive fatigue." And to Steuben: "We have been astonishingly successful in our late great and fatiguing retreat, and have never lost in one instance anything of the least value."

When the tidings reached the North, Washington wrote: "You may be assured that your retreat before Cornwallis is highly applauded by all ranks, and reflects much honor on your military abilities."

*** GREENE'S FIRST CAMPAIGN AT THE SOUTH.

And thus ended the first act of this eventful drama. In December Greene had found the enemy in possession of South Carolina and Georgia, which they held by a line of posts extending from the seaboard to Augusta and Ninety-Six;

with an army of between three and four thousand men in the field, and several hundred more in garrison, with large bodies of loyalists prepared to rise at their approach, and North Carolina open to Cornwallis from the south, and to Arnold from the north. By a judicious division of his forces he had secured to himself the advantage of the initiative, and compelled his antagonist to engage in a series of hazardous movements which gave the American arms one brilliant victory, lured the English general from his base, compelled him to fight a battle two hundred miles from his communications, on ground of his adversary's choosing, and in which victory, producing all the results of defeat, left him encumbered with sick and wounded, in the midst of "timid friends" and bitter enemies. Then North Carolina was freed from the presence of the enemy. Cornwallis led his decimated battalions into Virginia, and ceased to be the immediate opponent of Greene. As time passed away, and events were seen in their mutual dependence, the Battle of Guilford was recognized as the turning point of the southern war.

ANDREW JACKSON DOWNING

Was born at Newburgh, in the Hudson Highlands, October 30, 1815. His father was a

A. J. Downing

nurseryman at that place, and died in the year 1822. The family were in humble circumstances, and Downing's education was confined to the teaching of the academy at Montgomery, near his native town. At the age of sixteen he joined his brother in the management of his nursery. He formed soon after the acquaintance of the Baron de Liden, the Austrian Consul-General, and other gentlemen possessed of the fine country estates in the neighborhood, and began to write descriptions of the beautiful scenery about him, in the New York Mirror and other journals. In June, 1838, he married the daughter of J. P. De Wint, Esq., his neighbor on the opposite side of the Hudson. His first architectural work was the construction of his own house, an elegant Elizabethan cottage. In 1841, he published his Treatise on the *Theory and Practice of Landscape Gardening, adapted to North America, with a view to the Improvement of Country Residences, with Remarks on Rural Architecture*. It was highly successful, and orders for the construction of houses and decoration of grounds followed orders for copies to his publishers. He next published in 1845, *The Fruits and Fruit Trees of America*. In 1846 he was invited to become the editor of the Horticulturist, a small monthly magazine published in Albany. He accepted the charge, and wrote an essay a month for it, until the close of his life.

In 1849 he added *Additional Notes and Hints to Persons about Building in this country*, to an American reprint of Wightwick's "Hints to Young Architects."

In 1850 he visited England for the purpose of obtaining a competent assistant in the large architectural business which was pressing upon him. He remained only during the summer,

visiting with great delight those perfect examples of his art, the great country seats of England. In the same year appeared his *Architecture of Country Houses; including Designs for Cottages, Farm-houses, and Villas*. In 1851 he was commissioned by President Fillmore to lay out and plant, in pursuance of an act of Congress, the public grounds in the city of Washington, lying near the White House, Capitol, and Smithsonian Institution. He was actively employed in this and other professional labors of a more private character, when on the 27th of July he embarked with his wife on board the steamboat Henry Clay for the city, on his way to Newport. As they proceeded down the river it was soon found that the boat was racing with its rival the "Armenia." It was too common a nuisance to excite alarm, until the boats were near Yonkers, when the Henry Clay was discovered to be on fire. In passing from the lower to the upper deck Mrs. Downing was separated by the crowd from her husband, and saw him no more, until his dead body was brought to their home the next day. He was seen by one of the passengers throwing chairs from the upper deck of the boat, to support those who had leaped overboard, and a little after struggling in the water, with others clinging to him. He was heard to utter a prayer, and seen no more. His *Rural Essays* were collected and published in 1853, with a well written and sympathetic memoir by George W. Curtis, and "A Letter to his Friends," by Miss Bremer, who was Mr. Downing's guest during a portion of her visit to this country, and a most enthusiastic admirer of the man and his works.

Downing's employments have undoubtedly exercised a great and salutary influence on the taste of the community. His works, in which he has freely availed himself of those of previous writers on the same topic, have been extensively read, and their suggestions have been realized on many an acre of the banks of his native Hudson, and other favorite localities. His style as an essayist was, like that of the man, pleasant, easy, and gentlemanly.

EDMUND FLAGG.

EDMUND FLAGG is descended from an old New England family, and the only son of the late Edmund Flagg, of Chester, N. H. He was born in the town of Wiscasset, Maine, on the twenty-fourth day of November, 1815. He was graduated at Bowdoin in 1835, and immediately after went to the West with his mother and sister, passing the winter at Louisville, where he taught the classics to a few boys, and was a frequent contributor to Prentice's "Louisville Journal." He passed the summer of 1836 in wandering over the prairies of Illinois and Missouri, writing *Sketches of a Traveller* for the "Louisville Journal," which were afterwards published in a work entitled *The Far West*.

During the succeeding fall and winter, Mr. Flagg read law with the Hon. Hamilton R. Gamble, now Judge of the Supreme Court of Missouri, and commenced practice in the courts. In 1838, he edited the "St. Louis Daily Commercial Bulletin," and during that fall published *The Far West* in two volumes, from the press of the Harpers. In December, he became connected

with George D. Prentice, Esq., in the editorship of "The Louisville Literary News-Letter." In the spring of 1840, in consequence of ill health, he accepted an invitation to practise law with the Hon. Sargent S. Prentiss, of Vicksburg, Miss., a resident of that place.

In 1842, Mr. Flagg conducted the "Gazette" published at Marietta, Ohio, and at the same time wrote two novels—*Carrero, or The Prime Minister*, and *Francis of Valois*, which were published in New York. In 1844-5, he conducted the "St. Louis Evening Gazette;" and, for several years succeeding, was "Reporter of the Courts" of St. Louis County. In the meantime, he published several prize novels, among which were *The Howard Queen*, *Blanche of Artois*, and also several dramas, successfully produced in the theatres of St. Louis, Louisville, Cincinnati, and New York.

In the spring of 1848, Mr. Flagg went out as Secretary to the Hon. Edward A. Hannegan, American Minister to Berlin. The appointment afforded him an opportunity to travel over England, Germany, and France. On his return, he resumed his residence and the practice of the law at St. Louis. In 1850, he received the appointment of consul for the Port of Venice, under the administration of President Taylor. He visited England and Wales, travelled through central Europe to Venice, and entered upon the duties of his consulate, corresponding in the meantime with several of the New York Journals. In the fall of 1851, he visited Florence, Rome, Naples, and the other Italian cities, and in November embarked at Marseilles for New Orleans. On his arrival, he proceeded to St. Louis, and took charge of a democratic newspaper at that place.

In the following year, his last work was published in New York, in two volumes, entitled *Venice, The City of the Sea*. It comprises the history of that capital from the invasion by Napoleon, in 1797, to its capitulation to Radetzky, after its revolution, and the terrible siege of 1848 and '49. A third volume, to be entitled *North Italy since 1849*, is, we understand, nearly ready for publication.

In 1853 and 1854, Mr. Flagg contributed a number of articles illustrating the cities and scenery of the West to the United States Illustrated, published by Mr. Meyer of New York. Mr. Flagg has also written occasional poetical pieces for various magazines.*

In 1853, Mr. Flagg was called to the head of a bureau in the Department of State at Washington, by the late Secretary Marcy; and, in 1856-7, as Chief of Statistics, prepared a "Report on the Commercial Relations of the United States with all Foreign Nations," by order of Congress, of which 20,000 copies were published, in four quarto volumes, by that body. The character of this work may be inferred from the fact that the "Cyclopædia of Commerce," since published by the Messrs. Harper, gives credit to Mr. Flagg's report for some 400 pages of its valuable contents. Reports on the Cotton Trade,

and on the Tobacco Trade, as also numerous Annual Reports on Foreign Commerce, and on Emigration to the United States, prepared by Mr. Flagg, have made his name familiar to mercantile and commercial interests not only throughout the country, but in Europe. Rouher, the French Minister of Commerce, has pronounced the "Commercial Relations" unequalled by any work of the kind ever published; and the "*Annales du Commerce Extérieur*" and the "*Journal des Economistes*" have indorsed this judgment.

Mr. Flagg is understood to have in manuscript ready for the press a work on Italy 'since 1849, and an historical novel entitled "The Last of the Military Templars."

CHARLES DEANE,

The son of Dr. Ezra Deane, a physician of Biddeford, Me., was born in that town in 1813. He studied at a classical school and at Thornton Academy, in Saco, but he early decided to enter on mercantile life, and at the age of nineteen came to Boston, where he was for many years a prominent merchant. Having retired from business, he has since been a resident of Cambridge. Many years ago he formed a taste for the study of American, and particularly of New England, history. His collection of books formed in this period is one of the most valuable libraries in New England relating to its early history. Mr. Deane has received the honorary degree of master of arts from Harvard College; is a member of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, and also a member of the chief historical and kindred societies of the country. He has printed several works for private distribution, including *Some Notices of Samuel Gorton* (1850); *The First Plymouth Patent* (1854); *A Bibliographical Essay on Governor Hutchinson's Historical Publications* (1857); *Wingfield's Discourse on Virginia* (1860); *Letters of Phillis Wheatley, the Negro-slave Poet of Boston* (1864). Mr. Deane has also edited *Bradford's History of Plymouth Plantation* (1856), and several volumes of publications for the Massachusetts Historical Society.

** Mr. Deane has been the Recording Secretary of the Massachusetts Historical Society since 1864, and has edited six volumes of its *Proceedings*. He is also a member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, and in 1871 he received the degree of LL. D. from Bowdoin College.

In 1866 Mr. Deane edited a new edition, with an elaborate introduction and notes, of Captain John Smith's earliest work, dated 1608, and entitled, *A True Relation of Virginia*.* The reading of this little black-letter volume while printing *Wingfield's Discourse on Virginia* in 1860, led him to suspect that Smith's account of his rescue by Pocahontas, and only given in a book published sixteen years later (1624), was an embellishment of the author. This opinion was intimated in a note to *Wingfield*,

* The Native Poets of Maine.

* *Ante*, vol. i, p. 5.

and was more elaborately stated in a note to the *True Relation*.

Mr. Deane, Mr. S. F. Haven of Worcester, and the Rev. A. P. Peabody, D. D., of Cambridge, were appointed delegates in 1866 to the Archæological Congress of Europe, by the American Antiquarian Society; but the war in Europe delayed the session a year. Mr. Deane, while abroad, continued his historical investigations, and on his return presented to the Society a verified copy of Jomard's edition of Sebastian Cabot's *Mappe Monde*. He also contributed to their journal, and had privately printed at Cambridge: *Remarks on Sebastian Cabot's Mappe Monde*. He edited the *Records of the Council for New England*, 1867, from a transcript procured at the expense of the President of the Society. In an able report presented on behalf of the Council in 1867, he urged upon archæologists the importance of a closer investigation of facts before attempting to construct theories thereupon.

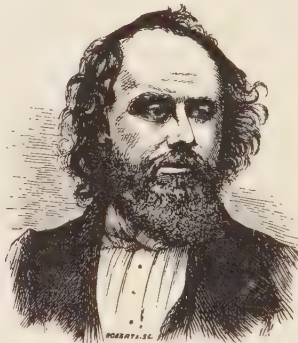
Mr. Deane has also communicated to the Massachusetts Historical Society, and superintended the private printing of, some valuable documents, with illustrative and historical notes. These comprise: *The Last Will and Testament of Capt. John Smith*, 1867, from a copy obtained at the Prerogative Office, Canterbury, England, with a reference to a visit made to his tomb at St. Sepulchre's Church, London; *A Sermon preached at Boston, New England, etc., By the Rev. John Wheelwright*, 1867, a celebrated Antinomian discourse preached in 1637: *The Seal of the Council for New England*, in the form of a letter to Dr. Palfrey, so conclusive in its identification that that author had an engraving of the seal imprinted on the title-page of the subsequent editions of his History; *a Memoir of George Livermore*, 1869; *Memoir of Robert Waterston, a Boston Merchant*, 1869; *The Forms in Issuing Letters Patent by the Crown of England*, 1870, a paper relative to the royal intention in granting the Massachusetts Charter of 1628-9; *Governor Bradford's Dialogue, or Third Conference between some Young Men born in New England, and some Ancient Men which came out of Holland and Old England*, 1870. *Letter of Sir John Stanhope to Secretary Davison, concerning Elder Brewster*, 1871; *Death of Mathew Cradock*, 1871; *General Washington's Head Quarters in Cambridge*, 1873; *Roger Williams and the Massachusetts Charter*, 1874; *Captain John Smith's New England's Trials*, 1874. In 1870 he also wrote an introduction to a new photo-lithographic reprint of the celebrated sermon entitled: *A Sermon Preached at Plymouth, in New England, Dec. 9, 1621: by Robert Cushman*, Boston, John K. Wiggin, 1870.

RICHARD H. DANA, JR.,

THE author of "Two Years before the Mast," was born at Cambridge in 1815. He is the son of Richard H. Dana the poet. In his boyhood, he had a strong passion for the sea, and had he consulted his inclination only, would have entered the Navy. Influenced by the advice of his father, he chose a student's life at home, and entered Harvard. Here he was exposed to one of those

difficulties which college faculties sometimes put in the way of the students by their mismanagement. There was some misconduct, and an effort was made to compel one of the class to witness against his companion. Dana, as one of the prominent rebels, was rusticated. As it was on a point of honor, it was no great misfortune to him, the less as he passed into the family, and under the tutorship of the Rev. Leonard Woods, at Andover, now the president of Bowdoin—with whom he enjoyed the intimacy of a friend of rare mental powers and scholarship. On returning to Cambridge, an attack of measles in one of the college vacations injured his eye-sight so materially, that he had to resign his books. For a remedy, he thought of his love of the sea, and resolved to rough it on a Pacific voyage as a sailor, though he had every facility for ordinary travel and adventure.

On the 14th of August, 1834, he set sail accordingly in the brig *Pilgrim* from Boston, for a voyage round Cape Horn to the western coast of North America; performed his duty throughout with spirit, while the object of the voyage was accomplished in the traffic for hides, little thinking while toiling on the cliffs and in the unsteady anchorages of California of the speedy familiarity which his countrymen would have with the region, and returned in the ship in September, 1836, to the harbor of Boston.



Rich H. Dana Jr

In the year 1840, he published an account of this adventure in the volume *Two Years before the Mast, a Personal Narrative of Life at Sea*.^{*} For this, he received for the entire copyright but two hundred and fifty dollars, a fact which shows the very recent low standard of American literary property. A publisher now could hardly expect so lucky a windfall. It was immediately successful, passing through numerous editions, being reprinted in London, where the British Admiralty adopted it for distribution in the Navy, and

^{*} Harpers' Family Library, New York.

translated into several of the languages of the Continent, including even the Italian. It has been quoted, too, with respect for its authority on naval matters, by Lords Brougham and Carlisle in the House of Lords.

The work, written out from his journal and notes of the voyage, was undertaken with the idea of presenting the plain reality of a sailor's life at sea. In this, its main object, it has been eminently successful. It has not only secured the admiration of gentle readers on shore, but, a much rarer fortune, has been accepted as a true picture by Jack himself. A copy of the book is no unusual portion of the scant equipment of his chest in the fore-castle. Its popularity is further witnessed by the returns of the cheap lending libraries in England, where it appears high on the list of the books in demand. The cause is obvious. The author is a master of narrative, and the story is told with a thorough reality. It is probably the most truthful account of a sailor's life at sea ever written. Its material is actual experience, and its style the simple straight-forward language of a disciplined mind, which turns neither to the right nor to the left from its object. It is noticeable, that in this universally read book, the writer uses the technical language of the ship; so that the account is to that extent sometimes unintelligible. On this, he makes a profound remark. "I have found," says he, "from my own experience, and from what I have heard from others, that plain matters of fact in relation to customs and habits of life new to us, and descriptions of life under new aspects, act upon the inexperienced through the imagination, so that we are hardly aware of our want of technical knowledge." It has, too, this advantage. A technical term can be explained by easy reference to a dictionary; a confused substitute for it may admit of no explanation. Good sense and good humor sum up the enduring merits of this book. It is life itself,—a passage of intense unexaggerated reality.

Mr. Dana had, after his return from abroad, entered the senior class at Harvard, from which institution he was graduated in 1837, when he pursued his studies at the Law-School under Judge Story and Professor Greenleaf. His proficiency in these preparatory studies in moot courts and the exercises of his pen, showed his acute legal mind, and when he began to practise law his success was rapid. He was aided in maritime cases by the reputation of his book; while he employed his influence to elevate a much abused branch of practice, though in Boston it takes a higher rank from being pursued in the United States Courts. His practice is also extensive in the State Courts.*

In 1850, Mr. Dana edited, with a preliminary preface, *Lectures on Art and Poems, by Washington Allston*.

His *Seaman's Manual* is a technical dictionary of sea terms, and an epitome of the laws affecting the mutual position of master and sailor. It is reprinted in England, and in use in both countries as a standard work.

Of late, Mr. Dana has been prominently before the public as a member of the Free-Soil party of Massachusetts, and in his vigorous opposition to the Fugitive Slave Law. His speech in the case of the negro Anthony Burns, in 1854, is noticeable, not only for its acute analysis of the evidence offered, but for its clear picturesque statement. The life-like character of some of its descriptions—though no personal remarks were made on any individual—inspired a cowardly, brutal street attack, in a blow struck at his head by a slung shot, which, had it varied a little, would have proved fatal.

In a later case, an argument before the Supreme Court of Maine,† at Bangor, July 22, 1854, in an action brought by a naturalized citizen of the Roman Catholic faith, for injuries in the removal of his child from the public school, in consequence of the parents' rejection of the ordinary version of the Bible read there, and consequent interference with the school regulations, Mr. Dana has pronounced not merely an eloquent, but an able, legal, and philosophical argument in defence of the superintending school committee, and of the accepted translation of the Scriptures. His argument was sustained by the judgment of the court.

In 1853, Mr. Dana was prominently engaged in the State Convention of Massachusetts. His course there, in the discussion of topics of enlarged interest, determined his rank in the higher walk of his profession.

We are enabled on this point to present adequate authority in a letter on the subject from a leader in the Convention, the Hon. Rufus Choate.

Boston, Sept. 29, 1854.

Charles Scribner, Esq.

SIR—I received some time since an inquiry respecting the position occupied by Mr. Dana in the Convention for revising the constitution of Massachusetts; to which I would have made an immediate reply, but for an urgent engagement. When I was relieved from that, I unfortunately had overlooked your letter, which I have only just now recovered.

The published debates of that body indicate quite well, though not adequately, the space he filled in the convention. He took a deep interest in its proceedings; attended its sessions with great punctuality, and by personal effort and influence, and occasional very effective speech, had a large share in doing good and resisting evil. He was classed with the majority in the body, consisting in a general way of those friendly to its convocation, and friendly to pretty extended and enterprising schemes of change; but on some fundamental questions he differed decidedly from them, and upon one of these—that concerning the tenure of judicial office—he displayed conspicuous ability and great zeal, and enforced with persuasive and important effect the soundest and most conservative opinions. In general, there, as in all things, and in all places, he was independent, prompt, and firm; and was universally esteemed not more for his talent, culture, and good sense, than for his sincerity and honor. I differed often from him, but always with pain, if not self-distrust, with no interruption of the friendship of many years.

I am very truly,

Your serv't,

RUFUS CHOATE.

* The account of Dana in "Livingston's American Lawyers." Part iv. June 1852, contains references to his important cases up to the time when it was written.

† The Bible in Schools. Massachusetts Sabbath-School Society, Boston, 1855.

An article by Mr. Dana, on the Memoir of the Rev. Dr. William Croswell, whom he had defended in an able and eloquent speech on an Ecclesiastical trial in the North American Review for April, 1854, may be mentioned for its feeling and judicious estimate of a man to whom the Reviewer stood in the relations of friend and parishioner.

Mr. Dana is married to a grand-daughter of the Rev. John Marsh. His residence is at Cambridge, in the vicinity of the College.

HOMEWARD BOUND—FROM TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST.

It is usual, in voyages round the Cape from the Pacific, to keep to the eastward of the Falkland Islands; but as it had now set in a strong, steady, and clear south-wester, with every prospect of its lasting, and we had had enough of high latitudes, the captain determined to stand immediately to the northward, running inside of the Falkland Islands. Accordingly, when the wheel was relieved at eight o'clock, the order was given to keep her due north, and all hands were turned up to square away the yards and make sail. In a moment the news ran through the ship that the captain was keeping her off, with her nose straight for Boston, and Cape Horn over her taffrail. It was a moment of enthusiasm. Every one was on the alert, and even the two sick men turned out to lend a hand at the hal-yards. The wind was now due south-west, and blowing a gale to which a vessel close-hauled could have shown no more than a single close-reefed sail; but as we were going before it, we could carry on. Accordingly, hands were sent aloft, and a reef shaken out of the top-sails, and the reefed fore-sail set. When we came to mast-head the top-sail yards, with all hands at the hal-yards, we struck up "Cheerily, men," with a chorus which might have been heard half way to Staten Land. Under her increased sail, the ship drove on through the water. Yet she could bear it well; and the Captain sang out from the quarter-deck—"Another reef out of that fore top-sail, and give it to her!" Two hands sprang aloft; the frozen reef-points and earings were cast adrift, the hal-yards mauled, and the sail gave out her increased canvass to the gale. All hands were kept on deck to watch the effect of the change. It was as much as she could well carry, and with a heavy sea astern, it took two men at the wheel to steer her. She flung the foam from her bows; the spray breaking aft as far as the gang-way. She was going at a prodigious rate. Still, everything held. Preventer braces were reeved and hauled taut; tackles got upon the backstays; and each thing done to keep all snug and strong. The captain walked the deck at a rapid stride, looked aloft at the sails, and then to windward; the mate stood in the gangway, rubbing his hands, and talking aloud to the ship—"Hurrah, old bucket! the Boston girls have got hold of the tow-rope!" and the like; and we were on the fore-castle, looking to see how the spars stood it, and guessing the rate at which she was going,—when the captain called out—"Mr. Brown, get up the top mast studding-sail! What she can't carry she may drag!" The mate looked a moment; but he would let no one be before him in daring. He sprang forward,—"Hurrah, men! rig out the top-mast studding-sail boom! Lay aloft, and I'll send the rigging up to you!"—We sprang aloft into the top; lowered a girl-line down, by which we hauled up the rigging; rove the tacks and hal-yards; ran out the boom and lashed it fast, and sent down the lower hal-yards, as a preventer. It was a clear starlight night, cold and blowing;

but everybody worked with a will. Some, indeed, looked as though they thought the 'old man' was mad, but no one said a word. We had had a new top-mast studding-sail made with a reef in it,—a thing hardly ever heard of, and which the sailors had ridiculed a good deal, saying that when it was time to reef a studding-sail, it was time to take it in. But we found a use for it now; for, there being a reef in the top-sail, the studding-sail could not be set without one in it also. To be sure, a studding-sail with reefed top-sails was rather a new thing; yet there was some reason in it, for if we carried that away, we should lose only a sail and a boom; but a whole top-sail might have carried away the mast and all.

While we were aloft, the sail had been got out, bent to the yard, reefed, and ready for hoisting. Waiting for a good opportunity, the hal-yards were manned and the yard hoisted fairly up to the blocks, but when the mate came to shake the catspaw out of the downhaul, and we began to boom-end the sail, it shook the ship to her centre. The boom buckled up and bent like a whip-stick, and we looked every moment to see something go; but, being of the short, tough upland spruce, it bent like whalebone, and nothing could break it. The carpenter said it was the best stick he had ever seen. The strength of all hands soon brought the tack to the boom-end, and the sheet was trimmed down, and the preventer and the weather brace hauled taut to take off the strain. Every rope-yarn seemed stretched to the utmost, and every thread of canvass; and with this sail added to her, the ship sprang through the water like a thing possessed. The sail being nearly all forward, it lifted her out of the water, and she seemed actually to jump from sea to sea. From the time her keel was laid, she had never been so driven; and had it been life or death with every one of us, she could not have borne another stitch of canvass.

Finding that she would bear the sail, the hands were sent below, and our watch remained on deck. Two men at the wheel had as much as they could do to keep her within three points of her course, for she steered as wild as a young colt. The mate walked the deck, looking at the sails, and then over the side to see the foam fly by her,—slapping his hands upon his thighs and talking to the ship—"Hurrah, you jade, you've got the scent!—you know where you're going!" And when she leaped over the seas, and almost out of the water, and trembled to her very keel, the spars and masts snapping and creaking—"There she goes!—There she goes—handsomely!—As long as she cracks she holds!"—while we stood with the rigging laid down fair for letting go, and ready to take in sail and clear away if anything went. At four bells we hove the log, and she was going eleven knots fairly; and had it not been for the sea from aft which sent the chip home, and threw her continually off her course, the log would have shown her to have been going much faster. I went to the wheel with a young fellow from the Kennebec, who was a good helmsman; and for two hours we had our hands full. A few minutes showed us that our monkey-jackets must come off; and cold as it was, we stood in our shirt-sleeves in a perspiration; and were glad enough to have it eight bells and the wheel relieved. We turned in and slept as well as we could, though the sea made a constant roar under her bows, and washed over the fore-castle like a small cataract.

At four o'clock we were called again. The same sail was still on the vessel, and the gale, if there was any change, had increased a little. No attempt was

made to take the studding-sail in: and, indeed, it was too late now. If we had started anything toward taking it in, either tack or halyards, it would have blown to pieces, and carried something away with it. The only way now was to let everything stand, and if the gale went down, well and good; if not, something must go—the weakest stick or rope first—and then we could get it in. For more than an hour she was driven on at such a rate that she seemed actually to crowd the sea into a heap before her, and the water poured over the sprit-sail yard as it would over a dam. Towards daybreak the gale abated a little, and she was just beginning to go more easily along, relieved of the pressure, when Mr. Brown, determined to give her no respite, and depending upon the wind's subsiding as the sun rose, told us to get along the lower studding-sail. This was an immense sail, and held wind enough to last a Dutchman a week,—hove-to. It was soon ready, the boom topped up, preventer guys rove, and the idlers called up to man the halyards; yet such was still the force of the gale, that we were nearly an hour setting the sail; carried away the outhaul in doing it, and came very near snapping off the swinging boom. No sooner was it set than the ship tore on again like one that was mad, and began to steer as wild as a hawk. The men at the wheel were puffing and blowing at their work, and the helm was going hard up and hard down, constantly. Add to this, the gale did not lessen as the day came on, but the sun rose in clouds. A sudden lurch threw the man from the weather wheel across the deck and against the side. The mate sprang to the wheel, and the man, regaining his feet, seized the spokes, and they hove the wheel up just in time to save her from broaching to; though nearly half the studding-sail went under water; and as she came to the boom stood up at an angle of forty-five degrees. She had evidently more on her than she could bear; yet it was in vain to try to take it in—the clewline was not strong enough; and they were thinking of cutting away, when another wide yaw and a come-to snapped the guys, and the swinging boom came in with a crash against the lower rigging. The outhaul block gave way, and the top-most studding-sail boom bent in a manner which I never before supposed a stick could bend. I had my eye on it when the guys parted, and it made one spring and buckled up so as to form nearly a half circle, and sprang out again to its shape. The clewline gave way at the first pull; the cleat to which the halyards were belayed was wrenched off, and the sail blew round the sprit-sail yard and head guys, which gave us a bad job to get it in. A half hour served to clear all away, and she was suffered to drive on with her top-most studding-sail set, it being as much as she could stagger under.

During all this day and the next night we went on under the same sail, the gale blowing with undiminished force; two men at the wheel all the time; watch and watch, and nothing to do but to steer and look out for the ship, and be blown along;—until the noon of the next day—

Sunday, July 24th, when we were in latitude 50° 27' S., longitude 82° 13' W., having made four degrees of latitude in the last twenty-four hours. Being now to the northward of the Falkland Islands, the ship was kept off, north-east, for the equator; and with her head for the equator, and Cape Horn over her taffrail, she went gloriously on; every heave of the sea leaving the Cape astern, and every hour bringing us nearer to home, and to warm weather.

THE ENGLISH BIBLE.*

This is the common English Bible, which has always been used. It is not a "Protestant Bible." Great portions of the translation were made by men in the bosom of the General Church, before the Reformation, by Wickliffe, Tyndale, Coverdale, and Matthew. Testimony to its accuracy has been borne by learned men of the Roman Church. Leddes calls it "of all versions the most excellent for accuracy, fidelity, and the strictest attention to the letter of the text;" and Selden calls it "the best version in the world." As a well of pure English undefiled, as a fountain of pure idiomatic English, it has not its equal in the world. It was fortunately—may we not without presumption say providentially—translated at a time when the English language was in its purest state. It has done more to anchor the English language in the state it then was than all other books together. The fact that so many millions of each succeeding generation, in all parts of the world where the English language is used, read the same great lessons in the same words, not only keeps the language anchored where it was in its best state, but it preserves its universality, and frees it from all material provincialisms and *patois*, so that the same words, phrases, and idioms are used in London, New York, San Francisco, Australia, China, and India. To preserve this unity and steadfastness, the Book of Common Prayer has done much; Shakespeare, Milton, and Bunyan have done much; but the English Bible has done ten-fold more than they all.

From the common English Bible, too, we derive our household words, or phrases and illustrations, the familiar speech of the people. Our associations are with its narratives, its parables, its histories, and its biographies. If a man knew the Bible in its original Greek and Hebrew by heart, and did not know the common English version, he would be ignorant of the speech of the people. In sermons, in public speeches, from the pulpit, the bar, and the platform, would come allusions, references, quotations—that exquisite electrifying by conductors, by which the heart of a whole people is touched by a word, a phrase, in itself nothing, but everything in its power of conducting—and all this would be to him an unknown world. No greater wrong, intellectually, could be inflicted on the children of a school, aye, even on the Roman Catholic children, than to bring them up in ignorance of the English Bible. As well might a master instruct his pupil in Latin, and send him to spend his days among scholars, and keep him in ignorance of the words of Virgil and Horace, and Cicero and Terence and Tacitus. As a preparation for life, an acquaintance with the common English Bible is indispensable.

If the Bible is not read, where so well can the principles of morality and all the virtues be taught? "How infinitely superior," says Maurice, "is a gospel of facts to a gospel of notions!" How infinitely superior to abstract ethics are the teachings of the narratives and parables of the Bible! What has ever taken such a hold on the human heart, and so influenced human action? The story of Jacob and Esau, the unequalled narrative of Joseph and his brethren, Abraham and Isaac, Absalom, Naaman the Syrian, the old prophet, the wild, dramatic poetical

* From the argument in the school case before the Supreme Court of Maine.

histories of Elijah and Elisha, the captivities of the Jews, the episode of Ruth, unsurpassed for simple beauty and pathos, and time would fail me to tell of Daniel, Isaiah, Samuel, Eli, and the glorious company of the apostles, the goodly fellowship of the prophets, and the noble army of martyrs. Where can a lesson of fraternity and equality be struck so deeply into the heart of a child as by the parable of Lazarus and Dives? How can the true nature and distinctions of charity be better expounded than by the parables of the widow who cast her mite into the treasury, and the woman with the alabaster box of precious ointment? Can the prodigal son, the unjust steward, the lost sheep, ever be forgotten? Has not the narrative of the humble birth, the painful life, the ignominious death of our Lord, wrought an effect on the world greater than any and all lives ever wrought before? even on those who doubt the miracles, and do not believe in the mystery of the Holy Incarnation, and the glorious Resurrection and Ascension.

Remember, too, we beseech you, that it is at the school alone that many of these children can read or hear these noble teachings. If the book is closed to them there, it is open to them nowhere else.

Nor would I omit to refer to the reading of the Bible as a part of the education of the fancy and imagination. Whatever slight may be thrown upon these faculties by men calling themselves practical men, they are powerful agents in the human system which no man can neglect or abuse with impunity. Preoccupy, preoccupy the minds of the young with the tender, the beautiful, the rhythmical, the magnificent, the sublime, which God in his bounty, and wisdom too, has poured out so profusely into the minds of his evangelists and prophets! Nowhere can be found such varieties of the beautiful and sublime, the magnificent and simple, the tender and terrific. And all this is brought to our doors and offered to our daily eye. If the mind of the youth, girl, and boy is not preoccupied by what is moral, virtuous, and religious, the world is ready to attack the fancy and imagination with all the splendor and seductions of sense and sin. Their minds will have the food for imagination and fancy, and if they are not led to the Psalms, and Isaiah, and Job, and the Apocalypse, and the narratives and parables, they will find it in Shelley, Byron, Rousseau, and George Sand, and the feeble and more debased novels of the modern press of France.

In 1859, Mr. Dana published a descriptive volume of travel, *To Cuba and Back, a Vacation Voyage*, a narrative of a brief journey in the island, made in the early months of the year (Boston, 12mo, pp. 288). It is a life-like, spirited account of what the writer saw, combining the results of thought and study with the vivid impressions of the hour. The following year he was again abroad, on an extended tour for the benefit of health, visiting California and the islands of the Pacific, thence by China and the route through the East to Europe. An occasional private letter, describing some of the more prominent incidents of his journey, found its way to the press, among which was an account and vindication of the missions in the Sandwich Islands, published in the *New York Tribune* of May 26, 1860.

Mr. Dana has from time to time published various legal opinions and addresses, delivered in the course of his practice at the bar, or in fulfilment of the public duties of an accom-

plished citizen. The former include, in addition to those already mentioned, a *Defence of Charles G. Davis, Esq., Charged with Assisting in the Rescue of Shadrach, a Fugitive Slave* (1851); *Speech on the Judicial Tenure, in the Constitutional Convention of Massachusetts* (July 13, 1853); *Speech on the Removal of Judge Loring, before a Committee of the Legislature of Massachusetts* (Boston, March 5, 1855); *Defence of the Rev. Isaac H. Kallcock* (1857), tried in the Superior Court of Massachusetts on a charge of adultery; *Argument in the Dalton Divorce Case*, in the Supreme Court of Massachusetts (1857); and *Enemy Territory, what the Supreme Court Decided in the Prize Causes* (1864). Mr. Dana's published political discourses or speeches are: *A Speech at Cambridge, Massachusetts, June 2, 1856, upon the Outrage on Charles Sumner*; *A Speech at Manchester, New Hampshire, on the State of National Affairs* (February, 1861); *Speech at Faneuil Hall, on the Reconstruction of the Rebel States* (June 21, 1865), and *The Faneuil Hall Address to the People of the United States*, of the same date. In 1864 Mr. Dana published a *Tribute to Judge Sprague*, and on the 22d of February, 1865, delivered *An Address upon the Life and Services of Edward Everett*, before the municipal authorities and citizens of Cambridge (Cambridge, 8vo, pp. 70). The latter is in every way a noble and interesting performance, worthy of the distinguished occasion. Mr. Everett is presented in this eloquent address, in the most important aspects of his character and services, with admirable candor and fidelity. The orator, who had differed from Mr. Everett at periods of his political course, does justice to the motives and principles which had governed his conduct; while in a series of picturesque illustrations, drawn from the history of his times and points in Mr. Everett's writings, he exhibits his subject in the most effective light.

Mr. Dana's long continued and consistent devotion to the cause of national freedom, set forth in the political speeches we have enumerated, is well known. He is a leading member of the Republican party, and was appointed under the administration of President Lincoln to the office of United States Attorney for the District of Massachusetts, which he held till 1866.

** Mr. Dana received the honorary degree of LL. D. from Harvard College in 1866. In the two following years he was lecturer on International Law in that University, and also a member of the Massachusetts Legislature. He delivered a speech before the House of Representatives of that State, in 1867, on the *Repeal of the Usury Laws*, which elaborately reviewed that intricate question of social policy, and aided in securing the passage of an act repealing all usury laws, and fixing six per cent. as the legal rate, in the absence of a contract. It was printed by request of the members, and reprinted in New York, in 1872 (Cowan, McClure & Co., pp. 23). He was counsel for the United States against Jefferson Davis in 1867-8, and also delivered the argument for the Government before the U. S. Supreme Court in "The Prize Cases"—the leading case on war powers in civil war.

The eighth edition of *Wheaton's Elements of International Law* was edited, with notes, by Mr. Dana in 1866. These notes were cited at the Geneva Arbitration, in 1872, by counsel on each side, and by the arbitrators. The United States Government also had one long note, on neutrality laws, translated into French, and printed as a pamphlet, for the use of the arbitrators. He also wrote a letter in behalf of Italian unity, which, with other cognate letters and speeches, was printed by the friends of that cause in New York in a volume, entitled: *Letters on Italian Unity and the Relative Rights of Italy and the Catholic Church*, 1871.

As the copyright on *Two Years Before the Mast*, which its author had sold twenty-eight years ago for a mere nominal sum, expired in 1868, Mr. Dana renewed it in his own name, and published the first "Author's Edition." It contained an additional chapter, entitled "Twenty-Four Years After," which gave an account of his revisit in 1860 to the scenes described in the book, and recorded the fact that the old ship *Alert* was burnt by the rebel cruiser *Alabama*, so that she "passed, at her death, into the lofty region of international jurisprudence, forming a part of the body of the 'Alabama Claims.'"

**CONDITION OF CUBA—FROM TO CUBA AND BACK.

To an American, from the free States, Cuba presents an object of singular interest. His mind is occupied and almost oppressed by the thought of the strange problems that are in process of solution around him. He is constantly a critic, and a philosophizer, if not a philosopher. A despotic civil government, compulsory religious uniformity, and slavery, are in full possession of the field. He is always seeking information as to causes, processes and effects, and almost as constantly baffled. There are three classes of persons in Cuba, from whom he receives contradictory and irreconcilable statements: the Cubans, the Spaniards, and foreigners of other nations. By Cubans, I mean the Criollos (Creoles), or natives of Cuba. By Spaniards, I mean the Peninsulares, or natives of Old Spain. In the third class, are comprised the Americans, English, French, Germans, and all other foreigners, except Spaniards, who are residents on the island, but not natives. This last class is large, possesses a great deal of wealth, and includes a number of merchants, bankers, and other traders.

The Spaniards, or Peninsulares, constitute the army and navy, the officers of the government in all departments, judicial, educational, fiscal and postal, the revenue and the police, the upper clergy, and a large and wealthy class of merchants, bankers, shopkeepers, and mechanics. The higher military and civil officers are from all parts of Spain; but the Catalans furnish the great body of the mechanics and small traders. The Spaniards may be counted on as opponents of the independence of Cuba, and especially of her annexation to the United States. In their political opinions, they vary. Some belong to the liberal, or Progresista party, and others are advocates of, or at least apologists for, the present order of things. Their force and influence is increased by the fact that the government encourages its military and civil officers, at the expiration of their terms of service, to remain in the island, still holding some nominal office, or on the pay of a retired list.

The foreign residents, not Spaniards, are chiefly engaged in commerce, banking, or trade, or are in scientific or mechanic employments. These do not intend to become citizens of Cuba. They strike no root into the soil, but feel that they are only sojourners, for purposes of their own. Of all classes of persons, I know of none whose situation is more unfavorable to the growth and development of sentiments of patriotism and philanthropy, and of interest in the future of a race, than foreigners, temporarily resident, for purposes of money-making only, in a country with which they have nothing in common, in the future or the past. This class is often called impartial. I do not agree to that use of the term. They are, indeed, free from the bias of feeling or sentiment; and from the bias generated by the combined action of men thinking and feeling alike, which we call political party. But they are subject to the attractions of interest; and interest will magnetize the mind as effectually as feeling. Planted in a soil where the more tender and delicate fibres can take no hold, they stand by the strong tap-root of interest. It is for their immediate advantage to preserve peace and the existing order of things; and even if it may be fairly argued that their ultimate interests would be benefited by a change, yet the process is hazardous, and the result not sure; and, at most, they would do no more than take advantage of the change, if it occurred. I should say, as a general thing, that this class is content with the present order of things. The island is rich, production is large, commerce flourishes, life and property are well protected, and if a man does not concern himself with political or religious questions, he has nothing to fear. Of the Americans in this class, many, doubtless, may be favorably inclined toward annexation, but they are careful talkers, if they are so; and the foreigners, not Americans, are of course earnestly opposed to it, and the pendency of the question tends to draw them towards the present government.

It remains only to speak of the Cubans. They are commonly styled Creoles. But as that word includes natives of all Spanish America, it is not quite definite. Of the Cubans, a few are advocates of the present government, — but very few. The far greater part are disaffected. They desire something approximating to self-government. If that can be had from Spain, they would prefer it. If not, there is nothing for them but independence, or annexation to some other power. Not one of them thinks of independence; and if it be annexation, I believe their present impulse is toward the United States. Yet on this point, among even the most disaffected of the Cubans, there is a difference of opinion. Many of them are sincere emancipationists, and fear that if they come in at the southern end of our Union, that question is closed forever. Others fear that the Anglo-Saxon race would swallow up the power and property of the island, as they have done in California and Texas, and that the Creoles would go to the wall.

It has been my fortune to see persons of influence and intelligence from each of these chief divisions, and from the subdivisions, and to talk with them freely. From the sum of their conflicting opinions and conflicting statements, I have endeavored to settle upon some things as certain; and, as to other things, to ascertain how far the debatable ground extends, and the principles which govern the debate. From all these sources, and

from my own observations, I will endeavor to set down what I think to be the present state of Cuba, in its various interesting features, trusting to do it as becomes one whose acquaintance with the island has been so recent and so short.

* * * * *

To return to the political state and prospects of Cuba. As for those persons whose political opinions and plans are not regulated by moral principle, it may be safely said, that whatever their plans, their object will not be the good of Cuba, but their own advantage. Of those who are governed by principle, each man's expectation or plan will depend upon the general opinion he entertains respecting the nature of men and of society. This is going back a good way for a test; but I am convinced it is only going to the source of opinion and action. If a man believes that human nature in an unrestrained course, is good, and self-governing, and that when it is not so, there is a temporary and local cause to be assigned for the deviation; if he believes that men, at least in civilized society, are independent beings, by right entitled to, and by nature capable of, the exercise of popular self-government, and that if they have not this power in exercise, it is because they have been deprived of it by somebody's fraud or violence, which ought to be detected and remedied, as we abate a public nuisance in the highway; if a man thinks that overturning a throne and erecting a constitution will answer the purpose;—if these are his opinions as to men and society, his plan for Cuba, and for every other part of the world, may be simple. No wonder such an one is impatient of the inactivity of the governed masses, and is in a constant state of surprise that the fraud and violence of a few should always prevail over the rights and merits of the many—when they themselves might end their thralldom by a blow, and put their oppressors to rest—by a bare bodkin!

But if the history of the world and the observation of his own times have led a man to the opinion that, of divine right and human necessity, government of some sort there must be, in which power must be vested somewhere, and exercised somehow; that popular self-government is rather of the nature of a faculty than of a right; that human nature is so constituted that the actual condition of civil society in any place and nation, is, on the whole, the fair result of conflicting forces of good and evil—the power being in proportion to the need of power, and the franchises to the capacity for using franchises; that autocrats and oligarchs are the growth of the soil; and that every people has, in the main, and in the long run, a government as good as it deserves—If such is the substance of the belief to which he has been led or forced, he will look gravely upon the future of such a people as the Cubans, and hesitate as to the invention and application of remedies. If he reflects that of all the nations of the southern races in North and South America, from Texas to Cape Horn, the Brazilians alone, who have a constitutional monarchy, are in a state of order and progress; and if he further reflects that Cuba, as a royal province, with all its evils, is in a better condition than nearly all the Spanish republican states,—he may well be slow to believe that, with their complication of difficulties, and causes of disorder and weakness,—with their half million or more of slaves and quarter million or less of free blacks, with their Coolies, and their divided and hostile races of whites,—their Spanish blood,

and their utter want of experience in the discharge of any public duties, the Cubans will work out successfully the problem of self-government. You cannot reason from Massachusetts to Cuba. When Massachusetts entered into the Revolution, she had had one hundred and fifty years of experience in popular self-government; under a system in which the exercise of this power was more generally diffused among the people, and extended over a larger class of subjects, and more decentralized, than had ever been known before in any part of the world, or at any period of the world's story. She had been, all along, for most purposes, an independent republic, with an obligation to the British Empire undefined and seldom attempted to be enforced. The thirteen colonies were ships fully armed and equipped, officered and manned, with long sea experience, sailing as a wing of a great fleet, under the Admiral's fleet signals. They had only to pass secret signals, fall out of line, haul their wind, and sail off as a squadron by themselves; and if the Admiral with the rest of the fleet made chase and gave battle, it was sailor to sailor and ship to ship. But Cuba has neither officers trained to the quarter-deck, nor sailors trained to the helm, the yard, or the gun. Nay, the ship is not built, nor the keel laid, nor is the timber grown, from which the keel is to be cut.

The natural process for Cuba is an amelioration of her institutions under Spanish auspices. If this is not to be had, or if the connection with Spain is dissolved in any way, she will probably be substantially under the protection of some other power, or a part of another empire. Whatever nation may enter upon such an undertaking as this, should take a bond of fate. Beside her internal danger and difficulties, Cuba is implicated externally with every cause of jealousy and conflict. She has been called the key to the Gulf of Mexico. But the Gulf of Mexico cannot be locked. Whoever takes her is more likely to find in her a key to Pandora's box. Close upon her is the great island of Jamaica, where the experiment of free negro labor, in the same products, is on trial. Near to her is Hayti, where the experiment of negro self-government is on trial. And further off, separated, it is true, by the great Gulf Stream, and with the neighborhood of the almost uninhabited and uninhabitable sea-coast of Southern Florida, yet near enough to furnish some cause for uneasiness, are the slave-states of the Great Republic. She is an island, too; and as an island, whatever power holds or protects her, must maintain on the spot a sufficient army and navy, as it would not do to rely upon being able to throw in troops and munitions of war, after notice of need.

As to the wishes of the Cubans themselves, the degree of reliance they place, or are entitled to place, on each other, and their opportunities and capacity for organized action of any kind, I have already set down all I can be truly said to know; and there is no end to assertion and conjecture, or to the conflicting character of what is called information, whether received through men or books.

JOHN WARD DEAN.

John Ward Dean is the son of Charles Dean, and was born at Wiscasset, Maine, March 13, 1815. He was brought up in Portland, and resided there till 1835. From 1839 to 1843, he resided at Providence, Rhode Island, and since then in Boston, Massachusetts, and vicinity.

He has contributed considerable matter to the *New England Historical and Genealogical Register*, and his name is recorded among the editors of that journal. He edited the first and a portion of the second volume of the *Historical Magazine*. He has been recording and corresponding secretaries and treasurer of the New England Historical and Genealogical Society, and recording secretary of the American Statistical Association.

Among the papers which Mr. Dean has edited for the New England Historical and Genealogical Society, is a curious piece of ancient writing, a quaint picture of manners of a bygone day, "A Declaration of Remarkable Providences in the Course of my Life, by John Dane of Ipswich, 1682;" and a complete and valuable annotated account of the celebrated author of that remarkable poetic relic, *The Day of Doom*, "The Rev. Michael Wigglesworth, his Memoir, Autobiography, Letters, and Library," a few copies of which were printed separately for private circulation by Munsell, of Albany, in 1863. For years Mr. Dean was engaged in preparing a Memoir of the Rev. Nathaniel Ward, author of the "Simple Cobbler of Aggawam in America," with notices of his family, for which he has made most diligent research. Endowed by nature with a ready and retentive memory, having an ardent thirst for knowledge and a discriminating taste, Mr. Dean has, by consecrating every moment he could spare from a laborious calling to his favorite studies, acquired an amount of historical information such as few men of his age possess. The accuracy of his writings is acknowledged by those best acquainted with the subjects on which he employs his pen; while he is ever ready to communicate to others the information derived from his diligent researches and the advantages of his choice, well-selected library.

** In May, 1870, Mr. Dean was chosen president of the Prince Society, of which he was one of the founders, succeeding Mr. Samuel G. Drake, who had held the office from the formation of the Society in 1858. He still continues at the head of this association of gentlemen, named in honor of Rev. Thomas Prince of Boston, one of the earliest American antiquaries, and organized for the printing of rare works relating to America. In January, 1872, he declined a re-election as recording secretary of the American Statistical Association, having discharged the duties of that office for twelve years. Three years previously he received the degree of A. M. from Dartmouth College.

The later writings of Mr. Dean comprise *A Memoir of Rev. Nathaniel Ward, Author of the Simple Cobbler of Aggawam in America* (Albany, 1868, Joel Munsell, 8vo., pp. 213); and *Memoir of Rev. Michael Wigglesworth, Author of the Day of Doom* (Albany, 1871, pp. 160), an enlargement of the article in the *Historical and Genealogical Register*.

ANNA CORA MOWATT RITCHIE.

ANNA CORA, the daughter of Samuel G. Ogden, a New York merchant, was born in Bordeaux, France, during her father's residence in that city.

Her early years were passed in a fine old chateau in its neighborhood, called La Castagne. One of its apartments was fitted up as a theatre, in which the numerous children of the family, of which the future Mrs. Mowatt was the tenth, amused themselves with dramatic entertainments, for which several of them evinced decided talent. The family removed a few years after to New York.

While yet a school girl, Anna, in her fifteenth year, became the wife of Mr. James Mowatt, a lawyer of New York. The story of her first acquaintance with her lover, who soon began to escort her to and from school, gallantly bearing her satchel, and the courtship and run-away match which speedily followed, are very pleasantly told in the lady's autobiography. The only reason for the elopement being the unwillingness of the couple to wait until the lady had passed seventeen summers, they soon received the paternal pardon, and retired to a country residence at Flatbush, Long Island. Here the education of the "child-wife," as she was prettily styled, was continued by the husband, several years the senior. Some pleasant years were passed in Sunday-school teaching, fortune-telling at fancy fairs, "shooting swallows on the wing," in sportsman tramps through the woods, private theatricals, and the composition of an epic poem, *Pelayo, or the Cavern of Conadonga*, in five cantos, which was published by the Harpers, and followed by a satire entitled *Reviewers Reviewed*, directed against the critics who had taken the liberty to cut up the poem. Both appeared as the work of "Isabel."

Mrs. Mowatt's health failing, she accompanied a newly married sister and brother in a tour to Europe. She wrote a play, *Gulzara, or the Persian Slave*, during her absence, had appropriate scenes and dresses made in Paris for its representation, and soon after her return produced the piece with great applause at a party at her residence, in honor of her father's birthday.

Meanwhile Mr. Mowatt had taken part in the speculations of the day, and a commercial revulsion occurring, was "utterly ruined"—a weakness in



Anna Cora Mowatt

the eyes preventing him from resuming his old profession of the law.

The elder Vandenhoff had just before met with great success in a course of dramatic readings, and the wife, casting about for ways and means of support, determined to bring her dramatic talents into account in this manner. She gained her husband's consent with some difficulty, and, preferring the verdict of a stranger audience, gave her first reading at Boston, and with decided success. She soon after appeared in New York, where she read to large audiences, but the tacit disapproval of friends and the exertions required brought on a fit of sickness, from which she suffered for the two following years.

She next, her husband having become a publisher, turned her attention to literature, and wrote a number of stories for the magazines with the signature of "Helen Berkley." These were followed by a longer story, *The Fortune Hunter*, and by the five act comedy of *Fashion*, which was written for the stage, and produced at the Park Theatre, March, 1845. It met with success there and at theatres in other cities, and emboldened its author, forced by the failure of her husband in the publishing business, to contribute to their joint support, to try her fortune as an actress. She made her first appearance on the classic boards of the Park Theatre, June, 1845, as Pauline in the *Lady of Lyons*, and played a number of nights with such approval that engagements followed in other cities, and she became one of the most successful of "stars." She appeared in her own play of *Fashion*, and in 1847 wrote and performed a new five act drama, *Armand*.

In 1847 Mrs. Mowatt visited England with her husband, and made her first bow to an English audience in the month of December, at Manchester. She was successful, and remained in England several years.

In February, 1851, Mr. Mowatt died. After a temporary retirement, his widow went through a round of farewell performances, and returned in July to her native land. In August she appeared at Niblo's Garden, and after a highly successful engagement, made a brilliant farewell tour through the Union prior to her retirement from the stage at New York, in 1854. A few days afterwards she was married to Mr. William F. Ritchie, a gentleman of Richmond, Va.

In 1854 Mrs. Mowatt published the *Autobiography of an Actress, or Eight Years on the Stage*, a record of her private and professional life to that date.

** Since 1860 Mrs. Anna Cora Mowatt Ritchie has resided in Europe — at Paris, Rome, Florence, and afterward near London. Her later writings were: *Mimic Life; or, Before and Behind the Curtain, a Series of Narratives*, 1855; *The Twin Roses*, 1857; *Fairy Fingers, a Novel*, 1865; *The Mute Singer, a Novel*, 1866; *The Clergyman's Wife, and Other Sketches, a Collection of Pen Portraits and Paintings*, 1867; and *Italian Life and Legends*, 1870. Mrs. Ritchie died at Twickenham, on the Thames, July 28, 1870.

TIME.

Nay, rail not at Time, though a tyrant he be,
And say not he cometh, colossal in might,

Our beauty to ravish, put pleasure to flight,
And pluck away friends, e'en as leaves from the tree;
And say not Love's torch, which like Vesta's should burn,
The cold breath of Time soon to ashes will turn.

You call Time a robber? Nay, he is not so,—
While Beauty's fair temple he rudely despoils,
The mind to enrich with its plunder he toils;
And, sowed in his furrows, doth wisdom not grow?
The magnet 'mid stars points the north still to view;
So Time 'mong our friends e'er discloses the true.

Though cares then should gather, as pleasures flee by,
Though Time from thy features the charm steal away,
He'll dim too mine eye, lest it see them decay;
And sorrows we've shared, will knit closer love's tie:
Then I'll laugh at old Time, and at all he can do,
For he'll rob me in vain, if he leave me but you!

MARY E. HEWITT.

MARY E. MOORE was born in Malden, Massachusetts. After her father's death her mother removed to Boston, where the daughter remained until her marriage with the late Mr. James L. Hewitt. She has since resided in the city of New York. In 1845 Mrs. Hewitt published *Songs of our Land and Other Poems*, a selection from her contributions to various periodicals. In 1850 she edited *The Gem of the Western World*, a holiday volume, and *The Memorial*, a volume of contributions by the authors of the day, designed as a mark of respect to the memory of Mrs. Osgood. Mrs. Hewitt was lately married to Mr. Stebbins, of New York. In 1856 appeared *The Heroines of History*.

Her poems are marked by their good sense, hearty expression, and natural feeling.

GOD BLESS THE MARINER.

God's blessing on the Mariner!
A venturesome life leads he—
What reck the landmen of their toil,
Who dwell upon the sea?

The landsman sits within his home,
His fireside bright and warm;
Nor asks how fares the mariner
All night amid the storm.

God bless the hardy Mariner!
A homely garb wears he,
And he goeth with a rolling gait,
Like a ship upon the sea.

He hath piped the loud "ay, ay, sir!"
O'er the voices of the main,
Till his deep tones have the hoarseness
Of the rising hurricane.

His seamed and honest visage
The sun and wind have tanned,
And hard as iron gauntlet
Is his broad and sinewy hand.

But oh! a spirit looketh
From out his clear, blue eye,
With a truthful, childlike earnestness,
Like an angel from the sky.

A venturesome life the sailor leads
Between the sky and sea—
But when the hour of dread is past,
A merrier who, than he?
He knows that by the rudder bands
Stands one well skilled to save;
For a strong hand is the Steersman's
That directs him o'er the wave.

TO MARY.

Thine eye is like the violet,
Thou hast the lily's grace;
And the pure thoughts of a maiden's heart
Are writ upon thy face.
And like a pleasant melody
That to memory hath clung,
Falls thy voice, in the loved accent
Of mine own New England tongue.
New England—dear New England!—
All numberless they lie,
The green graves of my people,
Beneath her fair, blue sky.
And the same bright sun that shineth
On thy home at early morn,
Lights the dwellings of my kindred,
And the house where I was born.
Oh, fairest of her daughters!
That bids me so rejoice
'Neath the starlight of thy beauty,
And the music of thy voice—
While memory hath power
In my heart her joys to wake,
I love thee, Mary, for thine own,
And for New England's sake.

EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH.

MRS. SOUTHWORTH is descended, both on the father's and mother's side, from families of high rank, who emigrated to America in 1632, and settled at St. Mary's, where they have continued to reside for two centuries. She was born in the city of Washington, in the house and room once occupied by General Washington, on the 26th of December, 1818. Her father, who had married in 1816 a young lady of fifteen, died in 1822, leaving his family straitened in resources, in consequence of losses previously incurred by the French spoliation on American commerce. Her mother afterwards married Mr. Joshua L. Henshaw, of Boston, by whom Miss Nevitte was educated.

Emma D. E. N. Southworth

In 1841 she became Mrs. Southworth. Thrown upon her own resources in 1843, with two infants to support, a dreary interval in her life succeeded, which was broken by the successful publication of her first novel, *Retribution*, in 1849. She had previously published, in 1846, an anonymous sketch in the *National Era*, with which the editor, Dr. Bailey, was so well pleased, that he sought out the writer, and induced her to write other sketches and tales of a similar kind. *Retribution* was commenced as one of these, and was intended to be concluded in two numbers, but the subject grew under the author's hand. Every week she supplied a portion to the paper, "until weeks

grew into months, and months into quarters, before it was finished." During its composition she was supporting herself as a teacher in a public school, and in addition to the entire charge of eighty boys and girls thus imposed upon her, and of one of her children who was extremely ill, was forced by the meagreness of her pecuniary resources to give close attention to her household affairs. Her health broke down under the pressure of these complicated labors and sorrows. Meanwhile her novel reached its termination, and was published complete by Harper and Brothers. The author, to use her own words, "found herself born, as it were, into a new life; found independence, sympathy, friendship, and honor, and an occupation in which she could delight. All this came very suddenly, as after a terrible storm a sunburst." Her child recovered, and her own malady disappeared.

The successful novel was rapidly followed by others. *The Deserted Wife* was published in 1850; *Shannondale* and *The Mother-in-Law* in 1851; *Children of the Isle* and *The Foster Sisters* in 1852; *The Curse of Clifton*; *Old Neighborhoods* and *New Settlements*, and *Mark Sutherland* in 1853, *The Lost Heiress* in 1854, and *Hickory Hall*, in 1855. These novels display strong dramatic power, and contain many excellent descriptive passages of the Southern life and scenery to which they are chiefly devoted.

** In 1872 Mrs. Southworth's novels, issued in uniform style, numbered thirty-five volumes.

SUSAN WARNER—ANNA B. WARNER.

MISS WARNER is the daughter of Mr. Henry Warner, a member of the bar of the city of New York. She has for some years resided with the remainder of her father's family on Constitution Island, near West Point, in the finest portion of the Hudson highlands.

Susan Warner

Miss Warner made a sudden step into eminence as a writer, by the publication in 1849 of *The Wide, Wide World*, a novel, in two volumes. It is a story of American domestic life, written in an easy and somewhat diffuse style.

Her second novel, *Queechy*, appeared in 1852. It is similar in size and general plan to *The Wide, Wide World*, and contains a number of agreeable passages descriptive of rural life. The heroine, Fleda, is introduced to us as a little girl. Her sprightly, natural manner, and shrewd American common sense, contribute greatly to the attractions of the book. The "help" at the farm, male and female, are pleasantly hit off, and give a seasoning of humor to the volumes.

Miss Warner is also the author of *The Law and the Testimony*, a theological work of research and merit, and of a prize essay on the Duties of American Women.

MISS ANNA B. WARNER, a younger sister of Miss Susan Warner, is the author of *Dollars and Cents*, a novel, as its title indicates, of practical

American life, published in 1853, and of a series of juvenile tales, *Anna Montgomery's Book Shelf*, five volumes of which, *Mr. Rutherford's Children*, *Carl Krinken*, *Sybil* and *Chrissa*, *Casper*, and *Hard Maple*, have appeared.

** The later works of these two sisters have also a hold on popular favor. In 1860 they put both their pens to the writing of *Say and Seal*, a story of the placid lives and love of a New England girl and a young divinity student.

Miss Susan Warner has also written *Hills of the Shatemuc*; *The Golden Ladder*, a series of stories illustrative of the Beatitudes; *The Old Helmet*; *Melbourne House*, with a continuation in *Daisy*. These have been followed by a series of four novelettes, treating of the daily life and trials of a Christian child: *What She Could*; *Opportunities*; *House in Town*; and *Trading*. She is also the author of two volumes of *The Word Series*—*Walks from Eden*, and *House of Israel*, to which her sister has contributed another, *Star out of Jacob*.

Miss Anna B. Warner has published a second novel, *My Brother's Keeper*, and some other attractive tales for the young. *The Three Little Spades*, full of pleasant chat about gardening and its romance; *Stories of Vinegar Hill*, told by a Bible reader to the neglected children of a wretched hamlet; and *Little Jack's Four Lessons*. *Melody of the Twenty-Third Psalm*, and *Wayfaring Hymns, Original and Selected*, appeared in 1869.

CHESTNUT GATHERING—FROM QUEECHY.

In a hollow, rather a deep hollow, behind the crest of the hill, as Fleda had said, they came at last to a noble group of large hickory trees, with one or two chestnuts, standing in attendance on the outskirts. And also as Fleda had said, or hoped, the place was so far from convenient access that nobody had visited them; they were thick hung with fruit. If the spirit of the game had been wanting or failing in Mr. Carleton, it must have roused again into full life at the joyous heartiness of Fleda's exclamations. At any rate no boy could have taken to the business better. He cut, with her permission, a stout long pole in the woods; and swinging himself lightly into one of the trees showed that he was a master in the art of whipping them. Fleda was delighted but not surprised; for from the first moment of Mr. Carleton's proposing to go with her she had been privately sure that he would not prove an inactive or inefficient ally. By whatever slight tokens she might read this, in whatsoever fine characters of the eye, or speech, or manner, she knew it; and knew it just as well before they reached the hickory trees as she did afterwards.

When one of the trees was well stripped the young gentleman mounted into another, while Fleda set herself to hull and gather up the nuts under the one first beaten. She could make but little headway, however, compared with her companion; the nuts fell a great deal faster than she could put them in her basket. The trees were heavy laden, and Mr. Carleton seemed determined to have the whole crop; from the second tree he went to the third. Fleda was bewildered with her happiness; this was doing business in style. She tried to calculate what the whole quantity would be, but it went beyond her; one basketful would not take it, nor two,

nor three,—it wouldn't *begin to*, Fleda said to herself. She went on hulling and gathering with all possible industry.

After the third tree was finished Mr. Carleton threw down his pole, and resting himself upon the ground at the foot, told Fleda he would wait a few moments before he began again. Fleda thereupon left off her work too, and going for her little tin pail presently offered it to him temptingly, stocked with pieces of apple-pie. When he had smilingly taken one, she next brought him a sheet of white paper with slices of young cheese.

"No, thank you," said he.

"Cheese is very good with apple-pie," said Fleda, competently.

"Is it?" said he, laughing. "Well—upon that—I think you would teach me a good many things, Miss Fleda, if I were to stay here long enough."

"I wish you would stay and try, sir," said Fleda, who did not know exactly what to make of the shade of seriousness which crossed his face. It was gone almost instantly.

"I think anything is better eaten out in the woods than it is at home," said Fleda.

"Well, I don't know," said her friend. "I have no doubt that is the case with cheese and apple-pie, and especially under hickory trees which one has been contending with pretty sharply. If a touch of your wand, Fairy, could transform one of these shells into a goblet of Lafitte or Amontillado we should have nothing to wish for."

'Amontillado' was Hebrew to Fleda, but 'goblet' was intelligible.

"I am sorry," she said, "I don't know where there is any spring up here,—but we shall come to one going down the mountain."

"Do you know where all the springs are?"

"No, not all, I suppose," said Fleda, "but I know a good many. I have gone about through the woods so much, and I always look for the springs."

* * * * *

They descended the mountain now with hasty step, for the day was wearing well on. At the spot where he had stood so long when they went up, Mr. Carleton paused again for a minute. In mountain scenery every hour makes a change. The sun was lower now, the lights and shadows more strongly contrasted, the sky of a yet calmer blue, cool and clear towards the horizon. The scene said still the same that it had said a few hours before, with a touch more of sadness; it seemed to whisper "All things have an end—thy time may not be for ever—do what thou wouldest do—while ye have light believe in the light that ye may be children of the light."

Whether Mr. Carleton read it so or not, he stood for a minute motionless, and went down the mountain looking so grave that Fleda did not venture to speak to him, till they reached the neighborhood of the spring.

"What are you searching for, Miss Fleda?" said her friend.

She was making a busy quest here and there by the side of the little stream.

"I was looking to see if I could find a mullein leaf," said Fleda.

"A mullein leaf? what do you want it for?"

"I want it—to make a drinking cup of," said Fleda; her intent bright eyes peering keenly about in every direction.

"A mullein leaf! that is too rough; one of these golden leaves—what are they?—will do better; won't it?"

"That is hickory," said Fleda. "No; the mul-

lein leaf is the best, because it holds the water so nicely,—Here it is!—”

And folding up one of the largest leaves into a most artist-like cup, she presented it to Mr. Carleton.

“For me was all that trouble?” said he. “I don’t deserve it.”

“You wanted something, sir,” said Fleda. “The water is very cold and nice.”

He stooped to the bright little stream, and filled his rural goblet several times.

“I never knew what it was to have a fairy for my cup-bearer before,” said he. “That was better than anything Bordeaux or Xeres ever sent forth.”

He seemed to have swallowed his seriousness, or thrown it away with the mullein leaf. It was quite gone.

“This is the best spring in all grandpa’s ground,” said Fleda. “The water is as good as can be.”

“How come you to be such a wood and water spirit? you must live out of doors. Do the trees ever talk to you? I sometimes think they do to me.”

“I don’t know—I think *I* talk to *them*,” said Fleda.

“It’s the same thing,” said her companion, smiling. “Such beautiful woods!”

“Were you never in the country before in the fall, sir?”

“Not here—in my own country often enough—but the woods in England do not put on such a gay face, Miss Fleda, when they are going to be stripped of their summer dress—they look sober upon it—the leaves wither and grow brown, and the woods have a dull russet color. Your trees are true Yankees—they ‘never say die!’”

**** THE FLOWER GIFTS—FROM THE THREE LITTLE SPADES.**

Nothing had been heard of little Dick Nobody’s garden for some time, and though Clover had been very anxious to see it, she had not dared to say a word. But one day, after the dry weather had passed by and the showers had come to make everything fresh, Sam proposed they should take a walk that way and see Dick’s balsams.

“We’ll see if they look like yours, Clover,” he said.

“Has Dick got old heart’s-ease, Sam?” said little Primrose.

“I think not.”

“Then I’d better take him some,” said Prim, with a very grave face.

“But you’ll kill the plants, dear, if you take them up now, when they are all full of flowers,” said Clover; “or at least kill the flowers.”

“It’s only the flowers I mean to take,” replied Primrose, as gravely as before. “I’ll take Dick a bunch of ‘em.”

“What’s that for?” said Sam, putting his hands under her chin, and bringing the little sober face into view.

“Because,” said Prim, “I’ve been thinking about it a great deal—about what mamma said. And if God asked me what I had done with my heart’s-ease, I shouldn’t like to say I’d never given Dick one.”

“Oh, if that’s all,” said Lily, “I can pick him a great bunch of petunias. Do ‘em good too—they want cutting.”

While Lily flew down to her garden and began to pull off the petunias with an unsparring hand, Primrose crouched down by her patch of heart’s-ease, carefully culling one of each shade and tint

that she could find, putting them lovingly together, with quite an artistic arrangement of colors.

“Exquisite,” said Sam, watching her. Prim looked up and smiled.

“Dear me, how splendid!” said Lily, running up with her hands full of petunias; “but just look at these! What will you take, Clover?”

“I think—I shall not take anything,” said Clover, slowly.

“Nothing! out of all your garden!” said Lily. Clover flushed crimson.

“I’m not sure that Dick would care to have me bring any of my flowers,” she said, in a low voice. “May be I can find—” And she hurried off, coming back presently with a half-open rosebud, which she quietly put in Prim’s hand, to go with the heart’s-ease. Then they set off.

Dick, of course, was in his garden—he was always there when it did not rain, and sometimes when it did; and visitors were a particularly pleasant thing to him now that he had flowers to show. He welcomed them very joyfully, beginning at once to display his treasures.

Great was the surprise of Lily and Primrose to see the very same flowers in Dick’s garden that there were in Clover’s. The beautiful camellia-flowered balsams, and the graceful amaranthus, and the showy zinnias. Even a canary-bird vine was there, fluttering over the fence.

“But where did you get them all?” cried Lily.

“A lady,” said Dick. “She’s a good one, and that’s all I know.”

“Where does she live?” inquired Sam.

“Don’t know, sir,” said Dick. “Nobody didn’t tell me that. Man that fetched ‘em—that’s the seeds and the little green things—he said, says he, ‘These be out of the young lady’s own garden,’ says he.”

“Young lady!” said Lily. “Oh, I dare say it was Maria Jarvis. You know, Clover, she’s got such *loads* of flowers in her garden, and a man to take care of ‘em, and all.”

But Clover did not answer, and seemed rather in haste to get away, opening the little gate, and stepping out upon the road. And when Sam looked at her, he saw that she was biting her lips very hard to keep from laughing. It must have pleased him—Clover’s face, or the laughing, or the flowers, or something—for the first thing he did, when they were all outside the gate, was to put his arms around Clover and give her a good hearty kiss.

Little Prim all this while had said scarcely a word, looking on with all her eyes, as we say. But when Prim was going to bed that night, and Mrs. May bent over her for a parting embrace, Prim said:

“Mamma, I don’t think God will ever ask Clover what *she’s* done with her flowers.”

“Why not?” asked her mother.

“Because,” answered Primrose, sedately, “I think he told her what to do with ‘em—and I think she’s done it.”

EMILY C. JUDSON.

Miss EMILY CHUBBUCK was born at Morrisville, a town of Central New York. Soon after ceasing to be a school girl, with a view of adding to the limited means of her family and increasing her own knowledge, she became a teacher in a female seminary at Utica. It was with similar views that she commenced her literary career by writing a few poems for the Knickerbocker Magazine, and some little books for children, of a religious

character, for the American Baptist Publication Society. In 1844 she sent a communication to the New York Weekly Mirror, with the signature of "Fanny Forester." Mr. Willis, the editor, wrote warmly in favor of the writer, who soon became a frequent contributor to his paper.



Fanny Forester

While passing the winter at Philadelphia with a clerical friend, the Rev. Mr. Gillette, Miss Chubbuck became acquainted with Dr. Judson, the celebrated Baptist missionary. He had recently lost his second wife, and applied to the young author to write her biography. Intimacy in the preparation of the work led to such mutual liking that the pair were married not long after, in July, 1846, and sailed immediately for India. They arrived at the missionaries' residence at Maulmain, where they resided until Dr. Judson fell sick, and was ordered home by his physicians. His wife was unable to accompany him, and he embarked in a very weak state in the early part of 1850 for America. He died at sea on the twelfth of April of the same year. His widow returned not long after, her own health impaired by an Eastern climate, and after lingering a few months, died on the first of June, 1854.

Mrs. Judson was the author of *Alderbrook, a Collection of Fanny Forester's Village Sketches and Poems*, in two volumes, published in 1846. *A Biographical Sketch of Mrs. Sarah B. Judson*, 1849. *An Olio of Domestic Verses*, 1852, a collection of her poems; *How to be Great, Good, and Happy*, a volume designed for children; a small prose volume, *My Two Sisters, a Sketch from Memory*, and a number of other poems and prose sketches for various periodicals. The sprightliness and tenderness of Mrs. Judson's early sketches gained her a reputation which was rapidly extended by her subsequent publications, especially by those embodying, in a simple and unostentatious manner, her wider experiences of life as the wife of a missionary. The modest

title of her collection of poems is an indication of her character, but should not be suffered to overshadow the merits of the choice contents of the book.

One of the latest productions of Mrs. Judson's pen was an admirable letter in defence of her children's property in her deceased husband's literary remains—a spirited and well-reasoned assertion of the rights of literary property, called forth by the publication of a rival and unauthorized biography.

WATCHING.

Sleep, love, sleep!

The dusty day is done.

Lo! from afar the freshening breezes sweep,

Wild over groves of balm,

Down from the towering palm,

In at the open casement cooling run,

And round thy lowly bed,

Thy bed of pain,

Bathing thy patient head,

Like grateful showers of rain,

They come;

While the white curtains, waving to and fro,

Fan the sick air;

And pitying the shadows come and go,

With gentle human care,

Compassionate and dumb.

The dusty day is done,

The night begun;

While prayerful watch I keep.

Sleep, love, sleep!

Is there no magic in the touch

Of fingers thou dost love so much?

Fain would they scatter poppies o'er thee now,

Or, with a soft caress,

The tremulous lip its own nepenthe press

Upon the weary lid and aching brow,

While prayerful watch I keep—

Sleep, love, sleep!

On the pagoda spire

The bells are swinging,

Their little golden circles in a flutter

With tales the wooing winds have dared to utter,

Till all are singing

As if a choir

Of golden-nested birds in heaven were singing;

And with a lulling sound

The music floats around,

And drops like balm into the drowsy ear;

Commingling with the hum

Of the Sepoy's distant drum,

And lazy beetle ever droning near,

Sounds these of deepest silence born,

Like night made visible by morn;

So silent, that I sometimes start

To hear the throbbings of my heart,

And watch, with shivering sense of pain,

To see thy pale lids lift again.

The lizard with his mouse-like eyes,

Peeps from the mortise in surprise

At such strange quiet after day's harsh din;

Then ventures boldly out,

And looks about,

And with his hollow feet,

Treads his small evening beat,

Darting upon his prey

In such a tricky, winsome sort of way,

His delicate marauding seems no sin.

And still the curtains swing,

But noiselessly;

The bells a melancholy murmur ring,
 As tears were in the sky;
 More heavily the shadows fall,
 Like the black foldings of a pall,
 Where juts the rough beam from the wall;
 The candles flare
 With fresher gusts of air;
 The beetle's drone
 Turns to a dirge-like solitary moan;
 Night deepens, and I sit, in cheerless doubt, alone.

ANNE CHARLOTTE BOTTA.

ANNE C. LYNCH was born at Bennington, Vermont. Her father, at the age of sixteen, joined the United Irishmen of his native country, and was an active participant in the rebellion of 1798. He was offered pardon and a commission in the English army on the condition of swearing allegiance to the British government. On his refusal, he was imprisoned for four years, and then banished. He came to America, married, and died in Cuba during a journey undertaken for the benefit of his health, a few years after the birth of his daughter.

After receiving an excellent education at a ladies' seminary in Albany, Miss Lynch removed to Providence, where she edited, in 1841, the Rhode Island Book, a tasteful selection from the writings of the authors of that state. She soon after came to the city of New York, where she has since resided.

A collection of her poems, choicely illustrated, was published in 1848.

In 1855, Miss Lynch was married to Mr. Vi-



Anne C. Lynch

cenzo Botta, formerly Professor of Philosophy in the Royal Colleges of the University of Turin, and member of the National Parliament.

** In 1860, Mrs. Botta published the *Hand-Book of Universal Literature*. This systematic and concise work, based on the standard critical authorities, gives an attractive outline of

the immortal authors and works of all ages and countries.

Mr. Vicenzo Botta, Ph. D., who is now Professor of the Italian Language and Literature in the University of the City of New York, has printed: a *Discourse on the Life, Character, and Policy of Count Cavour*, 1862; and *Dante as Philosopher, Patriot, and Poet, with an Analysis of the Divina Commedia, Its Plots and Episodes*, 1865. He is the author of a work on *Public Education in Germany*, written in Italian.

THOUGHTS IN A LIBRARY.

Speak low!—tread softly through these halls;

Here Genius lives enshrined;

Here reign, in silent majesty,

The monarchs of the mind.

A mighty spirit host they come,

From every age and clime;

Above the buried wrecks of years,

They breast the tide of Time.

And in their presence chamber here

They hold their regal state,

And round them throng a noble train,

The gifted and the great.

Oh, child of Earth! when round thy path

The storms of life arise,

And when thy brothers pass thee by

With stern unloving eyes;

Here shall the poets chant for thee

Their sweetest, loftiest lays;

And prophets wait to guide thy steps

In wisdom's pleasant ways.

Come, with these God-anointed kings

Be thou companion here;

And in the mighty realm of mind,

Thou shalt go forth a peer!

TO — WITH FLOWERS.

Go, ye sweet messengers,

To that dim-lighted room

Where lettered wisdom from the walls

Sheds a delightful gloom.

Where sits in thought profound

One in the noon of life,

Whose flashing eye and fevered brow

Tell of the inward strife;

Who in those wells of lore

Seeks for the pearl of truth,

And to Ambition's fever dream

Gives his repose and youth.

To him, sweet ministers,

Ye shall a lesson teach;

Go in your fleeting loveliness,

More eloquent than speech.

Tell him in laurel wreaths

No perfume e'er is found,

And that upon a crown of thorns

Those leaves are ever bound.

Thoughts fresh as your own hues

Bear ye to that abode—

Speak of the sunshine and the sky

Of Nature and of God.

PARKE GODWIN.

PARKE GODWIN was born at Paterson, New Jersey, February 25, 1816. His father was an offi-

cer of the war of 1812, and his grandfather a soldier of the Revolution. He was educated at Kinderhook, and entered Princeton College in 1831, where he was graduated in 1834. He then studied law at Paterson, N. J., and having removed to the West, was admitted to practice in Kentucky, but did not pursue the profession. In 1837, he became assistant editor of the *Evening Post*, in which position he remained, with a single year excepted, to the close of 1853—thirteen years of active editorial life. In February, 1843,

Perce Godwin

Mr. Godwin commenced the publication of a weekly, political, and literary Journal, somewhat on the plan of Mr. Leggett's *Plaindealer*, entitled "The *Pathfinder*." Mr. John Bigelow, afterward associated with Mr. Bryant in the proprietorship and editorship of the *Post*, and the author of a volume of travels, *Jamaica in 1850*, contributed a number of articles to this journal. Though well conducted in all its departments, it was continued but about three months, when it was dropped with the fifteenth number. During the period of Mr. Godwin's connexion with the *Post*, besides his constant articles in the journal, he was a frequent contributor to the *Democratic Review*, where numerous papers on free trade, political economy, democracy, course of civilization, the poetry of Shelley, and the series on law reformers, Bentham, Edward Livingston, and others; and the discussion of the subject of Law Reform, in which the measures taken in the state of New York were anticipated, are from his pen. He has since written a similar series of papers on the public questions of the day, in Putnam's *Monthly Magazine*, with which he was prominently connected. In 1850 he published a fanciful illustrated tale, entitled *Vala*, in which he turned his acquaintance with the quaint mythologies of the north, and the poetic arts connecting the world of imagination with the world of reality, to the illustration of incidents in the life of Jenny Lind. It is a succession of pleasant pictures constructed with much ingenuity. The volume was published in quarto with illustrations, by the author's friends, Hicks, Rossiter, Wolcott, and Whitley.

Another proof of Mr. Godwin's acquaintance with German literature, is his translation of Goethe's *Autobiography*, published by Wiley in New York, and adopted by Bohn in London; and, of a series of the tales of Zschokke. He has written besides a popular account of Fourier's writings, and a small volume on *Constructive Democracy*.

Mr. Godwin published in 1858 a volume of *Political Essays* from contributions to Putnam's *Magazine*, to which we have already made allusion. Since the discontinuance of that periodical he has been employed in the preparation of a *History of France*, the first volume of which, treating of "Ancient Gaul," appeared in the

spring of 1860. The author's plan contemplates, he informs us in the preface, a narrative of the principal events in French history, from the earliest recorded times to the outbreak of the great Revolution of 1789. That a work to be published at intervals may possess a certain unity in the several portions, it is to be divided into periods—namely, Ancient Gaul, terminating with the era of Charlemagne; Feudal France, closing with St. Louis; France during the national, civil, and religious wars; France under the great ministers (Sully, Mazarin, Richelieu); the Reign of Louis XIV.; and the Eighteenth Century. In the preparation of the first portion the author has found ample materials in the publications of the Benedictines and the late eminent French historians, of which he has availed himself with tact and industry. "Fortunately," he says, "the reproach addressed to America by the late Justice Story, I believe, that it contained no library in which a student might verify the notes of Gibbon, is no longer deserved. There are now many libraries here, both public and private, in which this could be done, and, chief among them, the Astor Library of New York, to which the scholarship of our country owes a debt of endless gratitude." The style of Mr. Godwin's work is eminently picturesque and animated. It is written in a philosophic spirit, with minute attention to details in the illustration of all that is important in the progress of a nation from barbarism to civilization.

** A new edition of Mr. Godwin's *Cyclopædia of Biography* was issued in 1865. He has also published *Out of the Past (Critical and Literary Essays)*, 1870. This collection of thoughtful and suggestive essays was made "out of the anonymous and desultory writing of many years." These papers begin with an article on "Bryant's Poems," contributed to the *Democratic Review* in 1839, and end with that entitled "Emerson on England," in Putnam's *Magazine*, 1856. Especially noticeable are those on "Journalism," "The Last Half-Century," "American Authorship," and on Thackeray, Goethe, Ruskin, and Motley's *Dutch Republic*. A similar issue of his political and social papers is contemplated. He has also in preparation the second volume of his *History of France*.

At present (1873) Mr. Godwin is again associated with Mr. Bryant in the editorship of the *New York Evening Post*.

** JOURNALISM—FROM OUT OF THE PAST.

The community should require its editors to be intellectual men. By this we mean, men who should possess both power of thought and facility of expression. The first is needed because it is incumbent upon them to grapple with difficult questions; the second, because they are to make those questions plain to minds of every cast. All that interests men as members of a social and political body—the measures of parties, the relations of States, the merits of laws, the pretensions of artists, the schemes of projectors, the movements of reformers, the characters of politicians—all are, in turn, themes of newspaper controversy and remark. Politics, international and

municipal law, political economy, moral and social science, and the art of reading individual character, must be understood by the editor—and not only understood, but explained. He must have that clear insight into general principles, and that familiarity with details, which will enable him to speak with clearness, originality, and decision.

Topics, moreover, are often sprung upon him with the suddenness of surprise—topics in which are involved the happiness of immense numbers of people, who look to him for information and guidance. His faculties, fully prepared and rightly disciplined, must be at his command. He must stand ready, with argument, with illustration, with eloquence, to awaken the dull, to convince the doubting, to move the inert, and to instruct and interest the more enlightened. But, to do this effectually, he must be at once a patient thinker, a profound scholar, and a practised writer. He must have accomplished his mind by the observation of mankind, by the reading of books, and by habits of quick and appropriate expression. He must, above all, be penetrated by that deep Christian philosophy which estimates all questions in their bearing upon the most exalted and permanent interests of human nature.

The community should require of its editors that they be firm and independent men. Force of will is no less necessary to them than greatness of thought. Few men have more temptations to an expedient and vacillating course. Regarded by many, and often regarding themselves, as the mere hacks of party, or mere instruments of gratification to prevailing passions, they are not expected to exhibit a fervent zeal in the prosecution of great ends. Like advocates paid by a client to carry a particular point, they are supposed to have fulfilled their obligations when they have made the worse appear the better reason. In many instances, if they have succeeded in embarrassing an adversary, if they have covered an opponent with ridicule, if they have given a plausible aspect to falsehood, if they have assisted a schemer in imposing upon credulous or ignorant people, if they have been faithful to the interests of their employers, they are clapped upon the shoulders as serviceable fellows, and rewarded with a double allowance of governmental or mercantile patronage. The notion that the press has a worthier destiny, seems hardly to cross their minds. That it should become a fountain of truth and moral influence; that it should take its stand upon some high and good principle, to assert it boldly, in the face of all opposition; that it should strive to carry it out with the earnestness of a missionary, with the self-denial of a martyr, despising as well the bribes of those who would seduce it, as the threats of those who would terrify it, acknowledging no allegiance to any power but justice—in a word, be willing to face danger and death in the discharge of duty—is an intrepidity which, we fear, to most of the managers of public journals would seem to the last degree chimerical. Yet it is an end for which they should strive. No less than this should society require of them; nothing less than this can render them worthy of the trust which is committed to their keeping.

****THE LAST HALF-CENTURY—FROM OUT OF THE PAST.***

The half-century which has just closed has been one of prodigious movement and significance. Seldom, if ever, has the world seen a fifty years of equal moment. Every day of it almost has

teemed with great events—with events not of transient or local, but of deep and world-wide interest. Those years have been fertile also in great men, and not in any single walk of human exertion, but in all departments,—in literature, philosophy, war, statesmanship, and practical enterprise. . . .

The last half-century, therefore, we call an age of great moment and significance—because it has been a time of grand events—a destructive, and yet a prolific period—in which so many things have gone out and so many other things come in, so many horrible errors and prejudices been killed, and so many new and beautiful truths born—that mankind, we believe, to the end of their days, will rejoice in this period. They will turn to it in after ages, as we now turn to the age of the Greek dramatists, to the Apostolic age, to the age of Shakespeare, to the Reformation, to the scientific years of the sixteenth century, etc., as to a great fructifying season of the race—when humanity was more than ordinarily genial, and shot up into new growths and blossomed into a more luxuriant bloom. Its mighty political changes, its varied and novel discoveries in science, its stupendous applications of art, the richness and universality of its literature, the spread and ramifications of its trade, and the lofty moral enterprises it has begun, are the characteristics of its eminence—the tokens and titles of its glory. . . .

How many and what brilliant names pass before us when we recall the literary history of the period of time under review? As we hurriedly travel down the vista, it seems as if our eyes swept the heavens when the night is glorious with stars. Each object is in itself a world, radiating from its single centre beams of many-colored light, while the whole, gathered into constellations, or poured along the skies in galaxies, floods the air with its illumination. Scott, and Wordsworth, and Byron, and Shelley, and Keates, and Southey, and Coleridge—and what multitudes of others, of scarcely inferior genius: Goethe, the Schlegels, Tieck, Heine, Hoffman, Freiligrath, Tegner, Chateaubriand, De Staël, De Genlis, Hugo, Lamartine, Sand, Guizot, Thierry, Michelet, Sismondi, Manzoni, Carlyle, Macaulay, Dickens, Thackeray, Hood, Emerson, Irving, Bryant, Hawthorne, and a host of lesser lights, many of them gone out, but the most of them still active in their various spheres of influence! Who shall compute their numbers; who estimate the amount and variety of the intellectual wealth they have contributed to the common treasury of the world; or who describe the extent and intensity of the delight they have spread?

Modern literature, while it has degenerated in but a single branch, falling short in its dramatic efforts, of the splendid execution of the Greek dramatists and of the noble vigor and pathos of the age of Shakespeare, has yet made the most rapid advances in almost every other. In the art of writing history, Niebuhr, Guizot, Arnold, and Macaulay have little to learn from Herodotus, Thucydides, and Tacitus. Esthetics, or artistic criticism, has reached a depth of insight, and a breadth of critical principle which show an immeasurable superiority; while the century may be said to have originated the style of periodical writing, and the infinite fecundity of prose fiction. It is true, there had been *Guardians*, *Spectators*,

* From the New York Evening Post, Jan. 1, 1861.

Gentlemen's Magazines, and Critical Reviews, before the establishment of the *Edinburgh Review* (1802), but they were mere penny whistles of thought and criticism compared with the trumpet blasts of our recent quarterlies. It is true, also, that Cervantes, Rabelais, Le Sage, Boccaccio, Bunyan, Defoe, Swift, and Fielding had written stories before the mighty Wizard of the North began to pour out of his inexhaustible fount, that series of tales in which he almost rivals Shakespeare in the creation of character, and surpasses Lope De Vega in fertility of invention. But the peculiar distinction of our time is, that while those immortal narrators illustrated at distant intervals, and each by himself, the age in which he lived, the fruitful effort of Scott was but the beginning of an activity that has gone on widening and extending its influences, until novels have become an article of daily production and daily luxury. Every well-educated man or woman is a reader of them; and almost every well-educated man or woman a writer. Expatiating over every subject—illuminating history, science, government, and religion, as well as the manners and customs of all classes of the people—involving all realms of earth and air, and, at times, even the bottomless abysses, they have opened new worlds of thought and sentiment, and purveyed to millions of minds an infinite diversity of nourishment and pleasure.

But, in addition to this rapid and multifarious development of certain kinds of writings, our age has witnessed the creation of an almost entire national literature. Germany, which in literary productiveness and vigor is now the foremost nation, was scarcely known to the rest of Europe at the beginning of this century. Saving Luther, and a few other reformers, her writers were mostly of a jejune and imitative class, who withered under an emaculate dependence on Roman and French models. But with the advent of Wieland, Lessing, Herder, and especially of Goethe and Schiller—nearly all of whose efforts date since the French revolution—her literature has expanded until it has finally become the most fruitful source of modern culture. In any one year now, it produces more sound learning, more useful science, more genuine criticism, and more beautiful fiction than it was usual to produce in whole centuries before.

Another striking peculiarity in the literary history of the time is, that literary men of different nations are becoming more and more acquainted with all that is grand or beautiful in their respective productions. The barriers of ignorance which formerly separated them are thrown down, and they begin to regard themselves, for the first time, as a real Republic of Letters, consecrated to the loftiest purposes, and laying up for all mankind an indestructible inheritance of Beauty and Truth. No *Père Bowhours*, as Carlyle says, now inquires whether a German can possibly "possess a soul;" no Voltaire ridicules Shakespeare as a huge *Gilles de Poires*, or drunken savage; no English critic describes Goethe or Schiller as mere master-workers in a great stagnant pool of indecency and dullness. The once exclusive treasures of the nations are thrown open to common possession, and the mind of each people, confessing the characteristic worth of all the others, finds everywhere traits of excellence and nobleness. It finds that we all live by one human heart, and are advancing in different ways to the same great goal of human elevation.

Yet the tendencies of modern literature are shown quite as strongly by another fact, which is, that it aims to become universal, both in the subjects it handles and in the persons to whom it is addressed. It seeks for its materials, as its recipients, on every side; no longer confined to a narrow list of time-consecrated themes, it expands itself to broader and more general interests. It has learned the inestimable secret, that no object in the universe is unworthy of note, that nothing which concerns the human heart is either low or trivial or commonplace. It sees that every sprig which falls to the ground is connected with that wonderful Tree of Life, whose roots, ramifying through the earth, make the solid foundation of the globe, while its branches, growing year by year, reach up to the topmost heaven. It sees that every emotion in the meanest human soul is the emotion of an infinite spirit, susceptible of an infinite happiness or infinite fall. It reverences the whole of Nature; but, above all, it sympathizes with the whole of Man. It strives to reveal the beauty and the grandeur there is in all existence; and to show how rich in delight and nobleness are the lowly and the habitual, even more than the lofty and distant. Behind the realities of daily routine and toil, we are made to see an exhaustless ideal world, glorious in enchantments and fertile with every joy. Our homes and poorest social duties are filled with dignity, and our mother earth, trodden and trailed in the dust as she has been, raised to her proper place among the planets of the skies.

Consider, again, the unexampled rapidity with which literature has been diffused! Consider that the nineteenth century has been the teeming age of the printing-press—the age of cheap books and cheaper newspapers—the age when infant, and Sunday, and ragged, and free, and classical schools, have taught multitudes of all classes to read. In Germany alone any year's book fair would exhibit more new publications than was contained in many an ancient world-famous library. One leading publisher now will often have upon his shelves a larger variety of books than would have supplied the reading of the world a century ago. Every day the groaning press pours out its thousands of volumes. Not light, trashy, or worthless works; on the contrary, the best specimens of the best literatures of all ages. The choicest treasures of ancient art—the ample tomes of the learned eras—the sacred classics of England's ripest period—books of science, of research, of antiquities, of criticism, of philosophical inquiry and theological disquisition—mingled with an overwhelming profusion of travels, biographies, essays, poems, novels, pamphlets, and tracts—are issued and reissued till one wonders how the world contains them all. What books fail to hold, overflows into the periodical and the newspaper. A single print now will circulate among its fifty thousand subscribers, and be read daily by twice that number of persons; yet there are hundreds of these penny prints. A single religious society will send the words of Paul or John to a greater number of minds in seven days than Paul or John could have preached to had they preached incessantly for seven times seven years. All the pulpits in the city do not address, once a week, a congregation as large as that daily addressed by half a dozen editors. So swift and prolific, in short, are the multiplying energies of the press, that it alone would have placed the people of the

Nineteenth Century in possession of a power more tremendous than was ever before wielded by our race. . . .

JOHN G. SAXE.

JOHN G. SAXE was born at Highgate, Franklin County, Vermont, June 2, 1816. He was graduated at Middlebury College in 1839, studied law, was admitted to the bar, and has since been engaged in the practice of the profession in his native State.



John G. Saxe.

In 1849 Mr. Saxe published a volume of *Poems* including *Progress*, a *Satire*, originally delivered at a college commencement, and a number of shorter pieces, many of which had previously appeared in the Knickerbocker Magazine.

In the same year Mr. Saxe delivered a poem on *The Times* before the Boston Mercantile Library Association. This production is included in the enlarged edition of his volume, in 1852. He has since frequently appeared before the public on college and other anniversaries, as the poet of the occasion, well armed with the light artillery of jest and epigram. In the summer of 1855 he pronounced a brilliant poem on Literature and the Times, at the Second Anniversary of the Associate Alumni of the Free Academy in New York.

RHYME OF THE RAIL.

Singing through the forests,
Rattling over ridges,
Shooting under arches,
Rumbling over bridges,
Whizzing through the mountains,
Buzzing o'er the vale,—
Bless me! this is pleasant,
Riding on the rail!

Men of different "stations"
In the eye of Fame,

Here are very quickly
Coming to the same.
High and lowly people,
Birds of every feather,
On a common level
Travelling together!

Gentleman in shorts,
Looming very tall;
Gentleman at large;
Talking very small;
Gentleman in tights,
With a loose-ish mien;
Gentleman in gray,
Looking rather green.

Gentleman quite old,
Asking for the news;
Gentleman in black,
In a fit of blues;
Gentleman in claret,
Sober as a vicar;
Gentleman in Tweed,
Dreadfully in liquor!

Stranger on the right,
Looking very sunny,
Obviously reading
Something rather funny.
Now the smiles are thicker,
Wonder what they mean?
Faith, he's got the KNICKER-
BOCKER Magazine!

Stranger on the left,
Closing up his peepers,
Now he snores again,
Like the Seven Sleepers;
At his feet a volume
Gives the explanation,
How the man grew stupid
From "Association!"

Ancient maiden lady
Anxiously remarks,
That there must be peril
'Mong so many sparks;
Roguish looking fellow,
Turning to the stranger,
Says it's his opinion
She is out of danger!

Woman with her baby,
Sitting vis-a-vis;
Baby keeps a squalling,
Woman looks at me;
Asks about the distance,
Says it's tiresome talking,
Noises of the cars
Are so very shocking!

Market woman careful
Of the precious casket,
Knowing eggs are eggs,
Tightly holds her basket;
Feeling that a smash,
If it came, would surely
Send her eggs to pot
Rather prematurely!

Singing through the forests,
Rattling over ridges,
Shooting under arches,
Rumbling over bridges,
Whizzing through the mountains,
Buzzing o'er the vale;
Bless me! this is pleasant,
Riding on the rail!

SONNET TO A CLAM.

Dum tacent clamant.

Inglorious friend! most confident I am
 Thy life is one of very little ease;
 Albeit men mock thee with thy similes
 And prate of being "happy as a clam!"
 What though thy shell protects thy fragile head
 From the sharp bailiffs of the briny sea?
 Thy valves are, sure, no safety-valves to thee,
 While rakes are free to desecrate thy bed,
 And bear thee off,—as foemen take their spoil,
 Far from thy friends and family to roam:
 Forced, like a Hessian, from thy native home,
 To meet destruction in a foreign broil!
 Though thou art tender, yet thy humble bard
 Declares, O clam! thy case is shocking hard!

MY BOYHOOD.

Ah me! those joyous days are gone!
 I little dreamt, till they were flown,
 How fleeting were the hours!
 For, lest he break the pleasing spell,
 Time bears for youth a muffled bell,
 And hides his face in flowers!
 Ah! well I mind me of the days,
 Still bright in memory's flattering rays
 When all was fair and new;
 When knaves were only found in books,
 And friends were known by friendly looks,
 And love was always true!
 While yet of sin I scarcely dreamed,
 And everything was what it seemed,
 And all too bright for choice;
 When fays were wont to guard my sleep
 And *Crusoe* still could make me weep,
 And *Santaclaus*, rejoice!
 When heaven was pictured to my thought,
 (In spite of all my mother taught
 Of happiness serene)
 A theatre of boyish plays—
 One glorious round of holidays,
 Without a school between!
 Ah me! these joyous days are gone;
 I little dreamt till they were flown,
 How fleeting were the hours!
 For, lest he break the pleasing spell,
 Time bears for youth a muffled bell,
 And hides his face in flowers!

A new volume of poems was published by Mr. Saxe, at Boston, in 1860, entitled, *The Money-King, and other Poems*. Its chief contents are the Phi Beta Kappa poem, delivered at Yale College, in 1854, which gives name to the book; a poem, "The Press," recited before the literary societies of Brown University, the following year; several humorous narratives, and a collection of those pleasant lyrics, for the production of which the author is so well known to the public. This volume is dedicated to Mrs. George P. Marsh, "a lady endowed with the best gifts of nature and culture, and adorned with all womanly graces." From the preface, we learn that Mr. Saxe's previous collection of his poems, published ten years before, had passed in that time through sixteen editions. Mr. Saxe has since published *Clever Stories of Many Nations, Rendered in Rhyme* (small 4to, illustrated), a volume of *Humorous and Satirical Poems*, and a complete cabinet edition of his *Poetical Works*.

**In 1866 appeared *The Masquerade, and Other Poems*, a series of sparkling poems, sonnets, and epigrams, chiefly in the humorous vein. *Fables and Legends of Many Countries, Rendered in Rhyme*, followed six years later. This work, "dedicated to my three daughters," was similar in spirit and execution to *Clever Stories*, preserving many droll anecdotes, with occasionally a pungent moral, in as inimitable verses. A choice edition of Mr. Saxe's *Poetical Works* was issued in 1868, and another (the "Highgate Edition"), with his latest additions and corrections, in 1870. A "Diamond Edition" of his Poems was issued three years later, on the basis of the thirty-ninth edition; and also "The Proud Miss McBride," as a holiday brochure, illustrated by Hoppin. Since Mr. Saxe quitted journalism, in 1858, he has devoted his time wholly to literature and lecturing.

**MY CASTLE IN SPAIN.

There's a castle in Spain, very charming to see,
 Though built without money or toil;
 Of this handsome estate I am owner in fee,
 And paramount lord of the soil;
 And oft as I may I'm accustomed to go
 And live, like a king, in my Spanish Chateau!

There's a dame most bewitchingly rounded and ripe,
 Whose wishes are never absurd;
 Who does n't object to my smoking a pipe,
 Nor insist on the ultimate word;
 In short, she's the pink of perfection, you know,
 And she lives, like a queen, in my Spanish Chateau!

I've a family too; the delightfulest girls,
 And a bevy of beautiful boys;
 All quite the reverse of those juvenile churls,
 Whose pleasure is mischief and noise;
 No modern *Cornelia* might venture to show
 Such jewels as those in my Spanish Chateau!

I have servants who seek their contentment in mine,
 And always mind what they are at;
 Who never embezzle the sugar and wine,
 And slander the innocent cat;
 Neither saucy, nor careless, nor stupidly slow,
 Are the servants who wait in my Spanish Chateau!

I have pleasant companions; most affable folk,
 And each with the heart of a brother;
 Keen wits who enjoy an antagonist's joke;
 And beauties who're fond of each other;
 Such people, indeed, as you never may know,
 Unless you should come to my Spanish Chateau!

I have friends, whose commission for wearing the name,
 In kindness unfailing, is shown;
 Who pay to another the duty they claim,
 And deem his successes their own;
 Who joy in his gladness, and weep at his woe,
 You'll find them (where else?) in my Spanish Chateau!

"O si sic semper!" I oftentimes say,
 (Though 'tis idle, I know, to complain.)
 To think that again I must force me away
 From my beautiful castle in Spain!

Ah! would that my stars had determined it so
I might live the year round in my Spanish
Chateau!

** EGO ET ECHO — A PHANTASY.

I asked of Echo, t' other day,
(Whose words are few and often funny,)
What to a novice she could say
Of courtship, love, and matrimony?
Quoth Echo, plainly: — "*Matter-o'-money!*"

Whom should I marry? — should it be
A dashing damsel, gay and pert, —
A pattern of inconstancy;
Or selfish, mercenary flirt?
Quoth Echo, sharply: — "*Nary flirt!*"

What if — weary of the strife
That long has lured the dear deceiver —
She promise to amend her life,
And sin no more, can I believe her?
Quoth Echo, very promptly: — "*Leave her!*"

But if some maiden with a heart,
On me should venture to bestow it:
Pray should I act the wiser part
To take the treasure; or forego it?
Quoth Echo, with decision: — "*Go it!*"

Suppose a billet-doux, (in rhyme,)
As warm as if Catullus penned it,
Declare her beauty so sublime
That Cytherea's can't transcend it, —
Quoth Echo, very clearly: — "*Send it!*"

But what if, seemingly afraid
To bind her fate in Hymen's fetter,
She vow she means to die a maid, —
In answer to my loving letter?
Quoth Echo, rather coolly: — "*Let her!*"

What if, in spite of her disdain,
I find my heart entwined about
With Cupid's dear, delicious chain,
So closely that I can't get out?
Quoth Echo, laughingly: — "*Get out!*"

But if some maid with beauty blest;
As pure and fair as Heaven can make her,
Will share my labor and my rest,
Till envious Death shall overtake her? —
Quoth Echo, (*sotto voce*): — "*Take her!*"

** CHEAP ENOUGH.

They've a saying in Italy, pointed and terse,
That a pretty girl's smiles are the tears of the
purse;
"What matter?" says Charley, "can diamonds
be cheap?
Let lovers be happy, though purses should
weep!"

** NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND.

"Here, wife," says Will, "I pray you devote
Just half a minute to mend this coat
Which a nail has chanced to rend."
"T is ten o'clock!" said his drowsy mate.
"I know," said Will, "it is rather late;
But 't is 'never too late to mend!'"

** THE BLIND MEN AND THE ELEPHANT.

A HINDOO FABLE.

I.

It was six men of Indostan,
To learning much inclined,
Who went to see the Elephant,
(Though all of them were blind,)

That each by observation
Might satisfy his mind.

II.

The *First* approached the Elephant,
And, happening to fall
Against his broad and sturdy side,
At once began to bawl:
"God bless me! — but the Elephant
Is very like a wall!"

III.

The *Second*, feeling of the tusk,
Cried "Ho! what have we here
So very round and smooth and sharp?
To me 't is mighty clear
This wonder of an Elephant
Is very like a spear!"

IV.

The *Third* approached the animal,
And, happening to take
The squirming trunk within his hands,
Thus boldly up and spake: —
"I see," quoth he, "the Elephant
Is very like a snake!"

V.

The *Fourth* reached out his eager hand,
And felt about the knee;
"What most this wondrous beast is like
Is mighty plain," quoth he;
"T is clear enough the Elephant
Is very like a tree!"

VI.

The *Fifth*, who chanced to touch the ear,
Said, "E'en the blindest man
Can tell what this resembles most;
Deny the fact who can,
This marvel of an Elephant
Is very like a fan!"

VII.

The *Sixth* no sooner had begun
About the beast to grope,
Than seizing on the swinging tail
That fell within his scope,
"I see," quoth he; "the Elephant
Is very like a rope!"

VIII.

And so the men of Indostan
Disputed loud and long,
Each in his own opinion
Exceeding stiff and strong,
Though each was partly in the right,
And all were in the wrong!

MORAL.

So, oft in theologic wars
The disputants, I ween,
Rail on in utter ignorance
Of what each other mean,
And prate about an Elephant
Not one of them has seen!

** HOW IT HAPPENED.

AN ORIENTAL APOLOGUE — FROM FABLES AND LEGENDS.

I.

Dame Nature, when her work was done,
And she had rested from creation,
Called up her creatures, one by one,
To fix for each his life's duration.

II.

The ass came first, but drooped his ears
On learning that the dame intended
That he should bear for thirty years
His panniers ere his labor ended.

III.

So Nature, like a gentle queen
(The story goes), at once relented,
And changed the thirty to eighteen,
Wherewith the ass was well contented.

IV.

The dog came next, but plainly said
So long a life could be but hateful;
So Nature gave him twelve instead,
Whereat the dog was duly grateful.

V.

Next came the ape; but Nature, when
He grumbled like the dog and donkey,
Instead of thirty gave him ten,
Which quite appeased the angry monkey.

VI.

At last came man; how brief appears
The term assigned, for work or pleasure!
"Alas!" he cried, "but thirty years?
O Nature, lengthen out the measure!"

VII.

"Well then, I give thee eighteen more
(The ass's years); art thou contented?"
"Nay," said the beggar, "I implore
A longer term." The Dame consented.

VIII.

"I add the dog's twelve years beside."
"T is not enough!" "For thy persistence,
I add ten more," the Dame replied,
"The period of the ape's existence."

IX.

And thus of man's threescore and ten,
The thirty years at the beginning
Are his of right, and only then
He wins what e'er's worth the winning.

X.

Then come the ass's eighteen years,
A weary space of toil and trouble,
Beset with crosses, cares, and fears,
When joys grow less and sorrows double.

XI.

The dog's twelve years come on, at length,
When man, the jest of every scorner,
Bereft of manhood's pride and strength,
Sits growling, toothless, in a corner.

XII.

At last, the destined term to fill,
The ape's ten years come lagging after,
And man, a chattering imbecile,
Is but a theme for childish laughter.

JESSE AMES SPENCER

Was born June 17, 1816, at Hyde Park, Dutchess county, New York. His father's family, originally from England, came over with the colony which founded Saybrook, Connecticut. On his mother's side (her name was Ames) he claims distant connexion with Fisher Ames, the orator and patriot. Having removed to New York city in the year 1825, he received a good English education, and for several years was an assistant to his father as

city surveyor. He chose at first to learn a trade, and acquired a competent knowledge of the printing business; but the way having been providentially opened, he determined to engage in preparation for the sacred ministry. He entered Columbia College in 1834, and was graduated with high classical honors in 1837. He then pursued the course at the General Theological Seminary of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and was ordained deacon July, 1840. He accepted the rectorship of St. James's church, Goshen, New York, directly after. Health having failed him in 1842, by advice of his physicians, he spent the winter of 1842-3 at Nice, Sardinia. Returning to New York in 1843, he devoted himself to teaching, in schools and privately, to editing a juvenile magazine, *The Young Churchman's Miscellany*, and other literary labors. Early in the year 1848 he had a severe illness; was again sent abroad; travelled through England, Scotland, etc., during the summer in company with Mr. George W. Pratt. With the same gentleman he arrived in Alexandria in December, 1848; ascended the Nile, spent some months in Egypt, crossed the desert in March, 1849, travelled through the Holy Land, and in May of the same year left for Europe. He reached New York in August, 1849. The following year he accepted the professorship of Latin and Oriental languages in Burlington College, New Jersey. He was chosen editor and secretary of the General Protestant Episcopal Sunday School Union and Church Book Society, November, 1851, and resigned in 1857. He received the degree of S. T. D. from Columbia College in 1852.

Dr. Spencer's writings are, a volume of *Discourses*, in 1843; a *History of the English Reformation*, 18mo., 1846; an edition of the *New Testament in Greek, with Notes on the Historical Books*, 12mo., 1847; *Cæsar's Commentaries, with copious Notes, Lexicon*, etc., 12mo., 1848; and a volume of foreign travel, *Egypt and the Holy Land*, 1849 (4th edition, 1854); and the *Arnold Series of Greek and Latin Books*, 6 vols., revised, 1846-8.

**In 1858, Dr. Spencer issued the *History of the United States to the Administration of James Buchanan*, in three quarto volumes. This work was subsequently republished in semi-monthly parts, in English and German, and was brought down by an additional volume to 1869. In 1870, appeared *Greek Praxis for Beginners*; *The Young Ruler*, 1871; *Street Cars on Sunday*, a prize tract essay; and a *Course of English Reading*, 1873. He was rector of St. Paul's Church, Flatbush, L. I., from 1863-5. Since October, 1869, he has held the professorship of the Greek language and literature in the College of the City of New York.

FREDERICK WILLIAM SHELTON

Was born at Jamaica, Queens County, Long Island, where his father, Dr. Nathan Shelton, a graduate of Yale, lived, much respected as a physician. The son was graduated at the College of New Jersey in 1834. He subsequently employed much of his time in literature at his home on Long Island, writing frequently for the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, to which he contributed a series of local humorous sketches, commencing with *The Kushow Property*, a tale of Crowhill in 1848, and followed by *The Tinneum Papers*,

and other miscellaneous articles, including several refined criticisms of Vincent Bourne, Charles Lamb, and other select authors.

In 1837, Mr. Shelton published anonymously his first volume, *The Trollopia; or Travelling Gentlemen in America*, a satire, by Nil Admirari, Esq., dedicated to Mrs. Trollope. It is in rhyming pentameter, shrewdly sarcastic, and liberally garnished with notes preservative of the memory of the series of gentlemen, whose hurried tours in America and flippant descriptions were formerly so provocative of the ire of native writers. As a clever squib, and a curious record of a past state of literature, the *Trollopia* is worthy a place in the libraries of the curious.

In 1847, Mr. Shelton was ordained a minister of the Protestant Episcopal Church; and in the discharge of the duties of this vocation, has occupied country parishes at Huntington, Long Island, and the old village of Fishkill, Dutchess county, New York. In 1854 he became rector of a church at Montpelier, Vermont, where he is at present established.

Several of his writings have grown out of his experiences as a rural clergyman, and are among the happiest sketches of the fertile topic afforded in that field under the voluntary system in America which have yet appeared. He is a genial, kindly humorist, and his pictures of this class in *The Rector of St. Bardolph's, or Superannuated*, published in 1852, and *Peeps from a Belfry, or the Parish Sketch Book*, in 1855, while truthfully presenting all that is due to satire, are so tempered by pathos and simplicity that they would have won the heart of the Vicar of Wakefield himself.

In another more purely moral vein Mr. Shelton has published two apologues, marked by poetical refinement, and a delicate, fanciful invention: *Salandar and the Dragon* (in 1850), and *Crystal-line, or the Heiress of Fall Downe Castle*. These are fairy tales designed to exhibit the evils in the world of suspicion and detraction.

In yet another line Mr. Shelton has published a volume, *Up the River*, composed of a series of rural sketches, dating from his parish in Dutchess county, on the Hudson. It is an exceedingly pleasant book in its tasteful, truthful observations of nature and animal life, and the incidents of the country, interspersed with occasional criticism of favorite books, and invigorated throughout by the individual humors of the narrator.

Mr. Shelton has also published two lectures on *The Gold Minia*, and *The Use and Abuse of Reason*, delivered before the Huntington (Long Island) Library Association in 1850.

A BURIAL AMONG THE MOUNTAINS—FROM PEEPS FROM A BELFRY.

Several times has the summer come and gone—several times have the sear and crisped leaves of autumn fallen to the ground, since it was my privilege to administer for a single winter to a small parish in the wilderness. I call it the wilderness only in contradistinction to the gay and splendid metropolis from which I went. For how great the contrast from the din of commerce, from noisy streets, attractive sights, and people of all nations, to a village among the mountains, where the attention is even arrested by a falling leaf. It was among the most magnificent scenes of nature, whose massive outlines

have imprinted themselves on my recollection with a distinctness which can never be effaced.

I account it a privilege to have spent a winter in Vermont. The gorgeous character of the scenery, the intelligence and education of its inhabitants, the excellence yet simplicity of living, its health and hospitality, rendered the stay both profitable and agreeable. Well do I remember those Sunday mornings, when, with the little Winooski river on the right hand, wriggling through the ice, and with a snow-clad spur of the mountains on the left, I wended my solitary way through the cutting wind to the somewhat remote and somewhat thinly-attended little church. But the warmth, intelligence, refinement, and respectful attention of that small band of worshippers fully compensated for the atmosphere without, which often ranged below zero. It is true that a majority of the inhabitants had been educated to attend the Congregational (usually denominated the Brick Church), where a young man of fine talents, who was my friend, administered to the large flock committed to his charge.

How oft with him I've ranged the snow-clad hill,
Where grew the pine-tree and the towering oak!
And as the white fogs all the valley fill,
And axe re-echoed to the woodman's stroke,
While frozen flakes were squeaking under foot,
And distant tinklings from the vale arise,
Upward and upward still the way we took,
As souls congenial tower toward the skies.

We talked of things which did beseech the place,
Matters of moment to the Church and State,
The upward, downward progress of the race,
Predestination, Destiny, and Fate.
He tracked the thoughts of Calvin or of Kant,
Such lore as from his learned sire he drew;
I searched the tomes of D'Oyley and of Mant,
Or sipped the sweetness of Castalian dew.
So when the mountain path grew dim to view,
And woollen tippets were coagulated damp,
Swift to the vale our journey we renew,
Relight the fire, and trim the student's lamp.

Ordinary occurrences impress themselves more deeply, associated with scenes whose features are so grand. A conversation with a friend will be remembered with greater accuracy if it be made upon the mountain or in the storm; and not with less devotion does the heart respond to the worship of God, if his holy temple be builded among scenes of beauty, if it have no pillars but the uncarved rocks, no rafters but the sunbeams, and no dome but the skies. Thus, while residing on the mountains, I kept on the tablets of memory an unwritten diary, from which it is pleasant to draw forth an occasional leaf.

It was in the month of January, when the boreal breath is so keen, after such a walk with my friend to the summit of the mountain, that I returned at nightfall to my chamber, with my camelot cloak and hat completely covered with snow. The flakes were large, starry, and disposed themselves in the shape of crystals. After much stamping of the feet, shaking the cloak, and thumping with a drum-like sound upon the hat, I began to stuff into the box-stove (for nothing but Russian stoves will keep you warm in Vermont) a plenty of maple-wood which abounds in those regions, and which, after hickory, makes the most delightful fire in the world. Then, having dried my damp feet, looked reflectingly into the coals, answered the tea-bell, and, as a mere matter of course, drank a cup of the weed called tea, I returned to my solitary apartment, snuffed the candles, laid out a due quantity of ruled "Sermon paper," wiped the rusty steel pens, and began to reflect, What theme will be most appropriate for the season? Let me examine the Lessons—let me see if I can find some sentiment in the Epistle or Gospel for the day, on which it will be proper to enlarge. Such search in the Prayer Book is never in vain. The course is

marked out—the path clear. For not more equally is the natural year distinguished by day and night, cold and heat, storm and sunlight, winter and spring, summer and autumn, than is the “Year of our Lord” by times and seasons, which are the events in His lifetime, and which are the very periods by which to direct our course. If in this work-day world the daily service of the sanctuary cannot be attended, let the devout Christian, let the earnest Churchman, at least read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest, those daily lessons which the Church, through Holy Writ, teaches.

Scarce had I disposed myself for an evening's work, when I was called on with a request to perform funeral services on the next day, over the body of a poor Irish laborer, killed suddenly on the line of the railroad by the blasting of rocks.

The priest was absent; for although there was a numerous body, perhaps several hundred Irish Catholics in that vicinity, he came only once in six weeks. During the interval those poor people were left without shepherd; and as they had a regard for the decencies of Christian burial, they sometimes, as on this occasion, requested the church clergyman to be at hand. I willingly consented to do what appeared a necessary charity, although I apprehended, and afterwards learned, that the more rigid and disciplined of the faith were indignant, and kept away from the funeral rites, which they almost considered profane. Nor could I disrespect their scruples, considering the principles whence they grew.

The snow fell all night to the depth of several feet, and when the morrow dawned, the wind blew a hurricane, filling the air with fine particles of snow, and making the cold intense. Muffling myself as well as possible, I proceeded two miles to the Irish shanty where the deceased lay, which was filled to its utmost capacity with a company of respectful friends and sincere mourners. It was, indeed, a comfortless abode; but for the poor man who reposed there in his pine coffin, it was as good a tenement as the most sumptuous palace ever reared. When I see the dead going from an abode like this, the thought comes up that perhaps they have lost little, and are gaining much; that the grave over which the grass grows, and the trees wave, and the winds murmur, is, after all, a peaceful haven and a place of rest. But when they go from marble halls and splendid mansions, the last trappings appear a mockery, and I think only of what they have left behind.

Standing in one corner of that small cabin among the sobbing relatives, while the winds of winter howled without their requiem of the departed year, I began to read the Church's solemn office for the dead:—

“I am the Resurrection and the life, saith the Lord; he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die.”

Having completed the reading of those choral words, which form the opening part of the order for burial, and the magnificent and inspiring words of St. Paul, the procession was formed at the door of the hovel and we proceeded on foot.

The wind-storm raged violently, so that you could scarce see, by reason of the snowy pillar, while the drifts were sometimes up to your knees. The walk was most dreary. On either hand the mountains lifted their heads loftily, covered to the summit with snows; the pine trees and evergreens which skirted the highway, presented the spectacle of small pyramids; every weed which the foot struck was glazed over; and the bushes, in the faint beams of the struggling light, sparkled with gems. In a wild, Titanic defile, gigantic icicles hung from the oozing rocks;

and as we passed a mill stream, we had the sight of a frozen water-fall, arrested in its descent, and with all its volume, spray, and mist, as if by the hand of some enchanter changed suddenly into stone.

All these objects, in my walks through the mountains, had impressed their lessons of the magnificence and glory of God. But what new ideas did the same scenes suggest, associated as they were with this wintry funeral.

At last we arrived at the place of graves. It was an acclivity of the mountain; a small field surrounded by a rude fence, in one corner of which were erected many wooden crosses; and a pile of sand, or rather of sandy frozen clods, dug out with a pickaxe, and cast upon the surrounding snows, indicated the spot of this new sepulture. There was not a single marble erected, not a monument of brown stone, or epitaph; but the emblem of the cross alone denoted that it was the resting-place of the lowliest of the lowly—of the poor sons of Erin, the hewers of wood and drawers of water, who had from time to time, in these distant regions, given up their lives to toil, to suffering, or to crime. But the mountain in which they were buried was itself a monument which, without any distinction, in a spot where all were equal, was erected equally for all. There is no memorial, even of the greatest, so good as the place in which they repose; and when I looked at the Sinai-like peak which rose before us, I thought that these poor people had, in their depth of poverty, resorted to the very God of nature to memorize their dead.

But I must not forget to notice, by way of memorial, the history of that poor man. He was one of those who lived by the sweat of the brow. By digging and delving in the earth; by bearing heavy burdens, and performing dangerous work, he obtained a living by hard labor, “betwixt the daylight and dark;” and while the famine was raging in his own land, like many of his race who exhibit the same noble generosity and devotion (what an example to those of loftier rank!) he had carefully saved his earnings and transmitted them to his relatives. They arrived too late. His father and mother had already died of starvation; but his only sister had scarce reached the doors of this poor man's hovel, after so long a journey, when, as she awaited anxiously his return that evening, from his daily work, the litter which contained his body arrived at the door!

I reflected upon this little history, as we approached the grave upon the mountain side, and, melancholy as the scene was, with the snows drifting upon our uncovered heads, I would not have exchanged the good which it did my soul, for the warmest and best-lighted chamber where revelry abounds; and as I repeated those most touching words, “O Lord, God most holy, O Lord, most mighty, O holy and most merciful Saviour, deliver us not into the bitter pains of eternal death,” I thought that the surrounding gloom was itself suggestive of hope to the Christian soul. In a few months more, the mountains would again be clothed with verdure, and the little hills would rejoice on every side. As the winds died away into vernal gales, as the icicles fell from the rocks, as the snows vanished, they would be succeeded by the voice of the blooming and beautiful earth, with all its forest choirs, prolonging the chant of thanksgiving. How much more should the body of him, which now lay cold in its grave, with the clods and the snows of the mountains piled upon it, awake to a sure, and, it was to be hoped, a joyous resurrection. With such cheering thoughts we hurried away from the spot, when the service was ended, humbly praying that a portion of consolation might be conveyed to

the heart of her, who, in a strange land, mourned the loss of an only brother. *In pace requiescat.*

JOHN O. SARGENT—EPES SARGENT.

JOHN OSBORNE SARGENT was born in Gloucester, Massachusetts, and passed his childhood there and in the town of Hingham. He was sent to the Latin school in Boston, the prize annals of which, and the record of a Latin ode, and a translation from the Elegy of Tyrtæus, of his compositions, show his early proficiency in classical education. He passed to Harvard and was graduated in 1830. While there he established the clever periodical of which we have already spoken in the notice of one of its contributors, Dr. O. W. Holmes,* The Collegian. He was further assisted in it by the late William H. Simmons, the accomplished elocutionist and essayist; Robert Habersham, jr., of Boston, Frederick W. Brune of Baltimore, and by his brother, Epes Sargent.

On leaving college Mr. Sargent studied law in the office of the Hon. William Sullivan of Boston, and commenced its practice in that city. This was at the period of political agitation attending the financial measures of President Jackson. Mr. Sargent became a political writer and speaker in the Whig cause, and was elected to the lower house of the Legislature of Massachusetts. For some three years he was almost a daily writer for the editorial columns of the Boston Atlas, and added largely by his articles to the reputation which the paper at that time enjoyed as an efficient, vigorous party journal.

In 1838 Mr. Sargent removed to the city of New York, and was well known by his pen and oratory during the active political career which resulted in the election of General Harrison to the presidency. The Courier and Enquirer, for three or four years at this time, was enriched by leading political articles from his hand. At the close of the contest he re-engaged in the active pursuit of his profession. To this he devoted himself, with rigid seclusion from politics for eight years, with success.

He was drawn, however, again into politics in the canvass which resulted in the election of General Taylor, upon whose elevation to the presidency he became associated with Mr. Alexander C. Bullitt of Kentucky, in the establishment of the Republic newspaper at Washington. Its success was immediate and unprecedented. In about six months it numbered more than thirty thousand staunch Whigs on its subscription list. Its course, however, was not acceptable to the members of the cabinet. A rupture was finally brought about in consequence of the attempt of Messrs. Bullitt and Sargent to separate General Taylor from the cabinet in the matter of the Galphin claim, and their determination to support Mr. Clay's measures of compromise against the known wishes of the administration. A withdrawal from the editorship of the paper was the result. After Mr. Fillmore's accession to the presidency by the death of Taylor, a change in the policy of the administration ensued, which enabled Mr. Sargent to return to the Republic, which he conducted with spirit and efficiency to the close of the presidential term. Mr. Sargent enjoyed the entire

confidence of President Fillmore, and was tendered by him the mission to China.

Mr. Sargent has published several anonymous pamphlets on political and legal subjects which have been largely circulated. Among these were a *Lecture on the late Improvements in Steam Navigation and the Arts of Naval Warfare*, which contains a biographical sketch of John Ericsson; *Common Sense vs. Judicial Legislation* (1871); and *The Rule in Minot's Case, Re-stated with Variations by the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts*. He is an accomplished scholar in the modern languages. Some of his poetical translations from the German enjoy a high reputation. During a recent residence abroad, he translated the popular ballad-poem by Anastasius Grün (Count Auersperg), entitled *The Last Knight*, founded on incidents in the romantic history of the Emperor Maximilian. This English version was published as a small quarto volume in New York in 1873.

EPES SARGENT, a brother of the preceding, was born at Gloucester, Massachusetts, but at a very early age removed with his family to Boston. He was subsequently at school at Hingham. At nine years of age he was placed at the public Latin school in Boston, where he continued five years, with the exception of a period of six months, during which he made a visit with his father to Russia. While in St. Petersburg he was often at the palace, examining the fine collection of paintings at the "Hermitage," or wandering through the splendid apartments. While here also he was much noticed by Baron Stieglitz, the celebrated banker and millionaire, who offered to educate him with his son, and take him into his counting-room, under very favorable conditions.



Epes Sargent

The proposition, however, was declined. Returning to school in Boston, young Sargent was one of half a dozen boys who started a small weekly paper called the Literary Journal. In it he published some account of his Russian experiences.

* *Ande*, p. 367.

Mr. Sargent was admitted a member of the freshman class of Harvard University, but did not remain at Cambridge. Some years afterwards he was called upon to deliver the poem before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of that institution.

At an early age Mr. Sargent engaged in editorial life. He first became connected with the Boston Daily Advertiser, but some change occurring in the management of that journal he associated himself with Mr. S. G. Goodrich in the preparation of the "Peter Parley" books. His labors in book-making were various and numerous for a series of years.

In 1836 he wrote for Miss Josephine Clifton a five-act play, entitled *The Bride of Genoa*, which was brought out at the Tremont Theatre with much success, and often repeated. It was subsequently acted by Miss Cushman at the Park Theatre on the occasion of her sister's debut. It was published in the New World newspaper under the title of *The Genoese*, but the author has never thought it worthy of a permanent adoption.

On the 20th of November, 1837, the tragedy of *Velasco*, written for Miss Ellen Tree, was produced at the Tremont Theatre, Boston, with marked success. It was afterwards brought out at the Park Theatre, New York, and the principal theatres in the country. The play was published and dedicated to the author's personal friend, the Hon. William C. Preston of South Carolina, under whose auspices it was produced at Washington.

Velasco was brought out in London in 1850-51, and played at the Marylebone Theatre for a number of nights. It was decidedly successful, though severely criticised by most of the papers.

In 1837 Mr. Sargent became editorially connected with the Boston Atlas, and passed much of his time at Washington writing letters to that journal. About the year 1839-40 he removed to New York on the invitation of General Morris, and took charge for a short time of the *Mirror*. He now wrote a number of juvenile works for the Harpers, of which two, *Wealth and Worth*, and *What's to be Done?* had a large sale. He also wrote a comedy, *Change makes Change*, first produced at Niblo's, and afterwards by Burton in Philadelphia. Recently Mr. Burton applied to the author for a copy to produce at the Chambers street establishment, and it was found that none was in existence. In 1846 he commenced and edited for some time the *Modern Standard Drama*, an enterprise which he afterwards sold out, and which is now a lucrative property.

A matrimonial alliance now drew him eastward again. He established himself at Roxbury within a short distance of Boston, and after editing the *Transcript* for a few years, withdrew from newspaper life, and engaged exclusively in literary pursuits. In 1852 he produced the *Standard Speaker*—a work of rare completeness in its department, which in three years passed through thirteen editions. A life of Benjamin Franklin, with a collection of his writings, followed: then lives of Campbell, Collins, Goldsmith, Gray, Hood, and Rogers, attached to fine editions of their poetical works. In 1855 Mr. Sargent put forth a series of five Readers for schools, followed by *Primer*

and *Intermediate* books, the success of which is justly due to the minute care and elaboration bestowed upon them, and the good taste with which they are executed.

In March, 1855, Mr. Sargent produced at the new Boston theatre, under the auspices of his old friend Mr. Barry, who had ushered into the world his two early dramatic productions, the five-act tragedy of *The Priestess*, which was played with decided success, Mrs. Hayne (born Julia Dean) performing the part of Norma, the heroine. The play is partially, in the latter acts, founded on the operatic story of Norma.

In 1849 an edition of Mr. Sargent's poems, under the title of *Songs of the Sea and other Poems*, was published by Ticknor & Fields. It is composed chiefly of a number of spirited lyrics, several of which have been set to music. A series of sonnets is included: *Shells and Sea-weeds*, *Records of a Summer Voyage to Cuba*. The expression in these, as in all the poetical writings of the author, is clear and animated.

In addition to these numerous engagements of a career of great literary activity, Mr. Sargent has been connected as a contributor and editor with various magazines and periodicals.

As a lecturer he has been widely known before the Mercantile Library Association in Boston and similar associations in the Eastern and middle states.

He was on terms of intimacy with Mr. Clay, and wrote a life of that distinguished statesman. In a preface to a recent edition of this life, Mr. Horace Greeley says: "I have reason to believe that Mr. Clay himself gave the preference, among all the narratives of his life which had fallen under his notice, to that of Epes Sargent, first issued in 1842, and republished with its author's revisions and additions in the summer of 1848."

**The later works of Mr. Sargent embrace: *Arctic Adventures by Sea and Land*, 1857; *Original Dialogues*, 1861; *Peculiar, a Tale of the Great Transition*, which spiritedly pictures the social convulsions in the Southern States during the change from slavery to freedom, 1863; *Planchette, or the Despair of Science*, an account of modern spiritualism, 1869; *The Woman Who Dared, a Poem*, 1869.

A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE.

A life on the ocean wave,
A home on the rolling deep;
Where the scattered waters rave,
And the winds their revels keep!
Like an eagle caged, I pine
On this dull, unchanging shore:
O! give me the flashing brine,
The spray and the tempest's roar!

Once more on the deck I stand,
Of my own swift-gliding craft:
Set sail! farewell to the land!
The gale follows fair abaft.
We shoot through the sparkling foam
Like an ocean-bird set free;—
Like the ocean-bird, our home
We'll find far out on the sea.

The land is no longer in view,
The clouds have begun to frown;

But with a stout vessel and crew,
We'll say, Let the storm come down!
And the song of our hearts shall be,
While the winds and the waters rave,
A home on the rolling sea!
A life on the ocean wave!

THE DEATH OF WARREN.

When the war-cry of Liberty rang through the land,
To arms sprang our fathers the foe to withstand;
On old Bunker Hill their entrenchments they rear,
When the army is joined by a young volunteer.
"Tempt not death!" cried his friends; but he bade
them good-by,
Saying, "O! it is sweet for our country to die!"

The tempest of battle now rages and swells,
'Mid the thunder of cannon, the pealing of bells;
And a light, not of battle, illumes yonder spire—
Scene of woe and destruction;—'tis Charlestown on
fire!

The young volunteer heedeth not the sad cry,
But murmurs, " 'Tis sweet for our country to die!"
With trumpets and banners the foe draweth near:
A volley of musketry checks their career!
With the dead and the dying the hill-side is strown,
And the shout through our lines is, "The day is our
own!"

"Not yet," cries the young volunteer, "do they fly!
Stand firm!—it is sweet for our country to die!"

Now our powder is spent, and they rally again;—
"Retreat!" says our chief, "since unarmed we re-
main!"

But the young volunteer lingers yet on the field,
Reluctant to fly, and disdain to yield.
A shot! Ah! he falls! but his life's latest sigh
Is, "'Tis sweet, O, 'tis sweet for our country to die!"

And thus Warren fell! Happy death! noble fall!
To perish for country at Liberty's call!
Should the flag of invasion profane evermore
The blue of our seas or the green of our shore,
May the hearts of our people re-echo that cry;—
" 'Tis sweet, O, 'tis sweet for our country to die!"

O YE KEEN BREEZES.

O ye keen breezes from the salt Atlantic,
Which to the beach, where memory loves to wander,
On your strong pinions waft reviving coolness,
Bend your course hither!

For, in the surf ye scattered to the sunshine,
Did we not sport together in my boyhood,
Screaming for joy amid the flashing breakers,
O rude companions?

Then to the meadows beautiful and fragrant,
Where the coy Spring beholds her earliest verdure
Brighten with smiles that rugged sea-side hamlet,
How would we hasten?

There under elm-trees affluent in foliage,
High o'er whose summit hovered the sea-eagle,
Through the hot, glaring noontide have we rested
After our gambols.

Vainly the sailor called you from your slumber:
Like a glazed pavement shone the level ocean;
While, with their snow-white canvass idly drooping,
Stood the tall vessels.

And when, at length, exulting ye awakened,
Rushed to the beach, and ploughed the liquid acres,
How have I chased you through the shivered billows,
In my frail shallop!

Playmates, old playmates, hear my invocation!
In the close town I waste this golden summer,
Where piercing cries and sounds of wheels in motion
Ceaselessly mingle.

When shall I feel your breath upon my forehead?
When shall I hear you in the elm-trees' branches?
When shall we wrestle in the briny surges,
Friends of my boyhood?

PHILIP PENDLETON COOKE—JOHN ESTEN COOKE.

PHILIP PENDLETON COOKE, the son of the late John R. Cooke, an eminent member of the Virginia bar, was born in Martinsburg, Berkeley Co., Va., October 26, 1816. He entered Princeton College at the early age of fifteen; and after completing his course, studied law with his father at Winchester. He wrote a few sketches in prose and verse for the *Virginian*, and the early numbers of the *Southern Literary Messenger*. Before he was of age, he was engaged in professional practice and also a married man. An ardent lover of field sports, and surrounded at his home on the Shenandoah near the Blue Ridge, with every temptation for these pursuits, he became a thorough sportsman. At this time, he penned a romance of about three hundred lines, entitled *Emily*, which was published in *Graham's Magazine*. This was followed by the *Froissart Ballads*, which appeared in a volume in 1847. This was his only separate publication. He afterwards wrote part of a novel, *The Chevalier Merlin*, which appeared, so far as completed, in the *Southern Literary Messenger*. He also wrote for the same periodical, the tales entitled *John Curpe*, *The Two Country Houses*, *The Gregories of Hackwood*, *The Crime of Andrew Blair*, *Erysichthon*, *Dante*, and a number of reviews.



Philip Cooke

Mr. Cooke died suddenly, January 20, 1850, at the early age of thirty-three.

With the exception of the *Froissart Ballads*, which he wrote with great rapidity, at the rate of one a day, Mr. Cooke composed slowly; and

his published productions, felicitous as they are, do not, in the judgment of those who knew him, present a full exhibition of the powers of his mind. He shone in conversation, and was highly prized by all about him for his intellectual and social qualities. His manner was stately and impressive.

The poems of Mr. Cooke are in a bright animated mood, vigorous without effort, preserving the freedom of nature with the discipline of art. The ballads, versifications of old Froissart's chivalric stories, run off trippingly with their sparkling objective life. In its rare and peculiar excellence, in delicately touched sentiment, Florence Vane has the merit of an antique song.

FLORENCE VANE.

I loved thee long and dearly,
Florence Vane;
My life's bright dream, and early
Hath come again;
I renew in my fond vision,
My heart's dear pain,
My hope, and thy derision,
Florence Vane.

The ruin lone and hoary,
The ruin old,
Where thou didst mark my story,
At even told,—
That spot—the hues Elysian
Of sky and plain—
I treasure in my vision,
Florence Vane.

Thou wast lovelier than the roses
In their prime;
Thy voice excelled the closes
Of sweetest rhyme;
Thy heart was as a river
Without a main.
Would I had loved thee never,
Florence Vane!

But, fairest, coldest wonder!
Thy glorious clay
Lieth the green sod under—
Alas the day!
And it boots not to remember
Thy disdain—
To quicken love's pale ember,
Florence Vane.

The lilies of the valley
By young graves weep,
The pansies love to dally
Where maidens sleep;
May their bloom, in beauty vying,
Never wane
Where thine earthly part is lying,
Florence Vane!

YOUNG ROSALIE LEE.

I love to forget ambition,
And hope, in the mingled thought
Of valley, and wood, and meadow,
Where, whilome, my spirit caught
Affection's holiest breathings—
Where under the skies, with me
Young Rosalie roved, aye drinking
From joy's bright Castaly.

I think of the valley and river,
Of the old wood bright with blossoms;
Of the pure and chastened gladness
Upspringing in our bosoms.
I think of the lonely turtle
So tongued with melancholy;
Of the hue of the drooping moonlight,
And the starlight pure and holy.

Of the beat of a heart most tender,
The sigh of a shell-tinct lip
As soft as the land-tones wandering
Far leagues over ocean deep;
Of a step as light in its falling
On the breast of the beaded lea
As the fall of the faery moonlight
On the leaf of yon tulip tree.

I think of these—and the murmur
Of bird, and katydid,
Whose home is the grave-yard cypress
Whose goblet the honey-reed.
And then I weep! for Rosalie
Has gone to her early rest;
And the green-lipped reed and the daisy
Suck sweets from her maiden breast.

JOHN ESTEN COOKE, a younger brother of the preceding, is the author of a series of fictions, produced with rapidity, which have in a brief pe-



John Esten Cooke.

riod gained him the attention of the public. He was born in Winchester, Frederick county, Virginia, November 3, 1830. When a year or more old, his father took up his residence on his estate of Glengary, near Winchester, whence, on the burning of the house in 1839, the family removed to Richmond. Mr. Cooke's first publication, if we except a few tales and sketches contributed to Harpers' and Putnam's Magazines, the Literary World, and perhaps other journals, was entitled, *Leather Stocking and Silk, or Hunter John Myers and his Times, a Story of the Valley of Virginia*, from the press of the Harpers in 1854.

The chief character, the hunter, is drawn from life, and is a specimen of manly, healthy, mountain nature, effectively introduced in the gay domestic group around him. This was immediately followed by the *Youth of Jefferson, or a Chronicle of College Scrapes, at Williamsburgh, in Virginia, A.D. 1764*. The second title somewhat qualifies the serious purport of the first, which might lead the reader to look for a work of biography; but in fact, the book, with perhaps a meagre hint or two of tradition, is a fanciful view of a gayer period than the present, with the full latitude of the writer of fiction. Love is, of course, a prominent subject of the story, and is tenderly and chivalrously handled. Scarcely had these books made their appearance, almost simultaneously, when a longer work from the same, as yet anonymous, source, was announced in *The Virginia Comedians, or Old Days in the Old Dominion, edited from the MSS. of C. Effingham, Esq.* It is much the largest, and by far the best of the author's works thus far. The scene has the advantage of one of the most capable regions of romance in the country, the life and manners of Virginia in the period just preceding the Revolution, combining the adventure of woodland and frontier life with the wealth and luxury of the sea-board. We are introduced to one of the old manorial homesteads on James river, where the dramatic persons have little else to do than to develop their traits and idiosyncrasies with a freedom fettered only by the rules of art and the will of the writer. The privilege is not suffered to pass unimproved. The whole book is redolent of youth and poetic susceptibility to the beauties of nature, the charms of woman, and the quick movement of life. Some liberties are taken with historical personages—there is a fitting study of Patrick Henry in a certain shrewd man in an old red cloak; Parson Tag has doubtless had his parallel among the high living clergy and stage manager Hallam we know existed, though we trust with very different attributes from those to which the necessity of the plot here subjects him. These are all, however, but shadowy hints; the author's active fancy speedily carrying him beyond literal realities. In its purely romantic spirit, and the variety and delicacy of its portrayments of the sex, the Virginia Comedians is a work of high merit and promise. The success of this work induced Mr. Cooke to avow his authorship, and take the benefit in literature of his growing reputation, though still devoted to his profession of the law.

A subsequent publication from his pen,—still another, we believe, is announced,—is entitled *Flie, or the Human Comedy*, a picture of life in the old sense of the word, a representation of manners. It is a novel of the sentimental school of the day, contrasting high and low life in the city—the scene is laid at Richmond—a young girl, who gives name to the book, furnishing the sunbeam to the social life in which she is cast. In this portrait of girlish life, the writer, as he tells us, “has tried to show how a pure spirit, even though it be in the bosom of a child, will run through the variegated woof of that life which surrounds it, like a thread of pure gold, and that all who come in contact with it, will carry away something to elevate and purify them, and make

them better.” The character is in a mood in which the author has been most successful.

The most noticeable characteristic of Mr. Cooke's style is its gay, happy facility—the proof of a generous nature. It carries the reader, in these early works, lightly over any defects of art, and provides for the author an easy entrance to the best audience of the novelist, youth and womanhood.

PROLOGUE TO THE VIRGINIA COMEDIANS.

The memories of men are full of old romances; but they will not speak—our skalds. King Arthur lies still wounded grievously, in the far island valley of Avilyon: Lord Odia in the misty death realm: Balder the Beautiful, sought long by great Hermoder, lives beyond Heia's portals, and will bless his people some day when he comes. But when? King Arthur ever is to come: Odin will one day wind his horn and clash his wild barbaric cymbals through the Nordland pines as he returns, but not in our generation: Balder will rise from sleep and shine again the white sun god on his world. But always these things will be: Arthur and the rest are meanwhile sleeping.

Romance is history: the illustration may be lame—the truth is melancholy. Because the men whose memories hold this history will not speak, it dies away with them! the great past goes deeper and deeper into mist: becomes finally a dying strain of music, and is no more remembered for ever.

Thinking these thoughts I have thought it well to set down here some incidents which took place on Virginia soil, and in which an ancestor of my family had no small part: to write my family romance in a single word, and also, though following a connecting thread, a leading idea, to speak briefly of the period to which these memories, as I may call them, do attach.

That period was very picturesque: illustrated and adorned, as it surely was, by such figures as one seldom sees now on the earth. Often in my evening reveries, assisted by the partial gloom resulting from the struggles of the darkness and the dying firelight, I endeavor, and not wholly without success, to summon from their sleep these stalwart cavaliers, and tender graceful dames of the far past. They rise before me and glide onward—manly faces, with clear eyes and lofty brows, and firm lips covered with the knightly fringe: soft, tender faces, with bright eyes and gracious smiles and winning gestures; all the life and splendor of the past again becomes incarnate! How plain the embroidered doublet, and the sword-belt, and the powdered hair, and hat adorned with its wide floating feather! How real are the ruffled breasts and hands, the long-flapped waistcoats, and the buckled shoes! And then the fairer forms: they come as plainly with their looped-back gowns all glittering with gold and silver flowers, and on their heads great masses of curls with pearls interwoven! See the gracious smiles and musical movement—all the graces which made those dead dames so attractive to the outward eye—as their pure faithful natures made them priceless to the eyes of the heart.

If fancy needed assistance, more than one portrait hanging on my walls might afford it. Old family portraits which I often gaze on with a pensive pleasure. What a tender maiden grace beams on me from the eyes of Kate Effingham yonder; smiling from the antique frame and blooming like a radiant summer—she was but seventeen when it was taken—under the winter of her snow-like powder, and

bright diamond pendants, glittering like icicles! The canvas is discolored, and even cracked in places, but the little place laughs merrily still—the eyes fixed peradventure upon another portrait hanging opposite. This is a picture of Mr. William Effingham, the brave soldier of the Revolution, taken in his younger days, when he had just returned from college. He is most preposterously dressed in flowing periwig and enormous ruffles; and his coat is heavy with embroidery in gold thread: he is a handsome young fellow, and excepting some pomposity in his air, a simple-looking, excellent, honest face.

Over my fireplace, however, hangs the picture which I value most—a portrait of my ancestor, Champ Effingham, Esq. The form is lordly and erect; the face clear and pale; the eyes full of wondrous thought in their far depths. The lips are chiselled with extraordinary beauty, the brow noble and imaginative—the whole face plainly giving indication of fiery passion, and no less of tender softness. Often this face looks at me from the canvas, and I fancy sometimes that the white hand, covered as in Vandyke's pictures with its snowy lace, moves from the book it holds and raises slowly the forefinger and points toward its owner's breast. The lips then seem to say, "Speak of me as I was; nothing extenuate: set down nought in malice!"—then the fire-light leaping up shows plainly that this all was but a dream, and the fine pale face is again only canvas, the white hand rests upon its book:—my dream ends with a smile.

EPILOGUE.

It was one of those pure days which, born of spring, seem almost to rejoice like living things in the bright flowers and tender buds:—and she was failing.

All the mountain winds were faintly blowing on the smiling trees, and on the white calm brow of one who breathed the pure delightful airs of opening spring, before she went away to breathe the airs of that other land, so far away, where no snows come, or frost, or hail, or rain; but spring reigns ever, sublimated by the light which shines on figures in white garments round the central throne.

She heard those figures calling, calling, calling, with their low soft voices full of love and hope; calling ever to her in the purple twilight dying o'er the world; rejoicing every one that she was coming.

She looked upon the faces seen through mist around her, and besought them smiling, not to weep for her, but look to the bright land where she was going—for her faith was strong. She begged them to take tender care of the flower which lay but now upon her bosom, and not think of her. A voice had told her in the night that she was waited for: and now the sun was fading in the west, and she must go.

Alcædis-like she kissed them on their brows and pointed to the skies: the time had almost come.

She looked with dim faint eyes, as in a dream, upon that past which now had flowed from her and left her pure:—she saw the sunset wane away and die above the rosy headlands, glooming fast:—she murmured that her hope was steadfast ever; that she heard the angels; that they called to her, and bade her say farewell to all that was around her on this earth, for now the expected time had come.

The tender sunset faded far away, and over the great mountains drooped the spangled veil, with myriads of worlds all singing as her heart was singing now. She saw the rosy flush go far away, and

die away, and leave the earth: and then the voice said Come!

She saw a cross rise from the far bright distance, and a bleeding form: she saw the heavenly vision slowly move, and ever nearer, nearer, brighter with the light of heaven. She saw it now before her, and her arms were opened. The grand eternal stars came out above—the sunset died upon her brow—she clasped the cross close to her bosom—and so fell asleep.

THE DEATH OF A MOUNTAIN HUNTER—FROM LEATHER STOCKING AND SILK.

His thoughts then seemed to wander to times more deeply sunken in the past than that of the event his words touched on. Waking he dreamed; and the large eyes melted or fired with a thousand memories which came flocking to him, bright and joyous, or mournful and sombre, but all now transmuted by his almost ecstasy to one glowing mass of purest gold. He saw now plainly much that had been dark to him before; the hand of God was in all, the providence of that great almighty being in every autumn leaf which whirled away!

Again, with a last lingering look his mental eyes surveyed that eventful border past, so full of glorious splendor, of battle shocks, and rude delights; so full of beloved eyes, now dim, and so radiant with those faces and those hearts now cold; again leaving the present and all around him, he lived for a moment in that grand and beauteous past, instinct for him with so much splendor and regret.

But his dim eyes returned suddenly to those much loved faces round him; and those tender hearts were overcome by the dim, shadowy look.

The sunset slowly waned away, and falling in red splendor on the old gray head and storm-beaten brow, lingered there lovingly and cheerfully. The old hunter feebly smiled.

"You'll be good girls," he murmured wistfully, drawing his feeble arm more closely round the children's necks, "remember the old man, darlin's!"

Caroline pressed her lips to the cold hand, sobbing. Alice did not move her head, which, buried in the counterpane, was shaken with passionate sobs.

* * * * *

The Doctor felt his pulse and turned with a mournful look to his brother. Then came those grand religious consolations which so smoothe the pathway to the grave; he was ready—always—God be thanked, the old man said; he trusted in the Lord.

And so the sunset waned away, and with it the life and strength of the old storm-beaten mountaineer—so grand yet powerless, so near to death yet so very cheerful.

"I'm goin'," he murmured, as the red orb touched the mountain, "I'm goin', my darlin's; I always loved you all, my children. Darlin', don't cry," he murmured feebly to Alice, whose heart was near breaking, "don't any of you cry for me."

The old dim eyes again dwelt tenderly on the loving faces, wet with tears, and on those poor trembling lips. There came now to the aged face of the rude mountaineer, an expression of grandeur and majesty, which illumined the broad brow and eyes like a heavenly light. Then those eyes seemed to have found what they were seeking; and were abased. Their grandeur changed to humility, their light to shadow, their fire to softness and unspeakable love. The thin feeble hands, stretched out upon the cover, were agitated slightly, the eyes moved slowly to the window and thence returned to the dear faces weeping round the bed; then whispering

"The Lord is good to me! he told me he was comin' 'fore the night was here; come! come—Lord Jesus—come!" the old mountaineer fell back with a low sigh—so low that the old sleeping hound dreamed on.

The life strings parted without sound; and hunter John, that so long loved and cherished soul, that old strong form which had been hardened in so many storms, that tender loving heart—ah, more than all, that grand and tender heart—had passed as calmly as a little babe from the cold shadowy world to that other world; the world, we trust, of light, and love, and joy.

**Mr. John Esten Cooke wrote in 1856 *The Last of the Foresters; Humors on the Border; A Story of the Old Virginia Frontier*. Two years later appeared: *Henry St. John, Gentleman, of "Flowers of Hundreds," in the County of Prince George, Virginia; A Tale of 1774-75*. During the late war Mr. Cooke laid aside his pen, and served on the staff of General Stuart, through the eventful four years of the Confederate campaigns in Virginia, from April 10, 1861, to April 10, 1865. Since the restoration of peace, this writer has brilliantly depicted the romance of the rebel service. His biographic and fictitious writings, though somewhat marred by the rapidity of production, furnish valuable data to the historic student. These works include: *Out of the Foam*, 1865; *Stonewall Jackson, a Military Biography*, 1866; *Life of General Robert E. Lee*; *Dr. Vandyke, a Novel*; *Surry of Eagle's Nest, or The Memoirs of a Staff Officer Serving in Virginia*, 1866; *Wearing of the Gray, being Personal Portraits, Scenes, and Adventures of the War*, 1867; *Mohun, or The Last Days of Lee and His Paladins*: the final Memoirs of a Staff Officer in Virginia, 1868; *Fairfax; or, The Master of Greenway Court; a Chronicle of the Valley of the Shenandoah*, 1868; *Hilt to Hilt; or, Days and Nights in the Shenandoah*, 1869; *Hammer and Rapier*, 1870, sketches of the campaigns in Virginia from Manassas, July, 1861, to Lee's retreat and surrender; and *Heir of Gaymount*, 1870. Mr. Cooke has also contributed largely to Harper's Magazine and the New York World. He was married in 1867, and has since resided in Clarke county, Virginia.

The spirit of these writings is fairly revealed in the prologue to *Mohun*, in which its author, after describing the mementos of the war in his library, proceeds to say: "From this sketch of my surroundings, worthy reader, you will perceive that I amuse myself by recalling the old times when the Grays and Blues were opposed to each other. Those two swords crossed—those pictures of Lee, Jackson, Stuart, and the 'old rebel'—you are certain to think that the possessor of them is unreconstructed (terrible word), and still a rebel! But is it wrong to remember the past? I think of it without bitterness. God did it—God the all-wise, the all-mighty—for his own purpose. I do not indulge in repinings, or reflect with rancor upon the issue of the struggle. I prefer recalling the stirring adventures, the brave voices, the gallant faces: even in that tremendous drama of 1864-5, I can find something besides blood and tears. Even here and there some sunshine."

**STONEWALL JACKSON AS A SOLDIER.

Jackson was a born leader, and had, underlying all, that supreme spirit of combativeness which is the foundation of military success. It is a fancy that he did not love fighting. War was horrible in his eyes, it is true, from the enormous public and private misery which it occasioned; but he none the less loved the conflict of opposing forces. In battle, under the calm exterior, he had the *gaudium certaminis*. You could see that he was a fighting animal, from his ponderous jaw. We say "animal," because, at such moments, Jackson the compassionate Christian became Jackson the veritable bull-dog. His combativeness, when thus aroused, was obstinate, enormous. To fight to the death was his unflinching resolve, and his own invincible resolution was infused into his troops; they became inspired by his ardor, and were more than a match for two or three times their number fighting without this stimulus. With Jackson leading them in person, on fire with the heat of battle, the Stonewall Brigade and other troops which had served under him long, felt themselves able to achieve impossibilities. But combativeness and military ardor do not make a great commander; without them no officer can accomplish much, but more is needed to achieve the glories of arms. Enterprise is necessary; and this word, for want of a better, must express a quality of Jackson's mind which more than all else gave him his astonishing success. His rule was, never to allow an enemy to rest; to attack wherever it was possible, and to press on until all opposition was broken down and the day gained. The remarkable activity shown in his campaigns is an evidence that he possessed this trait as a General in a more eminent degree, perhaps, than any of his contemporaries. A sluggish or unwary adversary was doomed already. When he least expected it, Jackson was before him, attacking with all the advantages of surprise. It was said that he marched his men nearly to death, and it was true. But the excessive drains upon their physical strength were compensated by victories, by spoils, and by an immense accession to the moral strength of his command. Nor did he fail to preserve, thus, thousands of lives, which would have been lost by more deliberate and conventional warfare. He always preferred to arrive, by forced marches, in face of an unprepared enemy, and drive them before him, with comparatively small loss, to a more leisurely advance which would find them ready to meet him. He aimed to succeed rather by sweat than blood. His famous flank movements proved a terrible tax on the strength of his troops; but after their exhausting marches the men finished the work without bloodshed, almost, and soon forgot their weariness in the sweet sleep which follows toil and victory. Aggressive warfare was the fundamental principle of his military system. . . .

The difference between enterprise and foolhardiness is that between calculation and chance. Jackson's military movements were always based upon close calculation, and he was certainly not wanting in foresight and caution. He seems to have known perfectly well what it was in his power to achieve, and as thoroughly what was beyond his strength. He risked much, on many occasions, but appears to have been justified in his calculations of the ultimate result. It will be objected to him by military men that he hazarded too much at times, and was only extricated by

good fortune. There appears to be some justice in this; but the resources of his genius were enormous, and doubled his numbers. . . .

His tenacity and strength of will seemed to have no limit. Nothing appeared to affect that supreme resolution. Such a man is the master of fate, and with his iron hand directs events. Napoleon trusted to his star, and Jackson, it was said, believed in "his destiny" — a word which he construed, apparently, to mean success against his enemies, wherever he encountered them. There seems to be good ground for the belief that he regarded himself as a passive instrument in the hands of Providence to accomplish great events, and had satisfied himself that the Lord of Hosts would uphold him. This conviction, supported by abilities of the first order, made him almost irresistible.

**** THE BROKEN MUG.**

Ode (so-called) on a Late Melancholy Accident in the Shenandoah Valley.

My mug is broken, my heart is sad!

What woes can fate still hold in store!

The friend I cherished a thousand days

Is smashed to pieces on the floor!

Is shattered and to Limbo gone,

I'll see my Mug no more!

Relic it was of joyous hours

Whose golden memories still allure —

When coffee made of rye we drank,

And gray was all the dress we wore!

When we were paid some cents a month,

But never asked for more!

In marches long, by day and night,

In raids, hot charges, shocks of war,

Strapped on the saddle at my back

This faithful comrade still I bore —

This old companion, true and tried,

I'll never carry more!

From the Rapidan to Gettysburg —

"Hard bread" behind, "sour krout" before —

This friend went with the cavalry

And heard the jarring cannon roar

In front of Cemetery Hill —

Good heavens! how they did roar!

Then back again, the foe behind,

Back to the "Old Virginia shore" —

Some dead and wounded left — some holes

In flags, the sullen graybacks bore;

This mug had made the great campaign,

And we'd have gone once more!

Alas! we never went again!

The red cross banner, slow but sure,

"Fell back" — we bade to sour krout

(Like the lover of Lenore)

A long, sad, lingering farewell —

To taste its joys no more.

But still we fought, and ate hard bread,

Or starved — good friend, our woes deplore!

And still this faithful friend remained —

Riding behind me as before —

The friend on march, in bivouac,

When others were no more.

How oft we drove the horsemen blue

In Summer bright or Winter froze!

How oft before the Southern charge

Through field and wood the blue-birds tore!

I'm "harmonized," but long to hear

The bugles ring once more.

Oh yes! we're all "fraternal" now,

Purged of our sins, we're clean and pure,

Congress will "reconstruct" us soon —

But no gray people on *that* floor!

I'm harmonized — "so-called" — but long

To see those times once more!

Gay days! the sun was brighter then,

And we were happy, though so poor!

That past comes back as I behold

My shattered friend upon the floor,

My splintered, useless, ruined mug,

From which I'll drink no more.

How many lips I'll love for aye,

While heart and memory endure,

Have touched this broken cup and laughed —

How they did laugh! — in days of yore!

Those days we'd call "a beautiful dream,

If they had been no more!"

Dear comrades, dead this many a day,

I saw you weltering in your gore,

After those days, amid the pines

On the Rappahannock shore!

When the joy of life was much to me

But your warm hearts were more!

Yours was the grand heroic nerve

That laughs amid the storm of war —

Souls that "loved much" your native land,

Who fought and died therefor!

You gave your youth, your brains, your arms,

Your blood — you had no more!

You lived and died true to your flag!

And now your wounds are healed — but sore

Are many hearts that think of you

Where you have "gone before."

Peace, comrade! God bound up those forms,

They are "whole" forevermore!

Those lips this broken vessel touched,

His, too! — the man's we all adore —

That cavalier of cavaliers,

Whose voice will ring no more —

Whose plume will float amid the storm

Of battle never more!

Not on this idle page I write

That name of names, shrined in the core

Of every heart! — peace! foolish pen,

Hush! words so cold and poor!

His sword is rust; the blue eyes dust,

His bugle sounds no more!

Never was cavalier like ours!

Not Rupert in the years before!

And when his stern, hard work was done,

His griefs, joys, battles o'er —

His mighty spirit rode the storm,

And led his men once more!

He lies beneath his native sod,

Where violets spring, or frost is hoar:

He recks not — charging squadrons watch

His raven plume no more!

That smile we'll see, that voice we'll hear,

That hand we'll touch no more!

My foolish mirth is quenched in tears:

Poor fragments strewed upon the floor,

Ye are the types of nobler things

That find their use no more —

Things glorious once, now trodden down —

That makes us smile no more!

Of courage, pride, high hopes, stout hearts —

Hard, stubborn nerve, devotion pure,

Beating his wings against the bars,
The prisoned eagle tried to soar!
Outmatched, o'erwhelmed, we struggled still—
Bread failed—we fought no more!

Lies in the dust the shattered staff
That bore aloft on sea and shore,
That blazing flag, amid the storm!
And none are now so poor,
So poor to do it reverence,
Now when it flames no more!

But it is glorious in the dust,
Sacred till Time shall be no more:
Spare it, fierce editors! your scorn—
The dread "Rebellion's" o'er!
Furl the great flag—hide cross and star,
Thrust into darkness star and bar,
But look! across the ages far
It flames for evermore!

HORACE BINNEY WALLACE.

HORACE BINNEY WALLACE, the son of John B. Wallace, an eminent lawyer of Philadelphia, was born in that city, February 26, 1817. The first two years of his collegiate course were passed at the University of Pennsylvania, and the remaining portion at Princeton College, where he was graduated in 1835. He studied with great thoroughness the science of the law, and at the age of twenty-seven contributed notes to Smith's Selections of Leading Cases in various branches of the Law, White and Tudor's Selection of Leading Cases in Equity, and Decisions of American Courts in several departments of the Law, which have been adopted with commendation by the highest legal authorities.

His attention was, however, by no means confined to professional study. He devoted much time to scientific study, and projected several theories on subjects connected therewith.

Mr. Wallace published a number of articles anonymously in various periodicals. He was much interested in philosophical speculation, and bestowed much attention on the theory of Comte, by whom he was highly prized.

In April, 1849, Mr. Wallace sailed for Europe, and passed a year in England, Germany, France, and Italy. On his return he devoted himself with renewed energy to literary pursuits. He projected a series of works on commercial law, in the preparation of which he proposed to devote a year or two at a foreign university to the exclusive study of the civil law. In the spring of 1852 his eyesight became impaired, owing, as was afterwards discovered, to the incipient stages of congestion of the brain, produced by undue mental exertion. By advice of his physicians he embarked on the thirteenth of November for Liverpool. Finding no improvement in his condition on his arrival, he at once proceeded to Paris in quest of medical advice. His cerebral disease increased, and led to his death in that city on the sixteenth of December following.

In 1855 a volume was published in Philadelphia entitled, *Art, Scenery, and Philosophy in Europe; Being Fragments from the Portfolio of the late Horace Binney Wallace, Esquire, of Philadelphia*. It contains a series of essays on the principles of art, detailed criticisms on the principal European cathedrals, a few travelling sketches, papers on

Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci, Fra Bartolomeo, Perugino, and Raphael, and an article on Comte. This was followed by a second—*Literary Criticisms*—composed mostly of very youthful, and in all cases, of unacknowledged pieces.

These writings, though not designed for publication, and in many instances in an unfinished state, display great depth of thought, command of language, knowledge of the history as well as æsthetic principles of art, and finely cultivated taste. Occasional passages are full of poetic imagery, growing naturally out of enthusiastic admiration of the subject in hand. Some of the finest of these passages occur in the remarks on the Cathedral of Milan, a paper which, although endorsed by the writer "very unfinished," and no doubt capable of finer elaboration, is one of the best in the series of which it forms a portion.

THE INTERIOR OF ST. PETER'S.

What a world within Life's open world is the interior of St. Peter's!—a world of softness, brightness, and richness!—fusing the sentiments in a refined rapture of tranquillity—gratifying the imagination with splendors more various, expansive, and exhaustless than the natural universe from which we pass,—typical of that sphere of spiritual consciousness, which, before the inward-working energies of faith, arches itself out within man's mortal being. When you push aside the heavy curtain that veils the sanctuary from the world without, what a shower of high and solemn pleasure is thrown upon your spirit! A glory of beauty fills all the Tabernacle! The majesty of a Perfection, that seems fragrant of delightfulness, fills it like a Presence. Grandeur, strength, solidity,—suggestive of the fixed Infinite,—float unsphered within those vaulted spaces, like clouds of lustre. The immensity of the size,—the unlimitable richness of the treasures that have been lavished upon its decoration by the enthusiastic prodigality of the Catholic world through successive centuries,—dwarfs Man and the Present, and leaves the soul open to sentiments of God and Eternity. The eye, as it glances along column and archway, meets nothing but variegated marbles and gold. Among the ornaments of the obscure parts of the walls and piers, are a multitude of pictures, vast in magnitude, transcendent in merit,—the master-pieces of the world,—the communion of St. Jerome,—the Burial of St. Petronilla,—the Transfiguration of the Saviour,—not of perishable canvass and oils, but wrought in mosaic, and fit to endure till Time itself shall perish.

It is the sanctuary of Space and Silence. No throng can crowd these aisles; no sound of voices or of organs can displace the venerable quiet that broods here. The Pope, who fills the world with all his pompous retinue, fills not St. Peter's; and the roar of his quired singers, mingling with the sonorous chant of a host of priests and bishops, struggles for an instant against this ocean of stillness, and then is absorbed into it like a faint echo. The mightiest ceremonies of human worship,—celebrated by the earth's chief Pontiff, sweeping along in the magnificence of the most imposing array that the existing world can exhibit,—seem dwindled into insignificance within this structure. They do not explain to our feelings the uses of the building. As you stand within the gorgeous, celestial dwelling—framed not for man's abode—the holy silence, the mysterious fragrance, the light of ever-burning lamps, suggest to you that it is the home of invis-

blespirits,—an outer-court of Heaven,—visited, per chance, in the deeper hours of a night that is never dark within its walls, by the all-sacred Awe itself.

When you enter St. Peter's, Religion, as a local reality and a separate life, seems revealed to you. Far up the wide nave, the enormous baldachino of jetty bronze, with twisted columns and tint-like canopy, and a hundred brazen lamps, whose unextinguished flame keeps the watch of Light around the entrance to the crypt where lie the martyred remains of the Apostle, the rock of the church, give an oriental aspect to the central altar, which seems to typify the origin of the Faith which reared this Fane. Holiest of the holy is that altar. No step less sacred than a Pope's may ascend to minister before it; only on days the most august in the calendar, may even the hand which is consecrated by the Ring of the Fisherman be stretched forth to touch the vessels which rest on it. At every hour, over some part of the floor, worshippers may be seen kneeling, wrapt each in solitary penitence or adoration. The persons mystically habited, who journey noiselessly across the marble, bow and cross themselves, as they pass before this or that spot, betoken the recognition of something mysterious, that is unseen, invisible. By day illuminated by rays only from above, by night always luminous within—filled by an atmosphere of its own, which changes not with the changing cold and heat of the seasons without,—exhaling always a faint, delightful perfume,—it is the realm of piety,—the clime of devotion—a spiritual globe in the midst of a material universe.

ELIHU G. HOLLAND

Was born of New England parentage at Solon, Cortlandt county, New York, April 14, 1817. His first published work was a volume entitled *The Being of God and the Immortal Life*, in 1846. His aim was to assert the doctrines of the divine existence and the immortality of man by arguments derived from the elements of human nature. In 1849 he published, at Boston, a volume, *Reviews and Essays*. It embraces an elaborate paper on the character and philosophy of Confucius, an analysis of the genius of Channing, an article on Natural Theology, and Essays on Genius, Beauty, the Infinite, Harmony, &c. This was followed in 1852 by another volume entitled *Essays: and a Drama in Five Acts*. The essays were in a similar range with those of its predecessor. The drama is entitled *The Highland Treason*, and is a version of the affair of Arnold and André. In 1853 he published a *Memoir of the Rev. Joseph Badger*, the revival preacher of the Christian connexion. Though luxuriant and prolix in expression, with a tendency to over statement in the transcendental style, the writings of Mr. Holland show him to be a student and thinker.

We present a pleasing passage from an Essay on "American Scenery."

THE SUSQUEHANNAH.

It is difficult to imagine a more continuous line of beauty than the course of the Susquehanna, a river whose mild grace and gentleness combined with power render it a message of nature to the affections and to the tranquil consciousness. This trait of mildness, even in its proudest flow, seems to hover upon its banks and waters as the genius of the scene. No thunder of cataracts anywhere announces its fame. It is mostly the contemplative river, dear to fancy,

dear to the soul's calm feeling of unruffled peace. This river of noble sources and many tributaries, traverses the vale of Wyoming, where, in other years, we have been delighted with its various scenery. Its mountain ramparts, which rise somewhat majestically to hail her onward progress, are crowned with a vegetation of northern fir, whilst the verdant and fertile valley is graced with the foliage of the oak, chestnut, and sycamore. At Northumberland, where the east and the west branch unite, the river rolls along with a noble expanse of surface; opposite the town rises, several hundred feet, a dark perpendicular precipice of rock, from which the whole prospect is exceedingly picturesque. The Alleghany Mountains, which somehow seem to bear a paternal relation to this river, lend it the shadow of their presence through great distances. These mountains, though they never rise so high as to give the impression of power and sublimity, are never monotonous. Though they are not generally gothic, but of rounded aspect, the northern part has those that are steep and abrupt, sharp-crested and of notched and jagged outline. The Susquehanna is wealthy also in aboriginal legend, and in abundant foliage. Its rude raft likewise aids the picture. It has many beautiful sources, particularly that in the lovely lake of Cooperstown; and no thought concerning its destiny can be so eloquent as the one expressed by our first American novelist whose name is alike honored by his countrymen and by foreign nations. He spoke of it as "the mighty Susquehanna, a river to which the Atlantic herself has extended her right arm to welcome into her bosom." Other scenery in Pennsylvania we have met, which, though less renowned than Wyoming and the Juniata, is not less romantic and beautiful. A noble river is indeed the image of unity, a representative of human tendencies, wherein many separate strivings unite in one main current of happiness and success. Man concentrates himself like a river in plans and purposes, and seeks his unity in some chief end as the river seeks it in the sea.

WILLIAM A. JONES

Is a member of a family long distinguished for the eminent men it has furnished to the bar and the bench, in the state of New York, including the ante-revolutionary period. He was born in New York June 26, 1817. In 1836 he was graduated at Columbia College, and from 1851 to 1865 was its librarian. His contributions to the press have been numerous, chiefly articles in the department of criticism. To Dr. Hawks's *Church Record* he furnished an extended series of articles on Old English Prose Writers; to *Arcturus* numerous literary papers, and afterwards wrote for the Whig and Democratic Reviews. He has published two volumes of these and other Essays and Criticisms: *The Analyst, a Collection of Miscellaneous Papers*, in 1840, and *Essays upon Authors and Books* in 1849. In the last year he also published a Memorial of his father, the late Hon. David S. Jones, with an Appendix, containing notices of the Jones Family of Queens County.

***Characters and Criticisms*, a revised edition of Mr. Jones's essays, appeared in 1857. It was followed by: *The First Century of Columbia College, 1754—1854* (8vo., pamphlet, privately printed, 1865), and *Long Island*, read before the Long Island Historical Society, November 5, 1863.

HAZLITT—FROM THE DEMOCRATIC REVIEW.

William Hazlitt we regard, all things considered, as the first of the regular critics in this nineteenth century, surpassed by several in some one particular quality or acquisition, but superior to them all in general force, originality, and independence. With less scholarship considerably than Hunt or Southey, he has more substance than either; with less of Lamb's fineness and nothing of his subtle humor, he has a wider grasp and altogether a more manly cast of intellect. He has less liveliness and more smartness than Jeffrey, but a far profounder insight into the mysteries of poesy, and apparently a more genial sympathy with common life. Then, too, what freshness in all his writings, "wild wit, invention ever new" for although he disclaims having any imagination, he certainly possessed creative talent and fine ingenuity. Most of his essays are, as has been well remarked, "original creations," not mere homilies or didactic theses, so much as a new illustration from experience and observation of great truths colored and set off by all the brilliant aids of eloquence, fancy, and the choicest stores of accumulation.

As a literary critic he may be placed rather among the independent judges of original power than among the trained critics of education and acquirements. He relies almost entirely on individual impressions and personal feeling, thus giving a charm to his writings, quite apart from, and independent of, their purely critical excellencies. Though he has never published an autobiography,* yet all of his works are, in a certain sense, confessions. He pours out his feelings on a theme of interest to him, and treats the impulses of his heart and the movements of his mind as historical and philosophical data. Though he almost invariably trusts himself, he is almost as invariably in the right. For, as some are born poets, so he too was born a critic, with no small infusion of the poetic character. Analytic judgment (of the very finest and rarest kind), and poetic fancy, naturally rich, and rendered still more copious and brilliant by the golden associations of his life, early intercourse with honorable poets, and a most appreciative sympathy with the master-pieces of poesy. Admirable as a genial critic on books and men, of manners and character, of philosophical systems and theories of taste and art, yet he is more especially the genuine critic in his favorite walks of art and poesy; politics and the true literature of real life—the domestic novels, the drama, and the belles-lettres.

As a descriptive writer, in his best passages, he ranks with Burke and Rousseau; in delineation of sentiment, and in a rich rhetorical vein, he has whole pages worthy of Taylor or Lord Bacon. There is nothing in Macaulay for profound gorgeous declamation, superior to the character of Coleridge, or of Milton, or of Burke, or of a score of men of genius whose portraits he has painted with love and with power. In pure criticism who has done so much for the novelists, the essayists, writers of comedy; for the old dramatists and elder poets? Lamb's fine notes are mere notes—Coleridge's improvised criticisms are merely fragmentary, while if Hazlitt has borrowed their opinions in some cases, he has made much more of them than they could have done themselves. Coleridge was a poet—Lamb a humorist. To neither of these characters had Hazlitt any fair pretensions, for with all his fancy he had a metaphysical understanding (a bad ground for the tender plant of poesy to flourish in), and to wit and

humor he laid no claim, being too much in earnest to indulge in pleasantry and jesting—though he has satiric wit at will and the very keenest sarcasm. Many of his papers are prose satires, while in others there are to be found exquisite *jeu d'esprit*, delicate banter, and the purest intellectual refinements upon works of wit and humor. In all, however, the critical quality predominates, be the form that of essay, criticism, sketch, biography, or even travels.

THOMAS WILLIAM PARSONS,

THE author of a translation of *The First Ten Cantos of the Inferno of Dante*, published in 1843, and of a volume of original *Poems* in 1854, is a native of Boston, and was born in 1819. His writings bear witness to his sound classical education, as well as to the fruits of foreign travel. The translation of Dante, in the stanza of the original, has been much admired by scholars. The *Poems* exhibit variety in playful satire, epistle, ballad, the tale, description of nature, of European antiquities, and the occasional record of personal emotion. In all, the subject is controlled and elevated by the language of art. It is the author's humor in the *Epistles* which open the volume to address several foreign celebrities in the character of an English traveller in America, writing to Charles Kemble on the drama; to Edward Moxon, the London publisher, on the state of letters; and to Rogers and Landor on poetry and art generally. In the *Epistle to Landor*, the comparatively barren objects of American antiquities are placed by the side of the storied associations of Italy. The land is pictured as existing "in Saturn's reign before the stranger came," like the waste Missouri; when the view is changed to the Roman era:—

* * * * *

Soon as they rose—the Capitolian lords—
The land grew sacred and beloved of God;
Where'er they carried their triumphant words
Glory sprang forth and sanctified the sod.

Nay, whether wandering by Provincial Rome,
Or British Tyne, we note the Cæsar's tracks,
Wondering how far from their Tarpeian frown,
The ambitious eagles bore the prætor's axe.

Those toga'd fathers, those equestrian kings,
Are still our masters—still within us reign,
Born though we may have been beyond the springs
Of Britain's floods—beyond the outer main.

For, while the music of their language lasts,
They shall not perish like the painted men—
Brief-lived in memory as the winter's blasts!—
Who here once held the mountain and the glen.

From them and theirs with cold regard we turn,
The wreck of polished nations to survey,
Nor care the savage attributes to learn
Of souls that struggled with barbarian clay.

With what emotion on a coin we trace
Vespasian's brow, or Trajan's chastened smile,
But view with heedless eye the murderous mace
And checkered lance of Zealand's warrior-isle.

Here, by the ploughman, as with daily tread
He tracks the furrows of his fertile ground,
Dark locks of hair, and thigh-bones of the dead,
Spear-heads, and skulls, and arrows, oft are found.

On such memorials unconcerned we gaze;
No trace returning of the glow divine,

* The *Liber Amoris* can hardly be called an exception.

Wherewith, dear WALTER! in our Eton days
We eyed a fragment from the Palatine.

It fired us then to trace upon the map
The forum's line—proud empire's church-yard
paths—

Ay, or to finger but a marble scrap
Or stucco piece from Diocletian's baths.

Cellini's workmanship could nothing add,
Nor any casket, rich with gems and gold,
To the strange value every pebble had
O'er which perhaps the Tiber's wave had rolled.

One of the longer poems—*Ghetto di Roma*, a story of the Jewish proscription—is admirably told; picturesque in detail, simple in movement, and the pathos effectively maintained without apparent effort. The lines *On the Death of Daniel Webster* are among the ablest which that occasion produced. The chaste and expressive lines, *Steuart's Burial*, are the record of a real incident. The friend of the author whose funeral is literally described, was Mr. David Steuart Robertson, a gentleman well known by his elegant rural hospitality at his residence at Lancaster to the wits and good society of Boston.

The healthy objective life of the poems, and their finished expression, will secure them a reputation long after many of the feeble literary affectations of the day are forgotten.

ON A BUST OF DANTE.

See, from this counterfeit of him
Whom Arno shall remember long,
How stern of lineament, how grim,
The father was of Tuscan song.
There but the burning sense of wrong,
Perpetual care and scorn, abide;
Small friendship for the lordly throng;
Distrust of all the world beside.

Faithful if this wan image be,
No dream his life was—but a fight;
Could any Beatrice see
A lover in that anchorite?
To that cold Ghibeline's gloomy sight
Who could have guessed the visions came
Of Beauty, veiled with heavenly light,
In circles of eternal flame?

The lips as Cumæ's cavern close,
The cheeks with fast and sorrow thin,
The rigid front, almost morose,
But for the patient's hope within,
Declare a life whose course hath been
Unswilled still, though still severe,
Which, through the wavering days of sin,
Kept itself icy-chaste and clear.

Not wholly such his haggard look
When wandering once, forlorn, he strayed,
With no companion save his book,
To Corvo's hushed monastic shade;
Where, as the Benedictine laid
His palm upon the pilgrim guest,
The single boon for which he prayed
The convent's charity was rest.*

Peace dwells not here—this rugged face
Betrays no spirit of repose;

The sullen warrior sole we trace,
The marble man of many woes.
Such was his mien when first arose
The thought of that strange tale divine,
When hell he peopled with his foes,
The scourge of many a guilty line.

War to the last he waged with all
The tyrant canker-worms of earth;
Baron and duke, in hold and hall,
Cursed the dark hour that gave him birth;
He used Rome's harlot for his mirth;
Plucked bare hypocrisy and crime;
But valiant souls of knightly worth
Transmitted to the rolls of Time.

O, Time! whose verdicts mock our own,
The only righteous judge art thou;
That poor, old exile, sad and lone,
Is Latium's other VIRGIL now:
Before his name the nations bow;
His words are parcel of mankind,
Deep in whose hearts, as on his brow,
The marks have sunk of DANTE'S mind.

STUART'S BURIAL.

The bier is ready and the mourners wait,
The funeral car stands open at the gate.
Bring down our brother; bear him gently, too;
So, friends, he always bore himself with you.
Down the sad staircase, from the darkened room
For the first time, he comes in silent gloom:
Who ever left this hospitable door
Without his smile and warm "good-bye," before?
Now we for him the parting word must say
To the mute threshold whence we bear his clay.

The slow procession lags upon the road,—
'T is heavy hearts that make the heavy load;
And all too brightly glares the burning noon
On the dark pageant—be it ended soon!
The quail is piping and the locust sings,—
O grief, thy contrast with these joyful things!
What pain to see, amid our task of woe,
The laughing river keep its wonted flow!
His hawthorns there—his proudly-waving corn—
And all so flourishing—and so forlorn!
His new-built cottage, too, so fairly planned,
Whose chimney ne'er shall smoke at his command.

Two sounds were heard, that on the spirit fell
With sternest moral—one the passing bell!
The other told the history of the hour,
Life's fleeting triumph, mortal pride and power.
Two trains there met—the iron-sinewed horse
And the black hearse—the engine and the corse!
Haste on your track, you fiery-winged steed!
I hate your presence and approve your speed;
Fly! with your eager freight of breathing men,
And leave these mourners to their march again!
Swift as my wish, they broke their slight delay,
And life and death pursued their separate way.

The solemn service in the church was held,
Bringing strange comfort as the anthem swelled,
And back we bore him to his long repose,
Where his great elm its evening shadow throws—
A sacred spot! There often he hath stood,
Showed us his harvests and pronounced them good;
And we may stand, with eyes no longer dim,
To watch new harvests and remember him.

Peace to thee, STEUART!—and to us! the All-wise
Would ne'er have found thee readier for the skies
In his large love He kindly waits the best,
The fittest mood, to summon every guest;
So, in his prime, our dear companion went,
When the young soul is easy to repent:

* It is told of DANTE that, when he was roaming over Italy, he came to a certain monastery, where he was met by one of the friars, who blessed him, and asked what was his desire; to which the weary stranger simply answered, "Peace."

No long purgation shall he now require
 In black remorse—in penitential fire;
 From what few frailties might have stained his
 morn
 Our tears may wash him pure as he was born.

** In 1867, Dr. Parsons' translation of *The First Canticle (Inferno) of the Divine Comedy of Dante Alighieri* was published, in an illustrated and expensive form, and in a cheaper quarto edition. In the same year appeared *The Mag-nolia*, a volume of twenty-one fugitive poems. Other issues of these pieces, with additions, have appeared in two recent volumes published in London: *The Old House at Sudbury*, 1870; and *The Shadow of the Obelisk*, 1871. Of this author and his version of Dante, an appreciative critic has well said: "Competent judges know him as a master of that classical English which culminated in Dryden, of that polished finish which had its last and great example in Gray. . . . It is now twenty-five years since Dr. Parsons published ten cantos of the *Inferno*, as a herald and specimen of his translation. He has in the meanwhile labored at the correction and revision of it with all the diligence of affection. He has chosen for his measure a pentameter quatrain of alternate rhymes, familiar to all English ears by the famous *Elegy* of Gray. . . . The great snare of rhyme for a translator is that it obliges him (what Dante boasted that no word had ever made him do) to say rather what he must than what he would. Some of Dr. Parsons' verses have suffered a little by being caught in this trap, though he has generally avoided it with consummate skill, and where he is best rises easily to the level of his theme. Where Dante is at his height, his translator kindles with the fire and contains a force that gives his lines all the charm of an original production, and we read real *poetry*, such as speaks the same meaning in all tongues."^{*}

The *Purgatorio* is now nearly ready for publication, and may be printed speedily.[†]

** ST. JAMES'S PARK.

I watched the swans in that proud park
 Which England's Queen looks out upon;
 I sat there till the dewy dark:—
 And every other soul was gone;
 And sitting silent, all alone,
 I seemed to hear a spirit say,
 Be calm, the night is: never moan
 For friendships that have passed away.
 The swans that vanished from thy sight
 Will come to-morrow, at their hour;
 But when thy joys have taken flight,
 To bring them back no prayer hath power
 'Tis the world's law; and why deplore
 A doom that from thy birth was fate?
 True, 'tis a bitter word, 'No more!'
 But look beyond this mortal state.
 Believ'st thou in eternal things?
 Thou feelest in thy inmost heart
 Thou art not clay; thy soul hath wings;
 And what thou seest is but part.

Make this thy medicine for the smart
 Of every day's distress: be dumb:
 In each new loss thou truly art
 Tasting the power of things to come.

JOHN W. BROWN.

JOHN W. BROWN was born in Schenectady, New York, August 21, 1814, and was graduated at Union College in 1832. He entered the General Theological Seminary in 1833, and on the completion of his course of study was ordained Deacon, July 3, 1836, and took charge of a parish at Astoria, Long Island, with which he was connected during the remainder of his life. In 1838 he established a school, the Astoria Female Institute, which he conducted for seven years. In 1845 he became editor of the *Protestant Churchman*, a weekly periodical. In the fall of 1848 Mr. Brown visited Europe for the benefit of his health. He died at Malta on Easter Monday, April 9, 1849.

In 1842 Mr. Brown published *The Christmas Bells: a Tale of Holy Tide: and other Poems*, a volume of pleasing verses suggested by the seasons and services of his church.

In the *Christmas Bells* he has described with beauty and feeling the effect of the holy services of the season upon the old and young. The poem has been set to music.

Mr. Brown was also the author of *Constance, Virginia, Julia of Baia*, and a few other prose tales of a religious character for young readers.

THE CHRISTMAS BELLS.

The bells—the bells—the Christmas bells
 How merrily they ring!
 As if they felt the joy they tell
 To every human thing.
 The silvery tones, o'er vale and hill,
 Are swelling soft and clear,
 As, wave on wave, the tide of sound
 Fills the bright atmosphere.
 The bells—the merry Christmas bells,
 They're ringing in the morn!
 They ring when in the eastern sky
 The golden light is born;
 They ring, as sunshine tips the hills,
 And gilds the village spire—
 When, through the sky, the sovereign sun
 Rolls his full orb of fire.
 The Christmas bells—the Christmas bells,
 How merrily they ring!
 To weary hearts a pulse of joy,
 A kindlier life they bring.
 The poor man on his couch of straw,
 The rich, on downy bed,
 Hail the glad sounds, as voices sweet
 Of angels overhead.
 The bells—the silvery Christmas bells,
 O'er many a mile they sound!
 And household tones are answering them
 In thousand homes around.
 Voices of childhood, blithe and shrill,
 With youth's strong accents blend,
 And manhood's deep and earnest tones
 With woman's praise ascend.
 The bells—the solemn Christmas bells,
 They're calling us to prayer;
 And hark, the voice of worshippers
 Floats on the morning air.

* North American Review, January, 1868.

† A Letter by L. C. M. on "A Boston Poet," in the New York Tribune, March, 1873, gives a happy sketch of the career of Dr. T. W. Parsons.

Anthems of noblest praise there'll be.
And glorious hymns to-day,
TE DEUMS loud—and GLORIAS:
Come, to the church—away.

JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY,

A MEMBER of a Boston family, and graduate of Harvard of 1831, is the author of two novels of merit, *Morton's Hope*, or *The Memoirs of a Provincial*, and *Merry Mount*, a *Romance of the Massachusetts Colony*.

The first of these fictions appeared in 1839. The scene of the opening portion is laid at Morton's Hope, a quiet provincial country-seat in the neighborhood of Boston. In consequence of disappointment in a love affair, the hero leaves his country and passes some time among the German University towns, the manners of which are introduced with effect. Towards the middle of the second volume, he is summoned home by the news of the death of his uncle, and a hint from a relative that the fortune which this event places in his hands can be better employed in the service of his country, now engaged in the struggle of the Revolution, than in an aimless foreign residence. He returns home, becomes an officer in the Continental army, distinguishes himself, and regains his lost mistress.

In *Merry Mount* the author has availed himself of the picturesque episode of New England history presented in the old narrative of Thomas Morton, of which we have previously given an account.* Both of these fictions are written with spirit; the descriptions, which are frequent, are carefully elaborated; and the narrative is enlivened with frequent flashes of genuine humor.

Mr. Motley is at present residing at Dresden, where he has been some time engaged in writing a *History of Holland*, which will no doubt prove a work of high merit, as an animated and vigorous portraiture of the Dutch struggle of independence.†

GOTTINGEN—FROM MORTON'S HOPE.

Göttingen is rather a well-built and handsome looking town, with a decided look of the Middle Ages about it. Although the college is new, the town is ancient, and like the rest of the German University towns, has nothing external, with the exception of a plain-looking building in brick for the library and one or two others for natural collections, to remind you that you are at the seat of an institution for education. The professors lecture, each on his own account, at his own house, of which the basement floor is generally made use of as an auditorium. The town is walled in, like most of the continental cities of that date, although the ramparts, planted with linden-trees, have since been converted into a pleasant promenade, which reaches quite round the town, and is furnished with a gate and guard at the end of each principal avenue. It is this careful fortification, combined with the nine-story houses, and the narrow streets, which imparts the compact, secure look peculiar to all the German towns. The effect is forcibly to remind you of the days when the inhabitants were huddled snugly together, like sheep in a sheep-cote, and locked up safe from the wolfish attacks of the gentlemen highwaymen, the ruins of whose castles frown down from the neighbouring hills.

The houses are generally tall and gaunt, consisting of a skeleton of frame-work, filled in with brick, with the original rafters, embrowned by time, projecting like ribs through the yellowish stucco which covers the surface. They are full of little windows, which are filled with little panes, and as they are built to save room, one upon another, and consequently rise generally to eight or nine stories, the inhabitants invariably live as it were in layers. Hence it is not uncommon to find a professor occupying the two lower stories or strata, a tailor above the professor, a student upon the tailor, a beer-seller conveniently upon the student, a washerwoman upon the beer-merchant, and perhaps a poet upon the top; a pyramid with a poet for its apex, and a professor for the base.

The solid and permanent look of all these edifices, in which, from the composite and varying style of architecture, you might read the history of half a dozen centuries in a single house, and which looked as if built before the memory of man, and like to last for ever, reminded me, by the association of contrast, of the straggling towns and villages of America, where the houses are wooden boxes, worn out and renewed every fifty years; where the cities seem only temporary encampments, and where, till people learn to build for the future as well as the present, there will be no history, except in pen and ink, of the changing centuries in the country.

As I passed up the street, I saw on the lower story of a sombre-looking house, the whole legend of Samson and Delilah rudely carved in the brown freestone, which formed the abutments of the house opposite; a fantastic sign over a portentous shop with an awning ostentatiously extended over the side-walk, announced the café and ice-shop: overhead, from the gutters of each of the red-tiled roofs, were thrust into mid-air the grim heads of dragons with long twisted necks, portentous teeth, and goggle eyes, serving, as I learned the first rainy day, the peaceful purpose of a water spout; while on the side-walks, and at every turn, I saw enough to convince me I was in an university town, although there were none of the usual architectural indications. As we passed the old gothic church of St. Nicholas, I observed through the open windows of the next house, a party of students smoking and playing billiards, and I recognised some of the faces of my Leipzig acquaintance. In the street were plenty of others of all varieties. Some, with plain caps and clothes, and a meek demeanour, sneaked quietly through the streets, with portfolios under their arms. I observed the care with which they turned out to the left, and avoided collision with every one they met. These were camels or "studious students" returning from lecture—others swaggared along the side-walk, turning out for no one, with clubs in their hands, and bull-dogs at their heels—these were dressed in marvellously fine caps and polonaise coats, covered with cords and tassels, and invariably had pipes in their mouths, and were fitted out with the proper allowance of spurs and moustachios. These were "Renomists," who were always ready for a row.

At almost every corner of the street was to be seen a solitary individual of this latter class, in a ferocious fencing attitude, brandishing his club in the air, and cutting carto and tierce in the most alarming manner, till you were reminded of the truculent Gregory's advice to his companion: "Remember thy swashing blow."

All along the street, I saw, on looking up, the heads and shoulders of students projecting from every window. They were arrayed in tawdry smoking caps and heterogeneous-looking dressing gowns, with the

* *Anti*, vol. i. p. 33.

† 1855. The prediction has been verified. — *Ed*. 1873.

long pipes and flash tassels depending from their mouths. At his master's side, and looking out of the same window, I observed, in many instances, a grave and philosophical-looking poodle, with equally grim moustachios, his head reposing contemplatively on his fore-paws, and engaged apparently, like his master, in ogling the ponderous housemaids who were drawing water from the street pumps.

We passed through the market square, with its antique fountain in the midst, and filled with an admirable collection of old women, some washing clothes, and some selling cherries, and turned at last into the Nagler Strasse. This was a narrow street, with tall rickety houses of various shapes and sizes, arranged on each side, in irregular rows; while the gaunt gable-ended edifices, sidling up to each other in one place till the opposite side nearly touched, and at another retreating awkwardly back as if ashamed to show their faces, gave to the whole much the appearance of a country dance by unskilful performers. Suddenly the postillion drove into a dark, yawning doorway, which gaped into the street like a dragon's mouth, and drew up at the door-step of the "King of Prussia." The house bell jingled—the dogs barked—two waiters let down the steps, a third seized us by the legs, and nearly pulled us out of the carriage in the excess of their officiousness; while the landlord made his appearance cap in hand on the threshold, and after saluting us in Latin, Polish, French, and English, at last informed us in plain German, which was the only language he really knew, that he was very glad to have the honour of "recommending himself to us."

We paid our "brother-in-law," as you must always call the postillion in Germany, a magnificent drink-geld, and then ordered dinner.

Mr. Motley's prominent historical work, *The Rise of the Dutch Republic*, was published in three volumes in 1856. The subject was one of peculiar interest, and of remarkable novelty to English readers. It had been little cultivated by historians, and of late several collections of original materials presented new opportunities to the coming historian. Mr. Motley brought to the work great industry, a spirit of candor, an enthusiasm for the theme, and a style practised in the arts of picturesque narration. A passage from his preface displays the extent of the resources at his command. "I have," says he, "faithfully studied all the important contemporary chroniclers and later historians—Dutch, Flemish, French, Italian, Spanish, or German. Catholic and Protestant, monarchist and republican, have been consulted with the same sincerity. The works of Bor, whose enormous but indispensable folios form a complete magazine of contemporary state papers, letters, and pamphlets, blended together in mass, and connected by a chain of artless but earnest narrative—of Meteren, De Thou, Burgundius, Heuterus, Tassia, Viglius, Hoofd, Haræus, Van der Haer, Grotius—of Van der Vynckt, Wagenaer, Van Wyn, De Jonghe, Kluit, Van Kampen, Dewez, Kappelle, Bakhuyzen, Groen Van Prinsterer—of Ranke and Raumer, have been as familiar to me as those of Mendoza, Carnero, Cabrera, Herrera, Ulloa, Bentivoglio, Peres, Strada. The manuscript relations of those Argus-eyed Venetian envoys, who surprised so many courts and cabinets in their most unguarded moments, and daguerreotyped their

character and policy for the instruction of the crafty republic, and whose reports remain such an inestimable source for the secret history of the sixteenth century, have been carefully examined, especially the narratives of the caustic and accomplished Badovaro, of Suriano, and Michele. It is unnecessary to add that all the publications of M. Gaehard, particularly the invaluable correspondence of Philip II., and of William the Silent, as well as the *Archives et Correspondance* of the Orange-Nassau family, edited by the learned and distinguished Groen Van Prinsterer, have been my constant guides through the tortuous labyrinth of Spanish and Netherland politics. The large and most interesting series of pamphlets known as *The Duncan Collection*, in the royal library at the Hague, has also afforded a great variety of details, by which I have endeavored to give color and interest to the narrative. Besides these and many other printed works, I have also had the advantage of perusing many manuscript histories, among which may be particularly mentioned the works of Pontus Payen, of Renom de France, and of Pasquier de la Barre; while the vast collection of unpublished documents in the royal archives of the Hague, of Brussels, and of Dresden, has furnished me with matter of new importance."

Nor was the author's conscientiousness in the use of this vast material less remarkable than the perseverance with which he brought it together. His work delighted the general reader by its animated style and attractive illustrations of manners and character, while its judgment gained the admiration of profound historical critics. The foreign reviews admitted the author at once to the band of distinguished modern historians; he received the degree of LL.D. from Harvard, and of D.C.L. from the University of Oxford, and, on the death of Mr. Prescott, was chosen his successor as a corresponding member of the Institute of France. *The Rise of the Dutch Republic* was translated into Dutch, under the supervision of the historian, M. Bakhuyzen Van der Brink, who prefixed an introductory chapter. It was also published in a German translation, in a Russian edition, and appeared in a French dress, with an introduction by the eminent M. Guizot.

The Rise of the Dutch Republic opens with an extended historical introduction, tracing the rise and progress of the nation, from its first foundation, to the introduction upon the scene of Philip II., at the middle of the sixteenth century. The story of his administration of the Netherlands forms the subject of the first part. This is succeeded by the rule of the Duchess Margaret, terminating with the inauguration of the military despotism of Alva, in 1567. To Alva succeeds Requesens, in turn followed by Don John of Austria, who gives place to Alexander of Parma. This is the outline of the foreign rule. Within, we have the wonderful exertions and influence of William of Orange and his family, and noble efforts of policy and of arms seconding the heroic self-sacrifices of the nation, encountering all privation and suffering to maintain its liberties. The civil history of

the period in the conflicts of diplomacy is unwound with masterly skill and sagacity; the narrative of military exploits, the siege of Leyden, the "fury" of Antwerp, and a score of other lengthened recitals of extraordinary courage and endurance, are alive with living incidents; while the spirit of the whole drama is gathered up in the central character of William the Silent. The work closes with that great statesman's death, in 1584.

Resuming the narrative with the second portion of his great work, *The History of the United Netherlands*, in two volumes, published in 1861, Mr. Motley traces the progress of events from the death of William, a period of six years, to the year 1590. This division of his history includes the story of the relations of the republic with Spain, France, and England, of the mutual political and diplomatic relations of which countries a masterly view is presented. As in his previous book, the author had at his disposal a vast supply of original material in his free access to the English state-paper office, and to the manuscript department of the British Museum; in his researches amidst the royal archives of Holland, and especially the Spanish archives of Simancas, preserved at Paris, and copies of the original correspondence between Philip II., his ministers and governors, relating to the affairs of the Netherlands, derived from the same source, by order of the Belgian government, under the direction of M. Gachard.

The result of this study has been to present the reader with an entirely new view of the policy and acts of the parties engaged in the great drama enacted in the Netherlands. The motives and counsels of Philip II. are laid bare with anatomical accuracy, from the authentic revelations of his own daily correspondence. With like accuracy, we are introduced to the court of France, and, with still greater particularity, to the diplomacy of Queen Elizabeth, of Walsingham, and of Leicester. The military genius of Parma is displayed in the siege of Antwerp—a narrative filled with picturesque incident and adventure; while the story of the Spanish armada, its origin and destruction, is for the first time related with fulness in its varied circumstances and relations. Much new light is also thrown upon the character of Queen Elizabeth.

The judgment passed upon this work by the highest English critical authorities, confirms the impression made by the author in his preceding work. It is freely admitted that he writes with judgment and insight; that his devotion to research gives his book the value of an original narrative, and that the interest of the whole is sustained by a copious and happy selection of circumstances, and a well-maintained brightness of style.

It is the author's intention, in two additional volumes, to carry the history of the republic down to the Synod of Dort; and he expresses the hope that he may, at some future day, continue the narrative through the Thirty Years' War to the Peace of Westphalia. Previous to undertaking his historical work, Mr. Motley contributed several articles of interest to the American reviews. One on *Balzac* appeared in

the sixty-fifth volume of the *North American*, and another on *Peter the Great*, in 1845, in the same journal. He wrote for the *New York Review*, articles on *De Tocqueville's Democracy in America*, and *Goethe and his Writings*.

In 1861, Mr. Motley rendered an important service to his country abroad, by his publication in the London *Times* of an elaborate essay, entitled, *Causes of the American Civil War*, which was republished in numerous editions. The same year he was appointed Minister Plenipotentiary to Austr'

** Mr. Motley resided at the court of Vienna, making use of the government archives and private libraries, freely placed at his disposal for the continuation of his historical work, till his resignation in 1867. In the autumn of that year appeared the two concluding volumes of *The History of the United Netherlands*. These embraced the period "from the Death of William the Silent to the Twelve Years' Truce of 1609, when the Dutch Republic was received into the great family of Nations by treaty with Spain."

In 1868 Mr. Motley visited his native land. At this time he delivered two public addresses, which were printed. These were: *Four Questions for the People, at the Presidential Election, 1868*, and *Historic Progress and American Democracy: an Address delivered before the New York Historical Society, 1869*.

Mr. Motley was appointed Minister to England by President Grant, and held that office from April, 1869, to November, 1870. He subsequently accepted the invitation of the Queen of Holland to occupy her private villa, *Le petit Loo*, at the Hague, and has since prosecuted his researches for the History of the "Thirty Years' War," which is intended to supplement the narrative of his previous works. The honorary degree of LL. D. was conferred on him by the University of Leyden, in 1872. *The Life and Death of John of Barneveld, Including a History of the Primary Causes and Movements of the Thirty Years' War*, appeared in 1874.

** RELIEF OF LEYDEN — FROM THE RISE OF THE DUTCH REPUBLIC.

A week had elapsed since the great dyke had been pierced, and the flotilla now lay motionless in shallow water, having accomplished less than two miles. The wind, too, was easterly, causing the sea rather to sink than to rise. Everything wore a gloomy aspect, when, fortunately, on the 18th, the wind shifted to the north-west, and for three days blew a gale. The waters rose rapidly, and before the second day was closed the armada was afloat again. Some fugitives from Zoetermeer village now arrived, and informed the Admiral that, by making a detour to the right, he could completely circumvent the bridge and the mere. They guided him, accordingly, to a comparatively low dyke, which led between the villages of Zoetermeer and Benthuyzen. A strong force of Spaniards was stationed in each place, but, seized with a panic, instead of sallying to defend the barrier, they fled inwardly towards Leyden, and halted at the village of North Aa. It was natural that they should be amazed. Nothing is more appalling to the imagination than the rising ocean tide, when man feels himself within its power; and here were the waters, hourly deepening and closing around

them, devouring the earth beneath their feet, while on the waves rode a flotilla, manned by a determined race, whose courage and ferocity were known throughout the world. The Spanish soldiers, brave as they were on land, were not sailors, and in the naval contests which had taken place between them and the Hollanders had been almost invariably defeated. It was not surprising, in these amphibious skirmishes, where discipline was of little avail, and habitual audacity faltered at the vague dangers which encompassed them, that the foreign troops should lose their presence of mind.

Three barriers, one within the other, had now been passed, and the flotilla, advancing with the advancing waves, and driving the enemy steadily before it, was drawing nearer to the beleaguered city. As one circle after another was passed, the besieging army found itself compressed within a constantly contracting field. The "Ark of Delft," an enormous vessel, with shot-proof bulwarks, and moved by paddle-wheels turned by a crank, now arrived at Zoetermeer, and was soon followed by the whole fleet. After a brief delay, sufficient to allow the few remaining villagers to escape, both Zoetermeer and Benthuyzen, with the fortifications, were set on fire, and abandoned to their fate. The blaze lighted up the desolate and watery waste around, and was seen at Leyden, where it was hailed as the beacon of hope. Without further impediment, the armada proceeded to North Aa; the enemy retreating from this position also, and flying to Zoeterwoude, a strongly fortified village but a mile and three quarters from the city walls. It was now swarming with troops, for the bulk of the besieging army had gradually been driven into a narrow circle of forts, within the immediate neighbourhood of Leyden. Besides Zoeterwoude, the two posts where they were principally established were Lammen and Leyderdorp, each within three hundred rods of the town. At Leyderdorp were the head-quarters of Valdez; Colonel Borgia commanded in the very strong fortress of Lammen.

The fleet was, however, delayed at North Aa by another barrier, called the "Kirk-way." The waters, too, spreading once more over a wider space, and diminishing under an east wind, which had again arisen, no longer permitted their progress, so that very soon the whole armada was stranded anew. The waters fell to the depth of nine inches, while the vessels required eighteen and twenty. Day after day the fleet lay motionless upon the shallow sea. Orange, rising from his sick bed as soon as he could stand, now came on board the fleet. His presence diffused universal joy; his words inspired his desponding army with fresh hope. He rebuked the impatient spirits who, weary of their compulsory idleness, had shown symptoms of ill-timed ferocity, and those eight hundred mad Zealanders, so frantic in their hatred to the foreigners, who had so long profaned their land, were as docile as children to the Prince. He reconnoitred the whole ground, and issued orders for the immediate destruction of the Kirk-way, the last important barrier which separated the fleet from Leyden. Then, after a long conference with Admiral Boisot, he returned to Delft.

Meantime, the besieged city was at its last gasp. The burghers had been in a state of uncertainty for many days; being aware that the fleet had set forth for their relief, but knowing full well the thousand obstacles which it had to surmount.

They had guessed its progress by the illumination from the blazing villages; they had heard its salvos of artillery, on its arrival at North Aa; but since then, all had been dark and mournful again, hope and fear, in sickening alternation, distracting every breast. They knew that the wind was unfavorable, and at the dawn of each day every eye was turned wistfully to the vanes of the steeples. So long as the easterly breeze prevailed, they felt, as they anxiously stood on towers and housetops, that they must look in vain for the welcome ocean. Yet, while thus patiently waiting, they were literally starving; for even the misery endured at Harlem had not reached that depth and intensity of agony to which Leyden was now reduced. Bread, malt-cake, horse-flesh, had entirely disappeared; dogs, cats, rats, and other vermin, were esteemed luxuries. A small number of cows, kept as long as possible, for their milk, still remained; but a few were killed from day to day, and distributed in minute proportions, hardly sufficient to support life among the famishing population. Starving wretches swarmed daily around the shambles where these cattle were slaughtered, contending for any morsel which might fall, and lapping eagerly the blood as it ran along the pavement: while the hides, chopped and boiled, were greedily devoured. Women and children, all day long, were seen searching gutters and dunghills for morsels of food, which they disputed fiercely with the famishing dogs. The green leaves were stripped from the trees, every living herb was converted into human food, but these expedients could not avert starvation. The daily mortality was frightful—infants starved to death on the maternal breasts, which famine had parched and withered; mothers dropped dead in the streets, with their dead children in their arms. In many a house the watchmen, in their rounds, found a whole family of corpses, father, mother, children, side by side, for a disorder called the plague, naturally engendered of hardship and famine, now came, as if in kindness, to abridge the agony of the people. The pestilence stalked at noonday through the city, and the doomed inhabitants fell like grass beneath its scythe. From six thousand to eight thousand human beings sank before this scourge alone, yet the people resolutely held out—women and men mutually encouraging each other to resist the entrance of their foreign foe—an evil more horrible than pest or famine.

The missives from Valdez, who saw more vividly than the besieged could do, the uncertainty of his own position, now poured daily into the city, the enemy becoming more prodigal of his vows, as he felt that the ocean might yet save the victims from his grasp. The inhabitants, in their ignorance, had gradually abandoned their hopes of relief, but they spurned the summons to surrender. Leyden was sublime in its despair. A few murmurs were, however, occasionally heard at the steadfastness of the magistrates, and a dead body was placed at the door of the burgomaster, as a silent witness against his inflexibility. A party of the more faint-hearted even assailed the heroic Adrian Van der Werf with threats and reproaches as he passed through the streets. A crowd had gathered around him, as he reached a triangular place in the centre of the town, into which many of the principal streets emptied themselves, and upon one side of which stood the church of Saint Pancras, with its high brick tower surmounted by two pointed turrets, and with two ancient lime trees at its entrance. There stood the burgomas-

ter, a tall, haggard, imposing figure, with dark visage, and a tranquil but commanding eye. He waved his broadleaved felt hat for silence, and then exclaimed, in language which has been almost literally preserved, "What would ye, my friends? Why do ye murmur that we do not break our vows and surrender the city to the Spaniards? a fate more horrible than the agony which she now endures. I tell you I have made an oath to hold the city, and may God give me strength to keep my oath! I can die but once; whether by your hands, the enemy's, or by the hand of God. My own fate is indifferent to me, not so that of the city intrusted to my care. I know that we shall starve if not soon relieved; but starvation is preferable to the dishonored death which is the only alternative. Your menaces move me not; my life is at your disposal; here is my sword, plunge it into my breast, and divide my flesh among you. Take my body to appease your hunger, but expect no surrender, so long as I remain alive."

The words of the stout burgomaster inspired a new courage in the hearts of those who heard him, and a shout of applause and defiance arose from the famishing but enthusiastic crowd. They left the place, after exchanging new vows of fidelity with their magistrate, and again ascended tower and battlement to watch for the coming fleet. From the ramparts they hurled renewed defiance at the enemy. "Ye call us rat-eaters and dog-eaters," they cried, "and it is true. So long, then, as ye hear dog bark or cat mew within the walls, ye may know that the city holds out. And when all has perished but ourselves, be sure that we will each devour our left arms, retaining our right to defend our women, our liberty, and our religion, against the foreign tyrant. Should God, in his wrath, doom us to destruction, and deny us all relief, even then will we maintain ourselves for ever against your entrance. When the last hour has come, with our hands we will set fire to the city and perish, men, women, and children together in the flames, rather than suffer our homes to be polluted and our liberties to be crushed." Such words of defiance, thundered daily from the battlements, sufficiently informed Valdez as to his chance of conquering the city, either by force or fraud, but at the same time, he felt comparatively relieved by the inactivity of Boisot's fleet, which still lay stranded at North Aa. "As well," shouted the Spaniards, derisively, to the citizens, "as well can the Prince of Orange pluck the stars from the sky as bring the ocean to the walls of Leyden for your relief."

On the 28th of September, a dove flew into the city, bringing a letter from Admiral Boisot. In this despatch, the position of the fleet at North Aa was described in encouraging terms, and the inhabitants were assured that, in a very few days at furthest, the long-expected relief would enter their gates. The letter was read publicly upon the market-place, and the bells were rung for joy. Nevertheless, on the morrow, the vanes pointed to the east, the waters so far from rising, continued to sink, and Admiral Boisot was almost in despair. He wrote to the Prince, that if the spring-tide, now to be expected, should not, together with a strong and favorable wind, come immediately to their relief, it would be in vain to attempt anything further, and that the expedition would, of necessity, be abandoned. The tempest came to their relief. A violent equinoctial gale, on the night of the 1st and 2d of October, came

storming from the north-west, shifting after a few hours full eight points, and then blowing still more violently from the south-west. The waters of the North Sea were piled in vast masses upon the southern coast of Holland, and then dashed furiously landward, the ocean rising over the earth, and sweeping with unrestrained power across the ruined dykes.

In the course of twenty-four hours, the fleet at North Aa, instead of nine inches, had more than two feet of water. No time was lost. The Kirkway, which had been broken through according to the Prince's instructions, was now completely overflowed, and the fleet sailed at midnight, in the midst of the storm and darkness. A few sentinel vessels of the enemy challenged them as they steadily rowed towards Zoeterwoude. The answer was a flash from Boisot's cannon, lighting up the black waste of waters. There was a fierce naval midnight battle; a strange spectacle among the branches of those quiet orchards, and with the chimney stacks of half-submerged farm houses rising around the contending vessels. The neighboring village of Zoeterwoude shook with the discharges of the Zealanders' cannon, and the Spaniards assembled in that fortress knew that the rebel Admiral was at last afloat and on his course. The enemy's vessels were soon sunk, their crews hurled into the waves. On went the fleet, sweeping over the broad waters which lay between Zoeterwoude and Zwieten. As they approached some shallows, which led into the great mere, the Zealanders dashed into the sea, and with sheer strength shouldered every vessel through. Two obstacles lay still in their path — the forts of Zoeterwoude and Lammen, distant from the city five hundred and two hundred and fifty yards respectively. Strong redoubts, both well supplied with troops and artillery, they were likely to give a rough reception to the light flotilla, but the panic, which had hitherto driven their foes before the advancing patriots, had reached Zoeterwoude. Hardly was the fleet in sight when the Spaniards in the early morning, poured out from the fortress, and fled precipitately to the left, along a road which led in a westerly direction towards the Hague. Their narrow path was rapidly vanishing in the waves, and hundreds sank beneath the constantly deepening and treacherous flood. The wild Zealanders, too, sprang from their vessels upon the crumbling dyke and drove their retreating foes into the sea. They hurled their harpoons at them, with an accuracy acquired in many a polar chase; they plunged into the waves in the keen pursuit, attacking them with boat-hook and dagger. The numbers who thus fell beneath these corsairs, who neither gave nor took quarter, were never counted, but probably not less than a thousand perished. The rest effected their escape to the Hague.

The first fortress was thus seized, dismantled, set on fire, and passed, and a few strokes of the oars brought the whole fleet close to Lammen. This last obstacle rose formidable and frowning directly across their path. Swarming as it was with soldiers, and bristling with artillery, it seemed to defy the armada either to carry it by storm or to pass under its guns into the city. It appeared that the enterprise was, after all, to founder within sight of the long expecting and expected haven. Boisot anchored his fleet within a respectful distance, and spent what remained of the day in carefully reconnoitring the fort, which seemed only too strong. In conjunction

with Leyderdorp, the head-quarters of Valdez, a mile and a half distant on the right, and within a mile of the city, it seemed so insuperable an impediment that Boisot wrote in despondent tone to the Prince of Orange. He announced his intention of carrying the fort, if it were possible, on the following morning, but if obliged to retreat, he observed, with something like despair, that there would be nothing for it but to wait for another gale of wind. If the waters should rise sufficiently to enable them to make a wide detour, it might be possible, if, in the meantime, Leyden did not starve or surrender, to enter its gates from the opposite side.

Meantime, the citizens had grown wild with expectation. A dove had been despatched by Boisot, informing them of his precise position, and a number of citizens accompanied the burgo-master, at nightfall, towards the tower of Hengist—"Yonder," cried the magistrate, stretching out his hand towards Lammen, "yonder, behind that fort, are bread and meat, and brethren in thousands. Shall all this be destroyed by the Spanish guns, or shall we rush to the rescue of our friends?" "We will tear the fortress to fragments with our teeth and nails," was the reply, "before the relief, so long expected, shall be wrested from us." It was resolved that a sortie, in conjunction with the operations of Boisot, should be made against Lammen with the earliest dawn. Night descended upon the scene, a pitch dark night, full of anxiety to the Spaniards, to the armada, to Leyden. Strange sights and sounds occurred at different moments to bewilder the anxious sentinels. A long procession of lights issuing from the fort was seen to flit across the black face of the waters, in the dead of night, and the whole of the city wall, between the Cow-gate and the Tower of Burgundy, fell with a loud crash. The horror-struck citizens thought that the Spaniards were upon them at last; the Spaniards imagined the noise to indicate a desperate sortie of the citizens. Everything was vague and mysterious.

Day dawned, at length, after the feverish night, and the Admiral prepared for the assault. Within the fortress reigned a death-like stillness, which inspired a sickening suspicion. Had the city, indeed, been carried in the night; had the massacre already commenced; had all this labor and audacity been expended in vain? Suddenly a man was descried, wading breast-high through the water from Lammen towards the fleet, while at the same time, one solitary boy was seen to wave his cap from the summit of the fort. After a moment of doubt, the happy mystery was solved. The Spaniards had fled, panic struck, during the darkness. Their position would still have enabled them, with firmness, to frustrate the enterprise of the patriots, but the hand of God, which had sent the ocean and the tempest to the deliverance of Leyden, had struck her enemies with terror likewise. The lights which had been seen moving during the night were the lanterns of the retreating Spaniards, and the boy who was now waving his triumphant signal from the battlements had alone witnessed the spectacle. So confident was he in the conclusion to which it led him, that he had volunteered at daybreak to go thither all alone. The magistrates, fearing a trap, hesitated for a moment to believe the truth, which soon, however, became quite evident. Valdez, flying himself from Leyderdorp, had ordered Colonel Borgia to retire with all his troops from Lammen.

Thus the Spaniards had retreated at the very moment that an extraordinary accident had laid bare a whole side of the city for their entrance. The noise of the wall, as it fell, only inspired them with fresh alarm; for they believed that the citizens had sallied forth in the darkness, to aid the advancing flood in the work of destruction. All obstacles being now removed, the fleet of Boisot swept by Lammen, and entered the city on the morning of the 3rd of October. Leyden was relieved.

The quays were lined with the famishing population, as the fleet rowed through the canals, every human being who could stand, coming forth to greet the preservers of the city. Bread was thrown from every vessel among the crowd. The poor creatures who, for two months had tasted no wholesome human food, and who had literally been living within the jaws of death, snatched eagerly the blessed gift, at last too liberally bestowed. Many choked themselves to death, in the greediness with which they devoured their bread; others became ill with the effects of plenty thus suddenly succeeding starvation;—but these were isolated cases, a repetition of which was prevented. The Admiral, stepping ashore, was welcomed by the magistracy, and a solemn procession was immediately formed. Magistrates and citizens, wild Zealanders, emaciated burgher guards, sailors, soldiers, women, children,—nearly every living person within the walls, all repaired without delay to the great church, stout Admiral Boisot leading the way. The starving and heroic city, which had been so firm in its resistance to an earthly king, now bent itself in humble gratitude before the King of kings. After prayers, the whole vast congregation joined in the thanksgiving hymn. Thousands of voices raised the song, but few were able to carry it to its conclusion, for the universal emotion, deepened by the music, became too full for utterance. The hymn was abruptly suspended, while the multitude wept like children. This scene of honest pathos terminated, the necessary measures for distributing the food and for relieving the sick were taken by the magistracy. A note dispatched to the Prince of Orange, was received by him at two o'clock, as he sat in church at Delft. It was of a somewhat different purport from that of the letter which he had received early in the same day from Boisot; the letter in which the admiral had informed him that the success of the enterprise depended, after all, upon the desperate assault upon a nearly impregnable fort. The joy of the Prince may be easily imagined, and so soon as the sermon was concluded, he handed the letter just received to the minister, to be read to the congregation. Thus, all participated in his joy, and united with him in thanksgiving.

****THE SPANISH ARMADA—FROM THE UNITED NETHERLANDS.**

Perhaps in the history of mankind there has never been a vast project of conquest conceived and matured in so protracted and yet so desultory a manner, as was this famous Spanish invasion. There was something almost puerile in the whims rather than schemes of Philip for carrying out his purpose. It was probable that some resistance would be offered, at least by the navy of England, to the subjugation of that country, and the King had enjoyed an opportunity, the preceding summer, of seeing the way in which English sailors

did their work. He had also appeared to understand the necessity of covering the passage of Farnese from the Flemish ports into the Thames, by means of the great Spanish fleet from Lisbon. Nevertheless he never seemed to be aware that Farnese could not invade England quite by himself, and was perpetually expecting to hear that he had done so.

"Holland and Zealand," wrote Alexander to Philip, "have been arming with their accustomed promptness; England has made great preparations. I have done my best to make the impossible possible; but your letter told me to wait for Santa Cruz, and to expect him very shortly. If, on the contrary, you had told me to make the passage without him, I would have made the attempt, although we had every one of us perished. Four ships of war could sink every one of my boats. Nevertheless I beg to be informed of your Majesty's final order. If I am seriously expected to make the passage without Santa Cruz, I am ready to do it, although I should go all alone in a cock-boat."

But Santa Cruz at least was not destined to assist in the conquest of England; for, worn out with fatigue and vexation, goaded by the reproaches and insults of Philip, Santa Cruz was dead. He was replaced in the chief command of the fleet by the Duke of Medina Sidonia, a grandee of vast wealth, but with little capacity and less experience. To the iron marquis it was said that a golden duke had succeeded; but the duke of gold did not find it easier to accomplish impossibilities than his predecessor had done. Day after day, throughout the months of winter and spring, the King had been writing that the fleet was just on the point of sailing, and as frequently he had been renewing to Alexander Farnese the intimation that perhaps, after all, he might find an opportunity of crossing to England, without waiting for its arrival. And Alexander, with the same regularity, had been informing his master that the troops in the Netherlands had been daily dwindling from sickness and other causes, till at last, instead of the 30,000 effective infantry, with which it had been originally intended to make the enterprise, he had not more than 17,000 in the month of April. The 6000 Spaniards, whom he was to receive from the fleet of Medina Sidonia, would therefore be the very mainspring of his army. After leaving no more soldiers in the Netherlands than were absolutely necessary for the defence of the obedient Provinces against the rebels, he could only take with him to England 23,000 men, even after the reinforcements from Medina. "When we talked of taking England by surprise," said Alexander, "we never thought of less than 30,000. Now that she is alert and ready for us, and that it is certain we must fight by sea and by land, 50,000 would be few." He almost ridiculed the King's suggestion that a feint might be made by way of besieging some few places in Holland or Zealand. The whole matter in hand, he said, had become as public as possible, and the only efficient blind was the peace-negotiation; for many believed, as the English deputies were now treating at Ostend, that peace would follow.

At last, on the 28th, 29th, and 30th May, 1588, the fleet, which had been waiting at Lisbon more than a month for favourable weather, set sail from that port, after having been duly blessed by the Cardinal Archduke Albert, viceroy of Portugal. . . .

The size of the ships ranged from 1200 tons to

300. The galleons, of which there were about sixty, were huge round-stemmed clumsy vessels, with bulwarks three or four feet thick, and built up at stem and stern, like castles. The galeasses — of which there were four — were a third larger than the ordinary galley, and were rowed each by three hundred galley-slaves. They consisted of an enormous towering fortress at the stern, a castellated structure almost equally massive in front, with seats for the rowers amidships. At stem and stern and between each of the slaves' benches were heavy cannon. These galeasses were floating edifices, very wonderful to contemplate. They were gorgeously decorated. There were splendid state-apartments, cabins, chapels, and pulpits in each, and they were amply provided with awnings, cushions, streamers, standards, gilded saints, and bands of music. To take part in an ostentatious pageant, nothing could be better devised. To fulfil the great objects of a war-vessel — to sail and to fight — they were the worst machines ever launched upon the ocean. The four galleys were similar to the galeasses in every respect except that of size, in which they were by one-third inferior.

All the ships of the fleet — galeasses, galleys, galleons, and hulks — were so encumbered with top-hamper, so overweighted in proportion to their draught of water, that they could bear but little canvas, even with smooth seas and light and favourable winds. In violent tempests, therefore, they seemed likely to suffer. To the eyes of the 16th century these vessels seemed enormous. A ship of 1300 tons was then a monster rarely seen, and a fleet, numbering from 130 to 150 sail, with an aggregate tonnage of 60,000, seemed sufficient to conquer the world, and to justify the arrogant title, by which it had baptized itself, of the Invincible.

Such was the machinery which Philip had at last set afloat, for the purpose of dethroning Elizabeth and establishing the inquisition in England. One hundred and forty ships, eleven thousand Spanish veterans, as many more recruits, partly Spanish, partly Portuguese, 2000 grandees, as many galley-slaves, and three hundred barefooted friars and inquisitors.

* * * * *

And so, in letter after letter, Philip clung to the delusion that Alexander could yet cross to England, and that the Armada might sail up the Thames. The Duke was directed to make immediate arrangements to that effect with Medina Sidonia, at the very moment when that tempest-tossed grandee was painfully creeping back towards the Bay of Biscay, with what remained of his invincible fleet.

Sanguine and pertinacious, the King refused to believe in the downfall of his long-cherished scheme; and even when the light was at last dawning upon him, he was like a child crying for a fresh toy, when the one which had long amused him had been broken. If the Armada were really very much damaged, it was easy enough, he thought, for the Duke of Parma, to make him a new one, while the old one was repairing. "In case the Armada is too much shattered to come out," said Philip, "and winter compels it to stay in that port, you must cause another Armada to be constructed at Emden and the adjacent towns, at my expense, and, with the two together, you will certainly be able to conquer England."

And he wrote to Medina Sidonia in similar terms. That naval commander was instructed to

enter the Thames at once, if strong enough. If not, he was to winter in the Scotch port which he was supposed to have captured. Meantime Farnese would build a new fleet at Emden, and in the spring the two dukes would proceed to accomplish the great purpose.

But at last the arrival of Medina Sidonia at Santander dispelled these visions, and now the King appeared in another attitude. A messenger, coming post-haste from the captain-general, arrived in the early days of October at the Escorial. Entering the palace he found Idiaquez and Moura pacing up and down the corridor, before the door of Philip's cabinet, and was immediately interrogated by those counsellors, most anxious, of course, to receive authentic intelligence at last as to the fate of the Armada. The entire overthrow of the great project was now, for the first time, fully revealed in Spain; the fabulous victories over the English, and the annihilation of Howard and all his ships, were dispersed in air. Broken, ruined, forlorn, the invincible Armada—so far as it still existed—had reached a Spanish port. Great was the consternation of Idiaquez and Moura, as they listened to the tale, and very desirous was each of the two secretaries that the other should discharge the unwelcome duty of communicating the fatal intelligence to the King.

At last Moura consented to undertake the task, and entering the cabinet, he found Philip seated at his desk. Of course he was writing letters. Being informed of the arrival of a messenger from the north, he laid down his pen, and inquired the news. The secretary replied that the accounts concerning the Armada were by no means so favourable as could be wished. The courier was then introduced, and made his dismal report. The King did not change countenance. "Great thanks," he observed, "do I render to Almighty God, by whose generous hand I am gifted with such power, that I could easily, if I chose, place another fleet upon the sea. Nor is it of very great importance that a running stream should be sometimes intercepted, so long as the fountain from which it flows remains inexhaustible."

So saying he resumed his pen, and serenely proceeded with his letters. Christopher Moura stared with unaffected amazement at his sovereign, thus tranquil while a shattered world was falling on his head, and then retired to confer with his colleague.

"And how did his Majesty receive the blow?" asked Idiaquez.

"His Majesty thinks nothing of the blow," answered Moura, "nor do I, consequently, make more of this great calamity than does his Majesty."

So the King—as fortune flew away from him, wrapped himself in his virtue; and his counsellors, imitating their sovereign, arrayed themselves in the same garment. Thus draped, they were all prepared to bide the pelting of the storm which was only beating figuratively on their heads, while it had been dashing the King's mighty galleons on the rocks, and drowning by thousands the wretched victims of his ambition. Soon afterwards, when the particulars of the great disaster were thoroughly known, Philip ordered a letter to be addressed in his name to all the bishops of Spain, ordering a solemn thanksgiving to the Almighty for the safety of that portion of the invincible Armada which it had pleased Him to preserve.

And thus, with the sound of mourning through-

out Spain—for there was scarce a household of which some beloved member had not perished in the great catastrophe—and with the peals of merry bells over all England and Holland, and with a solemn 'Te Deum' resounding in every church, the curtain fell upon the great tragedy of the Armada.

*** THE FRUITS OF THE REVOLT—FROM THE UNITED NETHERLANDS.

Forty-three years had passed since the memorable April morning in which the great nobles of the Netherlands presented their "Request" to the Regent Margaret at Brussels.

They had requested that the holy Spanish Inquisition might not be established on their soil to the suppression of all their political and religious institutions.

The war which those high-born "beggars" had then kindled, little knowing what they were doing, had now come to a close; and the successor of Philip II., instead of planting the Inquisition in the provinces, had recognized them as an independent, sovereign, Protestant republic.

In the ratification which he had just signed of the treaty of truce, the most Catholic king had in his turn made a Request. He had asked the States-General to deal kindly with their Catholic subjects.

That request was not answered with the axe and faggot; with the avenging sword of mercenary legions. On the contrary, it was destined to be granted. The world had gained something in forty-three years. It had at least begun to learn that the hangman is not the most appropriate teacher of religion.

During the period of apparent chaos with which this history of the great revolt has been occupied, there had in truth been a great reorganization, a perfected new birth. The republic had once more appeared in the world.

Its main characteristics have been indicated in the course of the narrative, for it was a polity which gradually unfolded itself out of the decay and change of previous organisms.

It was, as it were, in their own despite and unwittingly that the United Provinces became a republic at all. . . .

Few strides more gigantic have been taken in the march of humanity than those by which a parcel of outlying provinces in the north of Europe exchanged slavery to a foreign despotism and to the Holy Inquisition for the position of a self-governing commonwealth, in the front rank of contemporary powers, and in many respects the foremost in the world. It is impossible to calculate the amount of benefit rendered to civilization by the example of the Dutch republic. It has been a model which has been imitated, in many respects, by great nations. It has even been valuable in its very defects; indicating to a patient observer many errors most important to avoid.

Therefore, had the little republic sunk for ever in the sea so soon as the treaty of peace had been signed at Antwerp, its career would have been prolific of good for all succeeding time.

SAMUEL A. HAMMETT.

MR. HAMMETT was born in 1816 at Jewett City, Connecticut. After being graduated at the University of the City of New York, he passed some

ten or twelve years in the South-west, engaged in mercantile pursuits, and for a portion of the time as Clerk of the District Court of Montgomery county, Texas. In 1848 he removed to New York city, where he became actively employed in the flour trade. He died at his residence in Brooklyn, December 24, 1865.

Mr. Hammett drew largely on his frontier experiences in his contributions to the *Spirit of the Times*, *Knickerbocker*, *Democratic and Whig Reviews*, and *Literary World*. He published several volumes—*A Stray Yankee in Texas*, *The Wonderful Adventures of Captain Priest*, with the scene Down East, and *Piney Woods Tavern*; or, *Sam Slick in Texas*. They are sketchy, humorous, and inventive.

HOW I CAUGHT A CAT, AND WHAT I DID WITH IT—FROM A STRAY YANKEE IN TEXAS.

At last behold us fairly located upon the banks of the river, where Joe had selected a fine, hard shingle beach upon which to pitch our camp. This same camp was an extemporaneous affair, a kind of *al fresco* home, formed by setting up a few crotches to sustain a rude roof of undressed shingles, manufactured impromptu,—there known as "boards,"—supported upon diminutive rafters of cane.

This done, a cypress suitable for a canoe, or "dug out," was selected, and in two days shaped, hollowed out, and launched. Fairly embarked now in the business, I found but little difficulty in obtaining a supply of green trout and other kinds of river fish, but the huge "Cats"—where were they? I fished at early morn and dewy eve, ere the light had faded out from the stars of morning, and after dame Nature had donned her *robe de nuit*,—all was in vain.

Joe counselled patience, and hinted that the larger species of "Cats" never ran but during a rise or fall in the river, and must then be fished for at night.

One morning, heavy clouds in the north, and the sound of distant thunder, informed us that a storm was in progress near the head waters of our stream. My rude tackle was looked after, and bait prepared in anticipation of the promised fish, which the perturbed waters of the river were to incite to motion.

Night came, and I left for a spot where I knew the Cats must frequent; a deep dark hole, immediately above a sedgy flat. My patience and perseverance at length met with their reward. I felt something very carefully examining the bait, and at last tired of waiting for the bite, struck with force.

I had him, a huge fellow, too; backwards and forwards he dashed, up and down, in and out. No fancy tackle was mine, but plain and trustworthy, at least so I fondly imagined.

At last I trailed the gentleman upon the sedge, and was upon the eve of wading in and securing him, when a splash in the water which threw it in every direction, announced that something new had turned up, and away went I, hook and line, into the black hole below. At this moment my tackle parted, the robber—whether alligator or gar I knew not—disappeared with my half captured prey, and I crawled out upon the bank in a blessed humor.

My fishing was finished for the evening; but repairing the tackle as best I could, casting the line again into the pool, and fixing the pole firmly in the knot-hole of a fallen tree, I abandoned it, to fish upon its own hook.

When I arose in the morning, a cold "norther" was blowing fiercely, and the river had risen in the

world during the night. The log to which my pole had formed a temporary attachment, had taken its departure for parts unknown, and was in all human probability at that moment engaged in making an experimental voyage on account of "whom it may concern."

The keen eyes of Joe, who had been peering up and down the river, however, discovered something upon the opposite side that bore a strong resemblance to the missing pole, and when the sun had fairly risen, we found that there it surely was, and moreover its bowing to the water's edge, and subsequent straightening up, gave proof that a fish was fast to the line.

The northern blast blew shrill and cold, and the ordinarily gentle current of the river was now a mad torrent, lashing the banks in its fury, and foaming over the rocks and trees that obstructed its increased volume.

Joe and I looked despairingly at each other, and shook our heads in silence and in sorrow.

Yet there was the pole waving to and fro, at times when the fish would repeat his efforts to escape—it was worse than the Cup of Tantalus, and after bearing it as long as I could, I prepared for a plunge into the maddened stream. One plunge, however, quite satisfied me; I was thrown back upon the shore, cold and dispirited.

During the entire day there stood, or swung to and fro, the wretched pole, now upright as an orderly sergeant, now bending down and kissing the waters at its feet.

The sight I bore until flesh and blood could no more endure. The sun had sunk to rest, the twilight was fading away, and the stars were beginning to peep out from their sheltering places inquiringly, as if to know why the night came not on, when I, stung to the soul, determined at any hazard to dare the venture.

Wringing the hand of Joe, who shook his head dubiously, up the stream I bent my course until I reached a point some distance above, from which the current passing dashed with violence against the bank, and shot directly over to the very spot where waved and wagged my wretched rod, cribbed by the waters, and cabined and confined among the logs.

I plunged in, and swift as an arrow from the bow, the water hurried me on, a companion to its mad career. The point was almost gained, when a shout from Joe called my attention to the pole: alas, the fish was gone, and the line was streaming out in the fierce wind.

That night was I avenged; a huge cat was borne home in triumph. How I took it, or where, it matters not; for so much time having been occupied in narrating how I did not, I can spare no more to tell how I did.

The next point was to decide as to the cooking of him. Joe advised a barbecue; "a fine fellow like that," he said, "with two inches of clear fat upon his back-bone, would make a noble feast." Let not the two inches of clear fat startle the incredulous reader; for in that country of lean swine, I have often heard that the catfish are used to fry bacon in.

But to the cooking.

We cooked him that night, and we cooked him next day, And we cooked him in vain until both passed away.

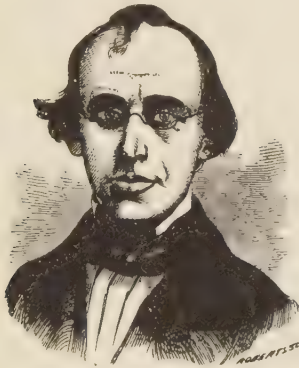
He would not be cooked, and was in fact much worse, and not half so honest as a worthy old gander—once purchased by a very innocent friend of mine—that was found to contain in its maw a paper embracing both his genealogy and directions with

reference to the advisable mode of preparing him for the table; of which all that I remember is, that parboiling for sixteen days was warmly recommended as an initial step.

Sixteen days' parboiling I am convinced would but have rendered our friend the tougher. We tried him over a hot fire, and a slow one,—we smoked him, singed him, and in fine tried all known methods in vain, and finally consigned him again, uneaten, to the waters.

CORNELIUS MATHEWS.

CORNELIUS MATHEWS was born October 28, 1817, in the village of Port Chester, in Westchester county, State of New York. It is a spot situated on the Sound, on the borders of Connecticut, and was, until recently, before modern taste had altered the name, designated Saw-pitts, from the branch of industry originally pursued there. The early country life of Mr. Mathews in Westchester, on the banks of Byram river, or by the rolling uplands of Rye and its picturesque lake, is traceable through many a page of his writings, in fanciful descriptions of nature based upon genuine experience, and in frequent traits of the rural personages who filled the scene. Mr. Mathews was among the early graduates of the New York University, a circumstance which he recalled some years afterward in an address on *Americanism*,



Cornelius Mathews.

before one of the societies. His literary career began early. For the *American Monthly Magazine* of 1836, he wrote both in verse and prose. A series of poetical commemorations of incidents of the Revolution entitled, *Our Forefathers*, in this journal, are from his pen, with the animated critical sketches of Jeremy Taylor and Owen Felltham, among some revivals of the old English prose writers. In the *New York Review* for 1837 he wrote a paper, *The Ethics of Eating*, a satiric sketch of the ultra efforts at dietetic reform then introduced to the public. He was also a contributor to the *Knickerbocker Maga-*

zine of humorous sketches. In the *Motley Book* in 1838, a collection of tales and sketches, he gave further evidence of his capacity for pathos and humor in description. It was followed the next year by *Behemoth, a Legend of the Moundbuilders*, an imaginative romance, in which the physical sublime was embodied in the great mastodon, the action of the story consisting in the efforts of a supposed ante-Indian race to overcome the huge monster. This "fossil romance" was a purely original invention, with very slender materials in the books of Priest, Atwater, and others; but such hints as the author procured from these and similar sources, were more than repaid in the genial notes which accompanied the first edition.

In 1840 his sketch of New York city electioneering life, *The Politicians*, a comedy, appeared; the subject matter of which was followed up in *The Career of Puffer Hopkins* in 1841, a novel which embodies many phases of civic political life, which have rapidly passed away. Both the play and the tale were the precursors of many similar attempts in local fiction and description.

At this time, from December, 1840, to May, 1842, Mr. Mathews was engaged in the editorship of *Arcturus*, a *Journal of Books and Opinion*, a monthly magazine, of which three volumes appeared; and in which he wrote numerous papers, fanciful and critical, including the novel just mentioned.

In 1843 he published *Poems on Man in the Republic*, in which, with much vigor of thought, he passes in review the chief family, social, and political relations of the citizen. His *Big Abel and the Little Manhattan*, a "fantasy piece," is a picture of New York, sketched in a poetical spirit, with the contrast of the native original Indian element with the present developments of civilization; personated respectively by an Indian, and a representative of the first Dutch settlers.

In 1846 Mr. Murdoch brought upon the stage at Philadelphia Mr. Mathews's tragedy of *Witchcraft*, a story of the old Salem delusion, true to the weird and quaint influences of the time. The suspected mother in the piece, Ambla Bodish, is an original character well sustained. The play was successful on the stage. Mr. Murdoch also performed in it at Cincinnati, where it was received with enthusiasm. A second play, *Jacob Leisler*, founded on a passage of New York colonial history, was also first performed at Philadelphia in 1848, and subsequently with success in New York and elsewhere.

One of the difficulties *Witchcraft* had to contend with on the representation, was the age of the heroine. An actress could scarcely be found who would sacrifice the personal admiration of the hour to the interest of the powerful and truthful dramatic delineation in the mother, grey with sorrow and time. As a contemporary testimony to the merits of the play in poetic conception and character, we may quote the remarks by the late Margaret Fuller, published in her *Papers on Literature and Art*. "*Witchcraft* is a work of strong and majestic lineaments; a fine originality is shown in the conception, by which the love of a son for a mother is made a sufficient *motif* (as the Germans call the ruling impulse of a work) in the production of tragic interest; no less original is

the attempt, and delightful the success, in making an aged woman a satisfactory heroine to the piece through the greatness of her soul, and the magnetic influence it exerts on all around her, till the ignorant and superstitious fancy that the sky darkens and the winds wait upon her as she walks on the lonely hill-side near her hut to commune with the Past, and seek instruction from Heaven. The working of her character on the other agents of the piece is depicted with force and nobleness. The deep love of her son for her, the little tender, simple ways in which he shows it, having preserved the purity and poetic spirit of childhood by never having been weaned from his first love, a mother's love, the anguish of his soul when he too becomes infected with distrust, and cannot discriminate the natural magnetism of a strong nature from the spells and lures of sorcery, the final triumph of his faith, all offered the highest scope to genius and the power of moral perception in the actor. There are highly poetic intimations of those lowering days with their veiled skies, brassy light, and sadly whispering winds, very common in Massachusetts, so ominous and brooding seen from any point, but from the idea of witchcraft invested with an awful significance. We do not know, however, that this could bring it beyond what it has appeared to our own sane mind, as if the air was thick with spirits, in an equivocal and surely sad condition, whether of purgatory or downfall; and the air was vocal with all manner of dark intimations. We are glad to see this mood of nature so fitly characterized. The sweetness and *naïveté* with which the young girl is made to describe the effects of love upon her, as supposing them to proceed from a spell, are also original, and there is no other way in which this revelation could have been induced that would not have injured the beauty of the character and position. Her visionary sense of her lover, as an ideal figure, is of a high order of poetry, and these facts have very seldom been brought out from the cloisters of the mind into the light of open day."

Money-penny, or the Heart of the World, a Romance of the Present Times, a novel of contrasted country and city life, was published in 1850, and in the same year *Chanticleer, a Thanksgiving Story of the Peabody Family*, an idyllic tale of a purely American character. *A Pen and Ink Pano-ma of New York City*, is a little volume in which the author has gathered up his contributions to the journals of the day, a series of fanciful and picturesque sketches, chiefly illustrative of a favorite topic in his writings.

Besides these works, Mr. Mathews has been a constant writer in the journalism of the day, frequently in the Literary World of critical articles and sketches, and on social and other topics in the daily press of New York. He is also prominently identified with the discussion of the International Copyright Question, a subject which he has illustrated in his *Address of the Copyright Club to the American People*, and other writings, with ingenuity and felicity.

A characteristic of Mr. Mathews's writings is their originality. He has chosen new subjects, and treated them in a way of his own, never without energy and spirit.

A collected edition of Mr. Mathews's writings has been published from the press of the Harpers. A second edition of the *Poems on Man* was published in 1846. An edition of *Chanticleer* has been published by Redfield.

THE JOURNALIST.

As shakes the canvass of a thousand ships,
Struck by a heavy land breeze, far at sea—
Ruffle the thousand broad-sheets of the land,
Filled with the people's breath of potency.

A thousand images the hour will take,
From him who strikes, who rules, who speaks,
who sings;
Many within the hour their grave to make—
Many to live, far in the heart of things.

A dark-dyed spirit he who coins the time,
To virtue's wrong, in base disloyal lies—
Who makes the morning's breath, the evening's
tide,
The utterer of his blighting forgeries.

How beautiful who scatters, wide and free,
The gold-bright seeds of loved and loving truth!
By whose perpetual hand, each day, supplied—
Leaps to new life the empire's heart of youth.

To know the instant and to speak it true,
Its passing lights of joy, its dark, sad cloud,
To fix upon the unnumbered gazers' view,
Is to thy ready hand's broad strength allowed.

There is an in-wrought life in every hour,
Fit to be chronicled at large and told—
'Tis thine to pluck to light its secret power,
And on the air its many-colored heart unfold.

The angel that in sand-dropped minutes lives,
Demands a message cautious as the ages—
Who stuns, with dusk-red words of hate, his ear,
That mighty power to boundless wrath enrages.

Hell not the quiet of a Chosen Land,
Thou grimy man over thine engine bending;
The spirit pent that breathes the life into its limbs,
Docile for love is tyrannous in rendering.

Obeys, Rhinoceros! an infant's hand,
Leviathan! obey the fisher mild and young,
Vexed Ocean! smile, for on thy broad-beat sand
The little curlew pipes his shrilly song.

THE POOR MAN.

Free paths and open tracts about us lie,
'Gainst Fortune's spite, though deadliest to undo:
On him who droops beneath the saddest sky,
Hopes of a better time must flicker through.

No yoke that evil hours would on him lay,
Can bow to earth his unreturning look;
The ample fields through which he plods his way
Are but his better Fortune's open book.

Though the dark smithy's stains becloud his brow,
His limbs the dank and sallow dungeon claim;
The forge's light may take the halo's glow,
An angel knock the fetters from his frame.

In deepest needs he never should forget
The patient Triumph that beside him walks
Waiting the hour, to earnest labor set,
When, face to face, his merrier Fortune talks.

Plant in thy breast a measureless content,
Thou poor man, cramped with want or racked
with pain,
Good Providence, on no harsh purpose bent,
Has brought thee there, to lead thee back again.

No other bondage is upon thee cast

Save that wrought out by thine own erring hand ;

By thine own act, alone, thine image placed—
Poorest or President, choose thou to stand.

A man—a man through all thy trials shew !

Thy feet against a soil that never yielded
Other than life, to him that struck a rightful blow
In shop or street, warring or peaceful fielded !

DIETETIC CHARLATANRY.

We think one of the rarest spectacles in the world must be (what is called) a *Graham* boarding-house at about the dinner-hour. Along a table, from which, perhaps, the too elegant and gorgeous luxury of a cloth is discarded, (for we have never enjoyed the felicity of an actual vision of this kind,) seated some thirty lean-visaged, cadaverous disciples, eyeing each other askance—their looks lit up with a certain cannibal spirit, which, if there were any chance of making a full meal off each other's bones, might perhaps break into dangerous practice. The gentlemen resemble busts cut in chalk or white flint; the lady-boarders (they will pardon the allusion) mummies preserved in saffron. At the left hand of each stands a small tankard or pint tumbler of cold water, or, perchance, a decoction of hot water with a little milk and sugar—"a harmless and salutary beverage;"—at the right, a thin segment of bran-bread. Stretched on a plate in the centre lie, melancholy twinal a pair of starveling mackerel, flanked on either side by three or four straggling radishes, and kept in countenance by a sorry bunch of asparagus served up without sauce. The van of the table is led by a hollow dish with a dozen potatoes, rather corpses of potatoes, in a row, lying at the bottom.

At those tables look for no conversation, or for conversation of the driest and dullest sort. Small wit is begotten off spare viands. They, however, think otherwise. "*Vegetable food tends to preserve a delicacy of feeling, a liveliness of imagination, and acuteness of judgment seldom enjoyed by those who live principally on meat.*" Green peas, cabbage, and spinach are enrolled in a new catalogue. They are no longer culinary and botanical. They take rank above that. They are become metaphysical, and have a rare operation that way; they "tend to preserve a delicacy of feeling," &c. Cauliflower is a power of the mind; and asparagus, done tenderly, is nothing less than a mental faculty of the first order. "Buttered parsnips" are, no doubt, a great help in education; and a course of vegetables, we presume, is to be substituted at college in the place of the old routine of Greek and Latin classics. The student will be henceforth pushed forward through his academic studies by rapid stages of Lima beans, parsley, and tomato.

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There is a class of sciolists, who believe that all kinds of experiments are to be ventured upon the human constitution: that it is to be hoisted by pulleys and depressed by weights: pushed forward by rotary principles, and pulled back by stop-springs and regulators. They have finally succeeded in looking upon the human frame, much as a neighboring alliance of stronger powers regard a petty state which is doing well in the world and is ambitious of rising in it. It must be kept under. It must be fettered by treaties and protocols without number. This river it must not cross: at the foot of that mountain it must pause. An attempt to include yonder forest in its territories, would awaken the wrath of its powerful superiors, and they would crush it

instantly. Or the body is treated somewhat as a small-spirited carter treats his horse; it must be kept on a handful of oats and made to do a full day's work. Famine has become custodian of the key which unlocks the gate of health to knowledge, to religious improvement and the millennium.

LITTLE TRAPPAN.

Tenderly let us deal with the memory of the dead—though they may have been the humblest of the living! Let us never forget that though they are parted from us, with a recollection of many frailties clinging about their mortal career, they have passed into a purer and a better light, where these very frailties may prove to have been virtues in disguise—a grotesque tongue to be translated into the clear speech of angels when our ears come to be purged of the jargon-sounds of worldly trade and selfish fashion. While we would not draw from household concealments into the glare of general notice any being whose life was strictly private, we may, with unblamed pen, linger for a moment, in a hasty but not irrespective sketch, over the departure of one whose peculiarities—from the open station he held for many years—were so widely known, that no publicity can affront his memory. Thousands will be pleased sorrowfully to dwell with a quaint regret over his little traits and turns of character, set forth in their true light by one who wished him well while living, and who would entomb him gently now that he is gone.

Whoever has had occasion any time, for the last ten years, to consult a file of newspapers at the rooms of the New York Society Library, must remember a singular little figure which presented itself skipping about those precincts with a jerky and angular motion. He must recollect in the first half-minute after entering, when newly introduced, having been rapidly approached by a man of slender build, in a frock coat, low shoes, a large female head in a cameo in his bosom, an eye-glass dangling to and fro; and presently thrusting into his very face a wrinkled countenance, twitchy and peculiarly distorted, in (we think it was) the left eye. This was little Trappan himself, the superintendent of the rooms, and arch-custodian of the filed newspapers: who no doubt asked you sharply on your first appearance, rising on one leg, as he spoke:

"Well, sir, what do you want?"

This question was always put to a debutant with a sternness of demeanor and severity of tone, absolutely appalling. But wait a little, and you will see the really kind old gentleman softening down, and meek as a lamb, leading you about to crop of the sweetest bunches his garden of preserves could furnish. It was his way only: and, while surprised into admiration of his new suavity, you were lingering over an open paper which he had spread before you with alacrity, you were startled into fresh and greater wonder, at the uprising of a voice in a distant quarter, shouting, roaring almost in a furious key, and demanding with clamorous passion—

"Why the devil gentlemen couldn't conduct themselves as gentlemen, and keep their legs off the tables!"

Looking hastily about, you discover the little old man, planted square in the middle of the floor, firing hot shot and rapid speech, in broadsides, upon a doubled-up man, half on a chair, and half on the reading-table—with a perfect chorus of eyes rolling about the room from the assembled readers, centring upon the little figure in its spasm. Silence again for three minutes, and all the gentlemen present are busy with the afternoon papers (just come in), when

suddenly a second crash is heard, and some desperate unknown mutilator of a file—from which an oblong, three inches by an inch and a half, is gone—is held up to the scorn, contumely, and measureless detestation of the civilized world. The peal of thunder dies away, and with it the spare figure has disappeared at a side door, out of the Reading Room into the Library; but it is not more than a couple of minutes after, that the Reading Room tables are alive with placards, bulletins, and announcements in pen and ink, variously requiring, imploring, and warning frequenters of the room against touching said files with unholy hands. These are no sooner set and displayed, than the irrepressible Superintendent is bending over some confidential friend at one of the tables, and making him privately and fully acquainted with the unheard of outrages which require these violent demonstrations.

And yet a kind old man was he! We drop a tear much more promptly—from much nearer the heart—over his lonely grave, than upon the tomb of even men as great and distinguished as the City Aldermen, who once welcomed Father Mathew among us with such enthusiasm. Little Trappan had his ways, and they were not bad ways—take them altogether. He cherished his ambition as well as other men. It was an idea of his own—suggested from no foreign source, prompted by the movement of no learned society—to make a full, comprehensive, and complete collection of all animated creatures of the bug kind taken within the walls and in the immediate purlieus of the building (for such he held the edifice of the New York Society to be *par excellence*). This led him into a somewhat more active way of life than he had been used to, and involved him in climbings, reachings-forth of the arms, rapid scurries through apartments, in pursuit of flies, darning needles, bugs, and beetles, which, we sometimes thought, were exhausting too rapidly the scant vitality of the old file-keeper. He however achieved his object in one of the rarest museums of winged and footed creatures to be found anywhere. We believe he reckoned at the time of his demise, twenty-three of the beetle kind, fourteen bugs, and one mouse, in his depository. In one direction he was foiled. There was a great bug, of the roach species, often to be seen about the place—a hideously ill-favored and ill-mannered monster—which, with a preternatural activity, seemed to possess the library in every direction—sometimes on desk, sometimes on ladder, tumbling and rolling about the floor—and perpetually, with a sort of brutish instinct of spite, throwing himself in the old man's way, and continually thwarting his plans. And he was never, with all his activity and intensity of purpose, able to capture the great bug and *stick a pin through him*, as he desired. This, we think, wore upon the old man and finally shortened his days. It is not long since that the little superintendent yielded up the ghost. We hope some friend to his memory will succeed in mastering the bug, and in carrying out the (known) wishes of the deceased.

This curious and rare collection was, however, but a subordinate ambition of the late excellent superintendent. It was a desire of his—the burning and longing hope of his life—to found a library which should be in some measure worthy of the great city of New York. With this object in view, he made it a point to frequent all the great night auctions of Chatham street, the Bowery, and Park Row: and he scarcely ever returned of a night without bringing home some rare old volume or pamphlet not to be had elsewhere for love or money—which nobody had ever heard of before—and which never cost him more than twice its value.

He seemed to have acquired his peculiar taste in the selection and purchase of books from that learned and renowned body, the trustees of the Society Library, with which he had been so long associated. It has been supposed by some that he was prompted in his course by a spirit of rivalry with the parent institution. There is some plausibility in this conjecture, for at the time of his death he was pushing it hard—having accumulated in the course of ten years' diligent devotion of the odd sums he could spare from meat and drink and refreshment, no less than three hundred volumes, pamphlets, and odd numbers of old magazines. We suppose, that in acknowledgment of a generous emulation, it is the intention of the Trustees to place a tablet to his memory on the walls of the Parent Institution.

There is a single other circumstance connected with the career of the deceased superintendent scarcely worth mentioning. It is perhaps too absurd and frivolous to refer to at all: and to save ourselves from being held in light esteem by every intelligent reader, and impelling him to laugh in our very face, we shall be obliged to disclose it tenderly, and under a generality.

A character so marked and peculiar as Little Trappan (Old Trap, as he was familiarly called) could have scarcely failed to attract more or less, the attention of the observers of human nature. They would have spied the richness of the land, and dwelt with lingering pleasantry on his little traits of character and disposition from day to day. And it would have so happened that among these he could not have escaped the regard of men who made it a business to study, and to describe human nature in its varieties. For instance, if Little Trappan had been, under like circumstances, a denizen of Paris, he might probably, long before this, have figured in the quaint notices of Jules Janin; Hans Christian Andersen would have taken him for a god-send in Stockholm; Thackeray must have developed him, we can readily suppose, with some little change in one of his brilliant sketches or stories.

Then what a time we should have had of it! Such merry enjoyment, such peals of honest laughter, over the eccentricities of little old Trap; such pilgrimages to the library to get a glimpse of him; such paintings by painters of his person; such sketches by sketchers; such a to-do all round the world! But it was his great and astounding misfortune to belong to this miserable, wo-begone, and fun-forsaken city of New York, and to have fallen, as we are told (though we know nothing about it), into the hands of nobody but a wretched American humorist, who, it is vaguely reported, has made him the hero of a book of some three hundred and fifty pages—as in a word—New York is New York—Little Trappan, Little Trappan—and the author a poor devil native scribbler—why, the less said about the matter the better! We trust, however, his friendly rivals, the trustees of the library, will be good enough to erect the tablet; if not, they will oblige us by passing a resolution on the subject.

GEORGE W PECK

Was born in Rehoboth, Bristol county, Massachusetts, December 4, 1817. His ancestor, Joseph Peck, who came from Hingham in Norfolk, England, was one of the small company who settled the town in 1641. The Plymouth court appointed him to "administer" marriage there in 1650. His descendants, for six generations, have lived at or near the spot where he built his cabin.

In the war of the Revolution three members of the family, uncles of our author, served in the continental army; one fell at Crown Point, another at Trenton, and the third became crippled and a pensioner. The father of Mr. Peck was a farmer, and added to this the business of sawing plank for ships. Until his death, in 1827, his son was bred to work upon the farm, with, however, good schooling at the district school and at home.

G. W. Peck

After various pupilage and preparation for college under teachers of ability, and the interval of a year passed at Boston in the bookstore of the Massachusetts Sunday School Society, Mr. Peck entered Brown University in 1833. After receiving his degree in 1837 he went to Cincinnati and thence to Louisville. Opposite the latter city in Jeffersonville, Indiana, he taught school three months; and afterwards, on a plantation near Louisville. He then taught music at Madison, Indiana, and at Cincinnati. At the close of the year he started in the latter city a penny paper, *The Daily Sun*, which attained considerable prosperity. It was merged, the following year, in *The Republican*, Mr. Peck still continuing to take part in its editorship. After its early extinction he found employment for some months as clerk of a steamboat.

He left the West the next spring and returned to Bristol, Rhode Island, whither his mother had removed, and entered the office of Governor Bullock as a law student. The following year he continued his studies at Boston with Mr. R. H. Dana, Jr., until he was admitted to the bar in 1843. He continued in the office of Mr. Dana for about two years. During this time he delivered lectures on many occasions in the city and country towns. Finding himself ill adapted for the extemporaneous speaking of the bar he turned from the profession to literature, and wrote several communications for the *Boston Post*, which were so well received that he was engaged as musical and dramatic critic for that paper in the winter of 1843-4, and continued to write for it for some time after. Among his novelties in prose and verse were a series of *Sonnets of the Sidewalk*.

In the spring of 1845, through the aid of the Hon. S. A. Eliot, and a few other known patrons of music, Mr. Peck started and conducted *The Boston Musical Review*, four numbers of which were published. In the winter of the same year he was engaged as a violin player in the orchestra of the Howard Athenæum, continuing to write and report for various journals. In June, 1846, he convoyed a party of Cornish miners to the copper region of Lake Superior.

In the fall of that year he went to New York, and through an acquaintance with Mr. H. J. Raymond, then associated in the conduct of the paper, was engaged as a night editor on the *Courier and Enquirer*. He shortly after became a regular contributor to Mr. Colton's *American Review*, and was its associate editor from July, 1848, to January, 1849. He next published a species of apologue entitled *Aurifodina; or, Adventures in the Gold Region*. From that time he was variously

employed as writer and correspondent of the reviews and newspapers, the *American* and *Methodist Quarterly Reviews*, the *Literary World*, *Courier and Enquirer*, the *Art-Union Bulletin*, &c., till February, 1853, when he sailed from Boston for Australia. After nine weeks at Melbourne, where he witnessed the first developments of the gold excitement, and wrote the first Fourth of July address ever spoken on that continent, he crossed the Pacific, visited Lima and the Chincha Islands, and returned to New York after a year's absence. As a result of this journey he published in New York, in 1854, a volume, *Melbourne and the Chincha Islands; with Sketches of Lima, and a Voyage Round the World*, a book of noticeable original observation and reflection; in which the author brings a fine critical vein to the study of character under unusual aspects, and such as seldom engage the attention of a cultivated scholar.

Mr. Peck has, since the production of this book, resided at Cape Ann and Boston, writing a series of *Summer Sketches*, and other correspondence descriptive and critical, for the *New York Courier and Enquirer*. Mr. Peck is a well read literary critic of insight and acumen, and a writer of freshness and originality.

George W. Peck died at Boston, in his forty-third year, June 6, 1859. He was an accomplished writer, a critic of much force and originality, well trained in the best schools of thought. At the time of his death he was engaged upon an essay on Shakspeare, a portion of which was printed in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

THE GOVERNOR OF THE CHINCHAS.

I did not go ashore till the next morning after my arrival, when —, whom I mentioned having met at Callao, took me with him to the Middle island. The landing is under the precipice, on a ledge that makes out in front of a great cave, extending quite through the point, over which, a hundred feet above, project shears for hoisting up water and provision. On the ledge, a staircase, or rather several staircases, go up in a zigzag to close by the foot of the shears; the lowest staircase, about twenty feet long, hangs from shears at the side of the ledge at right angles with the rest in front of the cave, and is rigged to be hoisted or lowered according to the tide, and to be drawn up every evening, or whenever the Governor of the Island chooses to enjoy his dignity alone.

A few rods from the edge of the cliff, directly over the cave, is the palace of the said governor, who styles himself in all his State papers,

"KOSUTH."

The palace is a large flat-roofed shanty, constructed of rough boards, and the canes and coarse rush matting which answers generally for the commonest sort of dwellings in Peru. It has, if I remember correctly, two apartments, with a sort of portico, two or three benches, a table, and grass hammock in front surrounded by a low paling, forming a little yard, where a big dog usually mounts guard. One of the apartments is probably the store-room; there is a kitchen shanty adjoining the piazza on the side most exposed to the sun. The other is the bed-chamber and dining-room of Governor Kosuth and his aids. It contains three or four cot beds, an old table, and writing desk, and is decorated with

a few newspapers, colored lithographs, and old German plans of the battles of Frederick the Great. Over Kossuth's couch are some cheap single barrel pistols; the floor is guano. The situation overlooks nearly all the shipping between the Middle and North islands. Directly under it, but far beneath, the cavern from before which the stairs go up, runs through and opens into a narrow bight or cove, whose precipices reach up to within a few yards of the shanty. The noise of the surf comes up here in a softened monotone; below are a hundred tall vessels—the North island with its strange rocks and dark arches fringed with foam—in the distance, north and east, the hazy bay of Pisco lying in the sunshine, and if it be afternoon, the snowy Andes.

We found Kossuth at home. He is a Hungarian, or at least looks like one, and has selected a Hungarian name. He is a middle sized, half soldier-like, youngish individual, with quick gray eyes, and an overgrown red moustache. He wears his hair trimmed close at the back of his head, which goes up in a straight wall, broadening as it goes, and causing his ears to stand out almost at right angles. From this peculiarity, as well as his general cast of countenance, he looks combative and hard. But his forehead, gathering down in a line with his nose, and his speech and actions show so much energy of character, that he does not look like a very bad fellow after all. He is full of life, and display, and shrewdness, and swearing, and broken English. I rather liked him.* His favorite exclamation is "Hellanfire!" and he loves to show his authority. He was polite enough to me, though the captains often complained of being annoyed by his caprices.

He invited me to come ashore and see him, and offered to tell me "all the secrets of the island." He told me that he was one of the party of Hungarians who came to New York on the representations of Ujhazy, who had obtained for them a grant of land. But he said, that land was of no use to them, they were soldiers—they could not work. Ujhazy, who had been a landowner at home, and not a military man, had made a blunder in obtaining land—they wanted employment in the army, or as engineers and the like. That he, (Kossuth,) finding how matters stood, left New York for New Orleans, where he joined the Lopez expedition. From this he escaped, he did not tell me how, into Mexico, thence reached San Francisco, where he joined Flores, and so came to South America. Here, when that expedition failed, he took service in Peru, and finally had obtained the place he held on this island, where he said he meant to make money enough to buy land, and tell other people to work, but not to work himself. He pitied the poor Chinese slaves here, but what could he do? He could only make them work—and so on.

He talked and exclaimed "Hellanfire!" and gesticulated, altogether with so much rapidity that it was an effort to follow him; treated us to some of the wine of the country, (very much like the new wine of Sicily,) and other good things; cold ham, sardines, and preserved meats, which he says the captains present him with, more than he wants, and he never knows where they come from. According to him they all expect cargoes at once, and as he cannot accommodate them, they try to influence him by arguments and long talks and flattery, and in every sort of way, and he gets wearied to death in his efforts to please them—poor man! He told all this with a lamentable voice and face, and every

now and then a roguish twinkle of the eye, that made it a great trial of the nerves to listen to him without laughing—knowing as I did the exact sum which had been paid him by some captains, to get loaded before the expiration of their lay days!

After finishing our call upon him, we walked over the height of the island; that is, over the rounded hill of guano which covers it, and of which but a small portion comparatively has been cut away on one side for shipment. The average height of the rock which is the substratum of the island, is from an hundred and fifty to two and three hundred feet. Kossuth's place stands on the surface of this at about the lowest of those elevations. On this the guano lies as upon a scaffolding or raised platform rising out of the sea. It lies on a smooth rounded mound, and is on this island about a hundred and sixty feet in the central part, supposing the rock to maintain the average level of the height when it is exposed. Perhaps twenty acres or more have been cut away from the side of the hill towards the north or lee side the island, next the shipping.

J. ROSS BROWNE.

MR. BROWNE commenced his career as a traveller in his eighteenth year by the descent of the Ohio and Mississippi from Louisville to New Orleans. His subsequent adventures are so well

J. Ross Browne

and concisely narrated in his last published volume, *Yusef*, that the story cannot be better presented than in his own words:—

Ten years ago, after having rambled all over the United States—sixteen hundred miles of the distance on foot, and sixteen hundred in a flat-boat—I set out from Washington with fifteen dollars, to make a tour of the East. I got as far east as New York, when the last dollar and the prospect of reaching Jerusalem came to a conclusion at the same time. Sooner than return home, after having made so good a beginning, I shipped before the mast in a whaler, and did some service, during a voyage to the Indian Ocean, in the way of scrubbing decks and catching whales. A mutiny occurred at the island of Zanzibar, where I sold myself out of the vessel for thirty dollars and a chest of old clothes; and spent three months very pleasantly at the consular residence, in the vicinity of his Highness the Imaum of Muscat. On my return to Washington, I labored hard for four years on Bank statistics and Treasury reports, by which time, in order to take the new administration by the fore-lock, I determined to start for the East again. The only chance I had of getting there was, to accept of an appointment as third lieutenant in the Revenue service, and go to California, and thence to Oregon, where I was to report for duty. On the voyage to Rio, a difficulty occurred between the captain and the passengers of the vessel, and we were detained there nearly a month. I took part with the rebels, because I believed them to be right. The captain was deposed by the American consul, and the command of the vessel was offered to me; but, having taken an active part against the late captain, I could not with propriety accept the offer. A whaling captain, who had lost his vessel near Buenos Ayres, was placed in the command, and we proceeded on our voyage round Cape Horn. After a long and dreary passage we made the island of Juan Fernandez. In company with ten of the passengers, I left the ship seventy

* He appreciates Shakespeare. I gave the Spanish doctor an old copy, and Kossuth bought it of him. I told him it showed he must have some claim to his name.

miles out at sea, and went ashore in a small boat, for the purpose of gathering up some tidings in regard to my old friend Robinson Crusoe. What befell us on that memorable expedition is fully set forth in a narrative published in Harpers' Magazine. Subsequently we spent some time in Lima, "the City of the Kings." It was my fortune to arrive penniless in California, and to find, by way of consolation, that a reduction had been made by Congress in the number of revenue vessels, and that my services in that branch of public business were no longer required. While thinking seriously of taking in washing at six dollars a dozen, or devoting the remainder of my days to mule-driving as a profession, I was unexpectedly elevated to the position of post-office agent; and went about the country for the purpose of making post-masters. I only made one—the post-master of San Jose. After that, the Convention called by General Riley met at Monterey, and I was appointed to report the debates on the formation of the State Constitution. For this I received a sum that enabled me to return to Washington, and to start for the East again. There was luck in the third attempt, for, as it may be seen, I got there at last, having thus visited the four continents, and travelled by sea and land a distance of a hundred thousand miles, or more than four times round the world, on the scanty earnings of my own head and hands.

In 1846 Mr. Browne published *Etchings of a Whaling Cruise, with Notes of a Sojourn on the Island of Zanzibar. To which is appended a brief History of the Whale Fishery, its Past and Present Condition.* It contains a spirited and faithful description of an interesting portion of the author's experience as a whaler, which does not appear to have favorably impressed him with the ordinary conduct of the service. He writes warmly in condemnation of the harsh treatment to which sailors are in his judgment exposed. The work is valuable as an accurate presentation of an important branch of our commercial marine, and as a graphic and humorous volume of personal adventure.

On his return from Europe, Mr. Browne published *Yusef, or the Journey of the Frangi; A Crusade in the East.* It is a narrative of the usual circuit of European travellers in the East, the dragoman of the expedition standing godfather to the book. His humorous peculiarities, with those of the author's occasional fellow travellers, are happily hit off. The pages of the volume are also enlivened by excellent comic sketches from the author's designs.

JOHN TABOR'S RIDE—A YARN FROM THE ETCHINGS OF A WHALING CRUISE.

"I was cruising some years ago," he began, "on the southern coast of Africa. The vessel in which I was at the time had been out for a long time, and many of the crew were on the sick-list. I had smuggled on board a large quantity of liquor, which I had made use of pretty freely while it lasted. Finding the crew in so helpless a condition, the captain put into Algoa Bay, where we had a temporary hospital erected for the benefit of the sick. I saw that they led a very easy life, and soon managed to get on the sick-list myself. As soon as I got ashore I procured a fresh supply of liquor from some of the English settlers there, and in about a week I was laid up with a fever in consequence of my deep potations. One night, while I lay in the hospital burning with this dreadful disease, I felt an unusual sensation steal over me. My blood danced

through my veins. I sprang up from my catanda as strong as a lion. I thought I never was better in my life, and I wondered how it was I had so long been deceived as to my disease. A thrilling desire to exert myself came over me. I would have given worlds to contend with some giant. It seemed to me I could tear him to pieces, as a wolf would tear a lamb. Elated with the idea of my infinite power, I rushed out and ran toward the beach, hoping to meet a stray elephant or hippopotamus on the way that I might pitch him into the sea; but very fortunately, I saw none. It was a calm, still night. There was scarcely a ripple on the bay. I put my ear to the sand to listen; for I thought I heard the breaches of a whale. I waited for a repetition of the sounds, scarcely daring to breathe, lest I should miss them. Not a murmur, except the low heaving of the swell upon the beach, broke the stillness of the night. I was suddenly startled by a voice close behind me, shouting, 'There she breaches!' and jumping up, I saw, standing within a few yards of me, such a figure as I shall never forget, even if not occasionally reminded of his existence, as I was to-night. The first thing I could discern was a beard, hanging down from the chin of the owner in strings like rope yarns. It had probably once been white, but now it was discolored with whale-gurry and tar. The old fellow was not more than five feet high. He carried a hump on his shoulders of prodigious dimensions; but notwithstanding his apparent great age, which must have been over a hundred years, he seemed as spry and active as a mokak. His dress consisted of a tremendous sou-wester, a greasy duck jacket, and a pair of well-tarred trowsers, something the worse for the wear. In one hand he carried a harpoon; in the other a coil of short warp. I felt very odd, I assure you, at the sudden apparition of such a venerable whaleman. As I gazed upon him, he raised his finger in a mysterious and solemn manner, and pointed toward the offing. I looked, and saw a large whale sporting on the surface of the water. The boats were lying upon the beach. He turned his eyes meaningly toward the nearest. I trembled all over; for I never experienced such strange sensations as I did then.

"Shall we go?" said he.

"As you say," I replied.

"You are a good whaleman, I suppose? Have you ever killed your whale at a fifteen fathom dart?"

"I replied in the affirmative.

"Very well," said he, "you'll do."

"And without more delay, we launched the boat and pushed off. It was a wild whale-chase, that! We pulled and tugged for upwards of an hour. At last we came upon the whale, just as he rose for the second time. I sprang to the bow, for I wanted to have the first iron into him.

"Back from that!" said the old whaleman, sternly.

"It's my chance," I replied.

"Back, I tell you! I'll strike that whale!"

"There was something in his voice that inspired me with awe, and I gave way to him. The whale was four good darts off; but the old man's strength was supernatural, and his aim unerring. The harpoon struck exactly where it was pointed, just back of the head.

"Now for a ride!" cried the old man; and his features brightened up, and his eyes glared strangely.

"Jump on, John Tabor, jump on!" said he.

"How do you mean?" said I; for although I had killed whales, and eat of them too, such an idea as that of riding a whale-back never before entered my mind.

"Jump on, I say, jump on, John Tabor!" he repeated, sternly.

"Damme if I do!" said I, and my hair began to stand on end.

"You must," shouted the old whaleman.

"But I won't!" said I, resolutely.

"Won't you?" and with that he seized me in his arms, and, making a desperate spring, reached the whale's back and drove the boat adrift. He then set me down, and bade me hold on to the seat of his ducks, while he made sure his own fastening by a good grip of the iron pole. With the other hand he drew from his pocket a quid of tobacco and rammed it into his mouth; after which he began to hum an old song. Feeling something rather uncommon on his back, the whale set off with the speed of lightning, whizzing along as if all the whalers in the Pacific were after him.

"Go it!" said the old man, and his eyes flashed with a supernatural brilliancy. "Hold fast, John Tabor! stick on like grim Death!"

"What the devil kind of a wild-geese chase is this?" said I, shivering with fear and cold; for the spray came dashing over us in oceans.

"Patience!" rejoined the old man; "you'll see presently. Away we went, leaving a wake behind us for miles. The land became more and more indistinct. We lost sight of it entirely. We were on the broad ocean.

"On! on! Stick to me, John Tabor!" shouted the old man, with a grin of infernal ecstasy.

"But where are you bound?" said I. "Damme if this don't beat all the crafts I ever shipped in!" and my teeth chattered as if I had an ague.

"Belay your jaw-tackle, John Tabor! Keep your main hatch closed, and hold on. Go it! go it, old sperm!"

"Away we dashed, bounding from wave to wave like a streak of pigtail lightning. Whizz! whizz! we flew through the sea. I never saw the like. At this rate we travelled till daylight, when the old man sang out, 'Land oh!'

"Where away?" said I, for I had no more idea of our latitude and longitude than if I had been dropped down out of the clouds. "Off our weather eye?"

"That's the Cape of Good Hope!"

"Ne'er went John Gilpin faster than we rounded the cape.

"Hard down your flukes!" shouted my companion, and in five minutes Table Mountain looked blue in the distance. The sun had just risen above the horizon, when an island appeared ahead.

"Land oh!" cried the old man.

"Why, you bloody old popinjay," said I, peeping through the clouds of spray that rose up before us, "where are you steering?"

"That's St. Helena!"

"The devil you say!" and before the words were well out of my mouth we shot past the island and left it galloping astern.

"Stick on! stick on, John Tabor!" cried old greasy-beard; and I tightened my grasp on the seat of his ducks. The sea was growing rough. We flew onward like wildfire.

"Land oh!" shouted the old man again.

"Where's that?" said I, holding on with all my might.

"That's Cape Hatteras!"

"Our speed now increased to such a degree that my hat flew off, and the wind whistled through my hair, for it stood bolt upright the whole time, so fearful was I of losing my passage. I had travelled in steam-boats, stages, and locomotives, but I had never experienced or imagined anything like this. I couldn't contain myself any longer; so I made bold to tell the old chap with the beard what I thought about it.

"Shiver me!" said I, "if this isn't the most outlandish, hell-bent voyage I ever went. If you don't come to pretty soon, you and I'll part company."

"Land ho!" roared the old man.

"In the devil's name," said I, "what d'ye call that?"

"Nantucket," replied my comrade.

"We passed it in the twinkling of an eye, and away we went up Buzzard's Bay. The coast was lined with old whaling skippers, spying us with glasses; for certainly so strange a sight was never seen before or since.

"There she breaches!" cried some.

"There she blows!" cried others; but it was all one to them. We were out of sight in a jiffy.

"The coast of Massachusetts was right ahead. On, on we flew. Taborstown, the general receptacle for Tabor's, stood before us. High and dry we landed on the beach. Still onward went the whale, blowing and pitching, and tearing up the sand with his flukes.

"My eyes!" said I, scarcely able to see a dart ahead, "look out, or you'll be foul of the town pump!"

"Go it! Never say die! Hold fast, John Tabor!" shouted the old chap; and helter-skelter we flew down Main-street, scattering children, and women, and horses, and all manner of live stock and domestic animals, on each side. The old Cape Horn and plum-pudding captains rushed to their doors at a sight so rare.

"There she breaches! There she breaches!" resounded through the town fore and aft; and with the ruling passion strong even in old age, they came hobbling after us, armed with lances, harpoons, and a variety of old rusty whale-gear, the hindmost singing out,

"Don't you strike that whale, Captain Tabor!" and the foremost shouting to those behind, "this is my chance, Captain Tabor!" while the old man with the long beard, just ahead of me, kept roaring,

"Stick fast, John Tabor! hang on like grim Death, John Tabor!"

"And I did hang on. As I had predicted, we fetched up against the town pump; and so great was the shock, that the old fellow flew head-first most over it, leaving in my firm grasp the entire seat of his ducks. I fell myself; but being further aft, I didn't go quite so far as my comrade. However, I held on to the stern-sheets. As the old man righted up, he presented a comical spectacle to the good citizens of Taborstown. The youngsters seeing such an odd fish floundering about, got their miniature lances and harpoons to bear upon him, in a manner that didn't tickle his fancy much.

"The whale at length got under weigh again, and onward we went, with about twenty irons dangling at each side. I grasped the old man by the collar of his jacket this time. A shout of laughter followed us.

"You've lost your whale, Captain Tabor!" cried one.

"The devil's in the whale, Captain Tabor!" cried another.

"As long as I've been Captain Tabor," said a third, "I never saw such a whale."

"As sure as I'm Captain Tabor, he's bewitched," observed a fourth.

"Captain Tabor, Captain Tabor! I've lost my irons!" shouted a fifth.

"Who's that aboard, Captain Tabor?" asked a sixth.

"That's John Tabor!" replied the seventh.

"John Tabor, John Tabor, hold fast!" roared the old man, and away we went as if possessed of the devil, sure enough. Over hills and dales, and through

towns and villages flew we, till the Alleghanies hove in sight. We cleared them in no time, and came down with a glorious breach right into the Alleghany River. Down the river we dashed through steam-boats, flat-boats, and all manner of small craft, till we entered the Ohio. Right ahead went we, upsetting every thing in our way, and astonishing the natives, who never saw any thing in such a shape go at this rate before. We entered the Mississippi, dashed across all the bends, through swamp and canebrake, and at last found ourselves in the Gulf of Mexico, going like wildfire through a fleet of whalers. Nothing daunted, the whale dashed ahead; the coast of South America hove in sight. Over the Andes went we—into the Pacific—past the Sandwich Islands—on to China—past Borneo—up the Straits of Malacca—through the Seychelles Islands—down the Mozambique Channel, and at last we fetched up in Algoa Bay. We ran ashore with such headway that I was pitched head-foremost into the sand, and there I fastened as firm as the stump of a tree. You may be sure, out of breath as I was, I soon began to smother. This feeling of suffocation became so intolerable, that I struggled with the desperation of a man determined not to give up the ghost. A confusion of ideas came upon me all at once, and I found myself sitting upright in my catanda in the old hospital—"

Here Tabor passed.

"Then it was all a dream!" said I, somewhat disappointed. He shook his head, and was mysteriously silent for a while.

*** The later works of Mr. John Ross Browne picture, at times in a most amusing narrative, the continuation of his pilgrimages, in quest of novelties of life and manner, into various districts of the habitable globe. They comprise: *Crusoe's Island; A Rumble in the Footsteps of Alexander Selkirk; with Sketches of Adventure in California and Washoe, 1864; An American Family in Germany, with a Whirl through Algeria, and a Visit to the Salt Mines of Wieliczka, 1866; The Land of Thor, 1867; Report on the Mineral Resources of the States and Territories West of the Rocky Mountains, 1868*, a statistical work as dry as its companions are entertaining; and *Adventures in the Apache Country: a Tour through Arizona and Sonora, with Notes on the Silver Regions of Nevada*. In 1868, Mr. Browne was appointed Minister to China, a position he still holds.

**ON CRUSOE'S ISLAND.

When I awoke it was daylight. My mind was still harassed with the bad dream concerning the Doubter. I had the most gloomy forebodings of some impending misfortune either to him or my friend Abraham. Every effort to shake off this unpleasant feeling proved entirely vain; it still clung to me heavily; and, although I was now wide awake, yet it seemed to me there was something prophetic in the dream. Unable to get rid of the impression, I got up, and looked around upon my comrades, who were all sleeping soundly after their rambles of the previous day. Instinctively, as it were, for I was unconscious of any fixed motive, I counted them. There were only nine! A sudden pang shot through me, as if my worst fears were now realized. But how? I thought. Where was the tenth man? What had become of him? Was it Abraham? Was it the Doubter? Who was it? for the light was not strong enough to enable me to distinguish all the

faces, partly hidden, as they were, in the goat-skins. I looked toward the door; it was unbolting, and slightly ajar. I opened it wide and looked out; there was nothing to be seen in the gray light of the morning but the bushes near the hut, and the dark mountains in the distance. It was time, at all events, to be on the look-out for the ship, so I roused up my comrades, and eagerly noticed each one as he waked. The Doubter was missing! Could it be possible that Abraham's threats had driven him to run away during the night, when all were asleep, and hide himself in the mountains? There seemed to be no other way of accounting for his absence. "Where is he? what's become of him? maybe he's drowned himself!" were the general remarks upon discovering his absence. "Come on! we must look for him! it won't do to leave him ashore!" We hurried down to the boat-landing as fast as we could, thinking he might be there; and on our way saw that the ship was still in the offing. The boat was just as we had left it, but not a soul anywhere near. We then roamed up every body in the Chilian quarter, shouting the name of the missing man in all directions. He was not there! All this time Abraham was in the greatest distress, running about everywhere, without saying a word, looking under the bushes, peeping into every crevice in the rocks, darting in and out of the Chilian huts, greatly to the astonishment of the occupants, and quite breathless and dispirited when he discovered no trace of our comrade. At last, when we were forced to give up the search and turn toward Pearce's hut, where we had left our host in the act of lighting the fire to cook breakfast, he took me aside, and said, "Look here, Luff, I'm very sorry I had any difficulty with that poor fellow. The fact is, he provoked me to it. However, I have nothing against him now; and I just wanted to tell you that I shan't go aboard the ship till I find him. If you like, you can help me to hunt him up, while the others are seeing about breakfast."

"To be sure, Abraham," said I, "we must find him, dead or alive. I'll go with you, of course. But tell me, as we walk along, what it was Pearce said to you last night. How did you get him back when he went out?"

"Oh, never mind that now," replied Abraham, looking, as I thought, rather confused.

"You gave him a dollar, didn't you?" said I; "what was that for?"

"Why, the fact is, Luff, he made those marks himself in some idle hour as he lay basking in the sun up there. He told me that he often spends whole days among the cliffs or sleeping in the caves, while his sheep are grazing in the valleys. You may have noticed that he was rather inclined to burst when he left the hut. The fellow had sense enough not to say anything before the company. I thought it was worth a dollar to keep the thing quiet."

"It was well worth a dollar, Abraham; but the skull—what about the skull?"

"Oh, the skull? He said he picked it up one day outside the cave, and hove it up there, thinking it would do for a lamp some time or other. What excited me so when our shipmate spoke about it was that he should call it a dog's skull."

"And wasn't it?"

"Why, yes; to tell the truth, Luff, it *was* the skull of a wild dog; but you know one doesn't like to be told of such a thing. However, we must look about for the poor fellow, and not leave him ashore."

By this time we had reached an elevation some distance back of the huts. We stopped awhile to listen, and then began shouting his name. At first we could hear nothing; but at length there was a sound reached our ears like a distant echo, only rather muffled.

"Halloo!" cried Abraham, as loud as he could.

"Halloo!" was faintly echoed back, after a pause.

"Nothing but an echo," said I.

"It doesn't sound like *my* voice," observed Abraham. "Halloo! where are you?" he shouted again, at the highest pitch of his voice. There was another pause.

"I'm here!" was the smothered reply.

"That's a queer echo," said Abraham; "I'll bet a dollar he's underground somewhere. Halloo! halloo! Where are you?" This time Abraham put his ear to the ground to listen.

"Here, I tell you!" answered the voice, in the same smothered tones. "Down here."

"He's not far off," said Abraham. "Come, let us look about."

We immediately set out in the direction of the voice. The path made a turn round a point of rocks some few hundred yards distant, on the right of which was a steep precipice. On reaching this, we walked on some distance, till we came to a narrow pass, with a high bluff on one side, and a large rock on the edge of the precipice. The path apparently came to an end here; but upon going a little farther, we saw that it formed a kind of step about three feet down, just at the beginning of the narrow pass, between the rock and the bluff, so that in making any farther progress it would be necessary to jump from the top of the step, or, in coming the other way, to jump up. It was necessary for us, at least, to jump some way before long, for upon arriving at the edge we discovered a pit about four feet wide at the mouth, and how deep it was impossible for us to tell at the moment. We thought it must be rather deep, however, from the sepulchral sounds that came out of it. "Here I am," said the voice, "down in the hole, here, if I ain't mistaken, but I would n't swear to it; I may be somewhere else: it feels like a hole—that's all I can say about it, except that it's tolerably deep, and smells of goats."

"A goat-trap!" exclaimed Abraham, in undisguised astonishment. "By heavens, Luff, he's caught in a goat-trap!"

"It may be a goat-trap, or it may not. I want you to observe that I neither deny nor affirm the proposition. There's not much room in it, however, except for doubt."

"How in the world are we to get him out?" cried Abraham, whose sympathies were now thoroughly aroused by the misfortune of his opponent. "We must contrive some plan to pull him out. Hold on here, Luff; I'll go and cut a pole."

While Abraham was hunting about among the bushes for a pole of suitable length, I sprang over to the other side of the pit, and, getting down on my hands and knees, looked into it, and perceived that it spread out toward the bottom, so that it was impossible to climb up without assistance.

"This is rather a bad business," said I; "what induced you to go down there?"

"I didn't come down here altogether of my own will," replied the Doubter; "credulity brought me here—too much credulity; taking things without sufficient proof; assuming a ground where no ground existed."

"How was that? I don't quite understand."

"Why, you see, I happened to come along this way about an hour ago, to see if the sun rose in the north, and not dreaming of goat-traps, I took it for granted that I could jump down a step in the path apparently not more than three feet deep. There's where the mistake was. A man has no business placing any dependence upon his eyes without strong collateral evidence from all the rest of his senses. I assumed the ground that there was ground at the bottom of the step. Accordingly, I jumped. There was no ground for the assumption. To be sure I descended three feet, according to my original design; but I descended at least twelve feet more, of which I had no intention whatever. The fact is, there was some rotten brushwood, covered with straw and clay, over the mouth of the pit, which I went through without the least difficulty."

"Are you hurt?" said I, anxiously.

"Well, I was considerably stunned. Likely enough some of my ribs are broken, and several blood-vessels ruptured; but I won't believe anything more for some time. I've made up my mind to that. I may or may not be hurt, according to future proof."

By this time Abraham came running toward the pit as fast as he could, with a long pole in his hand, which he had cut among the bushes.

"This is the best I could get," said he, nearly breathless with haste, and very much excited; "there were some others, but I didn't think they were strong enough." Without farther delay, he sprang across the pit to the lower side, and thrust the pole down as far as he could reach. It must have struck something, for he immediately drew it back a little, and the voice of the Doubter was heard to exclaim, in a high state of irritation,

"Halloo, there! What are you about? Confound it, sir, I'm not a wild beast, to be stirred up in that way."

"Never mind," said Abraham, "I didn't intend to hurt you. Take hold of the pole. I'll pull you out. Take hold of it quick, and hang on as hard as you can."

"No, sir; it can't be done, sir. I'll not take hold of anything upon an uncertainty."

"But there's no uncertainty about this," cried Abraham, in a high state of excitement; "it's perfectly safe. Take hold, I tell you."

"Can't be done, sir, can't be done," said the Doubter; "there's not sufficient proof that you'll pull me out if I do take hold. No, sir; I've been deceived once, and I don't mean to be deceived again."

"Now, by heavens, Luff, this is too bad. He doubts my honor. What are we to do?" And Abraham wrung his hands in despair. "Halloo, there, I say—halloo!"

"Well, what do you want?" answered the voice of the Doubter.

"I want to pull you out. Surely you don't think I'll be guilty of anything so dishonorable as to take advantage of your misfortune?"

"I don't think at all," said the Doubter, gloomily; "I've given up thinking. You may or may not be an honorable man. At present I have nobody's word for it but your own."

Here I thought it proper to protest that I knew Abraham well; that there was not a more honorable man living. "Besides," I added, "there's no other way for you to get out of the pit."

"Very well, then," said the Doubter; "I'll take hold, but you must take hold too, and see that he does n't let go. Pull away, gentlemen!"

Abraham and myself accordingly pulled away as hard as we could, and in a few moments the head of our comrade appeared in the light, a short distance below the rim of the pit. I had barely time to notice that his hair was filled with straw and clay, when Abraham, in his eagerness to get him entirely clear of danger, made a sudden pull, which would certainly have accomplished the object had the Doubter come with the upper part of the pole. But such was not the case. On the contrary, both my friend and myself fell flat upon our backs; and upon jumping up, we discovered that the Doubter had fallen into the pit again, carrying with him the lower end of the pole, which had unfortunately broken off at that critical moment. There he lay in the bottom of the pit, writhing and groaning in the most frightful manner.

"He's killed! he's killed!" cried Abraham, in perfect agony of mind. "Oh, Luff, to think that I killed him at last! It was all my fault. Here, quick! Lower me down! I must help him!"

Before I had time to say a word, Abraham seized hold of my right hand, and, directing me to hold on with all my might, he began to let himself down into the pit. It required the utmost tension of every muscle to bear his weight, but the excitement nerved me. "Let go, now!" said he, as soon as he got as far down as I could lower him without lowering myself, which I narrowly escaped; "let go, Luff!" I did so, and heard a dull, heavy fall, and a groan louder than before.

"What's the matter, Abraham — did you hurt yourself?"

"Not myself," said Abraham, "but I'm afraid I hurt him. I fell on him."

"You did," groaned a voice, faintly, "you fell on me. I'm tolerably certain of that. It was a shabby trick, sir; it was n't bad enough to throw me down here, without jumping on top of me when I could n't defend myself!"

"I hope you're not much hurt," said Abraham; "it was all accident — I swear it, on my sacred honor!"

"Honor!" groaned the Doubter, contemptuously; "is it honorable to drop a man into a pit, and knock all the breath out of his body, and then jump on top of him! Honor, indeed! But it was my own fault: I was too ready to take things without proof."

"Now, by all that's human!" cried Abraham, stung to the quick at these unmerited reproaches, "I'll prove to you that I did n't mean it. Get up on my shoulders — here, I'll help you — and climb out. Would any but an honorable man do that?"

"It depends upon his motives," replied the Doubter; "I won't take motives on credit any more. I'm not going to get up on your shoulders, and have you jump from under me about the time I get hold of something above, and leave me to fall down and break my back, or hang there. No, sir, I want no farther assistance. I've made up my mind to spend the remainder of my days here."

HENRY DAVID THOREAU.

Two of the most noticeable books in American literature on the score of a certain quaint study of natural history and scenery, are Mr. Thoreau's volumes on the Concord and Merrimack rivers, and *Life in the Woods*. The author is a humorist in the old English sense of the word, a man of

humors, of Concord, Mass., where, in the neighborhood of Emerson and Hawthorne, and in the enjoyment of their society, he leads, if we may take his books as the interpreter of his career, a meditative philosophic life.

Henry D. Thoreau.

We find his name on the Harvard list of graduates of 1837. In 1849, having previously been a contributor to the *Dial*, and occupied himself in school-keeping and trade in an experimental way, he published *A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers*. It is a book of mingled essay and description, occasionally rash and conceited, in a certain transcendental affectation of expression on religious subjects; but in many other passages remarkable for its nicety of observation, and acute literary and moral perceptions. It is divided into seven chapters, of the days of the week. A journey is accomplished in the month of August, 1839, descending the Concord river, from the town of that name, to the Merrimack; then ascending the latter river to its source: thence backward to the starting point. This voyage is performed by the author in company with his brother, in a boat of their own construction, which is variously rowed, pulled, dragged, or propelled by the wind along the flats or through the canal; the travellers resting at night under a tent which they carry with them. The record is of the small boating adventures, and largely of the reflections, real or supposed, suggested by the moods or incidents of the way. There are a variety of illustrations of physical geography, the history of the interesting settlements along the way; in the botanical excursions, philosophical speculations and literary studies.

The author, it will be seen from the date of his publication, preserved the Horatian maxim, of brooding over his reflections, if not keeping his copy, the approved period of gestation of nine years.

His next book was published with equal deliberation. It is the story of a humor of the author, which occupied him a term of two years and two months, commencing in March, 1845. *Walden, or Life in the Woods*, was published in Boston in 1854. The oddity of its record attracted universal attention. A gentleman and scholar retires one morning from the world, strips himself of all superfluities, and with a borrowed axe and minimum of pecuniary capital, settles himself as a squatter in the wood, on the edge of a New England pond near Concord. He did not own the land, but was permitted to enjoy it. He felled a few pines, hewed timbers, and for boards bought out the shanty of James Collins, an Irish laborer on the adjacent Fitchburg railroad, for the sum of four dollars twenty-five cents. He was assisted in the raising by Emerson, George W. Curtis, and other celebrities of Concord, whose presence gave the rafters an artistic flavor. Starting early in the spring, he secured long before winter by the labor of his hands "a tight shingled and plastered house, ten feet wide by fifteen long, and eight feet posts, with a garret and

a closet, a large window on each side, two trap-doors, one door at the end, and a brick fire-place opposite." The exact cost of the house is given:—



Thoreau's House.

Boards,	\$8 08½, mostly shanty boards.
Refuse shingles for roof and sides,	4 00
Laths,	1 25
Two second-hand windows with glass,	2 43
One thousand old brick,	4 00
Two casks of lime,	2 40
Hair,	0 81
Mantle-tree iron,	0 15
Nails,	3 90
Hinges and screws,	0 14
Latch,	0 10
Chalk,	0 01
Transportation,	1 40

That was high.
More than I needed.

I carried a good part on my back.

In all, \$28 12¼

These are all the materials excepting the timber, stones, and sand, which I claimed by squatter's right. I have also a small wood-shed adjoining, made chiefly of the stuff which was left after building the house.

The rest of the account from Mr. Thoreau's ledger is curious, and will show "upon what meats this same Cæsar fed," that he came to interest the public so greatly in his housekeeping:—

By surveying, carpentry, and day-labor of various other kinds in the village in the mean while, for I have as many trades as fingers, I had earned \$13 34. The expense of food for eight months, namely, from July 4th to March 1st, the time when these estimates were made, though I lived there more than two years,—not counting potatoes, a little green corn, and some peas, which I had raised, nor considering the value of what was on hand at the last date, was

Rice,	\$1 73½	
Molasses,	1 73	Cheapest form of the saccharine.
Rye meal,	1 04½	
Indian meal,	0 99½	Cheaper than rye.
Pork,	0 22	
Flour,	0 88	Cost more than Indian meal, both money and trouble.
Sugar,	0 80	
Lard,	0 65	
Apples,	0 25	
Dried apple,	0 23	
Sweet potatoes,	0 10	
One pumpkin,	0 06	
One watermelon,	2	
Salt,	8	

All experiments
which failed.

Yes, I did eat \$8 74, all told; but I should not thus unblushingly publish my guilt, if I did not know that most of my readers were equally guilty with myself, and that their deeds would look no bet-

ter in print. The next year I sometimes caught a mess of fish for my dinner, and once I went so far as to slaughter a woodchuck which ravaged my bean-field,—effect his transmigration, as a Tartar would say,—and devour him, partly for experiment's sake, but though it afforded me a momentary enjoyment, notwithstanding a musky flavor, I saw that the long-est use would not make that a good practice, however it might seem to have your woodchucks ready dressed by the village butcher.

Clothing and some incidental expenses within the same dates, though little can be inferred from this item, amounted to

Oil and some household utensils,	\$3 40½
	2 00

So that all the pecuniary outgoes, excepting for washing and mending, which for the most part were done out of the house, and their bills have not yet been received,—and these are all and more than all the ways by which money necessarily goes out in this part of the world,—were

House,	\$28 12½
Farm one year,	14 72½
Food eight months,	8 74
Clothing, &c. eight months,	8 40½
Oil, &c., eight months,	2 00

In all, \$61 99½

I address myself now to those of my readers who have a living to get. And to meet this I have for farm produce sold

Earned by day-labor,	\$28 44
	18 84

In all, \$36 78

which subtracted from the sum of the outgoes leaves a balance of \$25 21¼ on the one side,—this being very nearly the means with which I started, and the measure of expenses to be incurred,—and on the other, beside the leisure and independence and health thus secured, a comfortable house for me as long as I chose to occupy it.

He had nothing further to do after his "family baking," which, the family consisting of a unit, could not have been large or have come round very often, than to read, think, and observe. Homer appears to have been his favorite book. The thinking was unlimited, and the observation that of a man with an instinctive tact for the wonders of natural history. He sees and describes insects, birds, such "small deer" as approached him, with a felicity which would have gained him the heart of Izaak Walton and Alexander Wilson. A topographical and hydrographical survey of Walden Pond, is as faithful, exact, and labored, as if it had employed a government or admiralty commission.

As in the author's previous work, the immediate incident is frequently only the introduction to higher themes. The realities around him are occasionally veiled by a hazy atmosphere of transcendental speculation, through which the essayist sometimes stumbles into abysmal depths of the bathetic. We have more pleasure, however, in dwelling upon the shrewd humors of this modern contemplative Jacques of the forest, and his fresh, nice observation of books and men, which has occasionally something of a poetic vein. He who would acquire a new sensation of the world about him, would do well to retire from cities to the banks of Walden pond; and he who would open

his eyes to the opportunities of country life, in its associations of fields and men, may loiter with profit along the author's journey on the Merrimack, where natural history, local antiquities, records, and tradition, are exhausted in vitalizing the scene.

A CHARACTER—FROM WALDEN.

Who should come to my lodge this morning but a true Homeric or Paphlagonian man,—he had so suitable and poetic a name that I am sorry I cannot print it here,—a Canadian, a wood-chopper and post maker, who can hole fifty posts in a day, who made his last supper on a woodchuck which his dog caught. He, too, has heard of Homer, and, "if it were not for books," would "not know what to do rainy days," though perhaps he has not read one wholly through for many rainy seasons. Some priest who could pronounce the Greek itself, taught him to read his verse in the Testament in his native parish far away; and now I must translate to him, while he holds the book, Achilles' reproof to Patroclus, for his sad countenance.—"Why are you in tears, Patroclus, like a young girl?"

Or have you alone heard some news from Phthia?
They say that Menestius lives yet, son of Actor,
And Peleus lives, son of Æacus, among the Myrmidons.
Either of whom having died, we should greatly grieve.

He says, "That's good." He has a great bundle of white-oak bark under his arm for a sick man, gathered this Sunday morning. "I suppose there's no harm in going after such a thing to-day," says he. To him Homer was a great writer, though what his writing was about he did not know. A more simple and natural man it would be hard to find. Vice and disease, which cast such a sombre moral hue over the world, seemed to have hardly any existence for him. He was about twenty-eight years old, and had left Canada and his father's house a dozen years before to work in the States, and earn money to buy a farm with at last, perhaps in his native country. He was cast in the coarsest mould; a stout but sluggish body, yet gracefully carried, with a thick sunburnt neck, dark bushy hair, and dull sleepy blue eyes, which were occasionally lit up with expression. He wore a flat gray cloth cap, a dingy wool-colored greatcoat, and cowhide boots. He was a great consumer of meat, usually carrying his dinner to his work a couple of miles past my house,—for he chopped all summer,—in a tin pail; cold meats, often cold woodchucks, and coffee in a stone bottle which dangled by a string from his belt; and sometimes he offered me a drink. He came along early, crossing my beanfield, though without anxiety or haste to get to his work, such as Yankees exhibit. He wasn't a-going to hurt himself. He didn't care if he only earned his board. Frequently he would leave his dinner in the bushes, when his dog had caught a woodchuck by the way, and go back a mile and a half to dress it and leave it in the cellar of the house where he boarded, after deliberating first for half an hour whether he could not sink it in the pond safely till nightfall,—loving to dwell long upon these themes. He would say, as he went by in the morning, "How thick the pigeons are! If working every day were not my trade, I could get all the meat I should want by hunting pigeons, woodchucks, rabbits, partridges,—by gosh! I could get all I should want for a week and one day."

A BATTLE OF ANTS—FROM WALDEN.

One day when I went out to my wood-pile, or rather my pile of stumps, I observed two large ants,

the one red, the other much larger, nearly half an inch long, and black, fiercely contending with one another. Having once got hold they never let go, but struggled and wrestled and rolled on the chips incessantly. Looking farther, I was surprised to find that the chips were covered with such combatants, that it was not a *duellum*, but a *bellum*, a war between two races of ants, the red always pitted against the black, and frequently two red ones to one black. The legions of these Myrmidons covered all the hills and vales in my wood-yard, and the ground was already strewn with the dead and dying, both red and black. It was the only battle which I have ever witnessed, the only battle-field I ever trod while the battle was raging; interneecine war; the red republicans on the one hand, and the black imperialists on the other. On every side they were engaged in deadly combat, yet without any noise I could hear, and human soldiers never fought so resolutely. I watched a couple that were fast locked in each other's embraces, in a little sunny valley amid the chips, now at noon-day prepared to fight till the sun went down, or life went out. The smaller red champion had fastened himself like a vice to his adversary's front, and through all the tumbings on that field never for an instant ceased to gnaw at one of his feelers near the root, having already caused the other to go by the board; while the stronger black one dashed him from side to side, and, as I saw on looking nearer, had already divested him of several of his members. They fought with more pertinacity than bull-dogs. Neither manifested the least disposition to retreat. It was evident that their battle-cry was—Conquer or die. In the mean while there came along a single red ant on the hill-side of this valley, evidently full of excitement, who either had despatched his foe, or had not yet taken part in the battle; probably the latter, for he had lost none of his limbs; whose mother had charged him to return with his shield or upon it. Or perchance he was some Achilles, who had nourished his wrath apart, and had now come to avenge or rescue his Patroclus. He saw this unequal combat from afar—for the blacks were nearly twice the size of the red,—he drew near with rapid pace till he stood on his guard within half an inch of the combatants; then, watching his opportunity, he sprang upon the black warrior, and commenced his operations near the root of his right fore-leg, leaving the foe to select among his own members; and so there were three united for life, as if a new kind of attraction had been invented which put all other locks and cements to shame. I should not have wondered by this time to find that they had their respective musical bands stationed on some eminent chip, and playing their national airs the while, to excite the slow and cheer the dying combatants. I was myself excited somewhat even as if they had been men. The more you think of it, the less the difference. And certainly there is not the fight recorded in Concord history, at least, if in the history of America, that will bear a moment's comparison with this, whether for the numbers engaged in it, or for the patriotism and heroism displayed. For numbers and for carnage it was an Austerlitz or Dresden. Concord Fight! Two killed on the patriots' side, and Luther Blanchard wounded! Why here every ant was a Buttrick,—*"Fire! for God's sake fire!"*—and thousands shared the fate of Davis and Hosmer. There was not one hiring there. I have no doubt that it was a principle they fought for, as much as our ancestors, and not to avoid a three-penny tax on their tea; and the results of this battle will be as important and memorable to those whom it concerns as those of the battle of Bunker Hill, at least.

I took up the chip on which the three I have particularly described were struggling, carried it into my house, and placed it under a tumbler on my window-sill, in order to see the issue. Holding a microscope to the first-mentioned red ant, I saw that, though he was assiduously gnawing at the near fore-leg of his enemy, having severed his remaining feeler, his own breast was all torn away, exposing what vitals he had there to the jaws of the black warrior, whose breast-plate was apparently too thick for him to pierce; and the dark caruncles of the sufferer's eyes shone with ferocity, such as war only could excite. They struggled half an hour longer under the tumbler, and when I looked again the black soldier had severed the heads of his foes from their bodies, and the still living heads were hanging on either side of him like ghastly trophies at his saddle-bow, still apparently as firmly fastened as ever, and he was endeavoring with feeble struggles, being without feelers and with only the remnant of a leg, and I know not how many other wounds, to divest himself of them; which at length, after half an hour more, he accomplished. I raised the glass, and he went off over the window-sill in that crippled state. Whether he finally survived that combat, and spent the remainder of his days in some Hotel des Invalides, I do not know; but I thought that his industry would not be worth much thereafter. I never learned which party was victorious, nor the cause of the war; but I felt for the rest of that day as if I had had my feelings excited and harrowed by witnessing the struggle, the ferocity and carnage, of a human battle before my door.

Kirby and Spence tell us that the battles of ants have long been celebrated and the date of them recorded, though they say that Huber is the only modern author who appears to have witnessed them. "Æneas Sylvius," say they, "after giving a very circumstantial account of one contested with great obstinacy by a great and small species on the trunk of a pear tree," adds that "This action was fought in the pontificate of Eugenius the Fourth, in the presence of Nicholas Pistoriensis an eminent lawyer, who related the whole history of the battle with the greatest fidelity. A similar engagement between great and small ants is recorded by Olaus Magnus, in which the small ones, being victorious, are said to have buried the bodies of their own soldiers, but left those of their giant enemies a prey to the birds. This event happened previous to the expulsion of the tyrant Christiern the Second from Sweden." The battle which I witnessed took place in the Presidency of Polk, five years before the passage of Webster's Fugitive-Slave Bill.

Mr. Thoreau died of consumption, at Concord, Massachusetts, May 7, 1862. Several volumes of his writings have been published from his manuscripts and uncollected essays since his death: *Excursions in Field and Forest*, the *Maine Woods*, *Cape Cod*, *Letters to Various Persons*. A biographical notice of the author, by his friend Mr. R. W. Emerson, is prefixed to the volume entitled "Excursions" (Boston, 1863). It is a pleasing sketch of the thoughtful scholar and original student of nature, whose peculiarities and humors of character, love of independence, kindly vein of observation, and happy talent of description will long cause his writings to be cherished. *A Yankee in Canada; with Anti-Slavery and Reform Papers*, was printed in 1866.

ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE.

ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE is the son of the Rev. Samuel H. Coxe, of Brooklyn, the author of

Quakerism, not Christianity; Interviews, Memorable and Useful, from Diary and Memory, reproduced; and other publications. He was born at Mendham, New Jersey, May 10, 1818. On his mother's side he is a grandson of the Rev. Aaron Cleveland, an early poet of Connecticut.

Mr. Cleveland was born at Haddam, February 8, 1744. His father, a missionary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, dying when the son was but thirteen years of age, the latter received few educational advantages. He, however, at the age of nineteen, produced a descriptive poem, *The Philosopher and Boy*, of some merit. He soon after became a Congregational minister. In 1775 he published a poem on *Slavery*, in blank verse. He was also the author of several satirical poems directed against the Jeffersonians. He died September 21st, 1815.

Mr. Coxe was prepared for college under the private tuition of Professor George Bush. He entered the University of the City of New York, and was graduated in 1838. During his freshman year he wrote a poem, *The Progress of Ambition*, and in 1837 published *Advent, a Mystery*, a poem after the manner of the religious dramas of the Middle Ages. In 1838 appeared *Athwold, a Romance*, and *Saint Jonathan, the Lay of the Scald*, designed as the commencement of a semi-humorous poem, in the Don Juan style.

Mr. Coxe soon after became a student in the General Theological Seminary, New York. While at this institution he delivered a poem, *Athanasion*, before the Alumni of Washington College, Hartford, at the Commencement in 1840. In the same year he published *Christian Ballads*, a collection of poems, suggested for the most part by the holy seasons and services of his church. Five editions of this popular volume have since appeared in this country, and as many in England.

Mr. Coxe was ordained deacon in July, 1841, and in the August following became rector of St. Anne's church, Morrisania. His poem, *Halloween*, was privately printed in 1842. He was next called to St. John's church, at Hartford. During his residence at that place he published, in 1854, *Saul, a Mystery*, a dramatic poem of much greater length than his *Advent*, but, like that production, modelled on the early religious plays. In 1855, he was rector of Grace Church, Baltimore.

In addition to his poetical volumes, Mr. Coxe has published *Sermons on Doctrine and Duty*, preached to the parishioners of St. John's church, Hartford, and numerous articles in the *Church Review* and other periodicals. He has also translated a work of the Abbé Laborde, on the *Impossibility of the Immaculate Conception as an Article of Faith*, with notes; and a work of the Abbé Guettée on the Papacy.

** In 1863 Dr. Coxe became rector of Calvary Church, in New York city; and two years later he was consecrated Bishop of the Diocese of Western New York. *Impressions of England; or, Sketches of English Scenery and Society*, was published in 1856. It was followed by a revised and illustrated edition of *Christian Ballads*, 1864; *Criterion*, 1866; *Ritualism: a Pastoral Letter*, 1867; *Moral Reforms Suggested in a Pastoral Letter*; with *Remarks on Practical Re-*

ligion, 1869; *Signs of the Times: Four Lectures*, 1870; *Apollo, or the Way of God*, 1873.

Bishop Coxe will soon publish *Troqua, a Rhyme of Rivers*, a poem descriptive of the Hudson, and embodying historic ballads; also a sequel to the Christian Ballads, entitled, *The Paschal: Thoughts for the Easter Feast*. His *Letter to Pius IX. on the Vatican Council*, printed in 1869, has been since translated into the chief languages of Europe.

OLD TRINITY.

Easter Even, 1840.

Thy servants think upon her stones, and it pitieth them to see her in the dust.—*Psalter*.

The Paschal moon is ripe to-night
On fair Manhada's bay,
And soft it falls on Hoboken,
As where the Saviour lay;
And beams beneath whose paly shine
Nile's troubling angel flew,
Show many a blood-besprinkled door
Of our passover too.

But here, where many an holy year
It shone on arch and aisle,
What means its cold and silver ray
On dust and ruined pile?
Oh, where's the consecrated porch,
The sacred lintel where,
And where's that antique steeple's height
To bless the moonlight air?

I seem to miss a mother's face
In this her wonted home;
And linger in the green churchyard
As round that mother's tomb.
Old Trinity! thou too art gone!
And in thine own blest bound,
They've laid thee low, dear mother church,
To rest in holy ground!

The vaulted roof that trembled oft
Above the chaunted psalm;
The quaint old altar where we owned
Our very Paschal Lamb;
The chimes that ever in the tower
Like seraph-music sung,
And held me spell-bound in the way
When I was very young;—

The marble monuments within;
The 'scutcheons, old and rich;
And one bold bishop's effigy
Above the chancel-niche;
The mitre and the legend there
Beneath the colored pane;
All these—thou knewest, Paschal moon,
But ne'er shalt know again!

And thou wast shining on this spot
That hour the Saviour rose!
But oh, its look that Easter morn,
The Saviour only knows.
A thousand years—and 'twas the same,
And half a thousand more;
Old moon, what mystic chronicles,
Thou keepest, of this shore!

And so, till good Queen Anna reigned,
It was a heathen sward;
But when they made its virgin turf,
An altar to the Lord,
With holy roof they covered it;
And when Apostles came,
They claimed, for Christ, its battlements,
And took it in God's name.

Then, Paschal moon, this sacred spot
No more thy magic felt,
Till flames brought down the holy place,
Where our forefathers knelt:
Again, 'tis down—the grave old pile;
That mother church sublime!
Look on its roofless floor, old moon,
For 'tis thy last—last time!

Ay, look with smiles, for never there
Shines Paschal moon agen,
Till breaks the Earth's great Easter-day
O'er all the graves of men!
So wane away, old Paschal moon,
And come next year as bright;
Eternal rock shall welcome thee,
Our faith's devoutest light!

They rear old Trinity once more:
And, if ye weep to see,
The glory of this latter house
Thrice glorious shall be!
Oh lay its deep foundations strong,
And, yet a little while,
Our Paschal Lamb himself shall come
To light its hallowed aisle.

HE STANDETH AT THE DOOR AND KNOCKETH.

In the silent midnight watches,
List,—thy bosom door!
How it knocketh—knocketh—knocketh,
Knocketh evermore!
Say not 't is thy pulse is beating:
'Tis thy heart of sin;
'Tis thy Saviour knocks, and crieth—
"Rise, and let me in."

Death comes down with reckless footstep,
To the hall and hut:
Think you, Death will tarry, knocking,
Where the door is shut?
Jesus waiteth, waiteth, waiteth—
But the door is fast;
Grieved away thy Saviour goeth;
Death breaks in at last!
Then, 'tis time to stand entreating
Christ to let thee in;
At the gate of heaven beating,
Waiting for thy sin.
Nay,—alas, thou foolish virgin,
Hast thou then forgot?
Jesus waited long to know thee;
Now he knows thee not.

MARCH.

March—march—march!
Making sounds as they tread,
Ho-ho! how they step,
Going down to the dead!
Every stride, every tramp,
Every footfall is nearer,
And dimmer each lamp,
As darkness grows drearer:
But ho! how they march,
Making sounds as they tread
Ho-ho! how they step,
Going down to the dead!
March—march—march!
Making sounds as they tread,
Ho-ho! how they laugh,
Going down to the dead!
How they whirl, how they trip,
How they smile, how they dally,
How blithesome they skip,
Going down to the valley!

Oh ho! how they march,
 Making sounds as they tread;
 Ho-ho! how they skip,
 Going down to the dead!

March—march—march!
 Earth groans as they tread;
 Each carries a skull,
 Going down to the dead!
 Every stride—every stamp,
 Every footfall is bolder;
 'Tis a skeleton's tramp,
 With a skull on his shoulder.
 But ho! how he steps
 With a high tossing head,
 That clay-covered bone,
 Going down to the dead!

JOHN STEINFORT KIDNEY

Is the author of a volume, *Catawba River, and Other Poems*, published in 1847. He is a clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church, settled at Saratoga Springs, New York. He was born in 1819, in Essex County, N. J., where his ancestors had lived for a hundred and fifty years, was educated partly at Union College, and gave some attention to the law before entering the church through the course of instruction of the General Theological Seminary. After his ordination he was for a time rector of a parish in North Carolina, and afterwards in Salem, N. J.

His verses show an individual temperament, and the tastes of a scholar and thinker.

COME IN THE MOONLIGHT.

Come in the moonlight—come in the cold,
 Snow-covered the earth,
 Yet O, how inviting!
 Come—O come!

Come, ye sad lovers, friends who have parted,
 Lonely and desolate,
 All heavy-hearted ones,
 Come—O come!

Come to the beauty of frost in the silence,
 Cares may be loosened,
 Loves be forgotten,—
 Come—O come!

Deep is the sky;—pearl of the morning,
 Rose of the twilight,
 Lost in its blueness,
 Come—O come!

Look up and shudder; see the lone moon
 Like a sad cherub
 Passing the clouds.
 Come—O come!

Lo! she is weeping;—tears in the heaven
 Twinkle and tremble.
 Tenderest sister!
 Come—O come!

Keen is the air;—keener the sparkles
 Sprinkling the snow-drift,
 Glancing and glittering,
 Come—O come!

Look to the earth—from earth to her sister,
 See which is brightest!
 Both white as the angels!
 Come—O come!

Robed in the purity heaven hath sent her,
 Gone are the guilt-stains—
 Drowned in the holiness.
 Come—O come!

Grief hath no wailing:—Rapture is silent.
 Colder and purer
 Freezes the spirit!
 Come—O come!

GEORGE H. COLTON.

GEORGE HOOKER COLTON, the son of the Rev. George Colton, was born at Westford, Otsego County, New York, on the 27th of October, 1818. He was graduated, with a high rank in his class, at Yale College, in 1840. In the fall of the same year, while engaged as a teacher in Hartford, he determined to write a poem on the Indian Wars, in which the newly elected President, General Harrison, had been engaged. It was to have appeared at the time of the Inauguration, but, the plan expanding as the author proceeded, was not published until the spring of 1842.

The poem, *Tecumseh, or the West Thirty Years Since*, is in nine cantos, in the octosyllabic measure and style of Sir Walter Scott, with the usual ordinary felicities of illustration bestowed upon this class of compositions in America, of which many have been produced with little success.

In 1842 Mr. Colton also prepared, from the materials which he had accumulated during the progress of his poem, a course of lectures on the Indians, which were delivered in various places during 1842 and 1843.

In the summer of 1844 he delivered a poem before the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Yale College.

In January, 1845, he published the first number of the *American Whig Review*, a monthly magazine of politics and literature, under his editorship. Mr. Colton entered upon this important enterprise with great energy, securing a large number of the leading politicians and authors of the country as its friends and contributors. He edited the work with judgment, wrote constantly for its pages, and had succeeded in gaining a fair measure of success, when he was seized in November, 1847, by a violent attack of typhus fever, which put an end to his life on the first of December following.*

PHILIP SCHAFF.

DR. PHILIP SCHAFF, Professor of Theology in the Seminary of the German Reformed Church at Mercersburg, Pa., the author of a History of the Apostolic Church and of other theological works, which have received considerable attention in America, is a native of Switzerland. He was born at Coire (Chur), Canton Graubundten, January 1, 1819. He was educated at the college of his native city, afterwards at the Gynnasium of Stuttgart, and in the Universities of Tübingen, Halle, and Berlin. He received his degree in 1841, as Doctor of Philosophy and Bachelor of Divinity, at the University of Berlin, which subsequently (1854) presented him the Diploma of D.D. honoris causa. At the conclusion of his early college life, he travelled for nearly two years through Germany, Switzerland, France, and Italy, as tutor of a young Prussian nobleman. In 1842 he became a lecturer on theology in the University of Berlin, after having gone through the examination of public academic teachers. In 1843, he received a unanimous call as professor of Church History and Exegesis to the Theologi-

* New Englander, vii. 229.

cal Seminary at Mercersburg, Pennsylvania, from the Synod of the German Reformed Church of the United States, on the recommendations of Drs. Neander, Hengstenberg, Tholuck, Muller, Krummacher, and others, who had been consulted about a suitable representative of German Evangelical Theology for America. In the spring of 1844 he left Berlin, and after some months' travel in Southern Germany, Switzerland, Belgium, and England, he crossed the Atlantic and soon identified himself with American interests.

He has since been engaged in teaching the various branches of exegetical and historical theology at Mercersburg, both in the German and English languages, with the exception of the year 1854, which he spent on a visit to his friends in Europe.

The Church History of Dr. Schaff is remarkable for its thorough and apparently exhaustive learning, for its clear style and somewhat artistic groupings, for its union of doctrinal persistency with philosophical enlargement. His position is that of strong supernaturalism, but without any sectarian bias or partiality, and with great emphasis upon the fundamental points in which the great sections of Christendom are agreed.

His life of Augustine is a scholarlike and philosophical development of the great saint's doctrinal positions from his experience and life.*

Marshall College, with which, under the presidency of the Rev. Dr. John W. Nevin, Dr. Schaff

held the Professorship of *Æsthetics* and German Literature, was first situated at Mercersburg, Franklin Co. Pa., and was founded under a charter from the Legislature of Pennsylvania in 1835. It sprang originally out of the high school attached to the Theological Seminary of the German Reformed Church, and is in intimate union with that institution. By an act of the state in 1850, it was united with Franklin College at Lancaster, and in 1853 was removed to that place, the new institution bearing the title Franklin and Marshall College.

Adolphus L. Koeppen, author of a series of lectures on Geography and History, and a valuable publication on the subject, is Professor of German Literature, *Æsthetics*, and History, in this institution.

Dr. Nevin, the associate of Professor Schaff, is also the author of a work on *The Mystical Presence, a Vindication of the Reformed or Calvinistic Doctrine of the Holy Eucharist*, and other theological writings of the school of divinity to which he is attached, and of which the Mercersburg Review, commenced in January, 1849, has been the organ.

**Dr. Schaff, by his thoughtful and scholarly contributions to Christian literature, has taken, in late years, a foremost rank among the evangelical divines of America. All the works of which he is the author or editor have been accepted as standards in their respective departments. In November, 1862, he was appointed Lecturer on Ecclesiastical History at Andover Theological Seminary. In 1863 he moved to New York, where he has resided since, superintending the affairs of the New York Sabbath Committee and of the Evangelical Alliance. At the same time he delivered every winter a course of lectures on Church History in the Hartford Theological Institute. In 1870 he was elected Professor of Apologetics and Symbolics in the Union Theological Seminary, at New York, where he still remains.

The three volumes of Dr. Schaff's *History of the Christian Church* already published, which cover the first six centuries of the Christian era, "have placed him," states the Princeton Review, "in the first rank of contemporary writers on Church History; not only in this country, but in Germany and England." Three more volumes will complete the work, and they are in preparation. Its author, as he confesses, has had no sectarian ends to serve, and has therefore written as an impartial witness, desirous to tell the whole truth, and conscious as well that though facts constitute the body of history, yet general principles are its soul.

Christ in Song is a collection, from the best hymnological sources, of the choicest uninspired hymns on the person and work of our Redeemer. Free use is made of translations made from the Greek, Latin, and German, while the sacred

* The following is a list of the publications of Dr. Schaff:—
1. The Sin against the Holy Ghost, and the Dogmatical and Ethical Inferences derived from it. With an Appendix on the Life and Death of Francis Spiera. Halle, 1841. (German.)

2. James, the Brother of the Lord, and James the Less. An exegetical and historical essay. Berlin, 1842. (German.)

3. The Principle of Protestantism, as related to the present state of the Church. Chambersburg, Pa. 1845. (German and English Translation, with an Introduction by Dr. Nevin.)

4. What is Church History? A Vindication of the Idea of Historical Development. Philadelphia, 1846. (English.)

5. History of the Apostolic Church, with a General Introduction to Church History. First German edition, Mercersburg, Pa. 1851. Second German edition, Leipzig, 1854. (English translation by the Rev. E. Yeomans, New York, 1853. Reprinted in Edinburgh, 1854.)

6. Life and Labors of St. Augustine (English edition, New York, 1853, and another, London, 1854. German edition, Berlin, 1854.)

7. America. The Political, Social, and Religious Condition of the United States of N. A. Berlin, 1854. (German. An English translation appeared in 1855.)

8. Der Deutsche Kirchenfreund ("The German Church Friend, or Monthly Organ for the General Interests of the German Churches in America," commenced in 1848, and edited and published by Dr. Schaff till the close of the 6th volume in 1853; continued till 1859 by the Rev. William J. Mann, Philadelphia, Pa.)

9. Several Tracts and Orations on Anglo-Germanism, Dante, Systematic Benevolence, etc. etc., and Articles in the Bibliotheca Sacra, Methodist Quarterly, Mercersburg Review, and other journals of America and Germany.

**10. Germany: Its Universities, Theology, and Religion; with Sketches of Neander, Tholuck, Olshausen, Hengstenberg, Twisten, Nitzsch, Muller, Ullman, Rothe, Dörner, Lange, Ebrard, Wichser, and Other Distinguished German Divines of the Age, 1857.

11. History of the Christian Church. From the Birth of Christ to the Reign of Constantine, A. D. 1-311. Translated from the German Manuscript by Rev. Edward D. Yeomans, 1859. In 1867 appeared (two volumes in one,) History of the Christian Church. From Constantine the Great to Gregory the Great, A. D. 311-600.

12. Several Essays, on Slavery, the Bible, the Sabbath, etc.; besides Catechisms, and German Hymn-Book, vide *Allibone's Dictionary*, vol. ii., pp. 1946.

13. The Person of Christ; The Miracle of History. With a Reply to Strauss and Renan, and a Collection of Testimonies of Unbelievers, 1865.

14. The Civil War and the Christian Life in North America. Lectures Delivered in a Number of German and Swiss Towns, Berlin, 1865.

15. Christ in Song: Hymns of Immanuel. Selected from All Ages, with Notes, 1868.

16. Lange's Commentary, Critical, Doctrinal, and Homiletical. Translated, Enlarged, and Edited by Philip Schaff, D. D., 1865.

17. Christ's Testimony to Christianity, an Apologetic Lecture, delivered in Philadelphia, January, 1871, published in Questions of Modern Thoughts: or, Lectures on the Bible and Infidelity. Ziegler & McCurdy, 1871.

18. Introduction On the Revision of the English Bible, Harper & Brothers, 1873.

poetry of America, although scarcely a generation old, has been found worthy of a liberal representation. The work falls naturally into two divisions: "Christ for Us," relating to his human history; and "Christ in Us," treating of the Christian graces.

Dr. Schaff, as general editor of the American edition of *Lange's Commentary*, has naturalized in the English language the most elaborate Biblical work of the age. The original was based on the labors of twenty distinguished divines of Germany, Holland, and Switzerland. In the task of its translation over forty of the leading Biblical scholars of various denominations in America have been engaged, and additions have been made to the extent of a third of the original matter. It is designed, as clearly explained in the general preface, "to furnish a comprehensive theological commentary, which shall satisfy all the theoretical and practical demands of the evangelical ministry of the present generation, and serve as a complete exegetical library for constant reference; a commentary learned yet popular, orthodox and sound yet unsectarian, liberal and truly catholic in spirit and aim, combining with original research the most valuable results of the exegetical labors of the past and present, and making them available for the practical use of ministers, and the general good of the church."

Between 1865 and 1873, the entire New Testament appeared, in ten volumes, and the issue of the Old Testament also was about half completed. Within the first year the earliest volume reached its sixth edition. Such was the scholarly reputation of the work that the project of a rival translation in England was abandoned, and a duplicate of the stereotype plates was secured for the British market.

In 1872 Dr. Schaff, in conjunction with Prof. Henry B. Smith, D. D., of Union Theological Seminary, assumed the editorship of a *Theological and Philosophical Library*, which is designed to include a select and compact library of books on Biblical, Historical, and Systematic Theology, and on Philosophy. Translations are to be made of standard treatises, and original volumes are to be prepared. *Ueberweg's History of Philosophy*, translated by George S. Morris, with additions by Dr. Noah Porter, has appeared as the first volume.

At the request of "the British Committee for the revision of the Authorized English Version of the Holy Scriptures," Dr. Schaff organized in December, 1871, an American Committee of twenty-five divines, to co-operate in their labors. He was elected president, and chosen to conduct the official correspondence with the British revisers. It is designed that the Committee shall examine such portions of the work as shall have passed the first revision, and transmit their criticisms and suggestions to the English Companies before the second revision. A full statement of the inception and organization of these bodies, with the wise rules that are to govern their action in making this much needed emendation of the Holy Bible, is given by Dr. Schaff in his *Introduction on the Revision of the English Bible*, 1873. The general principles adopted are: "1. To introduce as few alterations as

possible in the text of the Authorized Version consistently with faithfulness. 2. To limit, as far as possible, the expression of such alterations to the language of the Authorized and earlier English versions." It was peculiarly fitting that (as the late Bishop M'Ilvaine wrote to Dr. Schaff), "as the revision in England was set on foot by a Convocation of the Church of England, and is proceeding mainly under such guidance and control, in constituting an American Committee to co-operate, the work of formation has been given by a British Committee to a non-Episcopalian and to you. This will greatly help not only the *all-sidedness* of the work, but, in case it shall be desirable to introduce it into substitution for the present revision, will very materially prepare the way for such result."

Dr. Schaff, as acting Honorary Secretary of the Evangelical Alliance, was given the superintendence of the arrangements for the session of the international General Conference of the Evangelical Alliance, held in New York in October, 1873, at which representative Christians were present from the chief countries and Protestant denominations of the whole world.

**THE GOSPEL OF JOHN.

The four canonical Gospels are representations of one and the same Gospel, in its fourfold aspect and relation to the human race, and may be called, with Irenæus, "the four-fold Gospel." Taken together, they give us a complete picture of the earthly life and character of our Lord and Saviour, in whom the whole fulness of the Godhead and sinless Manhood dwell in perfect harmony. Each is invaluable and indispensable; each is unique in its kind; each has its peculiar character and mission, corresponding to the talent, education, and vocation of the author, and the wants of his readers.

MATTHEW, writing in Palestine, and for Jews, and observing, in accordance with his former occupation and training, a rubrical and topical, rather than chronological order, gives us the Gospel of the new Theocracy founded by Christ—the Lawgiver, Messiah, and King of the true Israel, who fulfilled all the prophecies of the old Dispensation. His is the fundamental Gospel, which stands related to the New Testament as the Pentateuch does to the Old. MARK, the companion of Peter, writing at Rome, and for warlike Romans, paints Christ, in fresh, graphic, and rapid sketches, as the mighty Son of God, the startling Wonder-Worker, the victorious Conqueror, and forms the connecting link between Matthew and Luke, or between the Jewish-Christian and the Gentile-Christian Evangelist. LUKE, an educated Hellenist, a humane physician, a pupil and friend of Paul, prepared, as the Evangelist of the Gentiles, chiefly for Greek readers, and in chronological order, the Gospel of Universal Humanity, where Christ appears as the sympathizing Friend of sinners, the healing Physician of all diseases, the tender Shepherd of the wandering sheep, the Author and Proclaimer of a free salvation for Gentiles and Samaritans as well as Jews. From JOHN, the trusted bosom-friend of the Saviour, the Benjamin among the twelve, and the surviving patriarch of the apostolic age, who could look back to the martyrdom of James, Peter, and Paul, and the destruction of Jerusalem, and look forward to the

certain triumph of Christianity over the tottering idols of Paganism, we must naturally expect the ripest, as it was the last, composition of the Gospel history, for the edification of the *Christian Church in all ages*.

The Gospel of John is the Gospel of Gospels, as the Epistle to the Romans is the Epistle of Epistles. It is the most remarkable as well as the most important literary production ever composed by man. It is a marvel even in the marvellous Book of books. All the literature of the world could not replace it. It is the most spiritual and ideal of Gospels. It introduces us into the Holy of Holies in the history of our Lord; it brings us, as it were, into His immediate presence, so that we behold face to face the true Shekinah, "the glory of the Only Begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth." It presents, in fairest harmony, the highest knowledge, and the deepest love, of Christ. It gives us the clearest view of His incarnate Divinity and His perfect Humanity. It sets Him forth as the Eternal Word, who was the source of life from the beginning, and the organ of all the revelations of God to man; as the Fountain of living water that quenches the thirst of the soul; as the Light of the world that illuminates the darkness of sin and error; as the Resurrection and the Life that destroys the terror of death. It reflects the lustre of the Transfiguration on the Mount, yet subdued by the holy sadness of Gethsemane. It abounds in festive joy and gladness over the amazing love of God, but mixed with grief over the ingratitude and obtuseness of unbelieving men. It breathes the air of peace, and yet sounds at times like the peal of thunder from the other world. It soars boldly and majestically like the eagle towards the uncreated source of light, and yet hovers as gentle as a dove over the earth; it is sublime as a seraph and simple as a child; high and serene as the heaven, deep and unfathomable as the sea. It is the plainest in speech and the profoundest in meaning. To it more than to any portion of the Scripture applies the familiar comparison of a river deep enough for the elephant to swim, with shallows for the lamb to wade. It is the Gospel of love, life, and light, the Gospel of the heart taken from the very heart of Christ, on which the beloved disciple leaned at the Last Supper. It is the type of the purest forms of mysticism. It has an irresistible charm for speculative and contemplative minds, and furnishes inexhaustible food for meditation and devotion. It is the Gospel of peace and Christian union, and a prophecy of that blessed future when all the discords of the Church militant on earth shall be solved in the harmony of the Church triumphant in heaven.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

Is the descendant of an old New England family, which has long held important stations in Massachusetts. His ancestor, Percival Lowell, settled in the town of Newbury in 1639. His grandfather, John Lowell, was an eminent lawyer, a member of Congress and of the convention which formed the first constitution of Massachusetts. His father is Charles Lowell, the venerable pastor of the West Church in Boston; his mother was a native of New Hampshire, a sister of the late Capt. Robert T. Spence of the U. S. Navy, and is spoken of as of remarkable powers of mind and

possessing in an eminent degree the faculty of acquiring languages.*



J. R. Lowell

James Russell Lowell, who is named after his father's maternal grandfather, Judge James Russell, of Charlestown, was born at the country-seat of Elmwood, the present residence of the family, at Cambridge, Mass., February 22, 1819. He was educated in the town, and in 1838 received his degree at Harvard. His first production in print, a class poem, appeared at this time. This was succeeded, in 1841, by a collection of poems—*A Year's Life*. It was marked by a youthful delicacy and sensibility, with a leaning to transcendental expression, but teeming with proofs of the poetic nature, particularly in a certain vein of tenderness. In January, 1843, he commenced, in conjunction with his friend Mr. Robert Carter, the publication of *The Pioneer, a Literary and Critical Magazine*, which, though published in the form of a fashionable illustrated magazine, was of too fine a cast to be successful. But three monthly numbers were issued: they contained choice articles from Poe, Neal, Hawthorne, Parsons, Dwight, and others, including the editors. This unsuccessful speculation was an episode in a brief career at the bar, which Mr. Lowell soon relinquished for a literary life. The reception of Mr. Lowell's first poetic volume had been favorable, and encouraged the author's next adventure, a volume containing the *Legend of Brittany, Miscellaneous Poems and Sonnets*, in 1844. There was a rapid advance in art in these pages, and a profounder study of passion. The leading poem is such a story as would have engaged the heart

* This faculty is inherited by her daughter, Mrs. Putnam, whose controversy with Mr. Bowen, editor of the *North American Review*, respecting the late war in Hungary, brought her name prominently before the public. Mrs. Putnam converses readily in French, Italian, German, Polish, Swedish, and Hungarian, and is familiar with twenty modern dialects, besides the Greek, Latin, Hebrew, Persian, and Arabic. Mrs. Putnam made the first translation into English of Frederica Bremer's novel of the *Neighbors*, from the Swedish. The translation by Mary Howitt was made from the German.—*Homes of American Authors*—Art. LOWELL.

of Shelley or Keats. A country maiden is betrayed and murdered by a knightly lover. Her corpse is concealed behind the church altar, and the guilty presence made known on a festival day by a voice demanding baptism for the unborn babe in its embrace. The murderer is struck with remorse, and ends his days in repentance. The story thus outlined is delicately told, and its repulsiveness overcome by the graces of poetry and feeling with which it is invested in the character of the heroine Margaret. The poem in blank verse entitled *Prometheus*, which followed the legend in the volume, afforded new proof of the author's ability. It is mature in thought and expression, and instinct with a lofty imagination. The prophecy of the triumph of love, humanity, and civilization, over the brute and sensual power of Jove, is a fine modern improvement of the old fable. The apologue of *Rhæcus* is also in a delicate, classical spirit.

The next year Mr. Lowell gave the public a volume of prose essays—a series of critical and æsthetic *Conversations on some of the Old Poets*, Chaucer and the dramatists Chapman and Ford being the vehicles for introducing a liberal stock of reflections on life and literature generally. It is a book of essays, displaying a subtle knowledge of English literature, to which the form of dialogue is rather an incumbrance.

Another series of *Poems*, containing the spirit of the author's previous volume, followed in 1848. About the same time appeared *The Vision of Sir Launfal*, founded on a legend of a search for the San Greal. The knight in his dream discovers charity to the suffering to be the holy cup.

As a diversion to the pursuit of sentimental poetry, Mr. Lowell at the close of the year sent forth a rhyming estimate of contemporaries in a *Fable for Critics*, which, though not without some puerilities, contains a series of sharply drawn portraits in felicitous verse.

The Biglow Papers, edited with an Introduction, Notes, Glossary, and Copious Index, complete the record of this busy year. The book purports to be written by Hoiner Wilbur, A.M., Pastor of the First Church in Jaalam and (prospective) Member of many Literary, Learned, and Scientific Societies. It is cast in the Yankee dialect, and is quite an artistic product in that peculiar lingo. The subject is an exposure of the political pretences and shifts which accompanied the war with Mexico, the satire being directed against war and slavery. It is original in style and pungent in effect.

Mr. Lowell travelled abroad between July, 1851, and December, 1852. He published no other volume for some years, though he occasionally wrote for the *North American Review*, *Putnam's Magazine*, and other journals, and was for a time a stated contributor to the *Anti-slavery Standard*.

He was married in December, 1844, to Miss Maria White, of Watertown, a lady whose literary genius, as exhibited in a posthumous volume privately printed by her husband in 1855, deserves a record in these pages. She was born July 8, 1821, and died October 27, 1853. We quote from the memorial volume alluded to, which is occupied with a few delicately simple

poems of her composition, chiefly divided between records of foreign travel and domestic pathos, this touching expression of resignation :—

THE ALPINE SHEEP—ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND AFTER THE LOSS OF A CHILD.

When on my ear your loss was knelled,
And tender sympathy upburst,
A little spring from memory welled,
Which once had quenched my bitter thirst,

And I was fain to bear to you
A portion of its mild relief,
That it might be a healing dew,
To steal some fever from your grief.

After our child's untroubled breath
Up to the Father took its way,
And on our home the shade of Death,
Like a long twilight haunting lay,
And friends came round, with us to weep
Her little spirit's swift remove,
The story of the Alpine sheep
Was told to us by one we love.

They, in the valley's sheltering care,
Soon crop the meadows' tender prime,
And when the sod grows brown and bare,
The Shepherd strives to make them climb

To airy shelves of pasture green,
That hang along the mountain's side,
Where grass and flowers together lean,
And down through mist the sunbeams slide.

But naught can tempt the timid things
The steep and rugged path to try,
Though sweet the shepherd calls and sings,
And seared below the pastures lie,

Till in his arms his lambs he takes,
Along the dizzy verge to go,
Then, heedless of the rifts and breaks,
They follow on o'er rock and snow.

And in those pastures, lifted fair,
More dewy-soft than lowland mead,
The shepherd drops his tender care,
And sheep and lambs together feed.

This parable, by Nature breathed,
Blew on me as the south-wind free
O'er frozen brooks, that flow unsheathed
From icy thralldom to the sea.

A blissful vision, through the night
Would all my happy senses sway
Of the Good Shepherd on the height,
Or climbing up the starry way,

Holding our little lamb asleep,
While, like the murmur of the sea,
Sounded that voice along the deep,
Saying, "Arise and follow me."

It is to the death of Maria Lowell, at Cambridge, that Mr. Longfellow alludes in his poem published in *Putnam's Magazine* in April, 1854, entitled

THE TWO ANGELS.

Two angels, one of Life, and one of Death,
Passed o'er the village as the morning broke;
The dawn was on their faces, and beneath,
The sombre houses hearsed with plumes of smoke.
Their attitude and aspect were the same,
Alike their features and their robes of white;
But one was crowned with amaranth, as with flame,
And one with asphodels, like flakes of light.

I saw them pause on their celestial way,
Then said I, with deep fear and doubt oppressed,
"Beat not so loud, my heart, lest thou betray
The place where thy beloved are at rest!"

And he who wore the crown of asphodels,
Descending, at my door began to knock,
And my soul sank within me, as in wells
The waters sink before an earthquake's shock.

I recognised the nameless agony,
The terror and the tremor and the pain,
That oft before had filled and haunted me,
And now returned with threefold strength again.

The door I opened to my heavenly guest,
And listened, for I thought I heard God's voice,
And knowing whatso'er he sent was best,
Dared neither to lament nor to rejoice.

Then with a smile that filled the house with light,
"My errand is not Death, but Life," he said,
And ere I answered, passing out of sight
On his celestial embassy he sped.

'Twas at thy door, O friend! and not at mine,
The angel with the amaranthine wreath,
Pausing, descended, and with voice divine,
Whispered a word that had a sound like Death.

Then fell upon the house a sudden gloom,
A shadow on those features fair and thin,
And softly, from that hushed and darkened room,
Two angels issued, where but one went in.

All is of God! If he but wave his hand,
The mists collect, the rain falls thick and loud,
Till with a smile of light on sea and land,
Lo! he looks back from the departing cloud.

Angels of Life and Death alike are His;
Without his leave they pass no threshold o'er;
Who then would wish or dare, believing this,
Against his messengers to shut the door!

In 1854 Mr. Lowell delivered a course of lectures before the Lowell Institute on English Poetry, including the old ballad writers Chaucer, Pope, and others, to Wordsworth and Tennyson. They were marked by an acute critical spirit and enlivened by wit and fancy.

Mr. Lowell has edited the poems of Andrew Marvell and Donne in the series of Messrs. Little & Brown's standard edition of the English poets.

Early in 1855 he was appointed to the Belles Lettres professorship lately held by Mr. Longfellow in Harvard College, with the privilege of passing a preliminary year in Europe before entering on its duties.

MARGARET—FROM THE LEGEND OF BRITTANY.

Fair as a summer dream was Margaret,—

Such dream as in a poet's soul might start
Musing of old loves while the moon doth set:

Her hair was not more sunny than her heart,
Though like a natural golden coronet

It circled her dear head with careless art,
Mocking the sunshine, that would fain have lent
To its frank grace a richer ornament.

His loved-one's eyes could poet ever speak,

So kind, so dewy, and so deep were hers,—

But, while he strives, the choicest phrase too weak,
Their glad reflection in his spirit blurs;

As one may see a dream dissolve and break

Out of his grasp when he to tell it stirs.

Like that sad Dryad doomed no more to bless

The mortal who revealed her loveliness.

She dwelt for ever in a region bright,

Peopled with living fancies of her own,
Where nought could come but visions of delight,
Far, far aloof from earth's eternal moan;
A summer cloud thrilled through with rosy light,
Floating beneath the blue sky all alone,
Her spirit wandered by itself, and won
A golden edge from some unsetting sun.

The heart grows richer that its lot is poor,—
God blesses want with larger sympathies,—
Love enters gladliest at the humble door,
And makes the cot a palace with his eyes;—
So Margaret's heart a softer beauty wore,
And grew in gentleness and patience wise,
For she was but a simple herdsman's child,
A lily chance-sown in the rugged wild.

There was no beauty of the wood or field
But she its fragrant bosom-secret knew,
Nor any but to her would freely yield
Some grace that in her soul took root and grew;
Nature to her glowed ever new-revealed,
All rosy-fresh with innocent morning dew,
And looked into her heart with dim, sweet eyes
That left it full of sylvan memories.

O, what a face was hers to brighten light,
And give back sunshine with an added glow,
To wile each moment with a fresh delight,
And part of memory's best contentment grow!
O, how her voice, as with an inmate's right,
Into the strangest heart would welcome go,
And make it sweet, and ready to become
Of white and gracious thoughts the chosen home!

None looked upon her but he straightway thought
Of all the greenest depths of country cheer,
And into each one's heart was freshly brought
What was to him the sweetest time of year
So was her every look and motion fraught
With out-of-door delights and forest lore;
Not the first violet on a woodland lea
Seemed a more visible gift of spring than she.

'AN INCIDENT IN A RAILROAD CAR.

He spoke of Burns: men rude and rough
Pressed round to hear the praise of one
Whose heart was made of manly, simple stuff
As homespun as their own.

And, when he read, they forward leaned,
Drinking, with thirsty hearts and ears,
His brook-like songs whom glory never weaned
From humble smiles and tears.

Slowly there grew a tender awe,
Sun-like, o'er faces brown and hard,
As if in him who read they felt and saw
Some presence of the bard.

It was a sight for sin and wrong
And slavish tyranny to see,
A sight to make our faith more pure and strong
In high humanity.

I thought, these men will carry hence
Promptings their former life above,
And something of a finer reverence
For beauty, truth, and love.

God scatters love on every side,
Freely among his children all,
And always hearts are lying open wide,
Wherein some grains may fall.

There is no wind but soweth seeds
Of a more true and open life,
Which burst, unlooked-for, into high-souled deeds,
With wayside beauty rife.

We find within these souls of ours
Some wild germs of a higher birth,
Which in the poet's tropic heart bear flowers
Whose fragrance fills the earth.

Within the hearts of all men lie
These promises of wider bliss.
Which blossom into hopes that cannot die,
In sunny hours like this.

All that hath been majestic
In life or death, since time began,
Is native in the simple heart of all,
The angel heart of man.

And thus, among the untaught poor,
Great deeds and feelings find a home,
That cast in shadow all the golden lore
Of classic Greece and Rome.

O, mighty brother-soul of man,
Where'er thou art, in low or high,
Thy skyey arches with exulting span
O'er-roof infinity!

All thoughts that mould the age begin
Deep down within the primitive soul,
And from the many slowly upward win
To one who grasps the whole:

In his broad breast the feeling deep
That struggled on the many's tongue,
Swells to a tide of thought, whose surges leap
O'er the weak thrones of wrong.

All thought begins in feeling,—wide
In the great mass its base is hid,
And, narrowing up to thought, stands glorified
A moveless pyramid.

Nor is he far astray who deems
That every hope, which rises and grows broad
In the world's heart, by ordered impulse streams
From the great heart of God.

God wills, man hopes: in common souls
Hope is but vague and undefined,
Till from the poet's tongue the message rolls
A blessing to his kind.

Never did Poesy appear
So full of heaven to me, as when
I saw how it would pierce through pride and fear
To the lives of coarsest men.

It may be glorious to write
Thoughts that shall glad the two or three
High souls, like those far stars that come in sight
Once in a century;—

But better far it is to speak
One simple word, which now and then
Shall waken their free nature in the weak
And friendless sons of men;

To write some earnest verse or line,
Which, seeking not the praise of art,
Shall make a clearer faith and manhood shine
In the untutored heart.

He who doth this, in verse or prose,
May be forgotten in his day,
But surely shall be crowned at last with those
Who live and speak for aye.

THE FIRST SNOW FALL.

The snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and hemlock
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,

And the poorest twig on the elm-tree
Was ridged inch-deep with pearl.
From sheds, new-roofed with Carrara,
Came chanticleer's muffled crow,
The stiff rails were softened to swan's-down,
And still fluttered down the snow.

I stood and watched by the window
The noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden flurries of snow-birds
Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn
Where a little headstone stood,
How the flakes were folding it gently,
As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spoke our own little Mabel,
Saying, "Father, who makes it snow?"
And I told of the good Allfather
Who cares for us all below.

Again I looked at the snowfall,
And thought of the leaden sky
That arched o'er our first great sorrow,
When that mound was heaped so high.

I remembered the gradual patience
That fell from that cloud like snow,
Flake by flake, healing and hiding
The scar of that deep-stabbed woe.

And again to the child I whispered,
"The snow that husheth all,
Darling, the merciful Father
Alone can make it fall?"

Then, with eyes that saw not, I kissed her;
And she, kissing back, could not know
That my kiss was given to her sister
Folded close under deepening snow.

THE COURTIN'.

Zekle crep' up, quite unbeknown,
An' peeked in thru the winder,
An' there sot Huldy all alone,
'ith no one nigh to hender.

Agin' the chimbley crooknecks hung,
An' in amongst 'em rusted
The old queen's arm thet gran'ther Young
Fetched back from Concord busted.

The wannut logs shot sparkles out
Towards the pootiest, bless her!
An' leetle fires danced all about
The chiny on the dresser.

The very room, coz she was in,
Looked warm from floor to ceilin',
An' she looked full as rosy agin
Ez th' apples she was peelin'.

She heerd a foot an' knowed it, tu,
Araspin' on the scraper,—
All ways to once her feelins flew
Like sparks in burnt-up paper.

He kin' o' lithered on the mat,
Some doubtfe o' the seekle;
His heart kep' goin' pitypat,
But hern went pity Zekle.

In the winter of 1854-5, Mr. Lowell delivered, in the course at the Lowell Institute, in Boston, a series of twelve lectures on the British Poets, which were received with enthusiasm by large audiences, and doubtless had their influence in the author's appointment the same

season as the successor of Professor Longfellow in the chair of the modern languages and belles-lettres in Harvard College. According to custom, he passed a year in Europe in study, chiefly in Germany, to qualify himself for these new duties, returning home in the summer of 1856. In 1864, Mr. Lowell published *Fireside Travels*, a series of papers graphic in description and of a high vein of philosophical humor, including, "Cambridge Thirty Years Ago," "A Moosehead Journal," "Leaves from my Journal in Italy and Elsewhere." A new series, from his pen, of the *Biglow Papers*, published in the *Atlantic Monthly* during the late civil war, attracted much attention, both at home and abroad, by their wit and humor, and practical philosophy applied to the topics of the day. Mr. Lowell, in 1863, in connection with Mr. Charles E. Norton, undertook the editorship of the *North American Review*, to which he is now a constant contributor of political and other papers. His pen is also readily to be traced in the literary criticisms.

**** The Biglow Papers: Second Series**, were printed in book form in 1867—the last of those piquant satires that Mr. Lowell expects to write. *Under the Willows, and other Poems*, appeared two years later. It was the first collection of the author's poems since 1848. Several humorous pieces were omitted, as well as "Fitz Adam's Story" (published in the *Atlantic Monthly*, January, 1867), which was reserved to find its fitting place in a connected series. Beside the poem that names the volume, and attractive for its sympathetic communion with nature in the freshness of early spring, the reader finds many to linger over and turn back to, such as *Pictures from Appledore*; the *Voyage to Vinland*; a *Winter Evening Hymn to My Fire*; to H. W. Longfellow on his Birthday, February 27, 1867; On Board the Seventy-Six, written for Mr. Bryant's seventieth birthday, November 3, 1864; the Ode recited at the Harvard Commemoration, July 21, 1865; and not least, *The Courtin'*, now fourfold the size of its first draft. *The Cathedral*, a meditative poem in blank verse, suggested by a visit to Chartres, won instant favor on its appearance in 1869, by its introspective and even mystic spirit, which pierced through the artistic pomps of the sanctuary to search into the dimly revealed spiritual truths. These works were followed by the issue of Mr. Lowell's *Poetical Works* in four distinct editions, and the *Vision of Sir Launfal*, illustrated.

Two volumes of essays written at intervals during the last fifteen years, *Among my Books*, 1870, and *My Study Windows*, 1871, placed Mr. Lowell in the front rank of American critics and essayists. The former contained some elaborate and scholarly papers on Dryden, Witchcraft, Shakespeare, Lessing, Rousseau and the Sentimentalists, and New England two centuries ago. The latter, meant by its title to "imply both the books within and the world without," was a collection more miscellaneous in its character, and perhaps more popular in its themes. Besides discriminative articles on Carlyle, Abraham Lincoln, Percival, Thoreau,

Swinburne, Chaucer, Pope, and Emerson as a lecturer,—garden acquaintances were pleasantly chatted about, some good words were said for winter, and some well-pointed remarks were addressed to the correction of a "certain condescension in foreigners."

** THE COURTIN'.

God makes sech nights, all white an' still
Fur 'z as you can look or listen,
Moonshine an' snow on field an' hill,
All silence an' all glisten.

Zekle crep' up quite unbeknown
An' peeked in thru' the winder,
An' there sot Huld' all alone,
'Ith no one nigh to hender.

A fireplace filled the room's one side
With half a cord o' wood in—
There warn't no stoves (tell comfort died)
To bake ye to a puddin'.

The wa'nut logs shot sparkles out
Towards the pootiest, bless her,
An' leetle flames danced all about
The chiny on the dresser.

Agin' the chimbley crook-necks hung,
An' in amongst 'em rusted
The ole queen's-arm thet gran'ther Young
Fetched back from Concord busted.

The very room, coz she was in,
Seemed warm from floor to ceilin',
An' she looked full ez rosy agin
Ez the apples she was peelin'.

'Twas kin' o' kingdom-come to look
On sech a blessed cretur,
A dogrose blushin' to a brook
Ain't modester nor sweeter.

He was six foot o' man, A 1,
Clean grit an' human natur';
None could n't quicker pitch a ton
Nor dror a furrer straighter.

He'd sparked it with full twenty gals,
Hed squired 'em, danced 'em, druv 'em,
Fust this one, an' then thet, by spells—
All is, he could n't love 'em.

But long o' her his veins 'ould run
All crinkly like curled maple,
The side she breshed felt full o' sun
Ez a south slope in April.

She thought no 'vice hed sech a swing
Ez his in the choir;
My! when he made Old Hunder ring,
She knowed the Lord was nigher.

An' she 'd blush scarlit right in prayer,
When her new meetin'-bunnet
Felt somehow thru' its crown a pair
O' blue eyes sot upon it.

Thet night, I tell ye, she looked some!
She seemed to 've gut a new soul,
For she felt sartin-sure he'd come,
Down to her very shoe-sole.

She heered a fool, an' knowed it tu,
A-raspin' on the scraper,—
All ways to once her feelin's flew
Like sparks in burnt-up paper.

He kin' o' l'itered on the mat
Some doubtfe o' the sekle,

His heart kep' goin' pity-pat,
But hern went pity Zekle.

An' yit she gin her cheer a jerk
Ez though she wished him furdur,
An' on her apples kep' to work,
Pairin' away like murder.

"You want to see my Pa, I s'pose?"
"Wall . . . no . . . I come dasignin'"—
"To see my Ma? She is sprinklin' clo'es
Agin to-morrer's i'nin'."

To say why gals acts so or so,
Or don't, 'ould be presumin';
Mebby to mean *yes* an' say *no*
Comes nateral to women.

He stood a spell on one foot fust,
Then stood a spell on t'other,
An' on which one he felt the wust
He could n't ha' told ye nuther.

Says he, "I'd better call agin;"
Says she, "Think likely, Mister;"
Thet last word pricked him like a pin,
An' . . . Wall, he up an' kist her.

When Ma bimeby upon 'em slips,
Huldy sot pale ez ashes,
All kin' o' smily roun' the lips
An' teary roun' the lashes.

For she was jes' the quiet kind
Whose natures never vary,
Like streams that keep a summer mind
Snowhid in Jenooary.

The blood clost roun' her heart felt glued
Too tight for all expressin',
Tell mother see how metters stood,
And gin 'em both her blessin'.

Then the red come back like the tide
Down to the Bay of Fundy,
An' all I know is they was cried
In meetin' come nex' Sunday.

** FOR AN AUTOGRAPH.

Though old the thought and oft *expressed*,
'Tis his at last who says it best, —
I'll try my fortune with the rest.

Life is a leaf of paper white
Whereon each one of us may write
His word or two, and then comes night.

"Lo, time and space enough," we cry,
"To write an epic!" so we try
Our nibs upon the edge, and die.

Muse not which way the pen to hold,
Luck hates the slow and loves the bold,
Soon come the darkness and the cold.

Greatly begin! though thou have time
But for a line, be that sublime, —
Not failure, but low aim, is crime.

Ah! with what lofty hope we came!
But we forget it, dream of fame,
And scrawl as I do here, a name.

** MAHMOOD THE IMAGE-BREAKER.

Old events have modern meanings; only that
survives
Of past history which finds kindred in all hearts
and lives.

Mahmood, once, the idol-breaker, spreader of the
Faith,

Was at Sumnat tempted sorely, as the legend
saith.

In the great Pagoda's centre, monstrous and
abhorred,
Granite on a throne of granite, sat the temple's
lord.

Mahmood paused a moment, silenced by the
silent face
That, with eyes of stone unwavering, awed the
ancient place.

Then the Brahmins knelt before him, by his
doubt made bold,
Pledging for their idol's ransom countless gems
and gold.

Gold was yellow dirt to Mahmood, but of precious
use,
Since from it the roots of power suck a potent
juice.

"Were yon stone alone in question, this would
please me well,"
Mahmood said; "but, with the block there, I my
truth must sell.

"Wealth and rule slip down with Fortune as her
wheel turns round,
He who keeps his faith, he only cannot be
discrowned.

"Little were a change of station, loss of life or
crown,
But the wreck were past retrieving if the Man
fell down."

So his iron mace he lifted, smote with might
and main,
And the idol, on the pavement tumbling, burst in
twain.

Luck obeys the downright striker; from the
hollow core,
Fifty times the Brahmins' offer deluged all the
floor.

** UNDER THE WILLOWS.

Frank-hearted hostess of the field and wood,
Gypsy whose roof is every spreading tree,
June is the pearl of our New England year.
Still a surprisal, though expected long,
Her coming startles. Long she lies in wait,
Makes many a feint, peeps forth, draws coyly
back,
Then, from some southern ambush in the sky,
With one great gush of blossoms storms the
world.

A week ago the sparrow was divine;
The blue-bird shifting his light load of song
From post to post along the cheerless fence,
Was as a rhymist ere the poet came;
But now, O rapture! sunshine winged and voiced,
Pipe blown through by the warm wild breath of
the West,

Shepherding his soft droves of fleecy cloud,
Gladness of woods, skies, waters, all in one,
The bobolink has come, and, like the soul
Of the sweet season vocal in a bird,
Gurgles in ecstasy we know not what
Save June! Dear June! Now God be praised, be
praised for June.

* * * * *
But June is full of invitations sweet,
Forth from the chimney's yawn and thrice-read
tomes
To leisurely delights and sauntering thoughts
That brook no ceiling narrower than the blue.

The cherry, drest for bridal, at my pane
 Brushes, then listens, *Will he come!* The bee,
 All dusty as a miller, takes his toll
 Of powdery gold and grumbles. What a day
 That forages all climes to line its cells,
 Merely to bask and ripen is sometimes
 The student's wiser business; the brain
 That forages all climes to line its cells,
 Ranging both worlds on lightest wings of wish,
 Will not distil the juices it has sucked
 To the sweet substance of pellucid thought,
 Except for him who hath the secret learned
 To mix his blood with sunshine, and to take
 The winds into his pulses. Hush! 'Tis he!
 My oriole, my glance of summer fire,
 Is come at last, and, ever on the watch,
 Twitches the pack-thread I had lightly wound
 About the bough to help his housekeeping; —
 Twitches and scouts by turns, blessing his luck,
 Yet fearing me who laid it in his way,
 Nor, more than wiser we in our affairs,
 Divines the providence that hides and helps.
Heave ho! Heave ho! he whistles as the twine
 Slackens its hold; *once more, now!* and a flash
 Lightens across the sunlight to the elm
 Where his mate dangles at her cup of felt.
 Nor all his booty is the thread; he trails
 My loosened thought with it along the air,
 And I must follow, would I ever find
 The inward rhyme to all this wealth of life.

* * * * *

In June 'tis good to lie beneath a tree
 While the blithe season comforts every sense,
 Steeps all the brain in rest, and heals the heart,
 Brimming it o'er with sweetness unawares,
 Fragrant and silent as that rosy snow
 Wherewith the pitying apple-tree fills up
 And tenderly lines some last year robin's nest.
 There muse I of old times, old hopes, old friends, —
 Old friends! The writing of those words has
 borne

My fancy backward to the gracious past,
 The generous past, when all was possible,
 For all was then untried; the years between
 Have taught some sweet, some bitter lessons, none
 Wiser than this, — to spend in all things else,
 But of old friends to be most miserly.
 Each year to ancient friendship adds a ring,
 As to an oak, and precious more and more,
 Without deservingness or help of ours,
 They grow, and, silent, wider spread each year,
 Their unbought ring of shelter or of shade.
 Sacred to me the lichens on the bark
 Which Nature's milliners would scrape away;
 Most dear and sacred every withered limb!
 'Tis good to set them early, for our faith
 Pines as we age, and, after wrinkles come,
 Few plant, but water dead ones with vain tears.

•• THE CATHEDRAL — AN EXTRACT.

So, musing o'er the problem which was best, —
 A life wide-windowed, shining all abroad,
 Or curtains drawn to shield from sight profane
 The rites we pay to the mysterious I, —
 With outward senses furloughed and head bowed
 I followed some fine instinct in my feet,
 Till, to unbend me from the loom of thought,
 Looking up suddenly, I found mine eyes
 Confronted with the minster's vast repose.
 Silent and gray as forest-leagured cliff
 Left inland by the ocean's slow retreat,
 That hears afar the breeze-borne rote, and longs,
 Remembering shocks of surf that clomb and fell,

Spume-sliding down the baffled decuman,
 It rose before me, patiently remote
 From the great tides of life it breasted once,
 Hearing the noise of men as in a dream.
 I stood before the triple northern port,
 Where dedicated shapes of saints and kings,
 Stern faces bleared with immemorial watch,
 Looked down benignly grave and seemed to say,
*Ye come and go incessant; we remain
 Safe in the hallowed quiets of the past;
 Be reverent, ye who flit and are forgot,
 Of faith so nobly realized as this.*

I seem to have heard it said by learned folk
 Who drench you with æsthetics till you feel
 As if all beauty were a ghastly bore,
 The faucet to let loose a wash of words,
 That Gothic is not Grecian, therefore worse;
 But, being convinced by much experiment
 How little inventiveness there is in man,
 Grave copier of copies, I give thanks
 For a new relish, careless to inquire
 My pleasure's pedigree, if so it please,
 Nobly, I mean, nor renegade to art.
 The Grecian gluts me with its perfectness,
 Unanswerable as Euclid, self-contained,
 The one thing finished in this hasty world,
 Forever finished, though the barbarous pit,
 Fanatical on hearsay, stamp and shout
 As if a miracle could be encoined.
 But ah! this other, this that never ends,
 Still climbing, luring fancy still to climb,
 As full of morals half-divined as life,
 Graceful, grotesque, with ever new surprise
 Of hazardous caprices sure to please,
 Heavy as nightmare, airy-light as fern,
 Imagination's very self in stone!
 With one long sigh of infinite release
 From pedantries past, present, or to come,
 I looked, and owned myself a happy Goth.
 Your blood is mine, ye architects of dream,
 Builders of aspiration incomplete,
 So more consummate, souls self-confident,
 Who felt your own thought worthy of record
 In monumental pomp! No Grecian drop
 Rebukes these veins that leap with kindred thrill,
 After long exile, to the mother-tongue.

Ovid in Pontus, puling for his Rome
 Of men invirile and disnatural dames
 That poison sucked from the Attic bloom decayed,
 Shrank with a shudder from the blue-eyed race
 Whose force rough-handed should renew the world,
 And from the dregs of Romulus express
 Such wine as Dante poured, or he who blew
 Roland's vain blast, or sang the Campeador
 In verse that clanks like armor in the charge, —
 Homeric juice, if brimmed in Odin's horn.
 And they could build, if not the columned fanè
 That from the height gleamed seaward many-hued,
 Something more friendly with their ruder skies;
 The gray spire, molten now in driving mist,
 Now lulled with the incommunicable blue;
 The carvings touched to meanings new with snow,
 Or commented with fleeting grace of shade;
 The statues, motley as man's memory,
 Partial as that, so mixed of true and false,
 History and legend meeting with a kiss
 Across this bound-mark where their realms con-
 fine;

The painted windows, frecking gloom with glow,
 Dusking the sunshine which they seem to cheer,
 Meet symbol of the senses and the soul;
 And the whole pile, grim with the Northman's
 thought

Of life and death, and doom, life's equal fee, —
 These were before me; and I gazed abashed,
 Child of an age that lectures, not creates,
 Plastering our swallow-nests on the awful Past,
 And twittering round the work of larger men,
 As we had builded what we but deface.
 Far up the great bells wallowed in delight,
 Tossing their clangors o'er the heedless town,
 To call the worshippers who never came,
 Or women mostly, in loath twos and threes,
 I entered, reverent of whatever shrine
 Guards piety and solace for my kind
 Or gives the soul a moment's truce of God,
 And shared decorous in the ancient rite
 My sterner fathers held idolatrous.
 The service over, I was tranced in thought:
 Solemn the deepening vaults, and most to me,
 Fresh from the fragile realm of deal and paint,
 Or brick mock-pious with a marble front;
 Solemn the lift of high-embowered roof,
 The clustered stems that spread in boughs dis-
 leaved,

Through which the organ blew a dream of storm, —
 Though not more potent to sublime with awe
 And shut the heart up in tranquillity,
 Than aisles to me familiar that o'erarch
 The conscious silences of brooding woods,
 Centurial shadows, cloisters of the elk:
 Yet here was sense of undefined regret,
 Irreparable loss, uncertain what:
 Was all this grandeur but anachronism, —
 A shell divorced of its informing life,
 Where the priest housed him like a hermit crab,
 An alien to that faith of elder days
 That gathered round it this fair shape of stone?
 Is old Religion but a spectre now,
 Haunting the solitude of darkened minds,
 Mocked out of memory by the sceptic day?
 Is there no corner safe from peeping Doubt,
 Since Gutenberg made thought cosmopolite
 And stretched electric threads from mind to mind?
 Nay, did Faith build this wonder? or did Fear,
 That makes a fetish and misnames it God
 (Blockish or metaphysic, matters not),
 Contrive this coop to shut its tyrant in,
 Appeased with playthings, that he might not
 harm?

* * * * *

Thou beautiful Old Time, now hid away
 In the Past's valley of Avilion,
 Haply, like Arthur, till thy wound be healed,
 Then to reclaim the sword and crown again!
 Thrice beautiful to us; perchance less fair
 To who possessed thee, as a mountain seems
 To dwellers round its bases but a heap
 Of barren obstacle that lairs the storm
 And the avalanche's silent bolt holds back
 Leashed with a hair, — meanwhile some far-off
 clown,

Hereditary delver of the plain,
 Sees it an unmoved vision of repose,
 Nest of the morning, and conjectures there
 The dance of streams to idle shepherds' pipes,
 And fairer habitations softly hung
 On breezy slopes, or hid in valleys cool,
 For happier men. No mortal ever dreams
 That the scant isthmus he encamps upon
 Between two oceans, one, the Stormy, passed,
 And one, the Peaceful, yet to venture on,
 Has been that future whereto prophets yearned
 For the fulfilment of Earth's cheated hope,
 Shall be that past which nerveless poets moan
 As the lost opportunity of song.

** SHAKESPEARE ONCE MORE — FROM AMONG MY BOOKS.

It may be doubted whether any language be rich enough to maintain more than one truly great poet, — and whether there be more than one period, and that very short, in the life of a language, when such a phenomenon as a great poet is possible. It may be reckoned one of the rarest pieces of good-luck that ever fell to the share of a race, that (as was true of Shakespeare) its most rhythmic genius, its acutest intellect, its profoundest imagination, and its healthiest understanding should have been combined in one man, and that he should have arrived at the full development of his powers at the moment when the material in which he was to work — that wonderful composite called English, the best result of the confusion of tongues — was in its freshest perfection. The English-speaking nations should build a monument to the misguided enthusiasts of the Plain of Shinar; for, as the mixture of many bloods seems to have made them the most vigorous of modern races, so has the mingling of divers speeches given them a language which is perhaps the noblest vehicle of poetic thought that ever existed.

Had Shakespeare been born fifty years earlier, he would have been cramped by a book-language not yet flexible enough for the demands of rhythmic emotion, not yet sufficiently popularized for the natural and familiar expression of supreme thought, not yet so rich in metaphysical phrase as to render possible that ideal representation of the great passions which is the aim and end of Art, not yet subdued by practice and general consent to a definiteness of accentuation essential to ease and congruity of metrical arrangement. Had he been born fifty years later, his ripened manhood would have found itself in an England absorbed and angry with the solution of political and religious problems, from which his whole nature was averse, instead of in that Elizabethan social system, ordered and planetary in functions and degrees as the angelic hierarchy of the Areopagite, where his contemplative eye could crowd itself with various and brilliant pictures and whence his impartial brain — one lobe of which seems to have been Normanly refined and the other Saxonly sagacious — could draw its morals of courtly and worldly wisdom, its lessons of prudence and magnanimity. In estimating Shakespeare, it should never be forgotten, that, like Goëthe, he was essentially observer and artist, and incapable of partisanship. The passions, actions, sentiments, whose character and results he delighted to watch and to reproduce, are those of man in society as it existed; and it no more occurred to him to question the right of that society to exist than to criticise the divine ordination of the seasons. His business was with men as they were, not with man as he ought to be, — with the human soul as it is shaped or twisted into character by the complex experience of life, not in its abstract essence, as something to be saved or lost. During the first half of the seventeenth century, the centre of intellectual interest was rather in the other world than in this, rather in the region of thought and principle and conscience than in actual life. It was a generation in which the poet was, and felt himself, out of place. Sir Thomas Browne, our most imaginative mind since Shakespeare, found breathing-room, for a time, among the "*O altitudines!*" of religious speculation, but soon descended to oc-

cupy himself with the exactitudes of science. Jeremy Taylor, who half a century earlier would have been Fletcher's rival, compels his clipped fancy to the conventional discipline of prose, (Maid Marian turned nun,) and waters his poetic wine with doctrinal eloquence. Milton is saved from making total shipwreck of his large-utteranced genius on the desolate Noman's Land of a religious epic only by the lucky help of Satan and his colleagues, with whom, as foiled rebels and republicans, he cannot conceal his sympathy. As purely poet, Shakespeare would have come too late, had his lot fallen in that generation. In mind and temperament too exoteric for a mystic, his imagination could not have at once illustrated the influence of his epoch and escaped from it, like that of Browne; the equilibrium of his judgment, essential to him as an artist, but equally removed from propagandism, whether as enthusiast or logician, would have unfitted him for the pulpit; and his intellectual being was too sensitive to the wonder and beauty of outward life and Nature to have found satisfaction, as Milton's could, (and perhaps only by reason of his blindness,) in a world peopled by purely imaginary figures. We might fancy him becoming a great statesman, but he lacked the social position which could have opened that career to him. What we mean when we say *Shakespeare*, is something inconceivable either during the reign of Henry the Eighth, or the Commonwealth, and which would have been impossible after the Restoration. . . .

I have said that it was doubtful if Shakespeare had any conscious moral intention in his writings. I meant only that he was purely and primarily poet. And while he was an English poet in a sense that is true of no other, his method was thoroughly Greek, yet with this remarkable difference, — that, while the Greek dramatists took purely national themes and gave them a universal interest by their mode of treatment, he took what may be called cosmopolitan traditions, legends of human nature, and nationalized them by the infusion of his perfectly Anglican breadth of character and solidity of understanding. Wonderful as his imagination and fancy are, his perspicacity and artistic discretion are more so. This country tradesman's son, coming up to London, could set high-bred wits, like Beaumont, unceasing lessons in drawing gentlemen such as are seen nowhere else but on the canvas of Titian; he could take Ulysses away from Homer and expand the shrewd and crafty islander into a statesman whose words are the pith of history. But what makes him yet more exceptional was his utterly unimpeachable judgment, and that poise of character which enabled him to be at once the greatest of poets and so unnoticeable a good citizen as to leave no incidents for biography. His material was never farsought; (it is still disputed whether the fullest head of which we have record were cultivated beyond the range of grammar-school precedent!) but he used it with a poetic instinct which we cannot parallel, identified himself with it, yet remained always its born and unquestioned master. He finds the Clown and Fool upon the stage, — he makes them the tools of his pleasantry, his satire, and even his pathos; he finds a fading rustic superstition, and shapes out of it ideal Pucks, Titanias, and Ariels, in whose existence statesmen and scholars believe forever. Always poet, he subjects all to the ends of his art, and gives in Hamlet the churchyard ghost, but with the cothurnus on, — the messenger of God's re-

venge against murder; always philosopher, he traces in Macbeth the metaphysics of apparitions, painting the shadowy Banquo only on the o'erwrought brain of the murderer, and staining the hand of his wife-accomplice (because she was the more refined and higher nature) with the disgusting blood-spot that is not there. We say he had no moral intention, for the reason, that, as artist, it was not his to deal with realities, but only with the shows of things; yet, with a temperament so just, an insight so inevitable as his, it was impossible that the moral reality, which underlies the *mirage* of the poet's vision, should not always be suggested. His humor and satire are never of the destructive kind; what he does in that way is suggestive only, — not breaking bubbles with Thor's hammer, but puffing them away with the breath of a clown, or shivering them with the light laugh of a genial cynic. Men go about to prove the existence of a God! Was it a bit of phosphorus, that brain whose creations are so real, that, mixing with them, we feel as if we ourselves were but fleeting magic-lantern shadows?

But higher even than the genius we rate the character of this unique man, and the grand impersonality of what he wrote. What has he told us of himself? In our self-exploiting nineteenth century, with its melancholy liver-complaint, how serene and high he seems! If he had sorrows, he has made them the woof of everlasting consolation to his kind; and if, as poets are wont to whine, the outward world was cold to him, its biting air did but trace itself in loveliest frost-work of fancy on the many windows of that self-centred and cheerful soul.

**** ON A CERTAIN CONDESCENSION IN FOREIGNERS — FROM MY STUDY WINDOWS.**

Till after our Civil War it never seemed to enter the head of any foreigner, especially of any Englishman, that an American had what could be called a country, except as a place to eat, sleep, and trade in. Then it seemed to strike them suddenly. "By Jove, you know, fellahs don't fight like that for a shop-till!" No, I rather think not. To Americans America is something more than a promise and an expectation. It has a past and traditions of its own. A descent from men who sacrificed everything and came hither, not to better their fortunes, but to plant their idea in virgin soil, should be a good pedigree. There was never colony save this that went forth, not to seek gold, but God. Is it not as well to have sprung from such as these as from some burly beggar who came over with Wilhelmus Conquestor, unless, indeed, a line grow better as it runs farther away from stalwart ancestors? And for history, it is dry enough, no doubt, in the books, but, for all that, is of a kind that tells in the blood. I have admitted that Carlyle's sneer had a show of truth in it. But what does he himself, like a true Scot, admire in the Hohenzollerns? First of all, that they were *canny*, a thrifty, forehanded race. Next, that they made a good fight from generation to generation with the chaos around them. That is precisely the battle which the English race on this continent has been carrying doughtily on for two centuries and a half. Doughtily and silently, for you cannot hear in Europe "that crash, the death-song of the perfect tree," that has been going on here from sturdy father to sturdy son, and making this continent habitable for the weaker

Old World breed that has swarmed to it during the last half-century. If ever men did a good stroke of work on this planet, it was the forefathers of those whom you are wondering whether it would not be prudent to acknowledge as far-off cousins. Alas, man of genius, to whom we owe so much, could you see nothing more than the burning of a foul chimney in that clash of Michael and Satan which flamed up under your very eyes?

Before our war we were to Europe but a huge mob of adventurers and shop-keepers. Leigh Hunt expressed it well enough when he said that he could never think of America without seeing a gigantic counter stretched all along the seaboard. Feudalism had by degrees made commerce, the great civilizer, contemptible. But a tradesman with sword on thigh and very prompt of stroke was not only redoubtable, he had become respectable also. Few people, I suspect, alluded twice to a needle in Sir John Hawkwood's presence, after that doughty fighter had exchanged it for a more dangerous tool of the same metal. Democracy had been hitherto only a ludicrous effort to reverse the laws of nature by thrusting Cleon into the place of Pericles. But a democracy that could fight for an abstraction, whose members held life and goods cheap compared with that larger life which we call country, was not merely unheard-of, but portentous. It was the nightmare of the Old World taking upon itself flesh and blood, turning out to be substance and not dream. Since the Norman crusader clanged down upon the throne of the *porphyro-geniti*, carefully-draped appearances had never received such a shock, had never been so rudely called on to produce their titles to the empire of the world. Authority has had its periods not unlike those of geology, and at last comes Man claiming kingship in right of his mere manhood. The world of the Saurians might be in some respects more picturesque, but the march of events is inexorable, and it is bygone.

The young giant had certainly got out of long-clothes. He had become the *enfant terrible* of the human household. It was not and will not be easy for the world (especially for our British cousins) to look upon us as grown up. The youngest of nations, its people must also be young and to be treated accordingly, was the syllogism,—as if libraries did not make all nations equally old in all those respects, at least, where age is an advantage and not a defect. Youth, no doubt, has its good qualities, as people feel who are losing it, but boyishness is another thing. We had been somewhat boyish as a nation, a little loud, a little pushing, a little braggart. But might it not partly have been because we felt that we had certain claims to respect that were not admitted? The war which established our position as a vigorous nationality has also sobered us. A nation, like a man, cannot look death in the eye for four years, without some strange reflections, without arriving at some clearer consciousness of the stuff it is made of, without some great moral change. Such a change, or the beginning of it, no observant person can fail to see here. Our thought and our politics, our bearing as a people, are assuming a manlier tone. We have been compelled to see what was weak in democracy as well as what was strong. We have begun obscurely to recognize that things do not go of themselves, and that popular government is not in itself a panacea, is no better than any other form except as the virtue and wisdom of the people make it so,

and that when men undertake to do their own kingship, they enter upon the dangers and responsibilities as well as the privileges of the function. Above all, it looks as if we were on the way to be persuaded that no government can be carried on by declamation. It is noticeable also that facility of communication has made the best English and French thought far more directly operative here than ever before. Without being Europeanized, our discussion of important questions in statesmanship, political economy, in æsthetics, is taking a broader scope and a higher tone. It had certainly been provincial, one might almost say local, to a very unpleasant extent. Perhaps our experience in soldiery has taught us to value training more than we have been popularly wont. We may possibly come to the conclusion, one of these days, that self-made men may not be always equally skilful in the manufacture of wisdom, may not be divinely commissioned to fabricate the higher qualities of opinion on all possible topics of human interest.

So long as we continue to be the most common-schooled and the least cultivated people in the world, I suppose we must consent to endure this condescending manner of foreigners toward us. The more friendly they mean to be the more ludicrously prominent it becomes. They can never appreciate the immense amount of silent work that has been done here, making this continent slowly fit for the abode of man, and which will demonstrate itself, let us hope, in the character of the people. Outsiders can only be expected to judge a nation by the amount it has contributed to the civilization of the world; the amount, that is, that can be seen and handled. A great place in history can only be achieved by competitive examinations, nay, by a long course of them. How much new thought have we contributed to the common stock? Till that question can be triumphantly answered, or needs no answer, we must continue to be simply interesting as an experiment, to be studied as a problem, and not respected as an attained result or an accomplished solution. Perhaps, as I have hinted, their patronizing manner toward us is the fair result of their failing to see here anything more than a poor imitation, a plaster-cast of Europe. And are they not partly right? If the tone of the uncultivated American has too often the arrogance of the barbarian, is not that of the cultivated as often vulgarly apologetic?

WILLIAM W. STORY,

THE poet and artist, is the son of the late Judge Story. He was born in Salem, February 19, 1819. He became a graduate of Harvard in 1838, and applied himself diligently, under his father's auspices, to the study of the law. He was a frequent contributor, in prose and verse, to the *Boston Miscellany*, edited by Mr. Nathan Hale, in 1842. In his legal career he published *Reports of Cases argued and determined in the Circuit Court of the United States for the First Circuit*, 2 vols. Boston, 1842-5, and *A Treatise on the Law of Contracts not under Seal*, Boston, 1844.

In the last year he delivered the Phi Beta Kappa poem at Harvard, *Nature and Art*, an indication of the tastes which were to govern his future life.

His single volume of *Poems* was published by

Messrs. Little and Brown in 1847. They are the productions of a man of cultivated taste, and of a quick susceptibility to impressions of the ideal.

In 1851 Mr. Story discharged an honorable debt to the memory of his father, in the publication of the two diligently prepared volumes of *The Life and Letters of Joseph Story*, a full, genial biography, written with enthusiasm and fidelity.

It was at this period, or earlier, that Mr. Story turned his attention particularly to art, in which he has achieved much distinction as a sculptor. He has resided for some time in Italy. Among his works, as an artist, are an admired statue of his father, and various busts in marble, including one of his friend Mr. J. R. Lowell. He has modelled a "Shepherd Boy," "Little Red Riding Hood," "Edward Everett," "George Peabody," "Saul," "Medea," and other works. Besides achieving success in these varied pursuits of law, letters, and art, Mr. Story is an accomplished musician.

CHILDHOOD.

Along my wall in golden splendor stream

The morning rays,
As when they woke me from the happy dream
Of childish days.

Then every morning brought a sweet surprise,—
When I was young—
Even as a lark, that carols to the skies,
My spirit sung.

To lie with early-wakened eyes, and hear
The busy clock,
While through our laughter, sounded shrilly clear
The crowing cock—

To count the yellow bars of light, that fell
Through the closed blind,
Was joy enough—O, strange and magic spell!
A guileless mind.

The cares of day have thickened round me since—
The morning brings
Work, duties—and that wandering innocence
Hath taken wings.

Dear were those thoughtless hours, whose sunny
change
Had gleams of heaven!
But dearer Duty's ever-widening range,
Which Thought hath given!

MIDNIGHT.

Midnight in the sleeping city! Clanking hammers
beat no more;
For a space the hum and tumult of the busy day are
o'er.

Streets are lonely and deserted, where the sickly
lamplights glare,—
And the steps of some late passer only break the
silence there.

Round the grim and dusky houses, gloomy shadows
nestling cower,
Night hath stifled life's deep humming into slumber
for an hour.

Sullen furnace fires are glowing over in the suburbs
far,
And the lamp in many a homestead shineth like an
earthly star.

O'er the hushed and sleeping city, in the cloudless
sky above,

Never-fading stars hang watching in eternal peace
and love.

Years and centuries have vanished, change hath
come to bury change,
But the starry constellations on their silent pathway
range.

Great Orion's starry girdle—Berenice's golden
hair—

Ariadne's crown of splendor—Cassiopeia's shining
chair;

Sagittarius and Delphinus, and the clustering Pleiad
train,

Aquila and Ophiucus, Pegasus and Charles's Wain;
Red Antares and Capella, Aldebaran's mystic light,
Alruccabah and Arcturus, Sirius and Vega white;

They are circling calm as ever on their sure but
hidden path,
As when mystic watchers saw them with the reve-
rent eye of Faith.

So unto the soul benighted, lofty stars there are,
that shine

Far above the mists of error, with a changeless
light divine.

Lofty souls of old beheld them, burning in life's
shadowy night,
And they still are undecaying 'mid a thousand cen-
turies' flight.

Love and Truth, whose light and blessing, every
reverent heart may know,
Mercy, Justice, which are pillars that support this
life below;

These in sorrow and in darkness, in the inmost soul
we feel,
As the sure, undying impress of the Almighty's
burning seal.

Though unsolved the mighty secret, which shall
thread the perfect whole,

And unite the finite number unto the eternal soul,
We shall one day clearly see it—for the soul a time
shall come,
When unfranchised and unburdened, thought shall
be its only home;—

And Truth's fitful intimations, glancing on our fear-
ful sight,
Shall be gathered to the circle of one mighty disk
of light.

**A new volume of Mr. Story's *Poems*, dedi-
cated to his friend Mr. James Russell Lowell,
appeared in 1856. Many of its choice pieces
were founded on scenes and features of Italian
life, as Castle Palo, Italy and New England, the
Confessional, In the Mountains, the Death of
Gregory XVI., etc. *Roba di Roma*, a series of
artistic sketchings of modern life in the Eternal
City, was published in 1862. In the same year
was reprinted, in a pamphlet entitled *The Ameri-
can Question*, a series of three letters contrib-
uted to the London *Daily News*, in December,
1861, upholding the cause of the Union; and
this was followed by another series on *Prece-
dents of American Neutrality. The Proportions
of the Human Figure, According to a New
Canon*, was issued in 1866. Three years later
Graffiti D'Italia followed, containing dramatic
poems, partly on historic themes, and some
intensely passionate in feeling, as *Ginevra da
Siena*, and *Cleopatra*. These were classed,

according to subjects, as Medieval, Antique, Modern, and Scherzi. *The Roman Lawyer in Jerusalem*, a poem, was published in 1870. Mr. Story contributed an introduction to *Wey's Rome*, in 1872. He has also written largely for *Blackwood's Magazine*.

****THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.**

And for our tong, that still is so empayred
By travelling linguists,—I can prove it clear
That no tong has the muses' utterance heyred
For verse, and that swete music to the ear
Strooke out of Rhyme so naturally as this.

CHAPMAN.

Give me of every language, first my vigorous English
Stored with imported wealth, rich in its natural
mines—
Grand in its rhythmical cadence, simple for
household employment—
Worthy the poet's song, fit for the speech of a man.
Not from one metal alone the perfectest mirror is
shapen,
Not from one color is built the rainbow's aerial
bridge,
Instruments blending together yield the divinest
of music,
Out of a myriad flowers sweetest of honey is drawn.
So unto thy close strength is welden and beaten
together
Iron dug from the North, ductile gold from the
South;
So unto thy broad stream the ice-torrents born in
the mountains
Rush, and the rivers pour brimming with sun
from the plains.
Thou hast the sharp clean edge and the down-
right blow of the Saxon,
Thou the majestic march and the stately pomp
of the Latin,
Thou the euphonious swell, the rhythmical roll
of the Greek;
Thine is the elegant suavity caught from sonorous
Italian,
Thine the chivalric obeisance, the courteous grace
of the Norman—
Thine the Teutonic German's inborn guttural
strength.
Raftered by firm-laid consonants, windowed by
opening vowels,
Thou securely art built, free to the sun and the
air;
Over thy feudal battlements trail the wild tendrils
of fancy,
Where in the early morn warbled our earliest
birds;
Science looks out from thy watch-tower, love
whispers in at thy lattice,
While o'er thy bastions wit flashes its glittering
sword.
Not by corruption rotted nor slowly by ages
degraded,
Have the sharp consonants gone crumbling away
from our words;
Virgin and clean is their edge, like granite blocks
chiselled by Egypt;
Just as when Shakespeare and Milton laid them
in glorious verse.
Fitted for every use like a great, majestic river,
Blending thy various streams, stately thou flowest
along,
Bearing the white-winged ship of Poesy over thy
bosom,

Laden with spices that come out of the tropical
isles,
Fancy's pleasuring yacht with its bright and
fluttering pennons,
Logic's frigates of war and the toil-worn barges
of trade.

How art thou freely obedient unto the poet or
speaker

When, in a happy hour, thought into speech he
translates;

Caught on the word's sharp angles flash the
bright hues of his fancy—

Grandly the thought rides the words, as a good
horseman his steed.

Now, clear, pure, hard, bright, and one by one,
like to hail-stones,

Short words fall from his lips fast as the first of
a shower—

Now in a twofold column, Spondee, Iamb, and
Trochee,

Unbroke, firm-set, advance, retreat, trampling
along—

Now with a sprightlier springiness bounding in
triplicate syllables,

Dance the elastic Dactyls in musical cadences on,
Now their voluminous coil interlacing like huge
anacondas

Roll overwhelmingly onward the sesquipedalian
words.

Flexile and free in thy gait and simple in all thy
construction,

Yielding to every turn thou bearest thy rider along:
Now like our hackney or draught-horse serving
our commonest uses,

Now bearing grandly the Poet Pegasus-like, to
the sky.

Thou art not prisoned in fixed rules, thou art no
slave to a grammar,

Thou art an eagle uncaged, scorning the perch
and the chain,

Hadst thou been fettered and formalized, thou
hadst been tamer and weaker.

How could the poor slave walk with thy grand
freedom of gait?

Let then grammarians rail and let foreigners
sigh for thy sign-posts,

Wandering lost in thy maze, thy wilds of magni-
ficent growth.

Call thee incongruous, wild, of rule and of reason
defiant;

I in thy wildness a grand freedom of character
find.

So with irregular outline tower up the sky-
piercing mountains,

Rearing o'er yawning chasms lofty precipitous
steeps,

Spreading o'er ledges unclimbable, meadows and
slopes of green smoothness,

Bearing the flowers in their clefts, losing their
peaks in the clouds.

Therefore it is that I praise thee and never can
cease from rejoicing,

Thinking that good stout English is mine and my
ancestors' tongue;

Give me its varying music, the flow of its free
modulation—

I will not covet the full roll of the glorious
Greek,—

Luscious and feeble Italian, Latin so formal and
stately,

French with its nasal lisp, nor German inverted
and harsh—

Not while our organ can speak with its many and
wonderful voices—
Play on the soft flute of love, blow the loud
trumpet of war,
Sing with the high sesquialtro, or drawing its
full diapason,
Shake all the air with the grand storm of its
pedal and stops.

** COUPLETS.

I.

To each his separate work; the ox to drag the
plough,
The bird to sing his song upon the blossomy bough.
I do not ask the grain and hay your acres yield,
If I may pluck the flowers you trample in your
field.

How perfect nature is! The sun, and cloud, and
rain—
Give me a little song, and ripen all your grain.

X.

Live not without a friend! The Alpine rock must
own
Its mossy grace, or else be nothing but a stone.
Live not without a God! However high or low,
In every house should be a window to the sky.

XXX.

The East for sweet luxurious ease and rest—
For toil, and pain, and struggle is the West.
The calm siesta, pipe, and soft divan,
With mild sensations, are for Eastern man.
The fierce debate, the strife for place and power,
The brain and nerve-life is our Western dower.
With all our rush and toil we scarcely move,
And lose the truest joy of living—love!

** LOVE.

When daffodils began to blow,
And apple-blossoms thick to snow
Upon the brown and breaking mould—
'Twas in the spring—we kissed and sighed
And loved, and heaven and earth defied,
We were so young and bold.

The fluttering bob-link dropped his song,
The first young swallow curved along,
The daisy stared in sturdy pride,
When loitering on we plucked the flowers,
But dared not own those thoughts of ours,
Which yet we could not hide.

Tiptoe you bent the lilac spray
And shook its rain of dew away
And reached it to me with a smile:
'Smell that, how full of spring it is'—
'Tis now as full of memories
As 'twas of dew erewhile.

Your hand I took, to help you down
The broken wall, from stone to stone,
Across the shallow bubbling brook.
Ah! what a thrill went from that palm,
That would not let my blood be calm,
And through my pulses shook.

Often our eyes met as we turned,
And both our cheeks with passion burned,
And both our hearts grew riotous,

Till, as we sat beneath the grove,
I kissed you—whispering, "we love"—
As thus I do—and thus.

When passion had found utterance,
Our frightened hearts began to glance
Into the Future's every day;
And how shall we our love conceal,
Or dare our passion to reveal,
"We are too young," they'll say.

Alas! we are not now too young,
Yet love to us hath safely clung,
Despite of sorrow, years, and care—
But ah! we have not what we had,
We cannot be so free, so glad,
So foolish as we were.

** A SONG OF ISRAEL.

Our Christ shall come in glory and in power,
Born to command.
He shall not weep or pray, or cringe or cower,
But with God's lightnings in His hand
Tremendous there shall stand.

All eyes shall drop before His awful face
In doubt and dread;
When He shall come, the Saviour of our race,
The crown of triumph on His head,
Even as the Prophets said.

The sharp sword of His vengeance He shall wield
To smite and slay.
Justice shall be his weapon and our shield;
And all who dare to disobey
His breath shall sweep away.

His hand shall wipe away their griefs and woes
Who cling to Him.

His wrath like chaff shall scatter all their foes;
His power shall build Jerusalem
With sounding song and hymn.

The hand and thought of man shall quail before
That shape august;
And prostrate every face to earth adore
Him in whose balance we are dust—
The mighty King—the Just.

Then shall the song of triumph once again
For us be heard,
And Israel's children sound the joyous strain,
The Christ has come—the King and Lord—
The Wonderful—the Word.

** TO FORTUNE.

Oh Goddess! fixed and fair and calm,
That bearest in thy grasp the palm—
That bearest in thy grasp the rod—
Oh voice of fate! oh smile of God!

Be gracious—lend to us thy ear—
Be not too awful, too austere.
Against thy will no power avails;
Without thy aid all struggle fails.

Stayed by thy hand, no reed so spare
But, column-like, life's weight will bare;
Reft of thy hand our steps to lead,
The brazen shaft is like a reed.

Blow but thy breath across the sea,
Our galleys go triumphantly;
Avert thy face, though skies are fair
We sink and founder in despair.

Dear Goddess, turn to us thy face!
Not justice we implore, but grace;

Give us what none can win or buy—
Thy godlike gift, prosperity.

****THE SAD COUNTRY.**

There is a sad, sad country,
Where often I go to see
A little child that for all my love,
Will never come back to me.

There smiles he serenely on me
With a look that makes me cry;
And he prattling runs beside me
Till I wish that I could die.

That country is dim and dreary,
Yet I cannot keep away,
Though the shadows there are heavy and dark,
And the sunlight sadder than they.

And there, in a ruined garden,
Which once was gay with flowers,
I sit by a broken fountain,
And weep and pray for hours.

****THE RIVER OF TIME.**

Oh! the river that runs for ever,
The rapid river of time!
The silent river that pauses never,
Nor ceases its solemn rhyme!

How swift by the flowery banks it rushes,
Where love and joy are at play,
And stretch out their hands with laughter and
blushes,
And beg it in vain to stay!

How slow through the sullen marsh of sorrow,
It creeps with a lingering pain;
When night comes down and we long for the
morrow,
And longing is all in vain!

O'er sparkling shoals of glittering folly,
O'er steeps of dreadful crime,
O'er gladness and madness and melancholy,
Through fears and hopes sublime,

Ruthlessly on in waking or sleeping,
Unheeding our wish or will,
Through loving and laughing, and wailing and
weeping,

It bears us for good or ill—

Bears us down with a fearful motion,
In a current no eye can see,
Down to the vast mysterious ocean
We call eternity.

****SNOWDROP.**

When, full of warm and eager love,
I clasp you in my fond embrace,
You gently push me back and say,
"Take care, my dear, you'll spoil my lace."

You kiss me just as you would kiss
Some woman friend you chanced to see;
You call me "dearest,"—All love's forms
Are yours, not its reality.

Oh Annie, cry, and storm, and rave!
Do anything with passion in it!
Hate me an hour, and then turn round
And love me truly, just one minute.

****LENT AND HOLY WEEK IN ROME—FROM ROBA DI ROMA.**

The time of the church processions is now coming, and one good specimen takes place on the

29th of March, from the Santa Maria in Via, which may stand with little variations for all the others. These processions, which are given by every church once a year, are in honor of the Madonna, or some saint specially revered in the particular church. They make the circuit of the parish limits, passing through all its principal streets, and every window and balcony is decorated with yellow and crimson hangings, and with crowds of dark eyes. The front of the church, the steps, and the street leading to it are spread with yellow sand, over which are scattered sprigs of box. After the procession has been organized in the church, they "come unto these yellow sands," preceded by a band of music, which plays rather jubilant, and what the unobservant would call profane music, of polkas and marches, and airs from the operas. Next follow great lanterns of strung glass drops, accompanied by soldiers; then an immense gonfalon representing the Virgin at the Cross, which swings backwards and forwards, borne by the *confraternità* of the parish, with blue capes over their white dresses, and all holding torches. Then follows a huge wooden cross, garlanded with golden ivy-leaves, and also upheld by the *confraternità*, who stagger under its weight. Next come two crucifixes, covered, as the body of Christ always is during Lent and until Resurrection-day, with cloth of purple (the color of passion,) and followed by the *frati* of the church in black, carrying candles and dolorously chanting a hymn. Then comes the bishop in his mitre, his yellow stole upheld by two principal priests, (the curate and subcurate,) and to him his acolytes waft incense, as well as to the huge figure of the Madonna which follows. This figure is of life-size, carved in wood, surrounded by gilt angels, and so heavy that sixteen stout *facchini*, whose shabby trousers show under their improvised costume, are required to bear it along. With this the procession comes to its climax. Immediately after follow the guards, and a great concourse of the populace closes the train.

As Holy Week approaches, pilgrims begin to flock to Rome with their oil-cloth capes, their scallop-shell, their long staffs, their rosaries, and their dirty hands held out constantly for "*una santa elemosina pel povero pellegrino*." Let none of my fair friends imagine that she will find a Romeo among them, or she will be most grievously disappointed. There is something to touch your pity in their appearance, though not the pity akin to love. They are, for the most part, old, shabby, soiled, and inveterate mendicants,—and though, some time or other, some one or other may have known one of them for her true-love "by his cockle hat and staff, and his sandal shoon," that time has been long forby, unless they are wondrously disguised. Besides these pilgrims, and often in company with them, bands of peasants, with their long staffs, may be met on the road, making a pilgrimage to Rome for the Holy Week, clad in splendid *ciociari* dresses, carrying their clothes on their heads, and chanting a psalm as they go. Among these may be found many a handsome youth and beautiful maid, whose faces will break into the most charming of smiles as you salute them and wish them a happy pilgrimage. And of all smiles, none is so sudden, open, and enchanting as a Roman girl's; breaking out over their dark, passionate faces, black eyes, and level brows, like a burst of sunlight from behind a cloud. There must be noble possibilities in any

nation which, through all its oppression and degradation, has preserved the childlike frankness of an Italian smile.

Still another indication of the approach of Holy Week is the Easter egg, which now makes its appearance, and warns us of the solemnities to come. Sometimes it is stained yellow, purple, red, green, or striped with various colors; sometimes it is crowned with paste-work, representing, in a most primitive way, a hen,—her body being the egg, and her pastry-head adorned with a disproportionately tall feather. These eggs are exposed for sale at the corners of the streets and bought by everybody, and every sort of ingenious device is resorted to to attract customers and render them attractive. This custom is probably derived from the East, where the egg is the symbol of the primitive state of the world and of the creation of things. The new year formerly began at the spring equinox, about Easter; and at that period of the renewal of Nature, a festival was celebrated in the new moon of the month Phamenoth, in honor of Osiris, when painted and gilded eggs were exchanged as presents, in reference to the beginning of all things. The transference of the commencement of the year to January deprived the Paschal egg of its significance. Formerly in France, and still in Russia as in Italy, it had a religious significance, and was never distributed until it had received a solemn benediction. On Good Friday, a priest in his robes, with an attendant, may be seen going into every door in the street to bless the house, the inhabitants, and the eggs. The last, colored and arranged according to the taste of the individual, are spread upon a table, which is decorated with box, flowers, and whatever ornamental dishes the family possesses. The priest is received with bows at the door, and when the benediction is over he is rewarded with the gratuity of a *paul* or a *scudo*, according to the piety and purse of the proprietor; while into the basket of his attendant is always dropped a *pagnotto*, a couple of eggs, a *baiocco*, or some such trifle.

Beside the blessing of the eggs and house, it is the custom in some parts of Italy, (and I have particularly observed it in Siena,) for the priest, at Easter, to affix to the door of the chief *palazzi* and villas a waxen cross, or the letter M in wax, so as to guard the house from evil spirits. But only the houses of the rich are thus protected; for the priests bestow favors only "for a consideration," while the poor cannot so easily give.

Among the celebrations which take place throughout Italy at this period, is one which, though not peculiar to Rome, deserves record here for its singularity. On Good Friday it is the custom of the people of Prato (a little town near Florence) to celebrate the occasion by a procession, which takes place after nightfall, and is intended to represent the procession to the Cross. The persons composing it are mounted on horseback and dressed in fantastic costumes, borrowed from the theatrical wardrobe, representing Pontius Pilate, the centurions, guards, executioners, apostles, and even Judas himself. Each one carries in one hand a flaring torch, and in the other some emblem of the Crucifixion, such as the hammer, pincers, spear, sponge, cross, and so on. The horses are all unshod, so that their hoofs may not clatter on the pavement; and, with a sort of mysterious noiselessness, the singular procession passes through all the principal streets, illuminated by torches that gleam picturesquely on their

tinsel-covered robes, helmets, and trappings. This celebration only takes place once in three years; and, on the last occasion but one, a tremendous thunderstorm broke over the town as the procession was passing along. The crowd thereupon incontinently dispersed, and the unfortunate person who represented Judas, trembling with superstitious fear, fell upon his knees, and, after the fashion of Nick Bottom the weaver, who, relieved the Duke Theseus by declaring that he was only a lion's fell and not a veritable lion, cried out to the Madonna, "*Misericordia per me!*" I am not really Judas, but only the cobbler at the corner, who is representing him—all for the glory of the blessed Bambino." And in consideration of this information the Madonna graciously extended him her potent aid, and saved his valuable life—but he has henceforth rejoiced in the popular nickname of Judas.

It is on this day, too, that the customary Jew is converted, recants, and is baptized; and there are not wanting evil tongues which declare that there is a wonderful similarity in his physiognomy every year. However this may be, there is no doubt that some one is annually dug out of the Ghetto, which is the pit of Judaism here in Rome; and if he fall back again, after receiving the temporal reward, and without waiting for the spiritual, he probably finds it worth his while to do so, in view of the zeal of the Church, and in remembrance of the fifteenth verse of the twenty-third chapter of Matthew, if he ever reads that portion of the Bible. It is in the great basaltic vase in the baptistry of St. John Lateran, the same in which Rienzi bathed in 1347, before receiving the insignia of knighthood, that the converted Jew, and any other infidel who can be brought over, receives his baptism when he is taken into the arms of the Church.

It is at this season, too, that the *pizziccheria* shops are gaily dressed in the manner so graphically described by Hans Andersen in his "Improvisatore." No wonder, that, to little Antonio, the interior of one of these shops looked like a realization of Paradise; for they are really splendid; and when glittering with candles and lamps at night, the effect is very striking. Great sides of bacon and lard are ranged endwise in regular bars all around the interior, and adorned with stripes of various colors, mixed with golden spangles and flashing tinsel; while over and under them, in reticulated work, are piled scores upon scores of brown cheeses, in the form of pyramids, columns, towers, with eggs set into their interstices. From the ceiling, and around the doorway, hang wreaths and necklaces of sausages,—or groups of the long gourd-like *cacio di cavallo*, twined about with box,—or netted wire baskets filled with Easter eggs,—or great bunches of white candles gathered together at the wicks. Seen through these, at the bottom of the shop, is a picture of the Madonna, with scores of candles burning about it, and gleaming upon the tinsel hangings and spangles with which it is decorated. Underneath this, there is often represented an elaborate *presepio*, or, when this is not the case, the animals may be seen mounted here and there on the cheeses. Candelabra of eggs, curiously bound together, so as to resemble bunches of gigantic white grapes, are swung from the centre of the ceiling,—and cups of colored glass, with a taper in them, or red paper lanterns, and *terra-cotta* lamps, of the antique form, show here and there their little flames among the fitches of bacon and

cheeses, while, in the midst of all the splendor, the figure of the *pizzicaro* moves to and fro, like a high-priest at a ceremony. Nor is this illumination exclusive. The doors, often of the full width of the shop, are thrown wide open, and the glory shines upon all passers-by. It is the apotheosis of ham and cheese, at which only the Hebrew nose, doing violence to its natural curve, turns up in scorn; while true Christians crowd around it to wonder and admire, and sometimes to venture in upon the almost enchanted ground. May it be long before this pleasant custom dies out!

At last comes Holy Week, with its pilgrims that flock from every part of the world. Every hotel and furnished apartment is crowded,—every carriage is hired at double and treble its ordinary fare,—every door, where a Papal ceremony is to take place, is besieged by figures in black with black veils. The streets are filled with Germans, English, French, Americans, all on the move, coming and going, and anxiously inquiring about the *funzioni*, and when they are to take place, and where,—for everything is kept in a charming condition of perfect uncertainty, from the want of any public newspaper or journal, or other accurate means of information. So everybody asks everybody, and everybody tells everybody, until nobody knows anything, and everything is guess-work. But, nevertheless, despite impatient words, and muttered curses, and all kinds of awkward mistakes, the battle goes bravely on. There is terrible fighting at the door of the Sistine Chapel, to hear the *Miserere*, which is sure to be Bainsi's when it is said to be Allegri's, as well as at the railing of the Chapel, where the washing of the feet takes place, and at the supper-table, where twelve county boors represent the Apostolic company, and are waited on by the Pope, in a way that shows how great a sham the whole thing is. The air is close to suffocation in this last place. Men and women faint and are carried out. Some fall and are trodden down. Sometimes, as at the table a few years ago, some unfortunate pays for her curiosity with her life. It is "Devil take the hindmost!" and if any one is down, he is leaped over by men and women indiscriminately, for there is no time to be lost. In the Chapel, when once they are in, all want to get out. Shrieks are heard as the jammed mass sways backward and forward,—veils and dresses are torn in the struggle,—women are praying for help. Meantime the stupid Swiss keep to their orders with a literalness which knows no parallel; and all this time, the Pope, who has come in by a private door, is handing round beef and mustard and bread and potatoes to the gormandizing Apostles, who put into their pockets what their stomachs cannot hold, and improve their opportunities in every way. At last, those who have been through the fight return at nightfall, haggard and ghastly with fear, hunger, and fatigue; and, after agreeing that they could never counsel any one to such an attempt, set off the next morning to attack again some shut door behind which a "function" is to take place.

All this, however, is done by the strangers. The Romans, on these high festivals, do not go to Saint Peter's, but perform their religious services at their parish churches, calmly and peacefully; for in Saint Peter's all is a spectacle. "How shall I, a true son of the Holy Church," asks Pasquin, "obtain admittance to her services?"

And Marforio answers, "Declare you are an Englishman, and swear you are a heretic."

The Piazza is crowded with carriages during all these days, and a hackman will look at nothing under a *scudo* for the smallest distance, and, to your remonstrances, he shrugs his shoulders and says, "*Eh, signore, bisogna vivere; adesso è la nostra settimana, e poi niente.*" "Next week I will take you anywhere for two *pauls*,—now for fifteen." Meluccio (the little old apple), the aged boy in the Piazza San Pietro, whose sole occupation it has been for years to open and shut the doors of carriages and hold out his hand for a *mezzo-baiocco*, is in great glee. He runs backwards and forwards all day long,—bails carriages,—identifies to the bewildered coachmen their lost fares, whom he never fails to remember,—points out to bewildered strangers the coach they are hopelessly striving to identify, having entirely forgotten coachman and carriage in the struggle they have gone through. He is everywhere, screaming, laughing, and helping everybody. It is his high festival as well as the Pope's, and grateful strangers drop into his hand the frequent *baiocco* or half-*paul*, and thank God and Meluccio as they sink back in their carriages and cry, "*A casa.*"

Finally comes Easter Sunday, the day of the Resurrection; at twelve on the Saturday previous all the bells are rung, the crucifixes uncovered, and the Pope, cardinals, and priests change their mourning-vestments for those of rejoicing. Easter has come. You may know it by the ringing bells, the sound of trumpets in the street, the firing of guns from the windows, the explosions of mortars planted in the pavement; and of late years, under the dispensation of General Goyon, who is in chronic fear of a revolution on all festal days, by the jar of long trains of cannon going down to the Piazza San Pietro, to guard the place and join in the dance, in case of a row or rising among the populace; for the right arm of the Church is the cannon, and Christ's doctrines are always protected by the bayonet, and Peter's successor "making broad his phylacteries," with his splendid *cortège* "enlarging the borders of their garments," go up to "the chief seats in the synagogues" "in purple and fine linen" to make their "long prayers," under the safeguard of bristling arms and drawn swords.

By twelve o'clock Mass in Saint Peter's is over, and the Piazza is crowded with people to see the Benediction,—and a grand, imposing spectacle it is! Out over the great balcony stretches a white awning, where priests and attendants are collected, and where the Pope will soon be seen. Below, the Piazza is alive with moving masses. In the centre are drawn up long lines of soldiery, with yellow and red pompons and glittering helmets and bayonets. These are surrounded by crowds on foot, and at the outer rim are packed carriages filled and overrun with people mounted on the seats and boxes. There is a half-hour's waiting while we can look about, a steady stream of carriages all the while pouring in, and, if one could see it, stretching out a mile behind, and adding thousands of impatient spectators to those already there. What a sight it is!—above us the great dome of Saint Peter's, and below, the grand embracing colonnade, and the vast space, in the centre of which rises the solemn obelisk thronged with masses of living beings. Peasants from the Campagna and the mountains are moving about everywhere. Pilgrims in oil-cloth cape and with

Iron staff demand charity. On the steps are rows of purple, blue, and brown umbrellas; for there the sun blazes fiercely. Everywhere crop forth the white hoods of Sisters of Charity, collected in groups, and showing among the parti-colored dresses, like beds of chrysanthemums in a garden. One side of the massive colonnade casts a grateful shadow over the crowd beneath, that fill up the intervals of its columns; but elsewhere the sun burns down and flashes everywhere. Mounted on the colonnade are crowds of people leaning over, beside the colossal statues. Through all the heat is heard the constant plash of the two sun-lit fountains, that wave to and fro their veils of white spray. At last the clock strikes. In the far balcony are seen the two great snowy peacock fans, and between them a figure clad in white, that rises from a golden chair, and spreads his great sleeves like wings as he raises his arms in benediction. That is the Pope, Pius the Ninth. All is dead silence, and a musical voice, sweet and penetrating, is heard chanting from the balcony; — the people bend and kneel; with a cold, gray flash, all the bayonets gleam as the soldiers drop to their knees, and rise to salute as the voice dies away, and the two white wings are again waved; — then thunder the cannon, — the bells clash and peal, — a few white papers, like huge snowflakes, drop wavering from the balcony; — these are Indulgences, and there is an eager struggle for them below; — then the Pope again rises, again gives his benediction, waving to and fro his right hand, three fingers open, and making the sign of the cross, — and the peacock fans retire, and he between them is borne away, — and Lent is over.

As Lent is ushered in by the dancing lights of the *moccoletti*, so it is ushered out by the splendid illumination of Saint Peter's, which is one of the grandest spectacles in Rome. The first illumination is by means of paper lanterns, distributed everywhere along the architectural lines of the church, from the steps beneath its portico to the cross above its dome. These are lighted before sunset, and against the blaze of the western light are for some time completely invisible; but as twilight thickens, and the shadows deepen, and a gray pearly veil is drawn over the sky, the distant basilica begins to show against it with a dull furnace-glow, as of a wondrous coal fanned by a constant wind, looking not so much lighted from without as reddening from an interior fire. Slowly this splendor grows, and the mighty building at last stands outlined against the dying twilight as if etched there with a fiery burin. As the sky darkens into intense blue behind it, the material part of the basilica seems to vanish, until nothing is left to the eye but a wondrous, magical, visionary structure of fire. This is the silver illumination: watch it well, for it does not last long. At the first hour of night, when the bells sound all over Rome, a sudden change takes place. From the lofty cross a burst of flame is seen, and instantly a flash of light whirls over the dome and drum, climbs the smaller cupolas, descends like a rain of fire down the columns of the *facade*, and before the great bell of St. Peter's has ceased to toll twelve peals, the golden illumination has succeeded to the silver. For my own part, I prefer the first illumination; it is more delicate, airy, and refined, though the second is more brilliant and dazzling. One is like the Bride of the Church, the other like the Empress of the World. In the second lighting, the Church becomes more material; the flames are like jewels, and the dome

seems a gigantic triple crown of Saint Peter's. One effect, however, is very striking. The outline of fire, which before was firm and motionless, now wavers and shakes as if it would pass away, as the wind blows the flames back and forth from the great cups by which it is lighted. From near and far the world looks on, — from the *Piazza* beneath, where carriages drive to and fro in its splendor, and the band plays and the bells toll, — from the windows and *loggias* of the city, wherever a view can be caught of this superb spectacle, — and from the *Campagna* and mountain towns, where, far away, alone and towering above everything, the dome is seen to blaze. Everywhere are ejaculations of delight, and thousands of groups are playing the game of "What is it like?" One says, it is like a hive covered by a swarm of burning bees; others, that it is the enchanted palace in the gardens of Gul in the depths of the Arabian nights, — like a gigantic tiara set with wonderful diamonds, larger than those which Sinbad found in the roc's valley, — like the palace of the fairies in the dreams of childhood, — like the stately pleasure-dome of Kubla Khan in *Xanadu*, — and twenty other whimsical things. At nearly midnight, ere we go to bed, we take a last look at it. It is a ruin, like the Colosseum — great gaps of darkness are there, with broken rows of splendor. The lights are gone on one side the dome, — they straggle fitfully here and there down the other and over the *facade*, fading even as we look. It is melancholy enough. It is a bankrupt heiress, an old and wrinkled beauty, that tells strange tales of its former wealth and charms, when the world was at its feet. It is the broken-down poet in the madhouse, — with flashes of wild fancies still glaring here and there amid the sad ruin of his thoughts. It is the once mighty Catholic Church, crumbling away with the passage of the night, — and when morning and light come, it will be no more.

EDWIN PERCY WHIPPLE

Was born at Gloucester, Massachusetts, March 8, 1819. His father, Matthew Whipple, who died while the son was in his infancy, is described as possessing "strong sense, and fine social powers." One of his ancestors was a signer of the Declaration of Independence. His mother, Lydia Gardiner, was of a family in Maine noted for its mental powers. She early removed to Salem, Massachusetts, where her son was educated at the English High School. At fourteen he published articles in a Salem newspaper; and at fifteen, on leaving school, became a clerk in the Bank of General Interest in that city. He was next employed, in 1837, in the office of a large broker's firm of Boston, and shortly was appointed Superintendent of the News Room of the Merchants' Exchange in State street. He had been a prominent member of the Mercantile Library Association, and one of a club of six which grew out of it, which held its sessions known as "The Attic Nights," for literary exercises and debate. There Whipple was a leader in the display of his quick intellectual fence and repartee, extensive stores of reading, and subtle and copious critical faculty. In 1840 he was introduced to the public by the delivery of a poem before the Mercantile Association, sketching the manners and satirizing the absurdities of the day, according to the standard manner

of these productions, which will be hereafter sought for as valuable illustrations of the times. A critical article from his pen, on Macaulay, in the Boston Miscellany for February, 1843, attracted considerable attention. In October of that year, his lecture on the Lives of Authors was delivered before the Mercantile Library Association, and from that time he has been prominently before the public as a critic and lecturer, in the leading journals, and at the chief lyceums in the country. He has written in the *North American Review*, *The American Review*, *Christian Examiner*, *Graham's Magazine*, and other journals, extensive series of articles on the classical English authors and historical, biographical, and social



topics, marked by their acute characterization and fertility of illustration. His lectures, embracing a similar range of subjects, are philosophical in their texture, marked by nice discrimination, occasionally pushing a favorite theory to the verge of paradox; and when the reasoning faculties of his audience are exhausted, relieving the discussion by frequent picked anecdote, and pointed thrusts of wit and satire.

He is greatly in request as a lecturer, has lectured more than a thousand times in the cities and towns of the middle and northern states, from St. Louis to Bangor, has on numerous occasions addressed the literary societies of various Colleges, as Brown, Dartmouth, Amherst, the New York University; and in 1850 was the Fourth of July orator before the city authorities of Boston. Two collections of his writings have been published by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields,—*Essays and Reviews*, in two volumes, and *Lectures on Subjects Connected with Literature and Life*.

THE GENIUS OF WASHINGTON.*

This illustrious man, at once the world's admiration and enigma, we are taught by a fine instinct to venerate, and by a wrong opinion to misjudge. The might of his character has taken strong hold upon the feelings of great masses of men, but in translating this universal sentiment into an intelligent form, the intellectual element of his wonderful nature is as much depressed as the moral element is exalted, and consequently we are apt to misunderstand both. Mediocrity has a bad trick of idealizing itself in eulogizing him, and drags him down to its own low level while assuming to lift him to the skies. How many times have we been told that he was not a man of genius, but a person of "excellent common sense," of "admirable judgment," of "rare virtues," and by a constant repetition of this odious cant, we have nearly succeeded in divorcing comprehension from his sense, insight from his judgment, force from his virtues, and life from the man. Accordingly, in the panegyric of cold spirits, Washington disappears in a cloud of commonplace; in the rhodomontade of boiling patriots he expires in the agonies of rant. Now the sooner this bundle of mediocre talents and

moral qualities, which its contrivers have the audacity to call George Washington, is hissed out of existence, the better it will be for the cause of talent and the cause of morals; contempt of that is the beginning of wisdom. He had no genius, it seems. O no! genius, we must suppose, is the peculiar and shining attribute of some orator, whose tongue can spout patriotic speeches, or some versifier, whose muse can "Hail Columbia," but not of the man who supported states on his arm, and carried America in his brain. The madcap Charles Townsend, the motion of whose pyrotechnic mind was like the whizz of a hundred rockets, is a man of genius; but George Washington, raised up above the level of even eminent statesmen, and with a nature moving with the still and orderly celerity of a planet round its sun,—he dwindles, in comparison, into a kind of angelic dunce. What is genius? Is it worth anything? Is splendid folly the measure of its inspiration? Is wisdom its base and summit,—that which it recedes from, or tends towards? And by what definition do you award the name to the creator of an epic, and deny it to the creator of a country? On what principle is it to be lavished on him who sculptures in perishing marble, the image of possible excellence, and withheld from him who built up in himself a transcendent character, indestructible as the obligations of Duty, and beautiful as her rewards?

Indeed, if by the genius of action you mean will enlightened by intelligence, and intelligence energized by will,—if force and insight be its characteristics, and influence its test,—and, especially, if great effects suppose a cause proportionably great, that is, a vital, causative mind,—then is Washington most assuredly a man of genius, and one whom no other American has equalled in the power of working morally and mentally on other minds. His genius, it is true, was of a peculiar kind, the genius of character, of thought and the objects of thought, solidified and concentrated into active faculty. He belongs to that rare class of men,—rare as Homers and Miltons, rare as Platos and Newtons,—who have impressed their characters upon nations without pampering national vices. Such men have natures broad enough to include all the facts of a people's practical life, and deep enough to discern the spiritual laws which underlie, animate, and govern those facts. Washington, in short, had that greatness of character which is the highest expression and last result of greatness of mind, for there is no method of building up character except through mind. Indeed, character like his is not *built* up, stoned upon stone, precept upon precept, but *grows* up, through an actual contact of thought with things,—the assimilative mind transmuting the impalpable but potent spirit of public sentiment, and the life of visible facts, and the power of spiritual laws, into individual life and power, so that their mighty energies put on personality, as it were, and act through one centralizing human will. This process may not, if you please, make the great philosopher, or the great poet, but it does make the great *man*,—the man in whom thought and judgment seem identical with volition,—the man whose vital expression is not in words but deeds,—the man whose sublime ideas issue necessarily in sublime acts, not in sublime art. It was because Washington's character was thus composed of the inmost substance and power of facts and principles, that men instinctively felt the perfect reality of his comprehensive manhood. This reality enforced universal respect, married strength to repose, and threw into his face that commanding majesty, which made men of the speculative audacity of Jefferson, and the lucid genius of Hamilton.

* From an oration, "Washington and the Principles of the Revolution."

recognise, with unwonted meekness, his awful superiority.

** Mr. Whipple resigned his position in the Merchant's Exchange, Boston, in 1860, and has since given his entire time to literary pursuits, including lectures and contributions to the leading periodicals. Several series of these lectures, supplemented by some original articles, have been published in late years. *Character and Characteristic Men*, dedicated to the memory of Thomas Starr King, appeared in 1866. Besides its essays on character, in its eccentric, intellectual, and heroic forms, with papers on the American and the English Mind, delineations were given of such popular men as Thackeray, Hawthorne, Everett, Agassiz, Washington, and Thomas Starr King. *The Literature of the Age of Elizabeth*, a series originally delivered before the Lowell Institute in 1859, was published ten years later. The characteristics of the Elizabethan age of literature were depicted in sketches of its worthies, and its minor poets and dramatists. It contained, of course, papers on Marlowe, Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger, Ford, Spenser, Sidney, Raleigh, and Bacon. In 1871 *Success and Its Conditions* followed, also an enlarged edition of *Literature and Life*. The chief idea inculcated by Mr. Whipple in the former work was, "that nothing really succeeds which is not based on reality; that sham, in a large sense, is never successful; that in the life of the individual, as in the more comprehensive life of the state, pretension is nothing and power is everything."

The works of Mr. Whipple have been recently published in six uniform volumes. In 1872 he accepted the literary editorship of *The Globe*, a new daily paper of Boston, which he resigned in the year following.

*** HEROIC CHARACTER — FROM CHARACTER AND CHARACTERISTIC MEN.

The noblest and most exhilarating objects of human contemplation are those which exhibit human nature in its exalted aspects. Our hearts instinctively throb and burn in sympathy with grand thoughts and brave actions radiated from great characters; for they give palpable form to ideals of conduct domesticated in all healthy imaginations, and fulfil prophecies uttered in the depths of all aspiring souls. They are, in fact, what all men feel they ought to be. They inspire our weakness by the energy of their strength; they sting our pride by the irony of their elevation. Their flights of thought and audacities of action, which so provokingly mock our wise laws and proper ways, and which seem to cast ominous conjecture on the sanity of their minds, cannot blind us to the fact that it is we and not they who are unnatural; that nature, obstructed in common men, twisted into unnatural distortions, and only now and then stuttering into ideas, comes out in them freely, harmoniously, sublimely, all hindrances burnt away by the hot human heart and flaming human soul which glow unconsumed within them. They are, indeed, so filled with the wine of life, so charged with the electricity of mind, — they have, in Fletcher's fine extravagance, "so much man thrust into them," — that manhood must force its way out, and demonstrate its innate grandeur and power.

This indestructible manhood, which thus makes for itself a clear and clean path through all impediments, is commonly called Heroism, or genius in action, — genius that creatively clothes its ascending thoughts in tough thews and sinews, uplifts character to the level of ideas, and impassionates soaring imagination into settled purpose. The hero, therefore, with his intelligence all condensed into will, — compelled to think in deeds, and find his language in events, — his creative energy spending itself, not in making epics, but in making history, — and who thus brings his own fiery nature into immediate, invigorating contact with the nature of others, without the mediation of the mist of words, — is, of course, the object both of heartier love and of fiercer hatred than those men of genius whose threatening thought is removed to the safe ideal distance of Art. The mean-minded, the little-hearted, and the pusillanimous of soul instinctively recognize him as their personal enemy; are scared and cowed by the swift sweep of his daring will, and wither inwardly as they feel the ominous glance of his accusing eyes; and they accordingly intrench themselves and their kind in economic maxims and small bits of detraction, in sneers, suspicions, cavils, scandals, in all the defences by which malice and stupidity shut out from themselves, and strive to shut out from others, the light that streams from a great and emancipating nature. We must clear away all this brushwood and undergrowth before the hero can be seen in his full proportions; and this will compel us to sacrifice remorselessly to him that type of human character which goes under the name of sneak. . . .

Having thus ruled out the evidence of this caricature and caricaturist of humanity against the reality of the heroic element in man, we may now proceed to its analysis and description. And first, it is necessary to state that all vital ideas and purposes have their beginning in sentiments. Sentiment is the living principle, the soul, of thought and volition, determining the direction, giving the impetus, and constituting the force, of faculties. Heroism is no extempore work of transient impulse, — a rocket rushing fretfully up to disturb the darkness by which, after a moment's insulting radiance, it is ruthlessly swallowed up, — but a steady fire, which darts forth tongues of flame. It is no sparkling epigram of action, but a luminous epic of character. It first appears in the mind as a mysterious but potent sentiment, working below consciousness in the unsounded depths of individual being, and giving the nature it inhabits a slow, sure, upward tendency to the noble and exalted in meditation and action. Growing with the celestial nutriment on which it feeds, and gaining strength as it grows, it gradually condenses into conscious sentiment. This sentiment then takes the form of intelligence in productive ideas, and the form of organization in heroic character; so that, at the end, heart, intellect, and will are all kindred in one blaze, all united in one individuality, and all gush out in one purpose. The person thus becomes a living soul, thinking and acting with the rapidity of one who feels spiritual existence, with the audacity of one who obeys spiritual instincts, and with the intelligence of one who discerns spiritual laws. There is no break or flaw in the connection between the various parts of his nature, but a vital unity, in which intellect seems to have the force of will, and will the insight and foresight of intellect. There is no hesitation, no stopping half-way, in the pursuit of his lofty aim, partly because, his

elevation being the elevation of nature, he is not perched on a dizzy peak of thought, but is established on a table-land of character, and partly because there plays round the object he seeks a light and radiance of such strange, unearthly lustre, that his heart, smitten with love for its awful beauty, is drawn toward it by an irresistible fascination. Disappointment, discouragement, obstacles, drudgery, only sting his energies by opposition or are glorified to his imagination as steps; for beyond them and through them is the Celestial City of his hopes, shining clear to the inner eye of his mind, tempting, enticing, urging him on through all impediments, by the sweet, attractive force of its visionary charm! The eyes of such men, by the testimony of painters, always have the expression of looking into distant space. As a result of this unwearied spiritual energy and this ecstatic spiritual vision is the courage of the hero. He has no fear of death, because the idea of death is lost in his intense consciousness of life, — full, rich, exulting, joyous, lyrical life, — which ever asserts the immortality of mind, because it feels itself immortal, and is scornfully indifferent to that drowsy twilight of intellect into which atheism sends its unsubstantial spectres, and in which the whole flock of fears, terrors, despairs, weaknesses, and doubts scatter their enfeebling maxims of misanthropy, and insinuate their ghastly temptations to suicide. One ray from a sunlike soul drives them gibbering back to their parent darkness; for

"Whatever crazy sorrow saith,
No life that breathes with human breath
Hath ever truly wished for death.

"'Tis life of which our nerves are scant,
O life, — not death, — for which we pant,
More life, and fuller, that we want!"

This life of the soul, which is both light and heat, intelligence and power, — this swift-ascending instinct of the spirit to spiritual ideas and laws, — this bold committal of self to something it values more than all the interests of self, — attests the presence of the heroic element by indicating an ideal standard of conduct. Let us now contemplate it in the scale of moral precedence, according as it fastens its upward glance on the idea of glory, or country, or humanity, or heaven. This will lead to a short consideration of the hero as a soldier, as a patriot, as a reformer, and as a saint.

** YOUNG MEN IN HISTORY — FROM SUCCESS AND ITS CONDITIONS.

In passing from the sphere of politics to the serene region of literature, art, science, and philosophy, there is an increasing difficulty in estimating youth by years and an increasing necessity to estimate it by qualities. One thing, however, is certain, — that the invention of new methods, the discovery of new truth, and the creation of new beauty, — intellectual acts which are among the most important of historical events, — all belong to that thoroughly *live* condition of mind which we have called young. In this sense of youth, it may be said that Raphael, the greatest painter of moral beauty, and Titian, the greatest painter of sensuous beauty, were both almost equally young, though Raphael died at thirty-seven, while Titian was prematurely cut off by the plague when he was only a hundred. These, of course, are the extreme cases. But, it may be asked, were not the greatest poems of the

world, the "Iliad" of Homer, the "Divina Commedia" of Dante, the "Paradise Lost" of Milton, the creations of comparative old age? The answer to this question is, that each was probably organized round a youthful conception, and all were coextensive with the whole growth and development of their creators. Thus, we do not call Milton old when he produced "Paradise Lost," but when this mental growth was arrested; and accordingly "Paradise Regained" and "Samson Agonistes," works produced after his prime, are comparatively bleak and bare products of a withering imagination and a shrunken personality.

But, confining the matter to the mere question of years, it may be said, that, allowing for some individual exceptions, the whole history of the human intellect will bear out the general assertion, that the power in which great natures culminate, and which fixes fatal limits to their loftiest aspirations, namely, that flashing conceptive and combining genius which fuses force and insight in one executive intelligence, which seizes salient points and central ideas, which darts in an instant along the whole line of analogies and relations, which leaps with joyous daring the vast mental spaces that separate huddled facts from harmonizing laws, — that this power, to say the least, rarely grows after thirty-five or forty. The mental stature is then reached, though it may not dwindle and be dwarfed until long afterwards. Thus, Shakespeare completed "Hamlet" when he was about thirty-six. Mozart, the Shakespeare of composers, died at thirty-six. But why enumerate? Amid the scores of instances which must crowd into every mind, let us select five men, of especial historic significance, and who are commonly imaged to our minds with heads silvered over with age, — let us take Goethe in poetry, Newton in science, Bacon in philosophy, Columbus in discovery, Watt in mechanics. Now, how stand the facts? The greatest works of Goethe were conceived and partly executed when he was a young man; and if age found him more widely and worldly wise, it found him weak in creative passion, and, as a poet, living on the interest of his youthful conceptions. Newton, in whose fertile and capacious intellect the dim, nebulous elements of truth were condensed by patient thinking into the completed star, discovered the most universal of all natural laws, the law of gravitation, before he was twenty-five, though an error of observation, not his own, prevented him from demonstrating it until he was forty. Bacon had "vast contemplative ends," and had taken "all knowledge for his province," had deeply meditated new methods and audaciously doubted old ones, before the incipient beard had begun timidly to peep from his youthful chin. The great conception of Columbus sprang from the thoughts and studies of his youth; and it was the radiance shed from this conception which gave him fortitude to bear the slow martyrdom of poverty, contempt, and sickness of heart, which embittered the toiling years preceding its late realization. The steam-engine was invented by James Watt before he was thirty; but then Watt was a thinker from his cradle. Everybody will recollect his grandmother's reproof of what she called his idleness, at the time his boyish brain was busy with meditations destined to ripen in the most marvellous and revolutionizing of all industrial inventions, — an invention which, of itself alone, has given Great Britain an additional productive power equal to ten millions of workmen,

at the cost of only a halfpenny a day,—an invention which supplies the motive power by which a single county in England is enabled to produce fabrics representing the labor of twenty-one millions of men,—an invention which, combined with others, annually, in England, weaves into cloth a length of cotton thread equal to fifty-one times the distance between the earth and the sun, five thousand millions of miles,—an invention which created the wealth by which England was enabled to fight or subsidize the whole continent of Europe from 1793 to 1815, and which made that long war really a contest between the despotic power of Napoleon Bonaparte and the productive genius of James Watt. All this vast and teeming future was hidden from the good grandmother, as she saw the boy idling over the teakettle. "James," she said, "I never saw such an idle young fellow as you are. Do take a book and employ yourself usefully. For the last half-hour you have not spoken a single word. Do you know what you have been doing all this time? Why, you have taken off, and replaced, and taken off again, the teapot lid, and you have held alternately in the steam, first a saucer and then a spoon; and you have busied yourself in examining and collecting together the little drops formed by the condensation of the steam on the surface of the china and the silver. Now are you not ashamed to waste your time in this disgraceful manner?" Was ever idleness so productive before?

CHARLES WILKINS WEBBER

Was born on the 29th May, 1819, at Russellville, Kentucky. His mother, Agnes Maria Webber, was the daughter of General John Tannehill, and niece of the Hon. William Wilkins, both of Pittsburg. General Tannehill had served with distinction as an officer of the Revolution. His eldest son, Wilkins Tannehill, is known as the author of a book entitled *Sketches of the History of Literature from the Earliest Period to the Revival of Letters in the Fifteenth Century*,* remarkable for its various reading and the spirit which animates it, and the singularity of its production at an early date west of the Alleghanies. The Preface modestly states the author's design, "Prepared during intervals of occasional leisure from the duties of an employment little congenial with literary pursuits, and without any opportunity for consulting extensive libraries, it aspires only to the character of sketches, without pretending to be a complete history. It is an attempt by a 'backwoodsman,' to condense and comprise within a narrow compass, the most prominent and interesting events, connected with the progress of literary and scientific improvement, from the earliest period through a long succession of ages, and amidst a great variety of circumstances." As such it is an exceedingly creditable production. Its author was also for many years editor of the Nashville Herald, the first Clay-Whig paper ever published in Tennessee. This learned, modest, and useful man, having spent the greater portion of his life in close and

unremitting literary labors, became blind late in life, and died in 1858. It is understood that his most valuable researches have been in the field of American antiquities.

The grandfather, General Tannehill, having met with heavy reverses of fortune, died leaving his family comparatively helpless. In this strait they found a home in the house of a brother of his wife, Charles Wilkins of Lexington, a wealthy and generous gentleman, whose memory is warmly cherished by the older families of that portion of Kentucky. The children were educated with great care, and the daughters grew up to be accomplished women. After the death of their uncle they removed with their mother to Nashville, to reside with her eldest son, Wilkins Tannehill. Here the eldest daughter married, and on her removing to the new town of Hopkinsville, Ky., was accompanied by her young sister Agnes, who became the wife of a physician from North Kentucky, Doctor Augustine Webber.

Of this marriage C. W. Webber was the second child, and first son. For forty years past Dr. Webber has stood prominent in his profession in South Kentucky, and has been noted as an intelligent, liberal, and devoted churchman and Whig.

It is, however, to his mother, a lady of great beauty of character, that C. W. Webber is most indebted for his early tastes. The education which her son received as the companion of her artistic excursions, for she possessed a natural genius for art, into the natural world, determined in a great measure the character of his future pursuits.

His early life, to his nineteenth year, was spent in miscellaneous study and the sports of the field, when, after the death of his mother, we find him wandering upon the troubled frontier of Texas. He soon became associated with the celebrated Colonel Jack Hays, Major Chevalier, Fitzgerald, &c., whose names are noted as forming the nucleus around which the famous Ranger Organization was constituted. After several years spent here, in singular adventures—many of which have been given to the world in his earlier books, *Old Hicks the Guide*, *Shot in the Eye*, and *Gold Mines of the Gila*—he returned to his family in Kentucky. He now further prosecuted his study of medicine, upon which he had originally entered with the design of making it his profession.

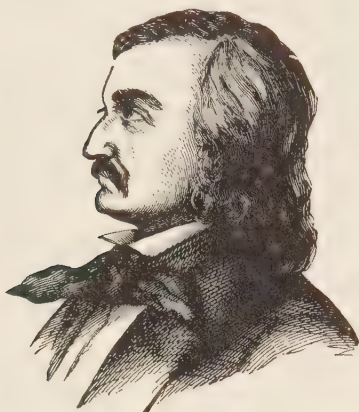
Becoming, however, deeply interested in controversial matters during a period of strong religious excitement which prevailed throughout the whole country, he entered the Princeton Theological Seminary as a candidate for the ministry. He, however, remained there but a short time.

From this time, his pen was to be his sole dependence. He had already tried its point in an article which appeared in the Nassau Monthly, which was edited by a committee of students. This paper was called "Imagination, and the Soul," and had attracted considerable attention both in the College and in the Seminary.

Arrived in New York, his first night was spent at "Minnie's Land," the residence of Audubon,

* *Sketches of the History of Literature, from the Earliest Period to the Revival of Letters in the Fifteenth Century.* Indiscreet dissent, agent meminisse perit. By Wilkins Tannehill. 8vo. pp. 544. Nashville: John S. Simpson, 1827.

whose acquaintance he had previously formed during the last Rocky Mountain tour of the old Naturalist, for whose character, from a similarity of tastes, he had nourished a most enthusiastic admiration. He listened to the counsel of the venerable sage with affectionate respect. Among other things, Audubon urged upon him to dedicate the best years of his life to the study of the natural history of South America, which he only regretted the want of years to grapple with.



C. M. Webber

Finding himself at New York utterly without acquaintances who could aid him, he resolved upon introducing himself, and a manuscript which he had prepared, to Mr. Bryant the poet, for whom he had conceived from his writings a high personal admiration, which was fully confirmed by his interview. He found Mr. Bryant at the office of the *Evening Post*; the poet smiled upon his eager enthusiasm, a self-confidence which had in it a touch of despair, and kept his manuscript for perusal. The result, the next day, was a letter of introduction to Winchester the publisher, who immediately engaged from the young writer a series of papers on "Texan Adventure" to be published in his flourishing newspaper, the *New World*.

On the failure of Winchester in his bold but rash conflict with the Harpers, Mr. Webber was again thrown out of employment, but was soon engaged in writing a number of sketches and other papers for the *Democratic Review*. The most important of these was called *Instinct, Reason, and Imagination*, and published under the sobriquet of C. Wilkens Eimi. About this time, the story of the *Shot in the Eye*, one of the best known of his productions, was written.

The manuscript was delivered to Mr. O'Sullivan, and after being in his possession for several months, was misplaced and lost sight of by him, and, after a long search, supposed to be irrecoverably lost. The story was then re-written for the *Whig Review*, and appeared in its second num-

ber. But having been unexpectedly found by Mr. O'Sullivan, it was published simultaneously in the *Democratic Review*, without the knowledge of Mr. Webber.

His connexion with the *Whig Review* as associate editor and joint proprietor, continued for over two years, in which time the magazine ran up to an unprecedented circulation for one of its class.

The *Shot in the Eye*, Charles Winterfield Papers, Adventures upon the Frontiers of Texas and Mexico, with a long paper on Hawthorne, are the principal articles by him which will be remembered by the earlier readers of the *Review*, although a great amount of critical and other miscellaneous matter was comprised within the sum of his editorial labors.

About this time, Mr. Webber was a contributor to the early numbers of the *Literary World* of papers on Western Life and Natural History.

He contracted also with the *Sunday Despatch*, which was just then commencing, for the story of *Old Hicks the Guide*, which for more than three months occupied the columns of that paper. The copyright of this story was finally sold to the Harpers for two hundred dollars.

Mr. Webber's next enterprise was one on a mammoth scale, projected by him in connexion with the two sons of John J. Audubon, the ornithologist. The design was to issue a magnificent monthly of large size, to be illustrated in each number by a splendid copperplate colored engraving, taken from a series of unpublished pictures by the elder Audubon, and to be edited by Mr. Webber. Only the first number was ever completed, and it was never published, owing to the many discouragements growing out of the protracted illness of John Woodhouse Audubon, and his immediate departure, while convalescing, with a view to the permanent restoration of his health, by overland travel to California. The immense expense which it was found would attend the prosecution of the work had also its effect in deterring its issue. Among the contributors to this first number were Hawthorne, Whipple, Headley, Street, Constable, Wallace, &c. The leading paper, *Eagles and Art*, was by Mr. Webber.

In the meantime he continued to write occasionally for the *Democratic Review*, *Graham's Magazine*, &c. In March, 1849, simultaneously with the discovery of gold in California, appeared the *Gold Mines of the Gila*, all but a few concluding chapters of which he had written several years previously. This work was considered by the author rather as a voluminous prospectus of an enterprise of exploration to the gold region, once attempted during his Texan experiences, and now again projected in the Centralia Exploring Expedition, than as a formal book. To the chivalrous appeal, dedicated to the ladies of America, and addressed to its young men for their cooperation in the dangerous effort to resolve by examination the mystery of the unknown region lying between the river Gila and the Colorado of the West, there was a ready response. The required number of young men from all parts of the country had expressed their readiness to participate in the enterprise, under the leadership of Mr. Webber. Preparations were very far ad-

vanced, and the journey to New Orleans commenced, when, on arriving at Washington, he was met by the news of the loss of all the horses of the expedition, which had been collected at Corpus Christi to await their arrival. The Camanches carried off every animal, and, as they had been collected from the mountains at great trouble and as peculiarly adapted for this service, the loss proved irretrievable. The news of the ravages of the cholera along the whole line of the South-western border completed the defeat of the projected rendezvous.

Mr. Webber instantly commenced a new movement, by which he hoped to effect this purpose. The experiences of this year of the utter insufficiency of the means of transportation across the great desert to the gold regions, as limited to the horse, ox, and mule, of the country, offered an opening for urging upon the government the project of employing the African and Asiatic camel for such purposes. The vast endurance, capacity for burden, and speed, together with the singular frugality of this animal, seemed to him to indicate its introduction as the great desideratum of service in the South-west. This object has been assiduously pursued by Mr. Webber since 1849, and it may be mentioned as an instance of his perseverance, that he succeeded in obtaining from the legislature of New York in 1854 a charter for the organization of a camel company, and that the Secretary of War warmly recommended the project to Congress in an official report.

In the meantime, the literary labors of Mr. Webber have by no means been suspended. His marriage, which occurred in Boston in 1849, had furnished him with an artistic collaborator in his wife. With her assistance, as the artist of many of its abundant illustrations, the first volume of *The Hunter Naturalist* was completed, and published in the fall of 1851. In spite of a serious illness, he published three volumes within the next two years: *Spiritual Vampirism*, and *Tales of the Southern Border*, in 1852; *Wild Scenes and Song Birds*, the second volume of *The Hunter Naturalist*, in 1853.

Mr. Webber's style is full, rapid, and impulsive, combining a healthy sense of animal life and out-of-door sensation, with inner poetical reflection. His narrative is borne along no less by his mental enthusiasm than by the lively action of its stirring Western themes. As a critic, many of his papers have shown a subtle perception with a glowing reproduction of the genius of his author.

In the winter of 1855-6, Mr. Webber left New York to join the forces of Captain William Walker, then endeavoring to maintain himself as a military adventurer in Central America. He took part with the forces of Walker in the battle of Rivas, and fell in some chance rencontre or ambushade incidental to that engagement. He was in his thirty-seventh year. His descriptions of wild border-life, and his enthusiasm for natural history, exhibited in various volumes, we have already fully set forth.

A NIGHT HUNT IN KENTUCKY—FROM WILD SCENES AND WILD HUNTERS.

Now the scene has burst upon us through an opening of the trees!—There they are! Negroes of all degrees, size, and age, and of dogs—

Mastiff, greyhound, mongrel grim,
Hound or spaniel, brack or lym,
Or bobtail tike, or trundle tail.

All are there, in one conglomerate of active, noisy confusion. When indications of the hurried approach of our company are perceived, a great accession to the hubbub is consequential.

Old Sambo sounds a shriller note upon his horn, the dogs rise from independent howls to a simultaneous yell, and along with all the young half-naked darkies rush to meet us. The women come to the doors with their blazing lamps lifted above their heads, that they may get a look at the "young masters," and we, shouting with excitement, and blinded by the light, plunge stumbling through the meeting current of dogs and young negroes, into the midst of the gathering party. Here we are suddenly arrested by a sort of awe as we find ourselves in the presence of old Sambo. The young dogs leap upon us with their dirty fore-paws, but we merely push aside their caresses, for old Sambo and his old dog Bose are the two centres of our admiration and interest.

Old Sambo is the "Mighty Hunter before"—the moon! of all that region. He is seamed and scarred with the pitiless siege of sixty winters! Upon all matters appertaining to such hunts, his word is "law," while the "tongue" of his favorite and ancient friend Bose is recognised as "gospel." In our young imaginations, the two are respectfully identified.

Old Sambo, with his blanket "roundabout"—his cow's-horn trumpet slung about his shoulders by a tow string—his bare head, with its greyish fleecy of wool—the broad grin of complacency, showing his yet sound white teeth—and rolling the whites of his eyes benignantly over the turmoil of the scene—was to us the higher prototype of Bose. He, with the proper slowness of dignity, accepts the greet of our patting caresses, with a formal wagging of the tail, which seems to say—"O, I am used to this!" while, when the young dogs leap upon him with obstreperous fawnings, he will correct them into propriety with stately snarling. They knew him for their leader!—they should be more respectful!

Now old Sambo becomes patronizing to us, as is necessary and proper in our new relations! From his official position of commander-in-chief, he soon reduces the chaos around us into something like subjection, and then in a little time comes forth the form of our night's march. A few stout young men who have obeyed his summons have gathered around him from the different huts of the Quarter—some with axes, and others with torches of pine and bark. The dogs become more restless, and we more excited, as these indices of immediate action appear.

Now, with a long blast from the cow's horn of Sambo, and a deafening clamor of all sizes, high and low—from men, women, children, and dogs, we take up the line of march for the woods. Sambo leads, of course. We are soon trailing after him in single file, led by the glimmer of the torches far ahead.

Now the open ground of the plantation has been passed, and as we approach the deep gloom of the bordering forest—

Those perplexed woods,
The nodding horror of whose shady brows
Threats the forlorn and wandering passenger—

even the yelpings of the excited dogs cease to be heard, and they dash on into the darkness as if they were going to work—while we with our joyous chattering subsided into silence, enter these "long-drawn aisles" with a sort of shiver; the torches showing, as we pass in a dim light, the trees—their huge trunks vaulting over head into the night, with here and there a star shining like a gem set into their tall branching capitals—while on either side we look into depths of blackness as unutterably dreary to us

as thoughts of death and nothingness. Oh, it was in half trembling wonder then, we crowded, trampling on the heels of those before, and, when after awhile the rude young negroes would begin to laugh aloud, we felt that in some sort it was profane.

But such impressions never lasted long in those days. Every other mood and thought gives way to the novelty and contagious excitement of adventure. We are soon using our lungs as merrily as the rest. The older dogs seem to know perfectly, from the direction taken, what was the game to be pursued for the night. Had we gone up by the old field where the Persimmon trees grow, they would have understood that "possums" were to be had; but as old Sambo led off through the deep woods towards the swamps, it said "coons" to them as plain as if they had been Whigs of 1840.

The flush of blood begins to subside as we penetrate deeper into the wood, and as we hear old Sambo shout to his staff officers and immediate rear guard, "Hush dat 'ar jawing, you niggers, dar," we take it for granted that it is a hint, meant not to be disrespected by us, that silence is necessary, lest we should startle the game too soon and confuse the dogs.

All is silence now, except the rustle of our tramp over the dried autumn leaves, and occasional patter of the feet of a dog who ranges near to our path. Occasionally a white dog comes suddenly out of the darkness into view and disappears as soon, leaving our imagination startled as if some curious sprite had come "momently" from out its silent haunts to peep at us. Then we will hear the rustling of some rapid thing behind us, and looking round, see nothing; then spring aside with a nervous bound and fluttering pulse, as some black object brushes by our legs—"Nothin' but dat dog, Nigger Trimbrush," chuckles a darkie, who observed us—but the couplet,—

And the kelpie must flit from the black bog pit,
And the brownie must not tarry,

flashes across our memory from the romance of superstition, with the half shudder that is the accompaniment of such dreamy images.

Hark, a dog opens—another, then another! We are still in a moment, listening—all eyes are turned upon old Sambo, the oracle. He only pauses for a minute.

"Dem's de pups—ole dogs aint dar!" A pause. "Pshaw, nothin but a ole har!"—and a long, loud blast of the horn sounds the recall.

We move on—and now the frosty night air has become chilly, and we begin to feel that we have something to do before us. Our legs are plied too lustily on the go-ahead principle for us to have time to talk. The young dogs have ceased to give tongue; for like unruly children they have dashed off in chase of what came first, and as the American hare ("*Lepus Americanus*") is found nearly everywhere, it was the earliest object.

Just when the darkness is most deep, and the sounds about our way most hushed, up wheels the silver moon, and with a mellowed glory overcomes the night. The weight of darkness has been lifted from us, and we trudge along more cheerily! The dogs are making wider ranges, and we hear nothing of them. The silence weighs upon us, and old Sambo gives an occasional whoop of encouragement. We would like, too, to relieve our lungs, but he says, "nobody muss holler now but dem dat de dog knows: make 'em bother!" We must perforce be quiet; for "de dog" means Bose, and we must be deferential to his humors!

Tramp, tramp, tramp, it has been for miles, and not a note from the dogs. We are beginning to be fatigued; our spirits sink, and we have visions of

the warm room and bed we have deserted at home. The torches are burning down, and the cold, pale moon-light is stronger than that they give. One after another the young dogs come panting back to us, and fall lazily into our wake. "Hang coon hunts in general!—this is no joke; all cry and no wool!"

Hark! a deep-mouthed, distant bay! The sound is electrical; our impatience and fatigue are gone! All ears and eyes, we crowd around old Sambo. The oracle attitudinizes. He leans forward with one ear turned towards the earth in the direction of the sound. Breathlessly we gaze upon him. Hark! another bay; another; then several join in. The old man has been unconsciously soliloquizing from the first sound.

"Golly, dat's nigger Trim!" in an under tone; "he know de coon!" Next sound. "Dat's a pup; shaw!" Pause. "Dat's a pup, agin! Oh, niggers, no coon dar!"

Lifting his outspread hand, which he brings down with a loud slap upon his thigh; "Yah! yah! dat's ole Music; look out, niggers!" Then, as a hoarse, low bay comes booming to us through a pause, he bounds into the air with the caperish agility of a colt, and breaks out in ecstasy, "Whoop! whoop! dat's do ole dog; go my Bose!" Then striking hurriedly through the brush in the direction of the sounds, we only hear from him again,

"Yah! yah! yah! dat's a coon, niggers! Bose dar!" And away we rush as fast as we can scramble through the underbrush of the thick wood. The loud burst of the whole pack opening together, drowns even the noise of our progress.

The cry of a full pack is maddening music to the hunter. Fatigue is forgotten, and obstacles are nothing. On we go; yelling in chorus with the dogs. Our direction is towards the swamp, and they are fast hurrying to its fastnesses. But what do we care! Briars and logs; the brush of dead trees; plunges half leg deep into the watery mire of boggy places are alike disregarded. The game is up! Hurrah! hurrah! we must be in at the death! So we scurry, led by the maddening chorus—

—while the babbling echo mocks the bounds.

Suddenly the reverberations die away. Old Sambo halts. When we get into ear-shot the only word we hear is "Tree'd!" This from the oracle is sufficient. We have another long scramble, in which we are led by the monotonous baying of a single dog.

We have reached the place at last all breathless. Our torches have been nearly extinguished. One of the young dogs is seated at the foot of a tree, and looking up, it bays incessantly. Old Sambo pauses for awhile to survey the scene. The old dogs are circling round and round, jumping up against the side of every tree, smelling as high as they can reach. They are not satisfied, and Sambo waits for his tried oracles to solve the mystery. He regards them steadily and patiently for awhile; then steps forward quickly, and beats off the young dog who had "lied" at the "tree."

The veterans now have a quiet field to themselves, and after some further delay in jumping up the sides of the surrounding trees, to find the scent, they finally open in full burst upon the trail. Old Sambo exclaims curtly, as we set off in the new chase,

"Dat looks like coon! but cats is about!"

Now the whole pack opens again, and we are off after it. We all understand the allusion to the cats, for we know that, like the raccoon, this animal endeavors to baffle the dogs by running some distance up a tree, and then springing off upon another, and so on until it can safely descend. The young dogs take it for granted that he is in the first tree, while

the older ones sweep circling round and round until they are convinced that the animal has not escaped. They thus baffle the common trick which they have learned through long experience, and recovering the trail of escape, renew the chase.

Under ordinary circumstances we would already have been sufficiently exhausted, but the magnetism of the scene lifts our feet as if they had been shod with wings. Another weary scramble over every provoking obstacle, and the solitary baying of a dog is heard again winding up the "cry."

When we reached the "tree" this time, and find it is another "feint," we are entirely disheartened, and all this excitement and fatigue of the night reacting upon us leaves us utterly exhausted, and disinclined to budge one foot further. Old Sambo comes up—he has watched with an astute phiz the movements of the dogs for some time.

"Thought dat wate a *ole* coon from de fust! Dat's a mighty *ole* coon!" with a dubious shake of his head. "*Ole* coon nebber run dat long!" Another shake of the head, and addressing himself to his "staff:" "*Ole* coon nebber run'd dis fur, niggers!" Then turning to us—"Massas, dat a cat!—taint no coon!"

The dogs break out again, at the same moment, and with peculiar fierceness, in full cry. "Come 'long, niggers!—maby dat's a coon—maby 'taint!" and off he starts again.

We are electrified by the scenes and sounds once more, and "follow, still follow," forgetting everything in the renewed hubbub and excitement. Wearily now we go again over marsh and quagmire, bog and pond, rushing through vines, and thickets, and dead limbs. Ah, what glimpses have we of our cozy home during this wild chase! Now our strength is gone—we are chilled, and our teeth chatter—the moon seems to be the centre of cold as the sun is of heat, and its beams strike us like arrows of ice. Yet the cry of the dogs is onward, and old Sambo and his staff yell on!

Suddenly there is a pause! the dogs are silent, and we hold up! "Is it all lost?" we exclaim, as we stagger, with our bruised and exhausted limbs, to a seat upon an old log. The stillness is as deep as midnight—the owl strikes the watch with his too-who! Hah! that same hoarse, deep bay which first electrified us comes booming again through the stillness.

"Yah! yah! dat *ole* coon am done for! Bose got he, niggers—Gemmen, come on!"

The inspiring announcement, that *Bose* had tree'd at last, is balm to all our wounds, and we follow in the hurry-scurry rush to the tree. Arrived there, we find old Bose on end barking up a great old oak, while the other dogs lie panting around. "Dare he am," says old Sambo. "Make a fire, niggers!" There is but a single stump of a torch left; but in a little while they have collected dried wood enough to kindle a great blaze.

"Which nigger's gwine to climb dat tree?" says old Sambo, looking round inquiringly. Nobody answers. The insinuations he had thrown out, that it *might* be a cat, have had their effect upon the younger darkies. Sambo waits, in dignified silence, for an answer, and throwing off his horn, with an indignant gesture, he says,—

"You d—n pack of chicken-gizzards, niggers!—climb de tree myself!" and straightway the wiry old man, with the activity of a boy, springs against the huge trunk, and commences to ascend the tree.

Bose gives an occasional low yelp as he looks after his master. The other dogs sit with upturned noses, and on restless haunches, as they watch his ascent.

Nothing is heard for some time, but the fall of dead

branches and bark which he throws down. The fire blazes high, and the darkness about us, beyond its light, is unpenetrated even by the moon. We stand in eager groups watching his ascent. He is soon lost to our view amongst the limbs; yet we watch on until our necks ache, while the eager dogs fidget on their haunches, and emit short yelps of impatience. We see him, against the moon, far up amongst the uppermost forks, creeping like a beetle, up, still up! We are all on fire—the whole fatigue and all the bruises of the chase forgotten! our fire crackles and blazes fiercely as our impatience, and sends quick tongues of light, piercing the black throng of forest sentinels about us.

Suddenly the topmost branches of the great oak begin to shake, and seem to be lashing the face of the moon.

"De cat! de cat! look out down dar!" The dogs burst into an eager howl! He is shaking him off! A dark object comes thumping down into our midst, and shakes the ground with its fall. The eager dogs rush upon it! but we saw the spotted thing with the electric flashing of its eyes. Yells and sputtering screams—the howls of pain—the quashing growls of assault—the dark, tumbling struggle that is rolled, with its fierce clamors, out from our fire-light into the dark shadows of the wood, are all enough to madden us.

We all rush after the fray, and strike wildly into its midst with the clubs and dead limbs we have snatched, when one of the body-guards happens to think of his axe, and with a single blow settles it!

All is over! We get home as we may, and about the time

— the dapple grey coursers of the morn
Beat up the light with their bright silver hoofs,
And chase it through the sky,

we creep cautiously into our back window, and sleep not the less profoundly for our fatigue, that we have to charge our late hour of rising, next day, upon Bacon or the Iliad, instead of the "Night Hunt."

HENRY AUGUSTUS WISE.

HENRY A. WISE, the son of George Stuart Wise, an officer of the United States Navy, was born at Brooklyn, New York, in May, 1819. He is descended on his father's side from an old English royalist family, several of whom were taken prisoners after the "Penruddock rebellion," and sent to Virginia about the year 1665.

At the age of fourteen, young Wise, through the influence of his cousin, a later governor of Virginia, was appointed a midshipman, and received his first baptism in salt water under the auspices of Captain John Percival, the Jack Percy of his "Tales for the Marines," with whom he served for five years. Many of the scenes portrayed in his recent sketches were no doubt derived from his early experiences.

After passing his examination, he served in the

H. A. Wise

naval squadron on the coasts of Florida during the Seminole war; and later on his promotion to a lieutenantcy, in the Pacific, in California and Mexico during the war. On his return to the United States he married the daughter of the

Hon. Edward Everett. In 1855 he completed a cruise in the Mediterranean, where he filled the part of flag-lieutenant to the squadron.

In 1849 Lieut. Wise published *Los Gringos*.* The title of the book is taken from the epithet used in California and Mexico to describe the descendants of the Anglo-Saxon race, and is nearly equivalent to that of *Greenhorn* in our own language. As far as concerns the author, however, never was the epithet more misapplied; for in the varied scenes and adventures he describes, he is entirely *au fait*; and whether on ship or ashore, "chasing the wild deer" or being chased by the grizzly bear, shooting brigands or dancing fandangoes, swimming with the Sandwich Island girls or "doctoring" interesting young ladies in fits, he is equally at home. "Style," says Buffon, "is the man himself," and we could not have a truer picture of the gay and gallant young officer than he has given in his book.

Los Gringos was followed in 1855 by *Tales for the Marines*, a lively, spirited volume of adventure, humorous, sentimental, and melodramatic, on ship-board, off the coast of Africa, and in Rio Janeiro. Sailors, pirates, slavers, smugglers, senoritas, caymans, boa constrictors, all bear a part in the conduct of an amusing series of adventures, some of which are sufficiently marvellous to try the faith of the proverbially easy of belief class of the service to whom they are especially addressed.

Lieut. Wise possesses a keen eye for the humorous and the picturesque, and writes in an off-hand and spirited style. We present one of the scenes of his sketches. A party of desperadoes, with whom bloody encounters have previously taken place, are surprised by a detachment from the U. S. corvette *Juniata*.

AN ATTACK—FROM TALES FOR THE MARINES.

Mr. Spuke at this epoch was busy on a little tour of inspection, around the cargoes of the lighters, punching his steel-like knuckles into the sacks of sugar, dipping his claws of fingers into the bung holes of the *pipas* of rum to test the strength by sucking his digits afterwards, then smelling pinches and handfuls of coffee berries, in all which business pursuits he appeared quite at home. Upon his own boat coming on shore again with his copper treasure, he joined the Maltese, and with the assistance of the boy and the black oarsman, the bags were carried up about fifty yards on the beach, midway between the water and the cane huts.

This was no sooner effected than a signal was given to the cornet, and down from their concealment in the bushes ran the squad of sojers, while the fat officer, rushing up, laid his hand on the blue coat with bright brass buttons, which hung over the back of Mr. Spuke. This was the first intimation that individual had of the ambuscade; but, jerking himself free, he exclaimed,—

"By spikes! what on airth air yu abeout?" The suddenness and violence of the movement nearly twitched the officer off his legs.

When Mr. Spuke glanced round, and beheld the militia, with their bayonets at a charge, he seemed to recover himself at once; and striding over the sacks of metal, with his legs wide apart, he said,—

"Wal, ye darn'd Portengees, what air ye up tu?"

"This here is my property, and ther custom-house permits is right and reg'lar—ask them dons theer—all honist folks—no idee on gittin quit of payin the fees."

Here he beckoned to the factors, who, with Mag, came to the spot; and there they stood, in a lump, just as the cutter of the Flirt was dashed alongside of the schooner.

I could not have stood it any longer; but just then Hazy exclaimed, "Now, my friends, it is our turn!" while the padron roared out in Portuguese, "Seize, or shoot down those villains, if they stir an inch. I arrest them for smuggling counterfeit coin." And I screamed to Mag, "Yes, you hag, and I've an account to settle with you for the affair in that den in Rio."

The Maltese was the first who made a bolt; but he had not moved a yard before Hazy's cockswain, Harry Greenfield, fetched him a tap with the gig's brass tiller, which laid him out, as meek as milk, on the strand.

When the combination burst with its real force upon Spuke and his female companion, the latter squinted furtively around, to see, perhaps, if a chance for escape presented itself; but observing all retreat cut off, her ugly mug began to assume a pale-blue, ashes-of-roses hue; and she put her hand in her bosom and partially exposed her tapering knife.

"Drop that, you piratical she-devil, or I'll ——" She must have looked full into the muzzle of the big-mouthed ship's pistol I pointed at her, before she removed her hand from the weapon; and then only to carry the gin jug to her hideous mouth; but she did not utter a word. Not so, however, with Mr. Spuke; he saw the game was up, and that not only his vessel was seized, and his liberty about to be cramped for an indefinite period, but, worse than all, he was to lose all his hard-earned gains.

Taking up the words as they were uttered by the padron, and losing all his drawly, nasal twang, he said, in a cold, deliberate tone,—

"O, ho! there's been spyin' goin' on, and I'm to be robbed, eh? Now, I'm an Ameriken, clear grit! and you, dam yer, my countryman," shaking his hand aloft at Hazy, "air standin' by to see me imposed upon by these cursed merlaters, when it's your dooty to pectect me. But, by spikes! let me see the first feller as 'll ris his finger jint to seize El-nathan Spuke."

With this, he bared his great slabs of arms to the shoulders; and there he stood, a powerful, towering giant,—glaring with the wrinkled, compressed lips, open nostril, and fierce, cunning eye of a tiger, ready for a spring.

"Arrest him, soldiers!" shouted the now excited padron; and the cornet drew his sword. Before, however, the blade was well out of its sheath, the fellow at bay gave him a tremendous kick in the stomach, which sent him fairly spinning off the sand; and then he fell with a groan, completely *hors de combat*. At the moment the soldiers, who, as I told you, seemed by no means veterans in war, advanced, with fixed bayonets, upon the smuggler. Evading the first two men, he gave a sudden bound, grasped the musket by the muzzle from the weak arms of one of the puny troop, and, with a deep-muttered imprecation of, "By the Eternal, let her rip," gave the weapon a half sweep over his head; and bringing it round, the foremost men went down like grain before a sickle. Recovering himself again, he made the heavy piece whirl on high, and brought it, for the second time, upon the backs of the panic-stricken soldiers; but the flint-lock catching some part of their equipments, the cock snapped, the piece flashed, held fire an instant, and then exploded full

* *Los Gringos*: or, An Inside View of Mexico and California, with Wanderings in Peru, Chili, and Polynosta. Baker and Scribner. 12mo, pp. 453.

In the face of the Yankee. The charge traversed his upper jaw, nose, and one eye, leaving him blinded, and the blackened blood and powder clinging to his mutilated features. He spun round nearly a turn, by the force of the explosion, yet never relaxed his gripe on the muzzle of the musket, until, with a confused lurch, the breech of the gun touched the sand, and he fell forward with all his weight. The point of the bayonet entered nearly at his breast bone, and transfixed him to the pipe. He fell over sideways, and lay a dead man, deluging in blood the sacks of money he had made such desperate efforts to defend.

By this time the dismayed soldiers, who had turned tail from the one man, began to fire an irregular *feu de joie* right in amongst the crowd of us. They were too wild, however, to do much damage; only grazing the ear of one of the factors, and putting a ball into the foot of the Maltese—and a very severe and painful wound he found it.

During this skirmish my attention was for a moment diverted from my own especial game; and when I looked again, I saw the hag running like a rat towards the thicket. Makeen fired his pistol at her, but the ball only cut off a twig, and scattered some leaves without touching her. I reserved my shot, and, with a cry that brought the whole assembly, with the exception of the soldiers, we plunged after Mag. She took the main road, a well-beaten track for mules and beasts, which led from the mouth of the river to the city; and though it wound about here and there, we could still keep her in sight, as she parted the bushes right and left in her flight. Presently, the thick undergrowth gave place to loftier vegetation; and between the trunks of the palms and cocoas we caught glimpses of narrow lagoons beyond, patched with light-green and white water lilies. On the opposite side, the land rose higher, and the forest was composed of heavy timber.

The woman still held on with great speed, and must have known she was running with a noose round her neck, for she never looked behind, or gave heed in the slightest degree to our yells to stop or be shot. There were a number of paths made by cattle, which crossed the road at intervals, and, all at once, Mag turned to the left into one of them. A pair of huge vampire bats rose from a branch with a boding croak; and as the woman leaped over the grass and leaves, one of the factors gave a shout of warning, and tried to stop me from going farther. Shaking off his grasp, however, I jumped on, with Mak and Hazy at my heels, into the thicket. In a minute we had entirely passed the dense foliage, and before us lay the long, narrow lagoon, cradled in its black, slimy, muddy banks, while directly through the centre, leading to the opposite shore, was apparently a clear, open bridge, matted and bound with roots, grasses, and rank vegetation of all sorts, with a little clump of bushes and parasitical plants at every few paces, but still showing a green, even road over the water. Mag was about a hundred yards in advance of us, and splashing a short distance into the mud and water, she sprang upon the bending mangrove roots, and, finding that they bore her weight, continued on her course.

"Hold!" roared the padron; "gentlemen, for God's sake don't go an inch farther!"

"*O! cuidado!*" screamed the factor. "Beware! it is certain death!" cried they, both out of breath. "That witch can't escape; the mire will prevent her on the other side."

At this moment, Mag, perceiving she was no longer pursued, turned about, and shaking her knife in one hand, and applying the gin jug to her lips

with the other, she took a long pull, and then yelled derisively,—

"O, you hounds! you thought to hang me, eh! the hemp isn't planted yet for my throat; and you, ye devil's asp, let me once lay hold upon you, I'll take an oath to find your heart the next time. *Adios,*" she said, as she again applied the jug to her mouth, and hurling it upon the slimy surface of the pool, wheeled to resume her flight.

I am glad to say that this was the last swig of gin and the last intelligible remarks which Miss Margaret, as Spuke respectfully styled her, ever uttered in this world.

No sooner had the water been disturbed by the splash of the empty bottle, than we noticed a little succession of rolling, unbroken billows along by the vegetable bridge. The flat, sickly leaves and flowers began to undulate, and as Mag stepped from the green laced, living fabric to a projecting root, we saw the huge, triangular-shaped snout of a red spectacled alligator, and the dull, protruding eyes, with the fringed, scaly crest between, slowly pushed above the water; and then a sharp, rattling snap upon the hard-baked clay of the gin jug.

"The cayman!" exclaimed the padron; and as the monster rolled his jaws more out of water, the irregular, reddish, marbled yellow and green spots were visible underneath, before he sank with his prize.

The factor ejaculated, "*O! vermelho cayman!*"

The noise of the breaking gin vessel did not, however, distract the attention of Mag, but as she trod on the elastic mass of the bridge, it yielded, and agitated the pool with a loud splash. The next moment, as if the impulse had been felt in every direction, the same unbroken undulations as before swelled up under the greenish, stagnant lagoon, and in less time than it takes to wink, the water broke with a rush upwards, within a few feet of the woman. The enormous mail-clad hide of the cayman appeared; the tail rose with a diagonal motion; and the head, with the distended, serrated jaws, the reddish tongue and yellow mouth inside them, gleamed hot and dry in the beams of the morning sun; the whole monster forming a curving bend of full twenty feet before and behind the now terrified hag. At the same instant the hard, flexible tail made a side sweep, quick as thought, which, striking Mag a crushing blow about her waist, doubled her up with a broken back, and she was swept into the frightful jaws, open to full stretch, and inclined sideways to receive the prey. Simultaneously with our groans of horror, the heretofore quiet pool was all alive with the projecting, ridgy bodies of the monsters, and for a few minutes we heard nothing but the violent snapping of their huge jaws, and the blows of their powerful tails. At last the water once more began to settle down into peace; the broad, flat leaves and stems of the pure white lilies, which had been torn and crushed by the commotion amongst the denizens below, gradually resumed their beds; and, save a few bubbles, and an occasional undulation, with a strong odor of musk, there was nothing left to show where the hag had met her horrid death.

"Come, let's crawl out of this swamp," said the padron, "or some of those hungry caymans will be after having a taste of us."

SAGACITY OF LOBSTERS—FROM THE SAME.

"Very sagacious creeters," chimed in an old salt, who was carefully laying up nettles for his hammock clogs: "I know'd a dog once as would tell the time o' day by the skipper's nose, and would drink grog too like a Christian."

"Bless ye," again broke out the gaunt, bony fisherman, "dogs isn't a circumstance to lobsters for sagaciousness! Why, mateys, I was on the pint of tellin' you, that after my trip to Greenland and the coast of Labrador, the old people thought I had 'bout sowed my wild oats." "I thought you said grass," twanged in the young mountaineer; but the whaler, without deigning a glance at the cub, went on. "And I settled down stiddy at the lobster business. Nat Pochick and me was 'prentices in a smack for better nor five years, in war times too, until our time was out, when we bought the old smack at a bargain, and drove a lively trade in the same business. We used to take the lobsters, where the best on 'em comes from, along the moniment shore, down about Plymouth, and we ran 'em through the Vineyard Sound to York, by way of Montauk. Well, one day, when we had the well of the schooner as full as ever it could stick with claws and feelers, like darned fools we tried to shorten the distance by runnin' outside of Nantucket; but jest as we got off Skonset, what should we see but the old Ramillies seventy-four, the admiral's ship, a-bidin' under Tom Nevers' Head; and in less than a minute an eighteen pound shot come spinnin' across our bows, and two big double-banked boats was making the water white as they pulled towards us. We know'd, as well as could be, that them Britishers didn't want the old smack, nor care a snap for the lobsters; but we did believe sartin' that they wouldn't mind clappin' hold on two sich likely chaps as my partner and me, to sarve under the king's flag. So we up helm and ran the smack and the cargo slap on to the Old Man's Shoal; but jest afore she struck we jumped into the yawl, and paddled to the beach, where we saved being captured. Well, the smack was knocked into splinters by the breakers in less than an hour. Now, my hearties," said the whaler, as he paused and gazed around the group of listeners, "every blessid one of them lobsters went back to the ground where they was took, as much as a hundred miles from the reef where the old craft was wracked! and there's great Black Dan, of Marsfield, will tell ye the same; for ye must bear in mind, that every fisherman has his partiklar shaped pegs to chock the claws of the lobsters with, and every one of our lobsters was kitched agin with our 'dential pegs in 'em! This, boys, was the last trip as ever we made in that trade, though Nat Pochick, out of fondness for the things, established himself on the old Boston bridge, where he is to this day, a-bilin', may be, five or six thousand lobsters of a mornin', which he sells off like hot cakes in the afternoons."

**In 1862, Lieut. Henry A. Wise was promoted to the rank of Commander; and he was subsequently appointed Chief of the Ordnance Bureau at Washington. He resigned this post in May, 1868, to visit Europe for the benefit of his health, and died at Naples, April 1, 1869. In late years he wrote three brilliant and fascinating works: *Scampavias: From Gibel Tarek to Stamboul*, a book descriptive of travels, 1857; *The Story of the Gray African Parrot, For Children*, 1859; and *Captain Brand of the "Centipede."* A *Pirate of Eminence in the West Indies: his Loves and Exploits, together with some Account of the Singular Manner by which he Departed this Life*, 1860.

HERMAN MELVILLE.

HERMAN MELVILLE was born in the city of New York, August 1, 1819. On his father's side he

is of Scotch extraction, and is descended in the fourth degree from Thomas Melville, a clergyman of the Scotch Kirk, who, from the year 1718 and for almost half a century, was minister of Scoonie parish, Leven, Fifeshire. The minister of Scoonie had two sons—John Melville, who became a member of his majesty's council in Grenada, and Allan Melville, who came to America in 1748, and settled in Boston as a merchant. Dying young, the latter left an only son, Thomas Melville, our author's grandfather, who was born in Boston, and, as appears by the probate records on the appointment of his guardian in 1761, inherited a handsome fortune from his father. He was graduated at Princeton College, New Jersey in 1769, and in 1772 visited his relatives in Scotland. During this visit he was presented with the freedom of the city of St. Andrews and of Renfrew. He returned to Boston in 1773, where he became a merchant, and in December of that year was one of the Boston Tea Party. He took an active part in the Revolutionary war, and, as major in Craft's regiment of Massachusetts artillery, was in the actions in Rhode Island in 1776. Commissioned by Washington in 1789 as naval officer of the port of Boston, he was continued by all the presidents down to Jackson's time in 1829. To the time of his death Major Melville continued to wear the antiquated three-cornered hat, and from this habit was familiarly known in Boston as the last of the cocked-hats. There is still preserved a small parcel of the veritable tea in the attack upon which he took an active part. Being found in his shoes on returning from the vessel it was sealed up in a vial, although it was intended that not a particle should escape destruction! The vial and contents are now in possession of Chief-Justice Shaw of Massachusetts.

Our author's father, Allan Melville, was an important merchant in New York, and made frequent visits to Europe in connexion with his business. He was a well educated and polished man, and spoke French like a native.

On his mother's side Mr. Melville is the grandson of General Peter Gansevoort of Albany, New York, the "hero of Fort Stanwix," having successfully defended that fort in 1777 against a large force of British and Indians, commanded by General St. Leger.

Herman Melville

The boyhood of Herman Melville was passed at Albany and Lansingburgh, New York, and in the country, at Berkshire, Massachusetts. He had early shown a taste for literature and composition.

In his eighteenth year he shipped as a sailor in a New York vessel for Liverpool, made a hurried visit to London when he arrived in port, and returned home "before the mast." His next adventure was embarking, Jan. 1, 1841, on a whaling vessel for the Pacific for the sperm fishery. After eighteen months of the cruise, the vessel, in the summer of 1842, put into the Marquesas, at Nukuheva. Melville, who was weary of the service, took the opportunity to abandon the ship, and with a fellow sailor hid himself in the forest, with the intention of resorting to a neighboring peaceful tribe of the

natives. They mistook their course, and after three days' wandering, in which they had traversed one of the formidable mountain ridges of the island, found themselves in the barbarous Typee valley. Here Melville was detained "in an indulgent captivity" for four months. He was separated from his companion, and began to despair of a return to civilization, when he was rescued one day on the shore by a boat's crew of a Sidney whaler. He shipped on board this vessel, and was landed at Tahiti the day when the French took possession of the Society Islands, establishing their "Protectorate" at the cannon's mouth. From Tahiti, Melville passed to the Sandwich Islands, spent a few months in observation of the people and the country, and in the autumn of 1843 shipped at Honolulu as "ordinary seaman" on board the frigate United States, then on its return voyage, which was safely accomplished, stopping at Callao, and reaching Boston in October, 1844. This voyaging in the merchant, whaling, and naval service rounded Melville's triple experience of nautical life. It was not long after that he made his appearance as an author. His first book, *Typee*, a narrative of his Marquesas adventure, was published in 1846, simultaneously by Murray in London* and Wiley and Putnam in New York. The spirit and vigorous fancy of the style, and the freshness and novelty of the incidents, were at once appreciated. There was, too, at the time, that undefined sentiment of the approaching practical importance of the Pacific in the public mind, which was admirably calculated for the reception of this glowing, picturesque narrative. It was received everywhere with enthusiasm, and made a reputation for its author in a day. The London Times reviewed it with a full pen, and even the staid Gentleman's Magazine was loud in its praises.

Mr. Melville followed up this success the next year with *Moo, a Narrative of Adventures in the South Seas*, which takes up the story with the escape from the Typees, and gives a humorous account of the adventures of the author and some of his ship companions in Tahiti. For pleasant, easy narrative, it is the most natural and agreeable of his books. In his next book, in 1849—*Mardi, and a Voyage Thither*—the author ventured out of the range of personal observation and matter-of-fact description to which he had kept more closely than was generally supposed,† and projected a philosophical romance, in which human nature and European civilization were to be typified under the aspects of the poetical mythological notions and romantic customs and traditions of the aggregate races of Polynesia. In the first half of the book there are some of the author's best descriptions, wrought up with fanciful associations from the quaint philosophic and

other reading in the volumes of Sir Thomas Browne, and such worthies, upon whose pages, after his long sea fast from books and literature, the author had thrown himself with eager avidity. In the latter portions, embarrassed by his spiritual allegories, he wanders without chart or compass in the wildest regions of doubt and scepticism. Though, as a work of fiction, lacking clearness, and maimed as a book of thought and speculation by its want of sobriety, it has many delicate traits and fine bursts of fancy and invention. Critics could find many beauties in *Mardi* which the novel-reading public who long for amusement have not the time or philosophy to discover. Mr. Melville, who throughout his literary career has had the good sense never to argue with the public, whatever opportunities he might afford them for the exercise of their disputative faculties, lost no time in recovering his position by a return to the agreeable narrative which had first gained him his laurels. In the same year he published *Redburn; his First Voyage, being the Sailor-boy Confessions and Reminiscences of the Son of a Gentleman, in the Merchant Service*. In the simplicity of the young sailor, of which the pleasant adventure of leaving the fore-castle one day and paying his respects to the captain in the cabin, is an instance, this book is a witty reproduction of natural incidents. The lurid London episode, in the melo-dramatic style, is not so fortunate. Another course of Melville's nautical career, the United States naval service, furnished the subject of the next book—*White Jacket, or the World in a Man-of-war*, published in 1850. It is a vivid daguerreotype of the whole life of the ship. The description is everywhere elevated from commonplace and familiarity by the poetical associations which run through it. There is many a good word spoken in this book, as in the author's other writings, for the honor and welfare of Poor Jack. Punishment by flogging is unsparingly condemned.

In 1851 *Moby-Dick, or the Whale*, appeared, the most dramatic and imaginative of Melville's books. In the character of Captain Ahab and his contest with the whale, he has opposed the metaphysical energy of despair to the physical sublime of the ocean. In this encounter the whale becomes a representative of moral evil in the world. In the purely descriptive passages, the details of the fishery, and the natural history of the animal, are narrated with constant brilliancy of illustration from the fertile mind of the author.*

Pierre, or the Ambiguities, was published in 1852. Its conception and execution were both literary mistakes. The author was off the track of his true genius. The passion which he sought to evolve was morbid or unreal, in the worst school of the mixed French and German melodramatic.

Since the publication of this volume, Mr. Melville has written chiefly for the magazines of Harper and Putnam. In the former, a sketch, entitled *Cock-a-doodle doo!* is one of the most lively and

* It was brought to the notice of Mr. Murray in London by Mr. Gansevoort Melville, then Secretary of Legation to the Minister, Mr. Louis McLane. Mr. Gansevoort Melville was a political speaker of talent. He died suddenly in London of an attack of fever in May, 1846.

† Lt. Wise, in his lively, dashing book of travels—*An Inside View of Mexico and California, with Wanderings in Peru, Chili, and Polynesia*—pays a compliment to Melville's fidelity: "Apart from the innate beauty and charming tone of his narratives, the delineations of island life and scenery, from my own personal observation, are most correctly and faithfully drawn."

* Just at the time of publication of this book its catastrophe, the attack of the ship by the whale, which had already good historic warrant in the fate of the Essex of Nantucket, was still further supported by the newspaper narrative of the Ann Alexander of New Bedford, in which the infuriated animal demonstrated a spirit of revenge almost human, in turning upon, pursuing, and destroying the vessel from which he had been attacked.

animated productions of his pen; in the latter, his *Bartleby the Scrivener*, a quaint, fanciful portrait, and his reproduction, with various inventions and additions, of the adventures of *Israel Potter*,* an actual character of the Revolution, have met with deserved success.



Melville's Residence.

Mr. Melville having been married in 1847 to a daughter of Chief Justice Shaw of Boston, resided for a while at New York, when he took up his residence in Berkshire, on a finely situated farm, adjacent to the old Melville House, in which some members of the family formerly lived; where, in the immediate vicinity of the residence of the poet Holmes, he overlooks the town of Pittsfield and the intermediate territory.

** *The Piazza Tales*, republished from Putnam's Magazine, appeared in 1856; and it was followed the next year by *The Confidence Man: His Masquerade*. In 1860 Mr. Melville made another whaling voyage around the world. He subsequently settled in New York city, and is now inspector in the Custom House. In 1865 he wrote *The Refugee*, a tale of the Revolution, which sketched the daring deeds of Paul Jones in the *Bon Homme Richard*. A year later he printed *Battle Pieces and Aspects of the War*, a series of disconnected verses, suggested by the varying incidents of the struggle for the Union.

REDBURN CONTEMPLATES MAKING A SOCIAL CALL ON THE CAPTAIN IN HIS CABIN.

What reminded me most forcibly of my ignominious condition was the widely altered manner of the captain toward me. I had thought him a fine, funny gentleman, full of mirth and good humor, and good will to seamen, and one who could not fail to appreciate the difference between me and the rude sailors among whom I was thrown. Indeed I had made no doubt that he would in some special manner take me under his protection, and prove a kind friend and benefactor to me; as I had heard that some sea-captains are fathers to their crew; and so they are; but such fathers as Solomon's precepts tend to make—severe and chastising fathers; fathers whose sense of duty overcomes the sense of love, and who every day, in some sort, play the

part of Brutus, who ordered his son away to execution, as I have read in our old family Plutarch.

Yes, I thought that Captain Riga, for Riga was his name, would be attentive and considerate to me, and strive to cheer me up, and comfort me in my lonesomeness. I did not even deem it at all impossible that he would invite me down to the cabin of a pleasant night, to ask me questions concerning my parents, and prospects in life; besides obtaining from me some anecdotes touching my great-uncle, the illustrious senator; or give me a slate and pencil, and teach me problems in navigation; or perhaps engage me at a game of chess. I even thought he might invite me to dinner on a sunny Sunday, and help me plentifully to the nice cabin fare, as knowing how distasteful the salt beef and pork, and hard biscuit of the forecabin must at first be to a boy like me, who had always lived ashore, and at home.

And I could not help regarding him with peculiar emotions, almost of tenderness and love, as the last visible link in the chain of associations which bound me to my home. For, while yet in port, I had seen him and Mr. Jones, my brother's friend, standing together and conversing; so that from the captain to my brother there was but one intermediate step; and my brother and mother and sisters were one.

And this reminds me how often I used to pass by the places on deck, where I remembered Mr. Jones had stood when he first visited the ship lying at the wharf; and how I tried to convince myself that it was indeed true, that he had stood there, though now the ship was so far away on the wide Atlantic Ocean, and he, perhaps, was walking down Wall-street, or sitting reading the newspaper in his counting-room, while poor I was so differently employed.

When two or three days had passed without the captain's speaking to me in any way, or sending word into the forecabin that he wished me to drop into the cabin to pay my respects, I began to think whether I should not make the first advances, and whether indeed he did not expect it of me, since I was but a boy, and he a man; and perhaps that might have been the reason why he had not spoken to me yet, deeming it more proper and respectful for me to address him first. I thought he might be offended, too, especially if he were a proud man, with tender feelings. So one evening, a little before sundown, in the second dog-watch, when there was no more work to be done, I concluded to call and see him.

After drawing a bucket of water, and having a good washing, to get off some of the chicken-coop stains, I went down into the forecabin to dress myself as neatly as I could. I put on a white shirt in place of my red one, and got into a pair of cloth trousers instead of my duck ones, and put on my new pumps, and then carefully brushing my shooting-jacket, I put that on over all, so that upon the whole I made quite a genteel figure, at least for a forecabin, though I would not have looked so well in a drawing-room.

When the sailors saw me thus employed, they did not know what to make of it, and wanted to know whether I was dressing to go ashore; I told them no, for we were then out of sight of land; but that I was going to pay my respects to the captain. Upon which they all laughed and shouted, as if I were a simpleton; though there seemed nothing so very simple in going to make an evening call upon a friend. Then some of them tried to dissuade me, saying I was green and raw; but Jackson, who sat looking on, cried out, with a hideous grin, "Let him

* "The Life and Adventures of Israel R. Potter (a native of Cranston, Rhode Island), who was a soldier in the American Revolution," were published in a small volume at Providence, in 1824. The story in this book was written from the narrative of Potter, by Mr. Henry Trumbull, of Hartford, Ct.

go, let him go, men—he's a nice boy. Let him go; the captain has some nuts and raisins for him." And so he was going on when one of his violent fits of coughing seized him, and he almost choked.

As I was about leaving the forecabin, I happened to look at my hands, and seeing them stained all over of a deep yellow, for that morning the mate had set me to tarring some strips of canvas for the rigging, I thought it would never do to present myself before a gentleman that way; so for want of kids I slipped on a pair of woollen mittens, which my mother had knit for me to carry to sea. As I was putting them on, Jackson asked me whether he shouldn't call a carriage; and another bade me not to forget to present his best respects to the skipper. I left them all tittering, and coming on deck was passing the cook-house, when the old cook called after me, saying, I had forgot my cane.

But I did not heed their impudence, and was walking straight toward the cabin-door, on the quarter-deck, when the chief mate met me. I touched my hat, and was passing him, when, after staring at me till I thought his eyes would burst out, he all at once caught me by the collar, and with a voice of thunder wanted to know what I meant by playing such tricks aboard a ship that he was mate of! I told him to let go of me, or I would complain to my friend the captain, whom I intended to visit that evening. Upon this he gave me such a whirl round, that I thought the Gulf Stream was in my head, and then shoved me forward, roaring out I know not what. Meanwhile the sailors were all standing round the windlass looking aft, mightily tickled.

Seeing I could not effect my object that night, I thought it best to defer it for the present; and returning among the sailors, Jackson asked me how I had found the captain, and whether the next time I went I would not take a friend along and introduce him.

The upshot of this business was, that before I went to sleep that night, I felt well satisfied that it was not customary for sailors to call on the captain in the cabin; and I began to have an inkling of the fact, that I had acted like a fool; but it all arose from my ignorance of sea usages.

And here I may as well state, that I never saw the inside of the cabin during the whole interval that elapsed from our sailing till our return to New York; though I often used to get a peep at it through a little pane of glass, set in the house on deck, just before the helm, where a watch was kept hanging for the helmsman to strike the half hours by, with his little bell in the binnacle, where the compass was. And it used to be the great amusement of the sailors to look in through the pane of glass, when they stood at the wheel, and watch the proceedings in the cabin; especially when the steward was setting the table for dinner, or the captain was lounging over a decanter of wine on a little mahogany stand, or playing the game called *solitaire*, at cards, of an evening; for at times he was all alone with his dignity; though, as will ere long be shown, he generally had one pleasant companion, whose society he did not dislike.

The day following my attempt to drop in at the cabin, I happened to be making fast a rope on the quarter-deck, when the captain suddenly made his appearance, promenading up and down, and smoking a cigar. He looked very good-humored and amiable, and it being just after his dinner, I thought that this, to be sure, was just the chance I wanted.

I waited a little while, thinking he would speak to me himself; but as he did not, I went up to him and began by saying it was a very pleasant day, and

hoped he was very well. I never saw a man fly into such a rage; I thought he was going to knock me down; but after standing speechless awhile, he all at once plucked his cap from his head and threw it at me. I don't know what impelled me, but I ran to the lee scuppers where it fell, picked it up, and gave it to him with a bow; when the mate came running up, and thrust me forward again; and after he had got me as far as the windlass, he wanted to know whether I was crazy or not; for if I was, he would put me in irons right off, and have done with it.

But I assured him I was in my right mind, and knew perfectly well that I had been treated in the most rude and ungentelemanly manner both by him and Captain Riga. Upon this, he rapped out a great oath, and told me if ever I repeated what I had done that evening, or ever again presumed so much as to lift my hat to the captain, he would tie me into the rigging, and keep me there until I learned better manners. "You are very green," said he, "but I'll ripen you." Indeed this chief mate seemed to have the keeping of the dignity of the captain, who in some sort seemed too dignified personally to protect his own dignity.

I thought this strange enough, to be reprimanded, and charged with rudeness for an act of common civility. However, seeing how matters stood, I resolved to let the captain alone for the future, particularly as he had shown himself so deficient in the ordinary breeding of a gentleman. And I could hardly credit it, that this was the same man who had been so very civil, and polite, and witty, when Mr. Jones and I called upon him in port.

But this astonishment of mine was much increased, when some days after, a storm came upon us, and the captain rushed out of the cabin in his night-cap, and nothing else but his shirt on; and leaping up on the poop, began to jump up and down, and curse and swear, and call the men aloft all manner of hard names, just like a common loafer in the street.

Besides all this, too, I noticed that while we were at sea, he wore nothing but old shabby clothes, very different from the glossy suit I had seen him in at our first interview, and after that on the steps of the City Hotel, where he always boarded when in New York. Now, he wore nothing but old-fashioned snuff-colored coats, with high collars and short waists; and faded, short-legged pantaloons, very tight about the knees; and vests that did not conceal his waistbands, owing to their being so short, just like a little boy's. And his hats were all caved in, and battered, as if they had been knocked about in a cellar; and his boots were sadly patched. Indeed, I began to think that he was but a shabby fellow after all, particularly as his whiskers lost their gloss, and he went days together without shaving; and his hair, by a sort of miracle, began to grow of a pepper and salt color, which might have been owing, though, to his discontinuing the use of some kind of dye while at sea. I put him down as a sort of impostor! and while ashore, a gentleman on false pretences, for no gentleman would have treated another gentleman as he did me.

Yes, Captain Riga, thought I, you are no gentleman, and you know it.

CAROLINE M. SAWYER.

CAROLINE M. FISHER was born in the latter part of the year 1812, in the village of Newton, Massachusetts. She was carefully educated at home by an invalid uncle, who was thoroughly con-

versant with foreign literature, and succeeded in imparting his fine taste as well as varied accomplishments to his pupil. She commenced writing at an early age, but did not make her appearance in the magazines until after her marriage with Rev. Dr. T. J. Sawyer, an eminent Universalist divine, in 1832, when she removed to New York. In 1847 her husband accepted the presidency of the Universalist Seminary at Clinton, N. Y. In 1873 he was dean of the Divinity School attached to Tufts College, Mass.

Mrs. Sawyer has written a number of poems and prose tales for the periodicals of the day, which have not been collected. She has also translated in prose and verse from the German and French, besides editing for years *The Ladies' Repository* of Boston, and *The Rose of Sharon*, an annual.

THE BLIND GIRL.

Crown her with garlands! 'mid her sunny hair
Twine the rich blossoms of the laughing May,
The lily, snowdrop, and the violet fair,
And queenly rose, that blossoms for a day.
Haste, maidens, haste! the hour brooks no delay—
The bridal veil of soft transparency bring;
And as ye wreath the gleaming locks away,
O'er their rich wealth its folds of beauty fling—
She seeth now!

Bring forth the lyre of sweet and solemn sound,
Let its rich music be no longer still;
Wake its full chords, till, sweetly floating round,
Its thrilling echoes all our spirits fill.
Joy for the lovely! that her lips no more
To notes of sorrow tune their trembling breath;
Joy for the young, whose starless course is o'er;
Ho! sing Peans for the bride of Death!
She seeth now!

She has been dark; through all the weary years,
Since first her spirit into being woke,
Through those dim orbs that ever swam in tears,
No ray of sunlight ever yet hath broke.
Silent and dark! herself the sweetest flower
That ever blossomed in an earthly home,
Unuttered yearnings ever were her dower,
And voiceless prayers that light at length might come.
She seeth now!

A lonely lot! yet oftentimes a sad
And mournful pleasure filled her heart and brain,
And beamed in smiles—e'er sweet, but never glad,
As sorrow smiles when mourning winds complain.
Nature's great voice had ever for her soul
A thrilling power the sightless only know;
While deeper yearnings through her being stole,
For light to gild that being's darkened flow.
She seeth now!

Strike the soft harp, then! for the cloud hath past,
With all its darkness, from her sight away;
Beauty hath met her waiting eyes at last,
And light is hers within the land of day.
'Neath the cool shadows of the tree of life,
Where bright the fount of youth immortal springs,
Far from this earth, with all its weary strife,
Her pale brow fanned by shining seraphs' wings,
She seeth now!

Ah, yes, she seeth! through yon misty veil,
Methinks e'en now her angel-eyes look down,
While round me falls a light all soft and pale—
The moonlight lustre of her starry crown;
And to my heart as earthly sounds retire,
Come the low echoes of celestial words,

Like sudden music from some haunted lyre,
That strangely swells when none awake its chords!
But, hush! 'tis past; the light, the sound, are o'er:
Joy for the maiden! she is dark no more!
She seeth now!

LOUISA C. TUTHILL.

LOUISA C. HUGGINS, a member of an old New England family, was born at New Haven, and at an early age, in 1817, married Mr. Cornelius Tuthill, of Orange Co., N. Y. He was a lawyer, of literary tastes, and edited, for two years, a periodical called *The Microscope*, in which the poet Percival was first introduced to the public.

After the death of Mr. Tuthill, in 1825, Mrs. Tuthill became an anonymous contributor to the magazines. Her first appearance in *propria persona* as an author was on the title-page of *The Young Ladies' Reader*, a volume of selections published in 1839. This volume was followed by *The Young Ladies' Home*, a collection of tales and essays illustrating domestic pursuits and duties. Her next production consisted of a series of tales for young persons. They are entitled *I will be a Gentleman*; *I will be a Lady*; *Onward, right Onward*; *Boarding School Girl*; *Anything for Sport*; *A Strike for Freedom, or Law and Order*; each occupying a volume of about one hundred and fifty pages of moderate size, published between 1844 and 1850.

In 1852 Mrs. Tuthill commenced a new series with a tale entitled *Braggadocio*. *Queer Bonnets*, *Tip Top*, *Beautiful Bertha*, and others, followed in 1853-4. She has published another series, entitled *Success in Life*, including four volumes, with the titles *The Merchant*, *the Lawyer*, *The Mechanic*, *The Artist*; and other works are enumerated in Allibone's Dictionary of Authors.

Mrs. Tuthill is also the author of a novel for mature readers, published in 1846, with the title *My Wife*, and of a tasteful volume, *The History of Architecture*, published in 1848. In 1849 she prepared *The Nursery Book*, a volume of counsel to mothers on the care of their young offspring.

She has edited two volumes of selections from the writings of John Ruskin, entitled: *The True and the Beautiful*; and *Precious Thoughts*.

The writings of Mrs. Tuthill are admirably adapted for the class to whom they are addressed and have met with success. They are sensible and practicable in their aims, and agreeably written. Mrs. Tuthill at present resides in Princeton, N. J.

PLINY MILES.

PLINY MILES, whose name is pleasantly suggestive of his principal pursuit, that of a traveller and observer of nature, is a son of Captain Jonathan E. Miles, one of the early settlers of Watertown, New York. He was educated on the farm, but on coming of age engaged in merchan-

Pliny Miles.

dise, and afterwards studied law. He next passed five years in travelling through the United States, supporting himself by lecturing and writing letters in the newspapers. At the expiration

of this period he passed a second term of five years in a similar manner in the Old World.

Mr. Miles's newspaper correspondence, under the staid signature, on the *lucius a non lucendo* principle, of *Communipaw*, would fill several volumes. But a single episode of his journeyings, *Rambles in Iceland*, has yet appeared in book form. It is a pleasant record of a tour, involving some adventure and exposure in an unfrequented part of the world. In place of a citation from its pages we however present a more comprehensive, and at the same time concise account of Mr. Miles's "voyages and travels," which we find in the New York Illustrated News of October 29, 1853. The statement was elicited by some exception being taken at one of Mr. Miles's letters on Western railroads,—his accuracy being called in question on the plea that he was "the stationary correspondent of the Post."

In the name of buffaloes and sea breezes what would you have, my dear fellow! I've been in every sea-port on the Atlantic, from Newfoundland to Key West; danced over the sparkling waves of the Moro Castle; "schoonered" it through the Gulf of Mexico; travelled every foot of the Mississippi, from the Belize to the Falls of St. Anthony, 2,300 miles, and the most of it several times over; wandered five hundred miles into the Indian territory, beyond the white settlements; steamed up the Illinois; stayed a while at Peoria, got caught there in an awful snow storm, and then went through the great lakes and the St. Lawrence to the Falls of the Montmorency. I have visited every great curiosity, nearly every state capital, and every State in the Union except California and Texas. Across the "herring pond" I travelled through almost every kingdom, and saw nearly every crowned head in Europe; wandered over the highlands of Scotland; stoned the cormorants in Fingal's cave; shot sea-gulls in Shetland; eat plovers and other wild birds in Iceland; cooked my dinner in the geysers; cooled my punch with the snows of Mount Hecla, and toasted my shins at the burning crater on its summit. I trod the rough mountains of Norway; celebrated "Independence Day" off its coast; fished in the Maelstrom, or near it; ate sour crout with the Dutch, frogs with the Frenchmen, and macaroni with the Italians; walked over the top of Vesuvius in one day, from Pompeii to Naples; lay all night near Atna's summit, seeing an eruption with red hot rocks shooting a thousand feet in the air; sailed by Stromboli at midnight; landed where St. Paul did at Rhegium, saw the Coliseum by moonlight, visited Corsica's rocky isle, Sardinia and Elba, and steamed close to Monte Christo's home; admired the Chateau d'Iff at Marseilles, and spent months among the vine-clad hills of la belle France. Why, yes, man, I've been up in a balloon and down in a diving bell; shot alligators in the Mississippi and sparrows in Northumberland; eaten "corn dodgers" in Tennessee, black bread in Denmark, white bread in London, and been where I found it precious hard work to get any bread at all. I've rode in a Jersey wagon in Florida, a go-cart in Illinois, and on an English express train at fifty miles an hour, and gone a-foot and carried a knapsack when I found travelling dear and wanted to save money. I've been sixty-five voyages at sea; rode over nearly every railroad in Europe and more than one-half in this country, and travelled over a hundred thousand miles, and scarcely slept six nights in a place for more than ten years.

Pliny Miles died at the Island of Malta, in the early part of 1865. "Of late years," says an obituary notice in the *New York Times*,* "he devoted his time and talents almost entirely to the improvement of our postal system, with a view (until the breaking out of the war made it for the time impracticable) of achieving his grand idea of *one cent* postage on half-ounce letters for any distance. He was a plain but forcible writer, depending upon a laborious array of facts rather than rhetorical effort. In person he was a striking figure—tall, thin, of nervous-sanguine temperament, wearing a beard that never scraped acquaintance with a razor; a rapid walker, keen observer, talking with wonderful volubility, always cordial, open-hearted, and everywhere welcome for his agreeable social qualities."

RICHARD B. KIMBALL,

A DESCENDANT from an old and influential family, was born in Lebanon, N. H., in 1816. After completing his collegiate course at Dartmouth in 1834, and devoting the year following to the study of the law, he went to Europe, where he continued his legal studies in Paris, and made an extensive and thorough tour in Great Britain and on the Continent. On his return he commenced the practice of his profession at Waterford, New York, but soon after removed to the city of New York, where, with the exception of five years spent in Europe, he has since resided.

Mr. Kimball has contributed largely to the leading magazines—*Knickerbocker*, *Putnam's*, *Atlantic*, *Continental*, *Galaxy*, etc.

In 1850 his novel, *St. Leger, or the Threads of Life*, was reprinted from the pages of *Knickerbocker*. It is the story of a mind in pursuit of truth, and the mental repose consequent on a decided faith. In connexion with this main thread we have many scenes of active life, romantic adventure, and picturesque description.

In the same year Mr. Kimball published *Cuba and the Cubans*, and in 1853 a pleasant volume of tales and sketches, entitled, *Romance of Student Life Abroad*.

**The more recent works of Mr. Kimball have won many readers by their spirited descriptions and incidents. They comprise: *Undercurrents, a Novel*, 1862; *Was He Successful? A Novel*, 1863; *In the Tropics, by a Settler in Santo Domingo*, 1863; *The Prince of Kashna, a West Indian Story*, 1867; *Henry Powers (Banker), and How He Achieved a Fortune and Married*, 1868; *To-Day, a Romance*, 1870; *Emilie, a Sequel to St. Leger*. These are republished by Bentley in London, by Tauchnitz in Germany, and are largely translated on the Continent, several volumes in Dutch being reprinted at Amsterdam.

WILLIAM WADDEN TURNER.

This accomplished student, whose rare devotion to philological pursuits raised him to an honorable position among the scholars of the country, was born in England, in 1810, and came to this country with his parents, in 1818. The family settled in New York. They were poor, and the son, after some brief instruction in the school of John Walsh, in the city, was appren-

ticed to a printer. With singular energy and self-denial, the youth turned the opportunities of this employment resolutely to the development of his faculties. That he might acquire the idiom of the German language, he selected a roller-boy of that nation, with whom he might converse as he plied the old hand-press. Eager in his thirst for knowledge, he now began to concentrate his attention upon the study of languages, working his own way into an acquaintance with the classics, and extending his researches, unaided, into the Hebrew. To make further advances in the latter study, he applied to Dr. Isaac Nordheimer, professor of oriental languages in the University of New York, by whom he was cordially received. So great was his progress in this study, that he was enabled to render important assistance to Dr. Nordheimer in the completion of his "Critical Grammar of the Hebrew Language." In the preface to that work, published in 1838, a very handsome compliment is paid to the scholarship of Mr. Turner.

The printing-office was now relinquished for the post of librarian of the New York University, and, shortly after, the office of instructor in the Hebrew and cognate languages, in the Union Theological Seminary in New York. Mr. Turner held this position till 1852, when he removed to Washington on receiving the appointment of librarian to the Patent Office. He held this office till his death, which occurred at the seat of government, November 29, 1859.

The literary labors of Mr. Turner were of a class which bring more honor to the country than fame to the writer. His name was not mentioned on the booksellers' catalogues, though many of the books on their shelves were greatly indebted to him. We have mentioned the aid he gave to Dr. Nordheimer, in the preparation of his Hebrew Grammar; he assisted that scholar in his "Chrestomathy, or Grammatical Analysis of Selections from the Hebrew Scriptures." He was also employed by the booksellers in several important translations from the German. In conjunction with Dr. Kaufmann he translated Mackelday's "Compendium of Modern Civil Law." The first volume was his work. In 1846 he translated for the Langleys, a New York publishing house, Frederick von Raumer's "America and the American People." The elaborate article on the "Fine Arts," in the Iconographic Encyclopædia, was also translated by him.

A large portion of the translation of Dr. Freund's Latin-English Lexicon, edited by Dr. E. A. Andrews, was made by Mr. Turner, whose "varied and profound learning, united with the most untiring zeal and industry," are duly acknowledged in the preface.

His original researches were in oriental literature, ethnology, and philosophy. He was a contributor to the "Transactions of the American Oriental and Ethnological Societies," of both of which he was a prominent member. Among his papers in the former may be mentioned an account of a Japanese romance, and an essay on a Phœnician inscription at Sidon. He was a member of the Ethnological Society at the time

its meetings were held at the home of its venerable president, the late Albert Gallatin, in New York, and he was led by this eminent statesman and savant to turn his attention to the study of the languages of the North American Indians. To this, in the latter part of his life, Mr. Turner gave great attention. The "Grammar and Dictionary of the Dakotah Language," published in the Smithsonian Contributions to Knowledge, was greatly indebted to his labors, and he employed himself in making numerous manuscript vocabularies of the North American Indian languages, which he left unpublished. The catalogue of his private library, which was sold in New York, after his death, shows the extensive range of his studies in archæology, history, general philology, and especially the oriental languages. The collection was carefully classified by Mr. Turner's friend, Mr. William H. Smith, a gentleman known to and esteemed by many authors of the country, from his long connection as proof-reader with the large printing-office of Robert Craighead. Mr. Smith prefaced the catalogue by a brief notice of his departed friend, in which he celebrated his industry, and the moral worth which was the companion of his well-won rise in the world—a rise due wholly to his own exertions.

AMELIA B. WELBY,

THE author of *Poems by Amelia*, first published in the *Louisville Journal*, and afterwards in Boston and New York, was born at St. Michael's, in Mary-



Amelia B. Welby.

land, in 1821. She removed with her father early to the West, and resided in Kentucky at Lexington and Louisville, where she was married to Mr. George Welby. She died in 1852.

The chief edition of Mrs. Welby's poems was published by Messrs. Appleton in 1850, with a series of tasteful illustrations by R. O. Weir.

The frequent elegiac topics of the verses of this author may have assisted their popularity. They are mostly upon themes of domestic life and natural emotion; and, without profound poetical culture, are written with ease and animation.

THE OLD MAID.

Why sits she thus in solitude? her heart
Seems melting in her eyes' delicious blue;
And as it heaves, her ripe lips lie apart,
As if to let its heavy throbbings through;
In her dark eye a depth of softness swells,
Deeper than that her careless girlhood wore;
And her cheek crimson with the hue that tells
The rich, fair fruit is ripened to the core.

It is her thirtieth birthday! With a sigh
Her soul hath turned from youth's luxuriant
bowers,
And her heart taken up the last sweet tie
That measured out its links of golden hours!
She feels her inmost soul within her stir
With thoughts too wild and passionate to speak;
Yet her full heart—its own interpreter—
Translates itself in silence on her cheek.

Joy's opening buds, affection's glowing flowers,
Once highly sprang within her beaming track;
Oh, life was beautiful in those lost hours!
And yet she does not wish to wander back!
No! she but loves in loneliness to think
On pleasures past, though never more to be;
Hope links her to the future, but the link
That binds her to the past is memory!

From her lone path she never turns aside,
Though passionate worshippers before her fall,
Like some pure planet in her lonely pride,
She seems to soar and beam above them all!
Not that her heart is cold! emotions new
And fresh as flowers are with her heart-strings
knit;
And sweetly mournful pleasures wander through
Her virgin soul, and softly ruffle it.

For she hath lived with heart and soul alive
To all that makes life beautiful and fair;
Sweet thoughts, like honey-bees, have made their
hive
Of her soft bosom-cell, and cluster there;
Yet life is not to her what it hath been;
Her soul hath learned to look beyond its gloss,
And now she hovers, like a star, between
Her deeds of love, her Saviour on the cross!

Beneath the cares of earth she does not bow,
Though she hath oft times drained its bitter cup,
But ever wanders on with heavenward brow,
And eyes whose lovely lids are lifted up!
She feels that in that lovelier, happier sphere,
Her bosom yet will, bird-like, find its mate,
And all the joys it found so blissful here
Within that spirit-realm perpetuate.

Yet sometimes o'er her trembling heart-strings
thrill
Soft sighs, for raptures it hath ne'er enjoyed;
And then she dreams of love, and strives to fill
With wild and passionate thoughts the craving
void.
And thus she wanders on,—half sad, half blest,—
Without a mate for the pure, lonely heart,
That, yearning, throbs within her virgin breast,
Never to find its lovely counterpart!

JANE T. WORTHINGTON.

THIS lady, the wife of Dr. F. A. Worthington, a physician of Ohio, whose maiden name was Jane Tayloe Lomax, was a native of Virginia. Her writings in prose and verse appeared frequently in the Southern Literary Messenger. Her compositions were in a vein of excellent sense and refinement.

MOONLIGHT ON THE GRAVE.

It shineth on the quiet graves
Where weary ones have gone,
It watcheth with angelic gaze
Where the dead are left alone;
And not a sound of busy life
To the still graveyard comes,
But peacefully the sleepers lie
Down in their silent homes.
All silently and solemnly
It throweth shadows round,
And every gravestone hath a trace
In darkness on the ground:
It looketh on the tiny mound
Where a little child is laid,
And it lighteth up the marble pile
Which human pride hath made.
It falleth with unaltered ray
On the simple and the stern,
And it sheweth with a solemn light
The sorrows we must learn;
It telleth of divided ties
On which its beam hath shone,
It whispereth of heavy hearts
Which "brokenly live on."
It gleameth where devoted ones
Are sleeping side by side,
It looketh where a maiden rests
Who in her beauty died.
There is no grave in all the earth
That moonlight hath not seen;
It gazeth cold and passionless
Where agony hath been.
Yet it is well: that changeless ray
A deeper thought should throw,
When mortal love pours forth the tide
Of unavailing woe;
It teacheth us no shade of grief
Can touch the starry sky,
That all our sorrow liveth here—
The glory is on high.

LUCY HOOPER.

Miss HOOPER was born in Newburyport, Massachusetts, February 4, 1816. She was carefully trained by her father, and was wont in after life to attribute her facility in composition to the exertions of this parent. At the age of fifteen she removed with her family to Brooklyn, where the remaining ten years of her life were passed.

Most of Miss Hooper's poems were contributed to the Long Island Star, a daily paper, where they appeared signed with her initials. She was also the author of a few prose sketches, collected in a volume in 1840, with the title *Scenes from Real Life*, and a prize essay on *Domestic Happiness*.

Lucy Hooper died on Sunday, August 1, 1841. The estimation in which she was held, was touchingly shown in the numerous testimonies to her gentle excellences published after her decease, prefixed to the volume of her *Complete Poetical*

Works, published in 1848.* Among these we find verses by Whittier and Tuckerman.

Lucy Hooper was a devout member of the Episcopal Church, and many of her poems are naturally drawn from the incidents of its ritual. Others are of a descriptive or reflective character.

THE DAUGHTER OF HERODIAS.

Written after seeing, among a collection of beautiful paintings (copies from the old masters, recently sent to New York from Italy,) one representing the daughter of Herodias, bearing the head of John the Baptist on a charger, and wearing upon her countenance an expression, not of triumph, as one might suppose, but rather of soft and sorrowful remorse, as she looks upon the calm and beautiful features of her victim.

Mother! I bring thy gift,

Take from my hand the dreaded boon—I pray
Take it, the still pale sorrow of the face
Hath left upon my soul its living trace,
Never to pass away;
Since from these lips one word of idle breath
Blanch'd that calm face—oh! mother, this is death.

What is it that I see

From all the pure and settled features gleaming?
Reproach! reproach! My dreams are strange and wild;

Mother! had'st thou no pity on thy child?

Lo! a celestial smile beams softly beaming
On the hushed lips—my mother, can'st thou brook
Longer upon thy victim's face to look?

Alas! at yesternorn

My heart was light, and to the viol's sound
I gaily danced, while crowned with summer flowers,
And swiftly by me sped the flying hours,
And all was joy around:

Not death! Oh! mother, could I say thee nay?
Take from thy daughter's hand thy boon away!

Take it! my heart is sad,

And the pure forehead hath an icy chill—
I dare not touch it, for avenging Heaven
Hath shuddering visions to my fancy given,
And the pale face appals me, cold and still,
With the closed lips—oh! tell me, could I know
That the pale features of the dead were so?

I may not turn away

From the charmed brow, and I have heard his name

Even as a prophet by his people spoken—
And that high brow, in death, bears seal and token
Of one whose words were flame:

Oh! Holy Teacher! could'st thou rise and live,
Would not these hushed lips whisper, "I forgive?"

Away with lute and harp,

With the glad heart for ever, and the dance,
Never again shall tabret sound for me;
Oh! fearful mother! I have brought to thee
The silent dead, with his rebuking glance,
And the crushed heart of one, to whom are given
Wild dreams of judgment and offended Heaven!

CATHARINE LUDERS.

A NUMBER of brief poems of a delicate and simple turn of expression and of a domestic pathetic interest have appeared from time to time in the magazines and the *Literary World*, by "Emily Hermann." The author is Mrs. Catharine Luders, lately a resident of the West, in Indiana.

THE BUILDING AND BIRDS.

We are building a pleasant dwelling,
And the orchard trees are set;
Yellow violets soon will open,
With tiny streaks of jet.

The wild-cherry buds are swelling,
And the brook runs full below;
Dim harebells in the garden,
And crocuses are in blow.

In the tops of the tulip-giants,
In the red-bud and the oak,
The spring-birds are all beginning
The pleasures of home to invoke.

They've built in our little parlour,
Where the floor was lately laid,
And it pleased us to give them shelter
In the nice new nest they made.

Those merry grey forest-rangers
To the green West now have come,
Wayfarers, like us, and strangers,
To build them a pleasant home.

They've reared a domestic altar
To send up their hymns at even;
Their songs and our own may mingle
Sometimes at the gates of heaven!

PLANTING IN RAIN.

We planted them in the rain,
When the skeleton building rose,
And here we sit, in the sultry day,
Where grateful shadows close.

We read in our pleasant books,
Or help the children play,
And weave long wreaths of dandelions
When the down is blown away.

The murmuring bell we hear,
For lowing herds are nigh,
With softened twilight in our heart,
And memories gone by.

Wild doves and orioles
Build in the orchard trees,
And where, on earth, are people poor
Who greet such friends as these?

They at our porch peep in
And sing their roundelay,
While bright-eyed rabbits near the steps,
In their nimble, fearless way.

In autumn, with apron in hand,
Cornelia waits near yon tree,
To catch the fruit from the grateful root,
Here set by our brothers and me.

Thus, where dense thickets rose,
And mouldering trees have lain,
Much happiness dwells for human hearts,
Under vines that were planted in rain.

THE LITTLE FROCK.

A common light blue muslin frock
Is hanging on the wall,
But no one in the household now
Can wear a dress so small.

The sleeves are both turned inside out,
And tell of summer wear;
They seem to wait the owner's hands
Which last year hung them there.

'Twas at the children's festival
Her Sunday dress was soiled—
You need not turn it from the light—
To me it is not spoiled!

A sad and yet a pleasant thought
Is to the spirit told
By this dear little rumped thing,
With dust in every fold.
Why should men weep that to their home
An angel's love is given—
Or that before them she is gone
To blessedness in heaven!

ESTELLE ANNA LEWIS.

Mrs. Lewis was born near Baltimore, Maryland, at the country-seat of her father, Mr. J. N. Robinson, who died while his daughter was in her infancy. He was a gentleman of large fortune, and of strongly marked qualities of character. His wife was a daughter of an officer of the Revolutionary war.

Our author was educated at the Female Seminary of Mrs Willard at Troy, where she added to the usual accomplishments of a polite education, a knowledge of Latin and even the study of law. During these school days, she published a series of stories in the Family Magazine, edited by Solomon Southwick at Albany. Leaving the seminary in 1841, she was married to Mr. S. D. Lewis, a lawyer of Brooklyn, N. Y., in which city she resided till her removal to Europe in 1858.



Estelle Anna Lewis.

Her first volume of poems, chiefly lyrical, *The Records of the Heart*, was published by the Appletons in 1844.

In 1846, Mrs. Lewis published a poem, *The Broken Heart, a Tale of Hispaniola*, in the Democratic Review. *The Child of the Sea*, and *Other Poems*, appeared from the press of Mr. George P. Putnam, in 1848.

In 1849, *The Angel's Visit*, *The Orphan's Hymn*, *The Prisoner of Perote*, etc., were printed in Graham's Magazine. In 1851, appeared in the same magazine, *The Cruise of Aureana*, *Melodiana's Dream*, *Adelina to Adhemar*, a series of sonnets from the Italian, and during the same year, a series of sonnets entitled, *My Study*,

in the Literary World. In 1852, the Appletons issued the *Myths of the Minstrel*. In 1854, Mrs. Lewis published in Graham's Magazine, *Art and Artists in America*, a series of critical and biographical essays. An illustrated edition of her *Poetical Works* was published in 1857.

The poems of Mrs. Lewis are marked by a certain passionate expression, united with the study of poetic art. Besides piquant letters on travel, literature, and art, contributed to American journals under the name of "Stella," she has written three tragedies: *Helemar*; or, *The Fall of Montezuma* (N. Y., 1863); *Sappho of Lesbos*, 1868, which was accepted by Mme. Ristori; and *The King's Stratagem*; or, *The Pearl of Poland* (Trübner & Co., London, 1873). An illustrated edition of her poems was published by H. G. Bohn in 1866.

MY STUDY.

This is my world—my angel-guarded shrine,
Which I have made to suit my heart's great need,
When sorrow dooms it overmuch to bleed:
Or, when aweary and athirst I pine
For genial showers and sustenance divine;
When Love, or Hope, or Joy my heart deceives,
And I would sit me down alone to grieve—
My mind to sad or studious mood resign.
Here oft, upon the stream of thought I lie,
Floating whichever way the waves are flowing—
Sometimes along the banks of childhood going,
Where all is bud, and bloom, and melody,
Or, wafted by some stronger current, glide,
Where darker frown the steep and deeper flows the tide.

Yes, 'tis my Cáabá—a shrine below,
Where my Soul sits within its house of clay,
Listing the steps of angels come and go—
Sweet missioned Heralds from the realms of day.
One brings me rays from Regions of the sun,
One comes to warn me of some pending dart,
One brings a laurel leaf for work well done,
Another, whispers from a kindred Heart.—
Oh! this I would not change for all the gold
That lies beneath the Sacramento's waves,
For all the Jewels Indian coffers hold,
For all the Pearls in Oman's starry caves—
The lessons of all Pedagogues are naught
To those I learn within this holy Fane of thought.

Here blind old Homer teaches lofty song;
The Lesbian sings of Cupid's pinions furled,
And how the heart is withered up by wrong;
Dante depicts an infernal world,
Wide opening many a purgatorial aisle;
Torquato rings the woes of Palestine,
Alphonso's rage and Leonora's smile—
Love, Beauty, Genius, Glory all divine;
Milton depaints the bliss of Paradise,
Then flings apart the ponderous gates of Hell,
Where Satan on the fiery billow lies,
"With head uplift," above his army fell,—
And Avon's Bard, surpassing all in art,
Unlocks the portals of the human heart.

GREECE—FROM THE CHILD OF THE SEA.

Shrine of the Gods! mine own eternal Greece!
When shall thy weeds be doffed—thy mourning
cease!
The gyves that bind thy beauty rent in twain,
And thou be living, breathing Greece again!
Grave of the mighty! Hero—Poet—Sage—
Whose deeds are guiding stars to every age!
Land unsurpassed in glory and despair,
Still in thy desolation thou art fair!

Low in sepulchral dust lies Pallas' shrine—
 Low in sepulchral dust thy Fanes divine—
 And all thy visible self; y'et o'er thy clay,
 Soul, beauty, lingers, hallowing decay.

Not all the ills that war entailed on thee,
 Not all the blood that stained Thermopylæ—
 Not all the desolation traitors wrought—
 Not all the woe and want invaders brought—
 Not all the tears that slavery could wring
 From out thy heart of patient suffering—
 Not all that drapes thy loveliness in night,
 Can quench thy spirit's never-dying light;
 But hovering o'er the lust of gods enshrined,
 It beams, a beacon to the march of mind—
 An oasis to sage and bard forlorn—
 A guiding star to centuries unborn.

For thee I mourn—thy blood is in my veins—
 To thee by consanguinity's strong chains
 I'm bound and fain would die to make thee free;
 But oh! there is no Liberty for thee!
 Not all the wisdom of thy greatest One—*
 Not all the bravery of Thetis' Son—
 Not all the weight of mighty Phœbus' ire—
 Not all the magic of the Athenian's Lyre—
 Can ever bid thy tears or mourning cease
 Or rend one gyve that binds thee, lovely Greece.
 Where Corinth weeps beside Lepanto's deep,
 Her palaces in desolation sleep.
 Seated till dawn on moonlit column, I
 Have sought to probe eternal Destiny;
 I've roamed, fair Hellas, o'er thy battle-plains,
 And stood within Apollo's ruined fanes,
 Invoked the spirits of the past to wake,
 Assist with swords of fire thy chains to break;
 But only from the hollow sepulchres,
 Murmured, "Eternal slavery is hers!"
 And on thy bosom I have laid my head
 And poured my soul out—tears of lava shed;
 Before thy desecrated altars knelt,
 To calmer feelings felt my sorrows melt,
 And gladly with thee would have made my home,
 But pride and hate impelled me o'er the foam,
 To distant lands and seas unknown to roam.

THE FORSAKEN.

It hath been said, for all who die
 There is a tear;
 Some pining, bleeding heart to sigh
 O'er every bier:
 But in that hour of pain and dread
 Who will draw near
 Around my humble couch, and shed
 One farewell tear?

Who watch life's last, departing ray
 In deep despair,
 And soothe my spirit on its way
 With holy prayer?
 What mourner round my bier will come
 "In weeds of woe,"
 And follow me to my long home—
 Solemn and slow?

When lying on my clayey bed,
 In icy sleep,
 Who there by pure affection led
 Will come and weep—
 By the pale moon implant the rose
 Upon my breast,
 And bid it cheer my dark repose,
 My lowly rest?

* Lycurgus.

Could I but know when I am sleeping
 Low in the ground,
 One faithful heart would there be keeping
 Watch all night round,
 As if some gem lay shrined beneath
 The sod's cold gloom,
 'Twould mitigate the pangs of death,
 And light the tomb.

Yes, in that hour if I could feel
 From halls of glee
 And Beauty's presence *one* would steal
 In secrecy,
 And come and sit and weep by me
 In night's deep noon—
 Oh! I would ask of Memory
 No other boon.

But ah! a lonelier fate is mine—
 A deeper woe:
 From all I love in youth's sweet time
 I soon must go—
 Draw round me my cold robes of white,
 In a dark spot
 To sleep through Death's long, dreamless night,
 Lone and forgot.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

THE father of Mrs. Howe, Samuel Ward, the New York banker, whose liberality was freely expended on public-spirited and educational objects, as the Historical Society, the University, and Stuyvesant Institute of New York, was born in Rhode Island, a descendant of an old soldier of Cromwell, who settled in Newport after the



Julia Ward Howe

accession of Charles II., and who married a granddaughter of Roger Williams. Their son Richard became Governor of the State, and one of his sons, Samuel, was from 1774 to 1776 a member of the Old Continental Congress. This Samuel left a son Samuel, who served in the war of the Revolution, and was with Arnold in his expedition to Quebec. He was the grandfather of our author.

Her mother, a daughter of the late Mr. B. C. Cutler, of Boston, was a lady of poetic culture, a specimen of whose occasional verses is given in Griswold's *Female Poets of America*.

Miss Ward, after having received an education of unusual care and extent from the most accomplished teachers, was married in 1843 to the distinguished Philhellene and philanthropist of Boston, Dr. Samuel G. Howe, with whom she has resided in Europe, under peculiarly favorable opportunities for the study of foreign art and life. A volume of poems from her pen, *Passion Flowers*, published in 1854, is a striking expression of her culture, and of thoughts and experience covering a wide range of emotion, from sympathies with the "nationalities" of Europe, to "the fee griefs due to a single breast."

An appreciative critic in the *Southern Quarterly Review** has thus characterized the varying features of the book.

"The art is subordinate to the feeling; the thought more prominent than the rhyme; there is far more earnestness of feeling than fastidiousness of taste:—instead of being the result of a dalliance with fancy, these effusions are instinct with the struggle of life; they are the offspring of experience more than of imagination. They are written by a woman who knows how to think as well as to feel; one who has made herself familiar with the higher walks of literature; who has deeply pondered Hegel, Comte, Swedenborg, Goethe, Dante, and all the masters of song, of philosophy, and of faith. Thus accomplished, she has travelled, enjoyed cultivated society, and gone through the usual phases of womanly development and duty. Her muse, therefore, is no casual impulse of juvenile emotion, no artificial expression, no spasmodic sentiment; but a creature born of wide and deep reflection; of study, of sorrow, yearning, love, care, delight, and all the elements of real, and thoughtful, and earnest life."

THE CITY OF MY LOVE.

She sits upon the eternal hills,
Their crown, thrice glorious and dear,
Her voice is as a thousand tongues
Of silver fountains, gurgling clear.

Her breath is prayer, her life is love,
And worship of all lovely things;
Her children have a gracious port,
Her beggars show the blood of kings.

By old Tradition guarded close,
None doubt the grandeur she has seen;
Upon her venerable front
Is written: "I was born a Queen!"

She rules the age by Beauty's power,
As once she ruled by armed might;
The Southern sun doth treasure her
Deep in his golden heart of light.

Awe strikes the traveller when he sees
The vision of her distant dome,
And a strange spasm wrings his heart
As the guide whispers, "There is Rome!"

Rome of the Romans! where the Gods
Of Greek Olympus long held sway;
Rome of the Christians, Peter's tomb,
The Zion of our later day.

Rome, the mailed Virgin of the world,
Defiance on her brows and breast;

Rome, to voluptuous pleasure won,
Debauched, and locked in drunken rest.

Rome, in her intellectual day,
Europe's intriguing step-dame grown;
Rome, bowed to weakness and decay,
A canting, mass-frequenting crone.

Then th' unlettered man plods on,
Half chiding at the spell he feels,
The artist pauses at the gate,
And on the wondrous threshold kneels.

The sick man lifts his languid head
For those soft skies and balmy airs;
The pilgrim tries a quicker pace,
And hugs remorse, and patters prayers.

For ev'n the grass that feeds the herds
Methinks some unknown virtue yields
The very hinds in reverence tread
The precincts of the ancient fields.

But wrapt in gloom of night and death,
I crept to thee, dear mother Rome;
And in thy hospitable heart,
Found rest and comfort, health and home.

And friendships, warm and living still,
Although their dearest joys are fled;
True sympathies that bring to life
The better self, so often dead.

For all the wonder that thou wert,
For all the dear delight thou art,
Accept an homage from my lips,
That warms again a wasted heart.

And, though it seem a childish prayer,
I've breathed it oft, that when I die,
As thy remembrance dear in it,
That heart in thee might buried lie.

** Mrs. Howe published a second volume of poems, entitled *Words For the Hour*, in 1856, marked by the same passionate struggle for expression as the first. It was followed by two plays: *The World's Own*, 1857; and *Hippolytus, a Tragedy*, 1858; as well as by contributions to the *Atlantic Monthly*, the *New York Tribune*, and other periodicals. Those to the first named, depicting the details of a voyage to Cuba in company with her husband and Theodore Parker, the latter then failing in health, were gathered into a volume—*A Trip to Cuba*, 1859.

A third—and her best—volume of poems, *Later Lyrics*, appeared in 1866; comprising Poems of the War; Lyrics of the Street; Parables; Her Verses, a Metrical Romance; and Poems of Study. Her next work was: *From the Oak to the Olive; a Plain Record of a Pleasant Journey*, from London to Athens, 1868.

Of all these writings, the sublime "Battle Hymn of the Republic" has most deeply touched the popular heart, and has become an immortal part of American literature. Mrs. Howe, in a lecture at Detroit in the spring of 1871, thus detailed the circumstances of its inspiration: "I was on a visit to Washington, during the first winter of the war, with Governor Andrew and other Massachusetts friends. We had been spending the day in the soldiers' camps on the Potomac, and I heard the 'John Brown Hymn'* sung and played so often that its strains were

* "John Brown's body lies a mouldering in the grave,
John Brown's body lies a mouldering in the grave,
John Brown's body lies a mouldering in the grave,
His soul is marching on."

continually sounding in my ears. As the words in use seemed an inadequate expression of the music, I wished very much for an inspiration which would provide a fitting rendition of so beautiful a theme. But it did not come, and I retired to bed. Early in the morning, before daybreak, I awoke, and my mind in a half-dreaming state began at once to run upon the rhythm of the 'John Brown Hymn.' Very soon the words commenced fitting themselves to its measure, and the lines spun off without further effort. I said to myself, 'Now I shall lose all this unless I get it down in black and white.' I arose, groped about in the dark, got such stationery as may be found in the room of a Washington hotel, sat down, and wrote, as I frequently do, without lighting a lamp, the *Battle Hymn of the Republic*."

**** BATTLE-HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.**

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord:

He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;

He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword:

His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;

They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;

I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps.

His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel:

"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal;

Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,

Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;

He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment-seat:

Oh! be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!

Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,

With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me:

As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,

While God is marching on.

**** OUR COUNTRY.**

On primal rocks she wrote her name,
Her towers were reared on holy graves,
The golden seed that bore her came
Swift-winged with prayer o'er ocean waves.

The Forest bowed his solemn crest,
And open flung his sylvan doors:
Meek Rivers led the appointed Guest
To clasp the wide-embracing shores;

Till, fold by fold, the broidered Land
To swell her virgin vestments grew,
While Sages, strong in heart and hand,
Her virtue's fiery girdle drew.

O Exile of the wrath of Kings!

O Pilgrim Ark of Liberty!

The refuge of divinest things,

Their record must abide in thee.

First in the glories of thy front

Let the crown jewel Truth be found;

Thy right hand fling with generous wont

Love's happy chain to furthest bound.

Let Justice with the faultless scales

Hold fast the worship of thy sons,

Thy commerce spread her shining sails

Where no dark tide of rapine runs.

So link thy ways to those of God,

So follow firm the heavenly laws,

That stars may greet thee, warrior-browed,

And storm-spiced angels hail thy cause.

O Land, the measure of our prayers,

Hope of the world, in grief and wrong!

Be thine the blessing of the years,

The gift of faith, the crown of song.

**** THE PRICE OF THE DIVINA COMMEDIA.**

Give, — you need not see the face,

But the garment hangeth bare;

And the hand is gaunt and spare

That enforces Christian grace.

Many ages will not bring

Such a point as this to sight,

That the world should so requite

Master heart and matchless string.

Wonder at the well-born feet

Fretting in the flinty road.

Hath this virtue no abode?

Hath this sorrow no retreat?

See, beneath the hood of grief,

Muffled bays engird the brow.

Fame shall yield her topmost bough

Ere that laurel moult a leaf.

Give: it is no idle hand

That extends an asking palm,

Tracing yet the loftiest psalm

By the heart of Nature spanned.

In the antechamber long

Did he patient hearing crave:

Smiles and splendors crown the slave,

While the patriot suffers wrong.

Could the mighty audience deign,

Meeting once the inspired gaze,

They should ransom all their days

With the beauty of his strain.

With a spasm in his breast,

With a consummate love alone,

All his human blessings gone,

Doth he wander, void of rest.

Not a coin within his purse,

Not a crust to help his way,

Making yet a Judgment Day

With his power to bless and curse.

Give; but ask what he has given:

That Posterity shall tell, —

All the majesty of Hell;

Half the ecstasy of Heaven.

**** BLUSHES.**

I cannot make him know my love;

Nor from myself conceal

The pangs that rankle in my breast,

Sharper than flame or steel.

Could I but reach a hand to him,
My very finger's thrill
Would close, like tendrils, round the strength
Of his beloved will.

Could I but lift mine eyes to his,
My glowing soul, unrolled,
Would flash like sunset on his sight,
In fiery red and gold.

Yet pause, my unfecked soul, and think
How vexed Penelope
Forsook her nuptial joy, that love
Should wait on modesty.

For gentle souls must keep their bounds,
Nor rudely snatch at bliss:
The very sun should lose his light
In giving it amiss.

So, when I die, cross tenderly
My palms upon my breast,
And let some faithful hand compose
My tired limbs to rest.

But thou shalt fold this kerchief white,
And lay it on my face,
Saying, "She died of love untold;
But she is dead in grace."

****THE NEW EXODUS.**

"Forsake this flowery garden!" the frowning Angel
said;

"Its vines no more may feed thee, compel from
stones thy bread;
Pursue the veins deep buried that hide thy wine
and oil:

Fruit shalt thou find with sorrow, and children
rear in toil."

Oh! not in heathen vengeance the winged apostle
spoke;

Nor savage retribution the blooming fetters broke.
Man had an arm for labor, a strength to conquer
pain,

A brain to plot and study, a will to serve and reign.

That will with slow arraying confronts itself with
fate,

The pair unconscious twining the arches of the
State.

Earth keeps her fairest garlands to crown the tire-
less spade;

The fields are white with harvest, the hireling's
fee is paid.

From tented field to city, to palace, and to throne,
Man builds with work his kingdom, and makes the
world his own.

All welded with conditions is empire's golden ring:
The king must keep the peasant, the peasant feed
the king.

The word of God once spoken, from truth is never
lost;

The high command once given, earth guards with
jealous cost.

By this perplexing lesson, men build their busy
schemes:

"The way of comfort lies not, kind Eden, through
thy dreams."

I see a land before me, where manhood in its pride
Forgot the solemn sentence, the wage of toil denied:
"To wealth and lofty station some royal road must
be;

Our brother, bound and plundered, shall earn us
luxury.

One half of knowledge give him for service and
for skill,
The nobler half withholding, that moulds the
manly will:
From justice bar his pleadings, from mercy keep
his prayers;
His daughters for our pleasure, his sons to serve
our heirs."

Again the frowning Angel commandeth to depart,
With fiery scourge of terror, with want and woe
of heart;

"Go forth! the earth is weary to bear unrighteous
feet;

Release your false possession; go, work that ye
may eat.

Bring here the light of knowledge, the scale of
equal rule;

Bring the Republic's weapons, the forum and the
school:

The Dagon of your worship is broken on his shrine;
The palm of Christian mercy brings in the true
divine."

So from your southern Eden the flaming sword
doth drive;

Your lesson is appointed; go, learn how workmen
thrive!

Not sloth has fee of plenty, nor pride of stately
crest;

But thou of God beloved, O Labor crowned with
rest!

ALICE B. HAVEN,

THE author of numerous poems and tales, and of
several volumes published under the name of
"Cousin Alice," was born at Hudson, New York.



Alice B. Haven.

Her maiden name was Bradley. She early be-
came a contributor to the periodicals of the day.
In 1846 she was married to the late Joseph C.
Neal, the author of the Charcoal Sketches. Upon
his death, a few months afterwards, she took
charge of the literary department of Neal's Ga-
zette, of which her husband had been a proprietor,

and conducted it for several years with ability. Her articles, poems, tales, and sketches, appeared frequently during this time in the leading monthly magazines. A volume from her pen, *The Gossips of Rivertown, with Sketches in Prose and Verse*, was published in 1850. The main story is an illustration of the old village propensity of scandal, along with which the traits and manners of country life are exhibited in a genial, humorous way. Mrs. Haven is also the author of a series of juvenile works, published under the name of "Cousin Alice." They are stories written to illustrate various proverbial moralities, and are in a happy vein of dialogue and description, pervaded by an unobtrusive religious feeling. They are entitled, *Helen Morton's Trial; No Such Word as Fail; Contentment better than Wealth; Patient Waiting No Loss; All's not Gold that Glitters, or the Young Californian*, etc.

In 1853 Mrs. Neal was married to Mr. Samuel L. Haven, and has since resided at Mamaroneck, Westchester county, New York.

TREES IN THE CITY.

'Tis beautiful to see a forest stand,
Brave with its moss-grown monarchs and the pride
Of foliage dense, to which the south wind bland
Comes with a kiss, as lover to his bride;
To watch the light grow fainter, as it streams
Through arching aisles, where branches interlace,
Where sombre pines rise o'er the shadowy gleams
Of silver birch, trembling with modest grace.
But they who dwell beside the stream and hill,
Prize little treasures there so kindly given;
The song of birds, the babbling of the rill,
The pure unclouded light and air of heaven.
They walk as those who seeing cannot see,
Blind to this beauty even from their birth,
We value little blessings ever free,
We covet most the rarest things of earth.
But rising from the dust of busy streets,
These forest children gladden many hearts;
As some old friend their welcome presence greets
The toil-worn soul, and fresher life imparts.
Their shade is doubly grateful when it lies
Above the glare which stifling walls throw back,
Through quivering leaves we see the soft blue skies,
Then happier tread the dull, unvaried track.
And when the first fresh foliage, emerald-hued,
Is opening slowly to the sun's glad beams,
How it recalleth scenes we once have viewed,
And childhood's fair but long-forgotten dreams!
The gushing spring, with violets clustering round—
The dell where twin flowers trembled in the breeze—
The fairy visions wakened by the sound
Of evening winds that sighed among the trees.
There is a language given to the flowers—
To me, the trees "dumb oracles" have been;
As waving softly, fresh from summer showers,
Their whisper to the heart will entrance win.
Do they not teach us purity may live
Amid the crowded haunts of sin and shame,
And over all a soothing influence give—
Sad hearts from fear and sorrow oft reclaim!
And though transferred to uncongenial soil,
Perchance to breathe alone the dusty air,
Burdens with sounds of never-ceasing toil—
They rise as in the forest free and fair;
They do not droop and pine at adverse fate,
Or wonder why their lot should lonely prove,

But give fresh life to hearts left desolate,
Fit emblems of a pure, unselfish love.

THE CHURCH.

I will show thee the bride, the Lamb's wife.—REV. xxi. 9.
Clad in a robe of pure and spotless white,
The youthful bride with timid step comes forth
To greet the hand to which she plights her troth,
Her soft eyes radiant with a strange delight.
The snowy veil which circles her around
Shades the sweet face from every gazer's eye,
And thus enwrapt, she passes calmly by—
Nor casts a look but on the unconscious ground.
So should the Church, the bride elect of Heaven,—
Remembering Whom she goeth forth to meet,
And with a truth that cannot brook deceit
Holding the faith, which unto her is given—
Pass through this world, which claims her for a while,
Nor cast about her longing look, nor smile.

Mrs. Haven died at her home at Mamaroneck, August 23, 1863. Her habitual literary employments were much interrupted in her last years by illness; but she found time, in the intervals of domestic cares, and journeys undertaken for health, to add to the series of juvenile books already mentioned, the stories, *Out of Debt, Out of Danger*, and *Where There's a Will There's a Way*, and to publish occasional poems and sketches in the magazines. A deep feeling pervades these later writings, which unite with the graces of a feminine mind the earnest convictions of Christian experience. These qualities are especially observable in the portions of her private diary which have been published since her death, in an instructive and amiable biography, entitled "Cousin Alice: a Memoir of Alice B. Haven."

** Two posthumous volumes have appeared: *Good Report: Lessons for Lent*, 1867; and *Home Stories*, 1868.

CATHERINE WARFIELD—ELEANOR LEE,

"Two Sisters of the West," as they appeared on the title-page of a joint volume, *The Wife of Leon and Other Poems*, published in New York in 1843, are the daughters of the Hon. Nathaniel Ware, of Mississippi, and were born near the city of Natchez. Miss Catherine Ware was married to Mr. Warfield of Lexington, Kentucky; Miss Eleanor to Mr. Lee of Vicksburg. A second volume of their joint contribution, *The Indian Chamber and Other Poems*, appeared in 1846. The part taken by either author in the volumes is not distinguished. The poems in ballad, narrative, and reflection, exhibit a ready command of poetic language, and a prompt susceptibility to poetic impressions. They have had a wide popularity. Mrs. Lee died about 1850.

I WALK IN DREAMS OF POETRY.

I walk in dreams of poetry;
They compass me around;
I hear a low and startling voice
In every passing sound;
I meet in every gleaming star,
On which at eve I gaze,
A deep and glorious eye, to fill
My soul with burning rays.

I walk in dreams of poetry;
 The very air I breathe
 Is filled with visions wild and free,
 That round my spirit wreath;
 A shade, a sigh, a floating cloud,
 A low and whispered tone—
 These have a language to my brain,
 A language deep and lone.

I walk in dreams of poetry,
 And in my spirit bow
 Unto a lone and distant shrine,
 That none around me know,
 From every heath and hill I bring
 A garland rich and rare,
 Of flowery thought and murmuring sigh,
 To wreath mine altar fair.

I walk in dreams of poetry:
 Strange spells are on me shed;
 I have a world within my soul
 Where no one else may tread—
 A deep and wide-spread universe,
 Where spirit-sound and sight
 Mine inward vision ever greet
 With fair and radiant light.

My footsteps tread the earth below,
 While soars my soul to heaven:
 Small is my portion here—yet there
 Bright realms to me are given.
 I clasp my kindred's greeting hands,
 Walk calmly by their side,
 And yet I feel between us stands
 A barrier deep and wide.

I watch their deep and household joy
 Around the evening hearth,
 When the children stand beside each knee
 With laugh and shout of mirth.
 But oh! I feel unto my soul
 A deeper joy is brought—
 To rush with eagle wings and strong,
 Up in a heaven of thought.

I watch them in their sorrowing hours,
 When, with their spirits tossed,
 I hear them wail with bitter cries
 Their earthly prospects crossed;
 I feel that I have sorrows wild
 In my heart buried deep—
 Immortal griefs that none may share
 With me—nor eyes can weep.

And strange it is: I cannot say
 If it is wo or weal,
 That thus unto my heart can flow
 Fountains so few may feel;
 The gift that can my spirit raise
 The cold, dark earth above,
 Has flung a bar between my soul
 And many a heart I love.

Yet I walk in dreams of poetry,
 And would not change that path,
 Though on it from a darkened sky
 Were poured a tempest's wrath.
 Its flowers are mine, its deathless blooms,
 I know not yet the thorn;
 I dream not of the evening glooms
 In this my radiant morn.

Oh! still in dreams of poetry,
 Let me for ever tread,
 With earth a temple, where divine,
 Bright oracles are shed:
 They soften down the earthly ills
 From which they cannot save;
 They make a romance of our life;
 They glorify the grave.

SHE COMES TO ME.

She comes to me in robes of snow,
 The friend of all my sinless years—
 Even as I saw her long ago,
 Before she left this vale of tears.

She comes to me in robes of snow—
 She walks the chambers of my rest,
 With soundless footsteps sad and slow,
 That wake no echo in my breast.

I see her in my visions yet,
 I see her in my waking hours;
 Upon her pale, pure brow is set
 A crown of azure hyacinth flowers.

Her golden hair waves round her face,
 And o'er her shoulders gently falls:
 Each ringlet hath the nameless grace
 My spirit yet on earth recalls.

And, bending o'er my lowly bed,
 She murmurs—"Oh, fear not to die!—
 For thee an angel's tears are shed,
 An angel's feast is spread on high.

"Come, then, and meet the joy divine
 That features of the spirits wear:
 A fleeting pleasure here is thine—
 An angel's crown awaits thee there.

"Listen! it is a choral hymn"—
 And, gliding softly from my couch,
 Her spirit-face waxed faint and dim,
 Her white robes vanished at my touch.

She leaves me with her robes of snow—
 Hushed is the voice that used to thrill
 Around the couch of pain and wo—
 She leaves me to my darkness still.

**Mrs. Warfield has, in recent years, published several romances which have been widely popular. These are: *The Household of Bowverie, or The Elixir of Gold, a Romance, by a Southern Lady*, 1860; *The Romance of the Green Seal*, 1867; *The Romance of Beauvaincourt: an Episode extracted from the Retrospect of Miriam Montfort*, 1867. The latter is dedicated "to the memory of my Sister Eleanor, a Southern lady, happy to have been spared by an early death the sorrows of her country." *Miriam Montfort, A Novel*, appeared in 1873.

SARAH S. JACOBS,

BORN in Rhode Island, the daughter of a Baptist clergyman, the late Rev. Bela Jacobs, is remarkable for her learning and cultivation. She has long resided at Cambridge, Mass. There has been no collection of her writings, except the few poems which have been brought together in Dr. Griswold's *Female Poets of America*.

**She is the author of *Nonantum and Natick*, a popular history of the New England Indian tribes, 1854, reprinted under the title of *The White Oak and Its Neighbors*, 1869; and a *Memoir of Rev. B. Jacobs*.

BENEDETTA.

By an old fountain once at day's decline
 We stood. The wingéd breezes made
 Short flights melodious through the lowering vine,
 The lindens flung a golden, glimmering shade,
 And the old fountain played.
 I a stern stranger—a sweet maiden she,
 And beautiful as her own Italy.
 At length she smiled; her smile the silence broke,
 And my heart finding language thus it spoke:

"Whenever Benedetta moves,
 Motion then all Nature loves,
 When Benedetta is at rest,
 Quietness appeareth best.
 She makes me dream of pleasant things,
 Of the young corn growing;
 Of butterflies' transparent wings
 In the sunbeams rowing;
 Of the summer dawn
 Into daylight sliding;
 Of Dian's favorite fawn
 Among laurels hiding;
 Of a movement in the tops
 Of the most impulsive trees;
 Of cool, glittering drops
 God's gracious rainbow sees;
 Of pale moons; of saints
 Chanting anthems holy;
 Of a cloud that faints
 In evening slowly;
 Of a bird's song in a grove,
 Of a rosebud's love;
 Of a lily's stem and leaf,
 Of dew-silvered meadows;
 Of a child's first grief;
 Of soft-floating shadows;
 Of the violet's breath
 To the moist wind given;
 Of early death
 And heaven."

I ceased: the maiden did not stir,
 Nor speak, nor raise her bended head;
 And the green vines enfoliated her,
 And the old fountain played.
 Then from the church beyond the trees
 Chimed the bells to evening prayer:
 Fervent the devotions were
 Of Benedetta on her knees;
 And when her prayer was over,
 A most spiritual air
 Her whole form invested,
 As if God did love her,
 And his smile still rested
 On her white robe and flesh,
 So innocent and fresh—
 Touching where'er it fell
 With a glory visible.

She smiled, and crossed herself, and smiled again
 Upon the heretic's sincere "Amen!"
 "Buona notte," soft she said or sung—
 It was the same on that sweet southern tongue—
 And passed. I blessed the faultless face,
 All in composed gentleness arrayed;
 Then took farewell of the secluded place;
 And the tall lindens flung a glimmering shade
 And the old fountain played.

And this was spring. In the autumnal weather,
 One golden afternoon I wandered thither;
 And to the vineyards, as I passed along,
 Murmured this fragment of a broken song:

"I know a peasant girl serene—
 What though her home doth lowly lie!
 The woods do homage to their queen,
 The streams flow reverently nigh
 Benedetta, Benedetta!

"Her eyes, the deep, delicious blue
 The stars and I love to look through;
 Her voice the low, bewildering tone,
 Soft winds and she have made their own
 Benedetta, Benedetta!"

She was not by the fountain—but a band
 Of the fair daughters of that sunny land.

Weeping they were, and as they wept they threw
 Flowers on a grave. Then suddenly I knew
 Of Benedetta dead:
 And weeping too,
 O'er beauty perished,
 Awhile with her companions there I stood,
 Then turned and went back to my solitude;
 And the tall lindens flung a glimmering shade,
 And the old fountain played.

JANE ERMINA LOCKE.

Mrs. Jane Ermina Locke was born at Worthington, Hampshire County, Massachusetts, April 25, 1805, the daughter of Deacon Charles and Deborah Starkweather. She married Mr. John Goodwin Locke, of Ashby, Massachusetts, October 26, 1829, and in the following year removed with her husband to Buffalo, New York. In 1833, Mr. and Mrs. Locke returned to Massachusetts, and settled in Lowell, where they resided till 1849, when they removed to Boston, in which place, with her family, Mrs. Locke passed the remaining years of her life. Her constitution was always delicate, and for fifteen years before her death she suffered almost constantly from disease, to an extent which but for her energy of character and power of will would have wholly precluded the discharge of her household duties. Her disease gradually assumed a pulmonary character, and she died of consumption at Ashburnham, Massachusetts, whither she had gone a few days previously for health, March 8, 1859. She had seven children, four of whom survived her.

In person Mrs. Locke was small and delicately formed, and considerably below the medium stature. Her manners were refined and graceful, and partook largely of the simple and child-like nature that marked her mind and character. Her literary tastes were early developed. She began to write when she was fifteen, and contributed to the columns of the magazines and newspapers. In 1842 she published a volume of *Miscellaneous Poems*, which were favorably received and widely circulated. In 1844 a poem for children appeared, entitled *Rachael; or, The Little Mourner*. In 1846, a poem, entitled *Boston*, was published, a production of merit, descriptive of the moral and philanthropic associations of the city, and of the lives which have conferred honor upon it. In 1854 she wrote and gave to the public a poem called *Daniel Webster, a Rhymed Eulogy*, occasioned by the demise of the great statesman; and in the same year, *The Recalled in the Voices of the Past, and Poems of the Ideal*, made its appearance and passed to a second edition. In addition to these poems she wrote many fugitive pieces, both in prose and poetry, including reviews, critiques, essays, prefaces, introductions, stories, and letters. Among these miscellaneous articles was an extended and carefully prepared historical and biographical preface to a reprint of "The Coquette, or History of Eliza Wharton," which was republished in Boston in 1855. Mrs. Locke's writings were marked by vigor of thought and expression, by invention and imagination.

JOHN GOODWIN LOCKE.

John Goodwin Locke was born April 1, 1803, at Ashby, Middlesex County, Mass. He was educated at the Academy in New Ipswich, N. H., and studied law with his father, Hon. John Locke, of Ashby, who was a member of Congress from the Worcester North District from 1823 to 1829. Mr. Locke relinquished the law from defective vision and entered other pursuits. He resided a few years in Buffalo, N. Y., and in 1833 removed to Lowell, Mass., where he was City Auditor of Accounts and Clerk of the Council from 1840 to 1849. He removed to Boston in 1849, and was in the Custom-House there till 1853, when he was appointed General Agent of the Massachusetts Board of Alien and State Pauper Commissioners, having a general superintendence of the State charitable institutions. This office he held till 1861. The next year he was appointed a commissioner to take bail in Suffolk County, which office he long held. In 1853 he resumed the practice of the law, making the laws relating to paupers and pauper settlements and the maintenance of bastard children a specialty. While at Lowell he twice revised the ordinances of that city, and in 1862-3, in connection with Hon. George P. Sanger, he revised and consolidated all the city ordinances of Boston, and collated all the State municipal laws. In early life he wrote a number of spirited poems. He took an active part in politics for many years, being of the old Whig school, and wrote much for the papers on this subject. In 1853 he completed and published a genealogy of the Locke family, in one large octavo volume of upward of 400 pages, entitled the *Book of the Lockes*. This work had been in preparation for nearly ten years, and has been highly praised for its research, arrangement, and accuracy. He died at Boston, July 22, 1869.

ELIZABETH C. KINNEY.

Mrs. ELIZABETH C. KINNEY is a native of New York, the daughter of Mr. David L. Dodge, a merchant of the city. She is married to Mr. William B. Kinney, editor of the Newark Daily Advertiser, where, as well as in the magazines and literary journals of the day, many of her poetic compositions have appeared. In 1850, she accompanied her husband on his mission as Chargé d'Affaires to Sardinia. A fruit of her residence abroad has been a narrative poem entitled *Felicita, a Metrical Romance*; the story of a lady sold into Moorish captivity by her father, who is rescued by a slave; and after having passed through a sorrowful love adventure, dies in a convent. The numerous occasional poems of Mrs. Kinney were collected in a volume in 1867, entitled *Poems. Bianca Cappello*, a tragedy founded on Italian history, and written during her eighteen years' residence abroad, was printed in 1873.

THE SPIRIT OF SONG.

Eternal Fame! thy great rewards,
Throughout all time, shall be
The right of those old master bards
Of Greece and Italy;
And of fair Albion's favored isle,
Where Poesy's celestial smile
Hath shone for ages, gilding bright

Her rocky cliffs and ancient towers,
And cheering this New World of ours
With a reflected light.

Yet, though there be no path untrod
By that immortal race—
Who walked with Nature as with God,
And saw her face to face—
No living truth by them unsung,
No thought that hath not found a tongue
In some strong lyre of olden time—
Must every tuneful lute be still
That may not give the world a thrill
Of their great harp sublime!

Oh, not while beating hearts rejoice
In music's simplest tone,
And hear in Nature's every voice
An echo to their own!
Not till these scorn the little rill
That runs rejoicing from the hill,
Or the soft, melancholy glide
Of some deep stream through glen and glade,
Because 'tis not the thunder made
By ocean's heaving tide!

The hallowed lilies of the field
In glory are arrayed,
And timid, blue-eyed violets yield
Their fragrance to the shade;
Nor do the wayside flowers conceal
Those modest charms that sometimes steal
Upon the weary traveller's eyes
Like angels, spreading for his feet
A carpet, filled with odors sweet,
And decked with heavenly dyes.

Thus let the affluent soul of Song—
That all with flowers adorns—
Strew life's uneven path along,
And hide its thousand thorns:
Oh, many a sad and weary heart,
That treads a noiseless way apart,
Has blessed the humble poet's name
For fellowship, refined and free,
In meek wild-flowers of poesy,
That asked no higher fame!

And pleasant as the waterfall
To one by deserts bound,
Making the air all musical
With cool, inviting sound—
Is oft some unpretending strain
Of rural song, to him whose brain
Is fevered in the sordid strife
Tha' Avarice breeds 'twixt man and man,
While moving on, in caravan,
Across the sands of Life.

Yet not for these alone he sings:
The poet's breast is stirred
As by the spirit that takes wings
And carols in the bird!
He thinks not of a future name,
Nor whence his inspiration came,
Nor whither goes his warbled song:
As Joy itself delights in joy,
His soul finds life in its employ,
And grows by utterance strong.

SARA JANE LIPPINCOTT.

This lady, whose productions in prose and verse are known to the public under her *nom de plume* "Grace Greenwood," was born at Onondaga, in the State of New York, of New England parentage. Her early years were passed at Rochester, New York. Her father afterwards removed to New Brighton, a picturesquely situated village in

Beaver Co., Western Pennsylvania, where she has since chiefly resided. In 1853 she was married to Mr. Lippincott, of Philadelphia.



Grace Greenwood

Two series of *Greenwood Leaves*, portions of which were originally contributed as letters to the *New Mirror* of Messrs. Morris and Willis, have been published in Boston by Messrs. Ticknor and Co., who also issued a volume of the author's *Poetical Works* in 1851. Mrs. Lippincott has also published *Haps and Mishaps of a Tour in Europe*, including an enthusiastic account of numerous European friends of the author, and several juvenile books, *History of My Pets*, *Recollections of My Childhood* and *Merrie England*.

The prose writings of "Grace Greenwood" are animated by a hearty spirit of out-of-door life and enjoyment, and a healthy, sprightly view of society. Her poems are the expressions of a prompt, generous nature.

ARIADNE.

[The demi-god, Theseus, having won the love of Ariadne, daughter of the king of Crete, deserted her on the isle of Naxos. In Miss Bremer's "H— Family," the blind girl is described as singing, "Ariadne à Naxos," in which Ariadne is represented as following Theseus, climbing a high rock to watch his departing vessel, and calling on him in her despairing anguish.]

Daughter of Crete, how one brief hour,
Ere in thy young love's early morn,
Sends storm and darkness o'er thy bower—
Oh doomed, oh desolate, oh lorn!

The breast which pillowed thy fair head
Rejects its burden—and the eye
Which looked its love so earnestly,
Its last cold glance hath on thee shed—
The arms which were thy living zone,
Around thee closely, warmly thrown,
Shall others clasp, deserted one!

Yet, Ariadne, worthy thou
Of the dark fate which meets thee now,
For thou art grovelling in thy woe—
Arouse thee! joy to bid him go.
For god above, or man below,
Whose love's warm and impetuous tide
Cold interest or selfish pride
Can chill, or stay, or turn aside,
Is all too poor and mean a thing
One shade o'er woman's brow to fling
Of grief, regret, or fear.
To cloud one morning's rosy light,
Disturb the sweet dreams of one night,
To cause the soft lash of her eye
To droop one moment mournfully,
Or tremble with one tear!

'Tis thou should'st triumph—thou art free
From chains that bound thee for awhile—
This, this the farewell meet for thee,
Proud princess, on that lonely isle!

"Go, to thine Athens bear thy faithless name!
Go, base betrayer of a holy trust!
Oh, I could bow me in my utter shame,
And lay my crimson forehead in the dust,
If I had ever loved thee as thou art,
Folding mean falsehood to my high, true heart!"

"But thus I loved thee not. Before me bowed
A being glorious in majestic pride
And breathed his love, and passionately vowed
To worship only me, his peerless bride;
And this was thou, but crowned, enrobed, entwined
With treasures borrowed from my own rich mind.

"I knew thee not a creature of my dreams,
And my rapt soul went floating into thine;
My love around thee poured such halo beams
Had'st thou been true had made thee all divine
And I, too, seemed immortal in thy bliss,
When my glad lip thrilled to thy burning kiss.

"Shrunk and shrivelled into Theseus now
Thou stand'st—the gods have blown away
The airy crown which glittered on thy brow,
The gorgeous robes which wrapt thee for a day.
Around thee scarce one fluttering fragment clings,
A poor, lean beggar in all glorious things!

"Nor will I deign to cast on thee my hate—
It were a ray to tinge with splendour still
The dull, dim twilight of thy after fate—
Thou shalt pass from me like a dream of ill,
Thy name be but a thing that crouching stole,
Like a poor thief, all noiseless from my soul!

"Though thou hast dared to steal the sacred flame
From out that soul's high heaven, she sets thee
free,

Or only chains thee with thy sounding shame—
Her memory is no Caucasus for thee!
And even her hovering hate would o'er thee fling
Too much of glory from its shadowy wing!

"Thou think'st to leave my life a lonely night—
Ha, it is night all glorious with its stars!
Hopes yet unclouded beaming forth their light,
And free thoughts welling in their silver cars,
And queenly pride, serene, and cold, and high,
Moves the Diana of its calm, clear sky.

"If poor and humble thou believest me,
Mole of a demi-god, how blind art thou!
For I am rich in scorn to pour on thee,
And gods shall bend from high Olympus' brow,
And gaze in wonder on my lofty pride—
Naxos be hallowed, I be deified!"

On the tall cliff, where cold and pale,
Thou watchest his receding sail,

Where thou, the daughter of a king,
Wail'st like a breaking wind-harp's string—
Bend'st like a weak and wilted flower,
Before a summer evening's shower;
There should'st rear thy royal form
Like a young oak amid the storm
Uncrushed, unbowed, unruined!
Let thy last glance burn through the air,
And fall far down upon him there,
Like lightning stroke from heaven!

There should'st thou mark o'er billowy crest,
His white sail flutter and depart;
No wild fears surging at thy breast,
No vain hopes quivering round thy heart!
And this brief, burning prayer alone,
Leap from thy lips to Jove's high throne:

"Just Jove, thy wrathful vengeance stay,
And speed the traitor on his way!
Make vain the siren's silver song,
Let nereids smile the wave along!
O'er the wild waters send his barque,
Like a swift arrow to its mark!
Let whirlwinds gather at his back,
And drive him on his dastard track!
Let thy red bolts behind him burn,
And blast him should he dare to turn!"

** "Grace Greenwood" has given her later years to lectures, to correspondence for the *Tribune*, *Times*, and *Independent*, and to editing *The Little Pilgrim*, a magazine for children. Her juvenile stories have been repeatedly gathered into volumes. These are: *A Forest Tragedy, and Other Tales*, 1856; *Stories and Legends of Travel and History, for Children*, 1857; *Stories from Famous Ballads*, 1860; *Bonnie Scotland: Tales of Her History, Heroes, and Poets*, 1861; *Stories of Many Lands; Stories and Sights of France and Italy*, 1867. In the latter year a number of her graceful and more elaborate sketches were reprinted in *Records of Five Years. New Life in New Lands, a record of travels in the West*, appeared in 1873.

** THE BABY IN THE BATH-TUB — FROM RECORDS OF FIVE YEARS.

"Annie! Sophie! come up quick, and see baby in her bath-tub!" cries a charming little maiden, running down the wide stairway of an old country house, and half-way up the long hall, all in a fluttering cloud of pink lawn, her soft dimpled cheeks tinged with the same lovely morning hue. In an instant there is a stir and a gush of light laughter in the drawing-room, and presently, with a movement a little more majestic and elder-sisterly, Annie and Sophie float noisily through the hall and up the soft-carpeted ascent, as though borne on their respective clouds of blue and white drapery, and take their way to the nursery, where a novel entertainment awaits them. It is the first morning of the eldest married sister's first visit home, with her first baby; and the first baby, having slept late after its journey, is about to take its first bath in the old house.

"Well, I declare, if here isn't mother, forgetting her dairy, and Cousin Nellie, too, who must have left poor Ned all to himself in the garden, lonely and disconsolate, and I am torn from my books, and Sophie from her flowers, and all for the sake of seeing a nine-months'-old baby kicking about in a bath-tub! What simpletons we are!"

Thus Miss Annie, the *proude ladye* of the family; handsome, haughty, with perilous proclivities toward grand socialistic theories, transcendentalism, and general strong-mindedness; pledged by many a saucy vow to a life of single dignity and freedom, given to studies artistic, æsthetic, philosophic, and ethical; a student of Plato, an absorber of Emerson, an exalter of her sex, a contemner of its natural enemies.

"Simpletons, are we?" cries pretty Elinor Lee, aunt of the baby on the other side, and "Cousin Nellie" by love's courtesy, now kneeling close by the bath-tub, and receiving on her sunny braids a liberal baptism from the pure, plashing hands of babyhood, — "simpletons, indeed! Did I not once see thee, O Pallas-Athene, standing rapt before a copy of the 'Crouching Venus'? and this is a sight a thousand times more beautiful; for here we have color, action, radiant life, and such grace as the divinest sculptors of Greece were never able to entrance in marble. Just look at these white, dimpled shoulders, every dimple holding a tiny, sparkling drop, — these rosy, plashing feet and hands, — this laughing, roguish face, — these eyes, bright and blue and deep as lakes of fairy-land, — these ears, like dainty sea-shells, — these locks of gold, dripping diamonds, — and tell me what cherub of Titian, what Cupid of Greuze, was ever half so lovely. I say, too, that Raphael himself would have jumped at the chance of painting Louise, as she sits there, towel in hand, in all the serene pride and chastened dignity of young maternity, — of painting her as *Madonna*."

"Why, Cousin Nellie is getting poetical for once, over a baby in a bath-tub!"

"Well, Sophie, is n't it a subject to inspire *real* poets, to call out and yet humble the genius of painters and sculptors? Is n't it an object for the reverence of 'a glorious human creature,' — such a pure and perfect form of physical life, such a starry little soul, fresh from the hands of God? If your Plato teaches otherwise, Cousin Annie, I'm glad I've no acquaintance with that distinguished heathen gentleman; if your Carlyle, with his 'soul above buttons' and babies, would growl, and your Emerson smile icily at the sight, away with them!"

"Why, Nellie, you goose, Carlyle is 'a man and a brother,' in spite of his 'Latter-Day Pamphlets,' and no ogre. I believe he is very well disposed toward babies in general; while Emerson is as tender as he is great. Have you forgotten his 'Threnody,' in which the sob of a mortal's sorrow rises and swells into an immortal's pain? I see that baby is very lovely; I think that Louise may well be proud of her. It's a pity that she must grow up into conventionalities and all that, — perhaps become some man's plaything, or slave."

"O, don't, sister! — sufficient for the day is the *worrimt* thereof." But I think you and Nellie are mistaken about the *pride*. I am conscious of no such feeling in regard to my little Florence, but only of joy, gratitude, infinite tenderness, and solicitude."

Thus the young mother, — for the first time speaking, but not turning her eyes from the bath-tub.

"Ah, coz, it won't go! Young mothers *are* the proudest of living creatures. The sweetest and saintliest among you have a sort of subdued exultation, a meek assumption, an adorable insolence, toward the whole unmarried and childless world. I have never seen anything like it elsewhere."

"I have, in a bantam Biddy, parading her first brood in the hen-yard, or a youthful duck, leading her first little downy flock to the water."

"Ha, blasphemer! are you there?" cries Miss Nellie, with a bright smile, and a brighter blush. Blasphemer's other name is a tolerably good one, — Edward Norton, — though he is oftenest called "our Ned." He is the sole male representative of a wealthy old New England family, — the pride and darling of four pretty sisters, "the only son of his mother, and she a widow," who adores him, — "a likely youth, just twenty-one," handsome, brilliant, and standing six feet high in his stockings. Yet, in spite of all these unfavorable circumstances, he is a very good sort of a fellow. He is just home from the model college of the Commonwealth, where he learned to smoke, and, I blush to say, has a cigar in hand at this moment, just as he has been summoned from the garden by his pet sister, Kate, half wild with delight and excitement. With him comes a brother, according to the law, and after the spirit, — a young, slender, fair-haired man, but with an indescribable something of paternal importance about him. He is the other proprietor of baby, and steps forward with a laugh and a "Heh, my little water-nymph, my Iris!" and, by the bath-tub kneeling, catches a moist kiss from smiling baby lips, and a sudden wilting shower on shirt-front and collar, from moister baby hands.

Young collegian pauses on the threshold, essaying the look lofty and sarcastic, for a moment. Then his eye rests on Nellie Lee's blushing face, on the red, smiling lips, the braids of gold, sprinkled with shining drops, — meets those sweet, shy eyes, and a sudden, mysterious feeling, soft and vague and tender, floods his gay, young heart. He looks at baby again. "'Tis a pretty sight, upon my word! Let me throw away my cigar before I come nearer: it is incense too profane for such pure rites. Now give me a peep at Dian-the-less! How the little witch revels in the water! A small Undine. Jolly, is n't it, baby? Why, Louise, I did not know that Floy was so lovely, such a perfect little creature. How fair she is! Why, her flesh, where it is not rosy, is of the pure, translucent whiteness of a water-lily."

No response to this tribute, for baby has been in the water more than long enough, and must be taken out, willy, nilly. Decidedly nilly it proves; baby proceeds to demonstrate that she is not altogether cherubic, by kicking and screaming lustily, and striking out frantically with her little dripping hands. But Madonna wraps her in soft linen, rolls her and pats her, till she grows good and merry again, and laughs through her pretty tears.

But the brief storm has been enough to clear the nursery of all save grandmama and Auntie Kate, who draw nearer to witness the process of drying and dressing. Tenderly the mother rubs the dainty, soft skin, till every dimple gives up its last hidden droplet; then, with many a kiss, and smile, and coo, she robes the little form in fairy-like garments of cambric, lace, flannel, soft as a moth's wing, and delicate embroidery. The small, restless feet are caught, and encased in comical little hose, and shod with Titania's own slippers. Then the light golden locks are brushed and twined into tendril-like curls, and lo! the beautiful labor of love is finished. Baby is bathed and dressed for the day.

"Well, she is a beauty! I don't wonder you and Charles are proud of her. O, Louise, if your father

could have seen her! She is very like our first baby, the one we lost, at nearly — yes, just about her age." Here grandmama goes out, tearful, having sped unconscious her Parthian shaft; while, with a quick sob, which is neither for the father long dead, nor the sister never known, the young mother clasps her treasure closer and murmurs, "O, my darling, my love, my sweetest, sweetest one! stay with me always, always! O, I would that I could guard and shield you from every pain, every grief, — make your sweet life all beauty, love, and joy!"

Baby hardly understands this burst of sensibility, but the passionate embrace reminds her of something. She asks and receives. Like a bee on a lily-flower, she clings to the fair, sweet breast, murmuring contentedly now and then. Presently, the gurgling draughts grow less eager, the little hands cease to wander restlessly over the smooth, unmantled neck. The little head is thrown back, the blue eyes look with a satisfied smile into the brooding mother-face.

Next, her lips all moist with the white nectar, baby is given, with many an anxious injunction, into the eager arms of Auntie Kate, who, followed by a supernumerary nurse, bears her in triumph down hall and stairway, and out into a garden, all glorious and odorously with a thousand roses.

Here, on a shawl, gay-colored and soft, spread on the grass, under an acacia-tree, the little Queen of Hearts is deposited at last. Here she rolls and tumbles, and sends out shrill, sweet peals of laughter, as auntie and nurse pelt her with rose-buds and clover-tufts. Sometimes an adventurous spirit seizes her; she creeps energetically beyond shawl-bounds, her little province of Cashmere, makes a raid into the tall, inviting grass, clutches ruthlessly at butter-cups, breaks into nurseries of pale pansies, and decapitates whole families of daisies at a grasp. Sometimes, tired of predatory incursions, she lies on her back, and listens in a luxurious, lazy ecstasy to the gush of the fountain and the song of the robin, or watches the golden butterflies, coming from and going to nobody knows where, as though they had suddenly bloomed out of the sunshine, and died away into it again.

Away down the garden, in the woodbine arbor, by the little brook, sit the young collegian and fair Nellie Lee, talking very low, but very earnestly, on a subject vastly interesting to them, doubtless, for they seem to have quite forgotten baby. Yet her presence in the garden hallows the very air for them, gives a new joy and beauty to life, new sweetness to love.

The golden summer morning wears on. Papa is away with his fishing-rod; mamma sits at a window overlooking the garden, embroidering a dainty little robe, and under her cunning fingers the love of her heart and a thousand tender thoughts grow slowly into delicate white shapes of leaf and flower; grandmama is about her household duties, the tears of sad memory wiped from her eyes, and the light of the Christian's calm hope relit therein; Annie is in the library with Plato, but unusual softness lurks about her mouth, and she looks off her book now and then, and throws about her a strange, wandering glance, dreamy and tender to sadness; her sisters are in the drawing-room at their music, gay as birds; the lovers are we know where; and baby is still under the acacia-tree. But the white lids are beginning to droop a little heavily over the sweet blue eyes, and she will soon drop away into baby dream-land.

All nature blooms, and shines, and sounds gently

and lovingly, to humor her delicate senses; human love the richest and tenderest is round about her, within reach of her imperious little voice. God breathes himself into her little heart through all things,—love, light, food, sunshine, fragrance, and soft airs. All is well within and without the child, as all should be for all children under the sun, for every sinless, helpless little immortal, the like of whom Christ the Lord took into his tender arms and blessed. But how is it, dainty baby Floyd, with thousands of thy brothers and sisters, as lovely and innocent as thou? Are there not such, to whom human love and care is denied, to whom nature seems unkind, of whom God seems forgetful, for whom even Christ's blessing is made of no avail?

****THE YOSEMITE VALLEY—FROM NEW LIFE IN NEW LANDS.**

At the beginning, I would say, Let all mere lovers of pleasure, fond of benders and unbenders, all *bon vivants*, all dainty and dandiacal people, all aged, timid, and feeble people, all people without a disciplined imagination, keep away from the Yosemite. The entire trip will prove to all such a disappointment and a drag, weariness, and hardship, and the valley itself a great hollow mockery of wild, vague, extravagant hopes—the biggest man-trap of the world. When you hear a traveller ask of the Yosemite, "Does it pay?" you may set him down as not fit to go there. But to men and women of simple minds, to healthy, happy natures, to brave and reverential souls, in sound, unpanpered bodies, to "spirits finely touched," I would say at the beginning and finally, Come to the Yosemite, though you have compassed the world all but this; come for the crowning joys of years of pleasant travel; come and see what Nature, high-priestess of God, has prepared for them who love her, in the white heights and dark depths of the Sierras, in the profound valley itself, the temple of her ancient worship, with thunderous cataracts for organs, and silver cascades for choirs, and wreathing clouds of spray for perpetual incense, and rocks three thousand feet high for altars. . . .

The only drawback to the enjoyment of the ladies of our party was the discovery that the great Chicago monopoly had, by the means of an *avant-courier* despatched before daylight on a fiery mule, secured all the side-saddles, and that we must tarry there indefinitely, or take to the Mexican saddle, and riding *en cavalier*, both for our excursion to the Big Trees and our longer journey into the valley. So, with a tear for the modest traditions of our sex, and a shudder at the thought of the figures we should present, we four brave women accepted the situation, and, for the nonce, rode as woman used to ride in her happy, heroic days, before Satan, for her entanglement and enslavement, invented trained skirts, corsets, and side-saddles. We were fortunately provided with strong mountain suits of dark flannel and waterproof, which fitted us for this emergency, and for any rough climbing we had a fancy for; and that was not a little. Well, after a trial of some fifteen miles the first day, and twenty-six the second, we all came to the conclusion that this style of riding is the safest, easiest, and therefore the most sensible, for long mountain expeditions, and for steep, rough, and narrow trails. If Nature intended woman to ride horseback at all, she doubtless intended it should be after this fashion, otherwise

we should have been a sort of land variety of the mermaid. . . .

Only a few miles from Paragoy's, and we were on Inspiration Point, looking down on the mighty Mecca of our pilgrimage,—on awful depth and vastness, wedded to unimagined brightness and loveliness,—a sight that appalled, while it attracted; a sublime terror; a beautiful abyss; the valley of the shadow of God!

It seemed to me as I gazed, that here was Nature's last, most cunning hiding-place for her utmost sublimities, her rarest splendors. Here she had worked her divinest miracles with water and sunlight,—lake, river, cataract, cascade, spray, mist, and rainbows by the thousand. It was but a little strip of smiling earth to look down on, after all; but ah! the stupendousness of its surroundings! There were arched and pillared rocks, so massive, so immense, it seemed they might have formed the foundation-walls of a continent; and domes so vast they seemed like young worlds rounding out of chaos.

The trail down from Inspiration Point is steep, rough, and somewhat perilous for inexperienced riders; but I prefer it, for its variety, and cool, shadowy places, to the shorter new trail by Glacier Point, which is wide, even, monotonously good, and almost wholly without shade. On our way down, our guide pointed out to us a large hollow tree fitted up with modern conveniences, in which a real hermit had kept house for some years. Disappointed in love or politics, he retired from the world to this rather public spot, where, finally, he died by his own hand. He left a large trunk, but with little in it.

This trail enters the valley near the Bridal Veil. Beautiful Pohono had dressed herself royally in rainbows to receive us. The sight of this fall, in the height of its summer glory, and the surpassing loveliness of the valley through all the five miles that remained for us to ride, charmed away our fatigue and restored us to vigor and gayety. We forded countless streams, cold as snow and bright as sunshine; we passed through forests of blooming azaleas and sweet wild roses and wondrous ferns, grand natural parks of oak and cedar, groves and avenues of locusts and pines,—indeed, of all sorts of trees; for the variety of foliage in the valley is wonderful. Much of the way we rode along the rapid Merced, a passionate, tumultuous stream, pushed on by cataracts. We readily recognized all the great rocks, from Watkins's magnificent photographs,—the "Sentinel," the "Three Graces," the "Cathedral Spires," the "Three Brothers," and "El Capitan," bluff and lordly, shouldering his way to the front. At the second hotel—Black's—dear friends ran out to meet us with a joyous greeting, and we felt at home even before we reached our pleasant quarters at the Hutchings House, and received from Mr. Hutchings the hearty, happy welcome he so well knows how to give. . . .

The Bridal Veil is my favorite Yosemite cataract. There is for me a tender, retrospective charm in the name. Just opposite to the Bridal Veil is the lovely little trickling cascade called the Virgin's Tears. Had the sight of the floating, floating Veil anything to do with that lachrymose condition? We, who reached the Veil, lingered about it for hours,—read and slept, botanized and shouted poetry in each other's ears. When the rainbows came, we went far up into the very heart of the splendor. We could have jumped through

the radiant hoops like circus performers. Of course, we got well soaked with the spray, and had to hang ourselves out on the rocks to dry.

ALICE CARY — PHEBE CARY.

ALICE CARY was born in Mount Healthy, near Cincinnati, in 1822. She first attracted notice as a writer by a series of sketches of rural life in the *National Era*, with the signature of Patty Lee. In 1850 she published, with her younger sister Phebe, a volume of *Poems* at Philadelphia.

A volume of prose sketches—*Clovernook, or Recollections of Our Neighborhood in the West*—followed in 1851. A second series of these pleasant papers appeared in 1853. A third gleaned from the same field, for the benefit of more youthful readers, was made in 1855 in *Clovernook Children. Lyra, and Other Poems*, was published in 1852; followed by *Hagar, a Story of To-day*, in 1853. She has since published two other stories—*Married, not Mated*, and *Hollywood*—and a new collection of *Poems* in 1855.

Miss Alice Cary has rapidly attained a deservedly high position. Her poems are thoughtful, forcible, and melodiously expressed. In common with her prose writings, they are drawn from her own observation of life and nature.

PICTURES OF MEMORY.

Among the beautiful pictures
That hang on Memory's wall,
Is one of a dim old forest,
That seemeth best of all:
Not for its gnarled oaks olden,
Dark with the mistletoe;
Not for the violets golden
That sprinkle the vale below;
Not for the milk-white lilies
That lean from the fragrant hedge,
Coquetting all day with the sunbeams,
And stealing their golden edge;
Not for the vines on the upland
Where the bright red berries rest,
Nor the pinks, nor the pale, sweet cowslip,
It seemeth to me the best.

I once had a little brother,
With eyes that were dark and deep—
In the lap of that old dim forest
He lieth in peace asleep:
Light as the down of the thistle,
Free as the winds that blow,
We roved there the beautiful summers
The summers of long ago;
But his feet on the hills grew weary,
And, one of the autumn eves,
I made for my little brother
A bed of the yellow leaves.

Sweetly his pale arms folded
My neck in a meek embrace,
As the light of immortal beauty
Silently covered his face:
And when the arrows of sunset
Lodged in the tree-tops bright,
He fell, in his saint-like beauty,
Asleep by the gates of light.

Therefore, of all the pictures
That hang on Memory's wall,
The one of the dim old forest
Seemeth the best of all.

MULBERRY HILL.

Oh, sweet was the eve when I came from the mill,
Adown the green windings of Mulberry Hill:
My heart like a bird with its throat all in tune,
That sings in the beautiful bosom of June.

For there, at her spinning, beneath a broad tree,
By a rivulet shining and blue as the sea,
I first saw my Mary—her tiny feet bare,
And the buds of the sumach among her black hair.

They called me a bold enough youth, and I would
Have kept the name honestly earned, if I could;
But, somehow, the song I had whistled was hushed,
And, spite of my manhood, I felt that I blushed.

I would tell you, but words cannot paint my delight,

When she gave the red buds for a garland of white,
When her cheek with soft blushes—but no, 'tis in vain!

Enough that I loved, and she loved me again.

Three summers have come and gone by with their charms,

And a cherub of purity smiles in my arms,
With lips like the rosebud and locks softly light
As the flax which my Mary was spinning that night.

And in the dark shadows of Mulberry Hill,
By the grass-covered road where I came from the mill,

And the rivulet shining and blue as the sea,
My Mary lies sleeping beneath the broad tree.

NOBILITY.

Hilda is a lofty lady,

Very proud is she—

I am but a simple herdsman

Dwelling by the sea.

Hilda hath a spacious palace,

Broad, and white, and high;

Twenty good dogs guard the portal—

Never house had I.

Hilda hath a thousand meadows—

Boundless forest lands:

She hath men and maids for service—

I have but my hands.

The sweet summer's ripest roses

Hilda's cheeks outvie—

Queens have paled to see her beauty—

But my beard have I.

Hilda from her palace windows

Looketh down on me,

Keeping with my dove-brown oxen

By the silver sea.

When her dulcet harp she playeth,

Wild birds singing nigh,

Cluster, listening, by her white hands—

But my reed have I.

I am but a simple herdsman,

With nor house nor lands;

She hath men and maids for service—

I have but my hands.

And yet what are all her crimson

To my sunset sky—

With my free hands and my manhood

Hilda's peer am I.

MISS PHEBE CARY has, like her sister, been a frequent contributor to the periodicals of the day. She published in 1854 a volume of *Poems and Parodies*.

COMING HOME.

How long it seems since first we heard
The cry of "land in sight!"
Our vessel surely never sailed
So slowly till to-night.
When we discerned the distant hills,
The sun was scarcely set,
And, now the noon of night is passed,
They seem no nearer yet.

Where the blue Rhine reflected back
Each frowning castle wall,
Where, in the forest of the Hartz,
Eternal shadows fall—
Or where the yellow Tiber flowed
By the old hills of Rome—
I never felt such restlessness,
Such longing for our home.

Dost thou remember, oh, my friend,
When we beheld it last,
How shadows from the setting sun
Upon our cot were cast?
Three summer-times upon its walls
Have shone for us in vain;
But oh, we're hastening homeward now,
To leave it not again.

There, as the last star dropped away
From Night's imperial brow,
Did not our vessel "round the point!"
The land looks nearer now!
Yes, as the first faint beams of day
Fell on our native shore,
They're dropping anchor in the bay,
We're home, we're home once more!

** The Cary sisters made their home in New York city, for many years, the centre of one of the choicest literary and art circles of that metropolis. They earned a living by the pen, a pure and womanly pen, and in time secured a competence for their wants. They were enabled to gather a library rich in standard works, to gratify their refined tastes, and to relieve the needy with their charity. Although Alice was "pensive and tender," while Phœbe was "witty and gay," the former, strong in energy and patience, bore the chief responsibility of their household, and thus allowed her sister, more passive and feminine in temperament, to consult her moods in writing. Beside two books of prose—*Pictures of Country Life*, 1859, a series of tales, and *The Bishop's Son, a Novel*, 1867—an edited volume, *Epitaphs for Monumental Inscriptions from Approved Authors*, 1865, and *Snow-Berries, A Book for Young Folks*, 1867, Alice has also written *Ballads, Lyrics, and Hymns*, 1866, the standard selection of her poetry, which contains some of the sweetest minor poems in the language, and *The Lover's Diary*, 1868. The latter begins with "Dreamland," and ranges with a series of exquisite lyrics of love through the phases of rhapsody, rejection, despair, hope, and betrothal, to married life. She also left a novel completed in manuscript. Phœbe, besides aiding her pastor, Dr. Charles F. Deems, in editing *Hymns for all Christians*, 1869, prepared *Poems of Faith, Hope, and Love*, in 1868, a worthy companion volume to her sister's works. "Beside, Alice and Phœbe left, at their death, poems enough uncollected to give each name two added volumes, one, together, a

book of child-poems. The disparity in the actual intellectual product of the two sisters, in the same number of years, is very striking. It is the result, not so much of mental inequality, as of the compelling will, energy, industry, and the patience of labor of the elder sister."*

The two sisters, who ever treated each other with considerate love and delicacy, were one in spirit through life, and in death were not long divided. Alice Cary, after months of hopeless illness, died at her home in New York city, February 12, 1871, in her fifty-first year. She was buried, after commemorative services at the Church of the Strangers, in Greenwood Cemetery. Phœbe, in the sorrow of this bereavement, wrote the touching verses entitled "Light," and confidently said to a friend: "Alice, when she was here, always absorbed me, and she absorbs me still; I feel her constantly drawing me." She died at Newport, Rhode Island, July 31, 1871, aged forty-seven, and was laid at rest by her sister's side.

** LIGHT.

While I hid mine eyes, I feared;
The heavens in wrath seemed bowed;
I look, and the sun with a smile breaks forth,
And a rainbow spans the cloud.

I thought the winter was here,
That the earth was cold and bare,
But I feel the coming of birds and flowers,
And the spring-time in the air.

I said that all the lips
I ever had kissed were dumb;
That my dearest ones were dead and gone,
And never a friend would come.

But I hear a voice as sweet
As the fall of summer showers;
And the grave that yawned at my very feet
Is filled to the top with flowers!

As if 't were the midnight hour,
I sat with gloom opprest;
When a light was breaking out of the east,
And shining unto the west.

I heard the angels call
Across from the beautiful shore;
And I saw a look in my darling's eyes,
That never was there before.

Transfigured, lost to me,
She had slipped from my embrace;
Now, lo! I hold her fast once more,
With the light of God on her face!

** NEARER HOME—FROM POEMS OF FAITH, HOPE, AND LOVE.

One sweetly solemn thought,
Comes to me o'er and o'er;
I am nearer home to-day
Than I ever have been before;

Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea;

Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down;

* A Memorial of Alice and Phœbe Cary, with some of their Later Poems. By Mary Clemmer Ames, 1873.

Nearer leaving the cross,
Nearer gaining the crown!

But lying darkly between,
Winding down through the night,
Is the silent, unknown stream,
That leads at last to the light.

Closer and closer my steps
Come to the dread abyss:
Closer Death to my lips
Presses the awful chrisim.

Oh, if my mortal feet
Have almost gained the brink;
If it be I am nearer home
Even to-day than I think;

Father, perfect my trust;
Let my spirit feel in death,
That her feet are firmly set
On the rock of a living faith!

** A WOMAN'S CONCLUSIONS.

I said, if I might go back again
To the very hour and place of my birth;
Might have my life whatever I chose,
And live it in any part of the earth;

Put perfect sunshine into my sky,
Banish the shadow of sorrow and doubt;
Have all my happiness multiplied,
And all my suffering stricken out;

If I could have known in the years now gone,
The best that a woman comes to know;
Could have had whatever will make her blest,
Or whatever she thinks will make her so;

Have found the highest and purest bliss
That the bridal-wreath and ring inclose;
And gained the one out of all the world,
That my heart as well as my reason chose:

And if this had been, and I stood to-night
By my children, lying asleep in their beds,
And could count in my prayers, for a rosary,
The shining row of their golden heads;

Yea! I said, if a miracle such as this
Could be wrought for me, at my bidding, still
I would choose to have my past as it is,
And to let my future come as it will!

I would not make the path I have trod
More pleasant or even, more straight or wide;
Nor change my course the breadth of a hair,
This way or that way, to either side.

My past is mine, and I take it all;
Its weakness — its folly, if you please;
Nay, even my sins, if you come to that,
May have been my helps, not hindrances!

If I saved my body from the flames
Because that once I had burned my hand;
Or kept myself from a greater sin
By doing a less — you will understand;

It was better I suffered a little pain,
Better I sinned for a little time,
If the smarting warned me back from death,
And the sting of sin withheld from crime.

Who knows its strength, by trial, will know
What strength must be set against a sin;
And how temptation is overcome
He has learned, who has felt its power within!

And who knows how a life at the last may show?
Why, look at the moon from where we stand!

Opaque, uneven, you say; yet it shines,
A luminous sphere, complete and grand!

So let my past stand, just as it stands,
And let me now, as I may, grow old;
I am what I am, and my life for me
Is the best — or it had not been, I hold.

** GATHERING BLACKBERRIES.

Little Daisy smiling wakes
From her sleep as morning breaks,
Why, she knoweth well;
Yet if you should ask her, surely
She would answer you demurely,
That she cannot tell.

Careful Daisy, with no sound,
Slips her white feet to the ground,
Saying, very low,
She must rise and help her mother,
And be ready, if her brother
Needs her aid, to go!

Foolish Daisy, o'er her lips
Only that poor falsehood slips,
Truth is in her cheeks;
Her own words cannot deceive her,
Her own heart will not believe her,
In a blush it speaks.

Daisy knows that, when the heat
Dries the dew upon the wheat,
She will be away;
She and Ernest, just another
Who, she says, is like a brother,
Making holiday.

For the blackberries to-day
Will be ripe, the reapers say,
Ripe as they can be;
And not wholly for the pleasure,
But lest others find the treasure,
She must go and see.

Eager Daisy, at the gate
Meeting Ernest, scarce can wait,
But she checks her heart;
And she says, her soft eyes beaming,
With an innocent, grave seeming:
"Is it time to start?"

Cunning Daisy tries to go
Very womanly and slow,
And to act so well
That, if any one had seen them,
With the dusty road between them,
What was there to tell?

Happy Daisy, when they gain
The green windings of the lane;
Where the hedge is thick;
For they find, beneath its shadow,
Wild sweet roses in the meadow,
More than they can pick.

Bending low, and rising higher,
Scarlet pinks their lamps of fire
Lightly swing about;
And the wind that blows them over
Out of sight among the clover,
Seems to blow them out!

Doubting Daisy, as she hies
Toward the field of berries, cries:
"What if they be red?"
Black and ripe they find them rather,
Black and ripe enough to gather,
As the reapers said.

Lucky Daisy, Ernest finds
Berries for her in the vines,
Hidden where she stands;
And with fearless arm he pushes
Back the cruel, briery bushes,
That would hurt her hands.

He would have her hold her cup
Just for him to fill it up,
But away she trips;
Picking daintily, she lingers
Till she dyes her pretty fingers
Redder than her lips.

Thoughtful Daisy, what she hears,
What she hopes, or what she fears,
Who of us can tell?
For if, going home, she carries
Richer treasure than her berries,
She will guard it well!

Puzzled Daisy does not know
Why the sun, who rises slow,
Hurries overhead:
He, that lingered at the morning,
Drops at night with scarce a warning
On his cloudy bed.

All too narrow at the start
Seemed the path, they kept apart,
Though the way was rough;
Now the path, that through the hollow,
Closely side by side they follow,
Seemeth wide enough.

Hopeful Daisy, will the days
That are brightening to her gaze
Brighter grow than this?
Will she, mornings without number,
Wake up restless from her slumber,
Just for happiness?

Will the friend so kind to-day,
Always push the thorns away,
With which earth is rife?
Will he be her true, true lover,
Will he make her cup run over
With the wine of life?

Blessèd Daisy, will she be,
If above mortality
Thus she stands apart;
Cursèd, if the hand, unsparing,
Let the thorns fly backward, tearing
All her bleeding heart!

Periled Daisy, none can know
What the future has to show;
There must come what must;
But, if blessings be forbidden,
Let the truth awhile be hidden —
Let her hope and trust.

Let all women born to weep,
Their hearts breaking — all who keep
Hearts still young and whole,
Pray, as fearing no denying,
Pray, with me, as for the dying,
For this maiden's soul!

Yet all in the golden and gracious light
Of a cloud, when the summer sun is down.
Alway and alway, night and morn,
Woods upon woods, with fields of corn
Lying between them, not quite sere,
And not in the full, thick, leafy bloom,
When the wind can hardly find breathing-room

Under their tassels, — cattle near,
Biting shorter the short green grass,
And a hedge of sumach and sassafras,
With bluebirds twittering all around, —
(Ah, good painter, you can't paint sound!) —

These, and the house where I was born,
Low and little, and black and old,
With children, as many as it can hold,
All at the windows, open wide, —
Heads and shoulders clear outside,
And fair young faces all ablush:

Perhaps you may have seen, some day,
Roses crowding the self-same way,
Out of a wilding, wayside bush.

Listen closer. When you have done
With woods and cornfields and grazing herds,
A lady, the loveliest ever the sun
Looked down upon you must paint for me:
Oh, if I only could make you see

The clear blue eyes, the tender smile,
The sovereign sweetness, the gentle grace,
The woman's soul, and the angel's face,
That are beaming on me all the while,
I need not speak these foolish words:
Yet one word tells you all I would say, —
She is my mother: you will agree
That all the rest may be thrown away.

Two little urchins at her knee
You must paint, sir: one like me, —
The other with a clearer brow,
And the light of his adventurous eyes
Flashing with boldest enterprise:
At ten years old he went to sea, —
God knoweth if he be living now, —
He sailed in the good ship "Commodore," —
Nobody ever crossed her track
To bring us news, and she never came back.
Ah, 'tis twenty long years and more
Since that old ship went out of the bay
With my great-hearted brother on her deck:
I watched him till he shrank to a speck,
And his face was toward me all the way.
Bright his hair was, a golden brown,
The time we stood at our mother's knee:
That beauteous head, if it did go down,
Carried sunshine into the sea!

Out in the fields one summer night
We were together, half afraid
Of the corn-leaves' rustling, and of the shade
Of the high hills, stretching so still and far, —
Loitering till after the low little light
Of the candle shone through the open door,
And over the hay-stack's pointed top,
All of a tremble and ready to drop,
The first half-hour, the great yellow star,
That we, with staring, ignorant eyes,
Had often and often watched to see
Propped and held in its place in the skies
By the fork of a tall red mulberry-tree,
Which close in the edge of our flax-field grew, —
Dead at the top, — just one branch full
Of leaves, notched round, and lined with wool,
From which it tenderly shook the dew
Over our heads, when we came to play
In his handbreadth of shadow, day after day.
Afraid to go home, Sir; for one of us bore

** AN ORDER FOR A PICTURE — FROM BALLADS, LYRICS,
AND HYMNS.

O good painter, tell me true,
Has your hand the cunning to draw
Shapes of things that you never saw?
Ay? Well, here is an order for you.

Woods and cornfields, a little brown, —
The picture must not be over-bright, —

A nest full of speckled and thin-shelled eggs,—
The other, a bird, held fast by the legs,
Not so big as a straw of wheat:
The berries we gave her she would n't eat,
But cried and cried, till we held her bill,
So slim and shining, to keep her still.

At last we stood at our mother's knee.

Do you think, Sir, if you try,
You can paint the look of a lie?
If you can, pray have the grace
To put it solely in the face

Of the urchin that is likeliest me:

I think 't was solely mine, indeed:
But that's no matter,—paint it so;
The eyes of our mother—(take good heed)—
Looking not on the nest-full of eggs,
Nor the fluttering bird, held so fast by the legs,
But straight through our faces down to our lies,
And, oh, with such injured, reproachful surprise!
I felt my heart bleed where that glance went,
As though

A sharp blade struck through it.

You, Sir, know
That you on the canvas are to repeat
Things that are fairest, things most sweet,—
Woods and cornfields and mulberry-tree,—
The mother,—the lads, with their bird, at her knee:
But, oh, that look of reproachful woe!
High as the heavens your name I'll shout,
If you paint me the picture, and leave that out.

** THE SUMMER STORM.

At noon-time I stood in the door-way to see
The spots, burnt like blisters, as white as could be,
Along the near meadow, shored in like a wedge
Betwixt the high-road, and the stubble-land's edge.

The leaves of the elm-tree were dusty and brown,
The birds sat with shut eyes and wings hanging
down;

The corn reached its blades out, as if in the pain
Of crisping and scorching it felt for the rain.

Their meek faces turning away from the sun,
The cows waded up to their flanks in the run,
The sheep, so herd-loving, divided their flocks,
And singly lay down by the sides of the rocks.

At sunset there rose and stood black in the east
A cloud with the forehead and horns of a beast,
That quick to the zenith went higher and higher,
With feet that were thunder and eyes that were fire.

Then came a hot sough, like a gust of his breath,
And the leaves took the tremble and whiteness of
death,—

The dog, to his master, from kennel and kin,
Came whining and shaking, with back crouching in.

At twilight the darkness was fearful to see:
"Make room," cried the children, "O mother,
for me!"

As climbing her chair, and her lap, with alarm,
And whisper,— "Was there ever seen such a
storm!"

At morning, the run where the cows cooled their
flanks

Had washed up a hedge of white roots from its
banks;

The turnpike was left a blue streak, and each side
The gutters like rivers ran muddy and wide.

The barefooted lad started merry to school,
And the way was the nearest that led through the
pool;

The red-bird wore never so shining a coat,
Nor the pigeon so glossy a ring on her throat.

The teamster sat straight in his place, for the nonce,
And sang to his sweetheart and team, both at once;
And neighbors shook hands o'er the fences that day,
And talked of their homesteads instead of their hay.

** THE BRIDAL VEIL.

We're married, they say, and you think you have
won me,—

Well, take this white veil from my head, and look
on me:

Here's matter to vex you, and matter to grieve you,
Here's doubt to distrust you, and faith to believe
you,—

I am all as you see, common earth, common dew;
Be wary, and mould me to roses, not rue!

Ah! shake out the filmy thing, fold after fold,
And see if you have me to keep and to hold,—
Look close on my heart—see the worst of its sin-
ning—

It is not yours to-day for the yesterday's winning—
The past is not mine—I am too proud to borrow—
You must grow to new heights if I love you to-
morrow.

We're married! I'm plighted to hold up your
praises,

As the turf at your feet does its handful of daisies;
That way lies my honor,—my pathway of pride,
But, mark you, if greener grass grow either side,
I shall know it, and keeping in body with you,
Shall walk in my spirit with feet on the dew!

We're married! Oh, pray that our love do not fail!
I have wings flattened down and hid under my veil:
They are subtle as light—you can never undo them,
And swift in their flight—you can never pursue
them,

And spite of all clasping, and spite of all bands,
I can slip like a shadow, a dream, from your hands.

Nay, call me not cruel, and fear not to take me,
I am yours for my lifetime, to be what you make
me,—

To wear my white veil for a sign, or a cover,
As you shall be proven my lord, or my lover;
A cover for peace that is dead, or a token
Of bliss that can never be written or spoken.

** MONA, SEVEN YEARS OLD.

When I remember the time we met,
I pause for a little, and give God praise,
That he, of his grace, in my life has set
That gladdest, goldenest day of my days.

Breaking out of her homespun gown,
Just like a wild-flower out of its bur;
Legs bare to the knees, and the shoulders down
To the waist, I marvelled and mused at her

Her hands had been kissed and kissed by the sun
Brown as berries: she held her hair
Away from her dove-like eyes with one,
And stared at me, straight as eyes could stare,

One moment,—then, being well content,
She dropt the tresses, that over the white,
Clear brow and sweet eyes came and went
Like shadows blowing across the light.

"A picture, such as the painter loves,"
I said, and passed, but she would not stay;
Those sweet eyes staring, round as a dove's,
Held me and haunted me all the day.

One foot on the other, bare and brown, —
 The shining fall of her dead-leaf hair, —
 Legs and shoulders out of her gown, —
 She held me and haunted me, everywhere.

**IN DESPAIR.

The sun comes up and the sun goes down,
 And day and night are the same as one;
 The year grows green and the year grows brown,
 And what is it all, when all is done!
 Grains of sombre, or shining sand
 Sliding into or out of the hand.

And men go down in ships to the seas,
 And a hundred ships are the same as one;
 Backward and forward blows the breeze,
 And what is it all, when all is done!
 A tide, with never a shore in sight,
 Setting steadily on to the night.

The fisher droppeth his net in the stream,
 And a hundred streams are the same as one;
 And the maiden dreameth her love-lit dream,
 And what is it all, when all is done!
 The net of the fisher, the burden breaks,
 And alway the dreaming, the dreamer wakes.

**MONA'S MOTHER.

In the porch that brier-vines smother,
 At her wheel, sits Mona's mother.
 O, the day is dying bright!
 Roseate shadows, silver dimming,
 Ruby lights through amber swimming,
 Bring the still and starry night.

Sudden she is 'ware of shadows
 Going out across the meadows
 From the slowly sinking sun, —
 Going through the misty spaces
 That the rippling ruby laces, —
 Shadows, like the violets tangled,
 Like the soft light, softly mingled,
 Till the two seem just as one!
 Every tell-tale wind doth waft her
 Little breaths of maiden laughter.
 O, divinely dies the day!
 And the swallow, on the rafter,
 In her nest of sticks and clay, —
 On the rafter, up above her,
 With her patience doth reprove her,
 Twittering soft the time away;
 Never stopping, never stopping,
 With her wings so warmly dropping
 Round her nest of sticks and clay.

"Take, my bird, O take some other
 Eve than this to twitter gay!"
 Sayeth, prayeth Mona's mother,
 To the slender-throated swallow
 On her nest of sticks and clay;
 For her sad eyes needs must follow
 Down the misty, mint-sweet hollow,
 Where the ruby colors play
 With the gold and with the gray.
 "Yet, my little Lady-feather,
 You do well to sit and sing,"
 Crieth, sigheth Mona's mother.
 "If you would, you could no other.
 Can the leaf fail with the spring?
 Can the tendril stay from twining
 When the sap begins to run?
 Or the dew-drop keep from shining
 With her body full o' the sun?"

Nor can you, from gladness, either;
 Therefore, you do well to sing.
 Up and o'er the downy lining
 Of your bird-bed I can see
 Two round little heads together,
 Pushed out softly through your wing.
 But alas! my bird, for me!"
 In the porch with roses burning
 All across, she sitteth lonely.
 O, her soul is dark with dread!
 Round and round her slow wheel turning
 Lady brow down-dropped serenely,
 Lady hand uplifted queenly,
 Pausing in the spinning only
 To rejoin the broken thread, —
 Pausing only for the winding,
 With the carded silken binding
 Of the flax, the distaff-head.

All along the branches creeping,
 To their leafy beds of sleeping
 Go the blue-birds and the brown;
 Blackbird stoppeth now his clamor,
 And the little yellowhammer
 Droppeth head in winglet down.
 Now the rocks rise bleak and barren
 Through the twilight, gray and still;
 In the marsh-land now the heron
 Clappeth close his horny bill.
 Death-watch now begins his drumming,
 And the fire-fly, going, coming,
 Weaveth zigzag lines of light, —
 Lines of zigzag, golden-threaded,
 Up the marshy valley, shaded
 O'er and o'er with vapors white.
 Now the lily, open-hearted,
 Of her dragon-fly deserted,
 Swinging on the wind so low,
 Gives herself, with trust audacious,
 To the wild warm wave that washes
 Through her fingers, soft and slow.

O the eyes of Mona's mother!
 Dim they grow with tears unshed;
 For no longer may they follow
 Down the misty mint-sweet hollow,
 Down along the yellow mosses
 That the brook with silver crosses.
 Ah! the day is dead, is dead;
 And the cold and curdling shadows,
 Stretching from the long, low meadows,
 Darker, deeper, nearer spread,
 Till she cannot see the twining
 Of the briars, nor see the lining
 Round the porch of roses red, —
 Till she cannot see the hollow,
 Nor the little steel-winged swallow,
 On her clay-built nest o'erhead.

Mona's mother falleth mourning:
 O, 't is hard, so hard, to see
 Prattling child to woman turning,
 As to grander company!
 Little heart she lulled with hushes
 Beating, burning up with blushes,
 All with meditative dreaming
 On the dear delicious gleaming
 Of the bridal veil and ring;
 Finding in the sweet ovations
 Of its new, untried relations
 Better joys than she can bring.

In her hand her wheel she keepeth,
 And her heart within her leapeth,

With a burdened, bashful yearning,
For the babe's weight on her knee,
For the loving lisp of glee,
Sweet as larks' throats in the morning,
Sweet as hum of honey-bee.

"O my child!" cries Mona's mother,
"Will you, can you take another
Name ere mine upon your lips?
Can you, only for the asking,
Give to other hands the clasping
Of your rosy finger-tips?"

Fear on fear her sad soul borrows,—
O the dewes are falling fair!
But no fair thing now can move her;
Vainly walks the moon above her,
Turning out her golden furrows
On the cloudy fields of air.

Sudden she is 'ware of shadows,
Coming in across the meadows,
And of murmurs, low as love,—
Murmurs mingled like the meeting
Of the winds, or like the beating
Of the wings of dove with dove.
In her hand the slow wheel stoppeth,
Silken flax from distaff droppeth,
And a cruel, killing pain
Striketh up from heart to brain;
And she knoweth by that token
That the spinning all is vain,
That the troth-plight has been spoken,
And the thread of life thus broken
Never can be joined again.

**** CONVERSATION.***

Forgive me, but I needs must press
One question, since I love you so;
And kiss me, darling, if it's Yes,
And, darling, kiss me if it's No!

It is about our marriage day,—
I fain would have it even here;
But kiss me if it's far away,
And, darling, kiss me if it's near!

Ah, by the blushes crowding so
On cheek and brow, 't is near I guess;
But, darling, kiss me if it's No,
And kiss me, darling, if it's Yes!

And with what flowers shall you be wed?
With flowers of snow? or flowers of flame?
But be they white, or be they red,
Kiss me, my darling, all the same!

And have you sewed your wedding dress?
Nay, speak not, even to whisper low;
But kiss me, darling, if it's Yes,
And, darling, kiss me if it's No!

ELISE JUSTINE BAYARD.

Miss E. J. BAYARD, the daughter of Mr. Robert Bayard of Glenwood, near Fishkill, N. Y., is the author of a number of poems, several of which have appeared in the *Knickerbocker Magazine* and *Literary World*. She married Mr. Fulton Cutting, and died about 1850. The following is noticeable for its thought and feeling, and no less for its happy literary execution.

FUNERAL CHANT FOR THE OLD YEAR.

'Tis the death-night of the solemn Old Year!
And it calleth from its shroud
With a hollow voice and loud,
But serene:
And it saith—"What have I given
That hath brought thee nearer heaven?
Dost thou weep, as one forsaken,
For the treasures I have taken?
Standest thou beside my hearse
With a blessing or a curse?
Is it well with thee, or worse
That I have been?"

'Tis the death-night of the solemn Old Year!
The midnight shades that fall,—
They will serve it for a pall,
In their gloom;—
And the misty vapours crowding
Are the withered corse enshrouding;
And the black clouds looming off in
The far sky, have plumed the coffin,
But the vaults of human souls,
Where the memory unrolls
All her tear-besprinkled scrolls,
Are its tomb!

'Tis the death-night of the solemn Old Year!
The moon hath gone to weep
With a mourning still and deep
For her loss:—
The stars dare not assemble
Through the murky night to tremble—
The naked trees are groaning
With an awful, mystic moaning—
Wings sweep upon the air,
Which a solemn message bear,
And hosts, whose banners wear
A crowned cross!

'Tis the death-night of the solemn Old Year!
Who make the funeral train
When the queen hath ceased to reign!
Who are here
With the golden crowns that follow
All invested with a halo?
With a splendour transitory
Shines the midnight from their glory,
And the pean of their song
Rolls the aisles of space along,
But the left hearts are less strong,
For they were dear!

'Tis the death-night of the solemn Old Year!
With a dull and heavy tread
Tramping forward with the dead
Who come last?
Ling'ring with their faces groundward,
Though their feet are marching onward,
They are shrieking,—they are calling
On the rocks in tones appalling,
But Earth waves them from her view,—
And the God-light dazzles through,
And they shiver, as spars do,
Before the blast!

'Tis the death-night of the solemn Old Year!
We are parted from our place
In her motherly embrace,
And are lone!
For the infant and the stranger
It is sorrowful to change her—
She hath cheered the night of mourning
With a promise of the dawning;
She hath shared in our delight
With a gladness true and bright:
Oh! we need her joy to-night—
But she is gone!

* These four poems are from *A Lover's Diary*. Boston, Ticknor & Fields, 1868.

CAROLINE MAY.

THIS lady is the daughter of a clergyman of the Dutch Reformed Church of the City of New York. The chief collection of her poems is included in a few pages of Mr. Griswold's *Female Poets of America*. She is the editor of a Collection of the *Female Poets of America*, which appeared at Philadelphia in 1848, and of a volume, *Treasured Thoughts from Favorite Authors*. In 1864, a volume of *Poems* was published.

THE SABBATH OF THE YEAR.

It is the sabbath of the year;
And if ye'll walk abroad,
A holy sermon ye shall hear,
Full worthy of record.
Autumn the preacher is; and look—
As other preachers do,
He takes a text from the one Great Book,
A text both sad and true.
With a deep, earnest voice, he saith—
A voice of gentle grief,
Fitting the minister of Death—
"Ye all fade as a leaf;
And your iniquities, like the wind,
Have taken you away;
Ye fading flutterers, weak and blind,
Repent, return, and pray."
And then the Wind ariseth slow,
And giveth out a psalm—
And the organ-pipes begin to blow,
Within the forest calm;
Then all the Trees lift up their hands,
And lift their voices higher,
And sing the notes of spirit bands
In full and glorious choir.
Yes! 'tis the sabbath of the year!
And it doth surely seem,
(But words of reverence and fear
Should speak of such a theme.)
That the corn is gathered for the bread,
And the berries for the wine,
And a sacramental feast is spread,
Like the Christian's pardon sign.
And the Year, with sighs of penitence,
The holy feast bends o'er;
For she must die, and go out hence—
Die, and be seen no more.
Then are the choir and organ still,
The psalm melts in the air,
The Wind bows down beside the hill,
And all are hushed in prayer.
Then comes the Sunset in the West,
Like a patriarch of old,
Or like a saint who hath won his rest,
His robes, and his crown of gold;
And forth his arms he stretcheth wide,
And with solemn tone and clear
He blesseth, in the eventide,
The sabbath of the year.

HARRIET WINSLOW SEWALL.

THE following poem was brought into notice a few years since by Mr. Longfellow, who included it in the choice collection of minor poems, *The Waiif*. It was printed there anonymously with the omission of a few of its stanzas. The author was Miss Harriet Winslow, since married to Mr. Charles Liszt; and now Mrs. S. E. Sewall, of Melrose, Massachusetts.

TO THE UNSATISFIED.

Why thus longing, thus for ever sighing
For the far-off, unattained and dim;
While the beautiful all around thee lying,
Offers up its low, perpetual hymn?
Wouldst thou listen to its gentle teaching,
All thy restless yearning it would still,
Leaf and flower and laden bee are preaching
Thine own sphere, though humble, first to fill.
Poor indeed thou must be, if around thee
Thou no ray of light and joy canst throw;
If no silken cord of love hath bound thee
To some little world through weal or woe;
If no dear eyes thy fond love can brighten,—
No fond voices answer to thine own;
If no brother's sorrow thou canst lighten
By daily sympathy and gentle tone.
Not by deeds that win the crowd's applauses,
Not by works that give thee world-renown,
Not by martyrdom, or vaunted crosses,
Canst thou win and wear the immortal crown:
Daily struggling, though unloved and lonely,
Every day a rich reward will give;
Thou wilt find, by hearty striving only,
And truly loving, thou canst truly live.
Dost thou revel in the rosy morning,
When all nature hails the lord of light;
And his smile, nor low, nor lofty scorning,
Gladdens hall and hovel, vale and height.
Other hands may grasp the field and forest;
Proud proprietors in pomp may shine:
But with fervent love if thou adorest,
Thou art wealthier;—all the world is thine.
Yet, if through earth's wide domains thou rovest,
Sighing that they are not thine alone,
Not those fair fields, but thyself thou lovest,
And their beauty, and thy wealth are gone.
'Nature wears the colours of the spirit;'
Sweetly to her worshipper she sings;
All the glory, grace, she doth inherit
Round her trusting child she fondly flings.

ELIZABETH LLOYD.

MISS ELIZABETH LLOYD, a lady of Philadelphia, is the author of the following poem, which recently attracted attention in "going the rounds of the press." It was stated in the newspapers to have been taken from an Oxford edition of Milton's Works. She is now the widow of Mr. Robert Howell, of Philadelphia.

MILTON ON HIS BLINDNESS.

I am old and blind!
Men point at me as smitten by God's frown:
Afflicted and deserted of my kind,
Yet am I not cast down.
I am weak, yet strong:
I murmur not, that I no longer see;
Poor, old, and helpless, I the more belong,
Father Supreme! to Thee.
O merciful One!
When men are farthest, then art Thou most near;
When friends pass by, my weakness to shun,
Thy chariot I hear.
Thy glorious face
Is leaning toward me, and its holy light
Shines in upon my lonely dwelling-place—
And there is no more night.

On my bended knee,
I recognise Thy purpose, clearly shown;
My vision Thou hast dimmed, that I may see
Thyself, Thyself alone.

I have naught to fear;
This darkness is the shadow of Thy wing;
Beneath it I am almost sacred—here
Can come no evil thing.

Oh! I seem to stand
Trembling, where foot of mortal ne'er hath been,
Wrapped in the radiance from Thy sinless land,
Which eye hath never seen.

Visions come and go;
Shapes of resplendent beauty round me throng;
From angel lips I seem to hear the flow
Of soft and holy song.

It is nothing now,
When heaven is opening on my sightless eyes,
When airs from Paradise refresh my brow,
The earth in darkness lies.

In a purer clime,
My being fills with rapture—waves of thought
Roll in upon my spirit—strains sublime
Break over me unsought.

Give me now my lyre!
I feel the stirrings of a gift divine:
Within my bosom glows unearthly fire
Lit by no skill of mine.

CAROLINE CHESEBRO'.

MISS CHESEBRO' was born at Canandaigua, where she has always resided with her family. Her first literary articles, a series of tales and sketches, were written for Graham's Magazine and Holden's Dollar Magazine in 1848. Since that time contributions have appeared from her pen in The Knickerbocker, Putnam's, Harpers', and other magazines, and in the newspapers, to which on two occasions, in Philadelphia and New York, she contributed prize tales. In 1851 she published a collection of tales and sketches, *Dream-Land by Daylight, a Panorama of Romance*. The title is suggestive of the fanciful, reflective, and occasionally sombre character of the work, qualities which also mark Miss Chesebro's later and more elaborate productions, *Isa, a Pilgrimage, The Children of Light, and The Little Cross-Bearers*, tales, each occupying a separate volume, and written with energy and thoughtfulness. The scene of these writings is laid in America at the present day. They are grave in tone, and aim rather at the exhibition of mental emotion than the outward, salient points of character.

THE BLACK FROST.

Methinks

This word of love is fit for all the world,
And that for gentle hearts another name
Would speak of gentler thoughts than the world owns.

It was a clear, calm night. Brightly shone the innumerable stars; the fixed orbs of giant magnitude, the little twinkling points of light, the glorious constellations—in their imperial beauty stood they, gazing upon the mysterious face of darkness—a clear, calm, terribly cold night.

Winter had not as yet fairly set in. There had been no snow, but it was very late in the autumn, and the grass, and the flowering shrubs and trees, looked as though they had each and all felt the cruel breath of the Destroyer, as he pronounced the doom upon them.

People rubbed their hands, and talked with quivering lips of the hard winter coming, as they hastened, in the increasing shadows of the night, to their homes. The children, warmed and gladdened by the bright fires that were kindled on the hearth-stones, romped, and frolicked, and prophesied, with knowing looks, about snow-balling, sleigh-rides, skating, and all manner of fun. The young girls met together, and talked merrily of coming gaieties; the old man wondered whether he should see another spring-time; and the poor crept to their beds at nightfall, glad to forget everything—cold, hunger, and misery—in sleep.

Midnight came. More and more brightly shone the stars—they glowed, they trembled, and smiled on one another. The cold became intense—in the deep silence how strangely looked the branches of the leafless trees! how desolate the gardens and the forest—how *very still* the night did seem!

Close beside an humble cottage, under a huge bush of flowering-currant, had flourished all the autumn a tiny violet-root. And still, during the increasing cold of the latter days, the leaves had continued green and vigorous, and the flowers opened.

There had been an arrival at the cottage that day. Late in the afternoon, a father and mother, with their child, had returned from long wandering in foreign lands.

A student had watched their coming. In the morning, he had gathered a flower from that little root in their garden, and now, as he sat in the long hours of night, poring over his books, he kept the violet still beside him, in a vase which held the treasures of a green-house, and his eyes rested often on the pale blue modest flower.

At nightfall, a youthful form had stood for a moment at the cottage-door, and the young invalid's eyes, which so eagerly sought all familiar things, at last rested on those still living flowers—flowers, where she had thought to find all dead, even as were those buds which once gave fair promise of glorious opening in her girl-heart! Unmindful of the cold and dampness, she stepped from the house, and passed to the violet-root, and, gathering all the flowers but one, she placed them in her hair, and then hastened with a shiver back to the cottage.

In the fast-increasing cold, the leaves that were left bowed down close to the earth, and the delicate flowers crowning the pale, slender stem, trembled under the influence of the frost.

The little chamber where Mary lay down to rest, was that which, from her childhood, had been set apart for her occupation; a pleasant room, endeared to her by a thousand joyful dreams dreamed within its shade—solemnized to her also by that terrible awakening to sorrow which she had known.

She reclined now on her bed in the silentness, the darkness; but she rested not, she slept not. The young girl's eyes, fixed on the far-off stars, on the glorious heavens, her thoughts wandered wild and free, but her body was circled by the arm of Death.

She had not yet slept at all that night; she had not slept for many nights. Winter was reigning in Mary's heart—it had long reigned there. She was remembering now, while others nestled in the arms of forgetfulness, those days that were gone, when she had looked with such trust and joy upon the years to be—how that she had longed for the slowly-unfolding future to develop itself fully, completely! how she had wholly given herself to the fancies and the hopes of the untried. Alas! she had reached, she had passed, too soon, that crisis of life which unfolds next to the expectant the season of winter—she had seen the gay flowers fading, the leaves withering, the glory of summer pass. And yet how young, how very young she was!

Gazing from her couch out upon the "steadfast skies"—thinking on the past, and the to-come—the to-come of the dying! Yet the thought of death and judgment terrified her not. Surely she would find mercy and heart's ease in the Heaven over which the merciful is king!

But suddenly, in the night's stillness, in the coldness and the darkness, she arose; and steadfastly gazed, for an instant, upward, far upward, where a star shot from the zenith, down, down, to the very horizon. She fell back at the sight, her spirit sped away with that swift glory flash—*Mary was dead!*

In that moment the student also stood beside his window. The fire in the grate had died away, the lamp was nearly exhausted; wearied with his long-continued work, he had risen, and now, for an instant, stood looking upon the heavens. There was sadness and weariness in his heart. The little violet, and the travellers' return, had strangely affected him: for once he found not in his books the satisfaction which he sought: he felt that another life than that of a plodding book-worm might be led by him. His dreams in the morning hour were not pleasant as he slept. They were solely of one whose love he had set at naught for the smiles of a sterner love; of one whom he now thought of, as in the spring-time of his life, when she was all the world to him. And now that she was come again, and he should see her once more! ah, he would bow before her as he once had, and she, who was ever so gentle, so loving, so good, would not spurn him: she would forget his forgetfulness, she would yet give to him that peace, that joy which he had never quaffed at the fountains of learning!

Up rose the sun, and people saw how the Black Frost was over the earth, binding all things in its hard, close, cold embrace. Later in the morning, a little child, passing by the cottage, paused and peeped through the bars upon the violet-root. Yesterday, when she went home from school, she saw the flowers blooming there, the pale, blue, faint-hearted looking flowers—and now she remembered to look if they were there still. But though she looked long and steadfastly where the sunlight fell beneath the currant-bush, she could not see that she sought for; so passing quietly through the gate, she stooped down where the violets had been, and felt the leaves, and knew that they were frozen; and it was only by an effort that she kept back the fast-gathering tears, when she looked on the one flower Mary had left, and saw how it was drooped and dead.

But a sadder sight, and one more full of meaning, was presented in the pleasant chamber, whose window opened on the yard where the blossoming bushes grew. For there a woman bent over the bed where on another frost-killed flower lay, moaning in the bitterness of grief, the death of her one treasure!

Still later in the day another mourner stood in that silent place, thinking of the meteor and the violet. It was the student, he who in remorse and anguish came, bemoaning the frost-blighted. Too late, too late, he came to tell his love—too late to crave forgiveness, too late to soothe the broken-hearted! Now stood he himself in the valley of the shadow of woe.

And the snow and the storms abounded. Winter was come!

**Miss Chesebro' died at Piermont, her residence on the Hudson, February 16, 1873. Her later works, which show conscientious study and a continual growth in power, were: *Victoria, or the World Overcome: A Novel*, 1856; *The Beautiful Gate, and Other Tales; Philly*

and Kit; Amy Carr, 1863; *Peter Carradine*, 1863; *The Foe in the Household*, republished from the *Atlantic Monthly*, 1871.

EDWARD MATURIN.

THE author of several historical novels, and of a volume of poems of merit, is the son of the celebrated Irish novelist and dramatist, the Rev. Charles Robert Maturin. He has for a number of years been a resident of New York, and has married an American lady.

Mr. Maturin has published *Montezuma, The Last of the Aztecs*, a spirited prose romance, drawn from the brilliant and pathetic history of the Mexican chieftain, followed by *Benjamin, the Jew of Granada*, a story the scene of which is laid in the romantic era of the fall of the Moslem empire in Spain, and in 1848, *Eva, or the Isles of Life and Death*; a historical romance of the twelfth century in England, in which Dermot M'Murrough acts a leading part.

In 1850 he published *Lyrics of Spain and Erin*, a volume of genuine enthusiasm, and refined though irregular poetic expression. The author, who shows much of the poet in his prose writings, finds in the stirring historical ballad of Spain and the pathetic legend of Ireland his appropriate themes.

The latest productions of Mr. Maturin were *Bianca*, a passionate story of Italian and Irish incident; *Melnoth, the Wanderer; Sejanus, and other Roman Tales*.

THE SEASONS—FROM A POEM "THE WOODS."

What spirit moves within your holy shrine!
'Tis Spring—the year's young bride, that gladly pours

Above—around—an effluence Divine
Of light and life, falling in golden showers—
And with her come the sportive nymphs in dance
Like waves that gambol in the Summer's glance,
Untwining bowers from their Winter's sleep,
Unlocking rivers from their fountains deep,
Tinting the leaf with verdure, that had lain
Long-hid, like gold within the torpid grain,
Chaunting her choral song, as Nature's eyes
First greet the bridal of the earth and skies.

The Spring is past;—and blushing summer comes,
Music and sunshine throng her scented way;
The birds send gladly from their bowered homes,
Their pæan at the birth of flowery May!
From close to shut of Day; yes, far and near
The spell of mystic music chains the ear;
All Nature, from her bosom pouring forth
Sounds such as make a Temple of the earth
Returns in one full stream of harmony
The angel-echoes that she hears on high—
Beautiful Summer! fling thy crown of flowers
O'er this dull earth through winter's weary hours;
Let them not fade—oh! let not sere and blight
Darken thy prism'd couch with shade of Night;
Let not thy music ever break its spell,
Like heaven-bound pilgrim bidding earth "Farewell!"

Oh! silence not thy music—let thy flowers
Be earth's bright stars responding to the skies;
Wreathing her graves with those immortal bowers
Thy rosy hand 'twined 'round the Dead in Paradise!

Oh! not a vision here but it must pass
Like our own image from Life's spectre-glass;

Summer is faded, and the Autumn sere
 Gathers the fallen leaves upon her bier,
 And, like the venom'd breath of the Simoom
 That turns Zahara's desert to a tomb,
 Breathes on the buried Summer's shrined abode,
 And leaves a spectre what she found—a God!
 'Tis thus, ye woods! your melancholy tale
 Hath more of truth than rose and lily pale,
 When the bright glories of the summer vie
 To make the earth a mirror of the sky.
 In Autumn's time-worn volume do we read
 The sacred moral—All things earthly fade;
 And trace upon the page of every leaf
 That first and latest human lesson—grief!
 But hark! that dreary blast that rolls
 Like heart-wrung wailings of unburied souls,
 'Tis winter's breath
 That comes from the land of Death
 Where the Arctic fetters the main;
 Like the lightning it darts
 When its meteor parts
 And dissolves, like the cloud in rain;
 And now pale Winter cometh frore
 From the dark North's drear and lifeless shore;
 And round his form, trembling and old,
 Hangs his snow-robe in drifting fold,
 As that ye see on the mountain-height,
 Like Death asleep in the calm moonlight—
 His diadem gleams with the icicle bright,
 And his sceptre of ice to destroy and to smite;
 Like a monarch he sweeps from the mount to the
 vale,
 In his chariot that glistens with hoar-frost and hail:
 His palace the iceberg adorned with spars,
 Like a wandering heaven all fretted with stars.

WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE

Is a native of Lexington, Kentucky. He received his education in Indiana, studied law and came to New York, where he has been since a resident. In 1848, he published *Alban, a Poetical Composition*, "a romance of New York, intended to illustrate the influence of certain prejudices of society and principles of law upon individual character and destiny.* In 1851, he published *Meditations in America, and other Poems*. They are mostly marked by a certain grandeur of thought and eloquence of expression. He has written many poems for Harper's, the New York Ledger, etc. In 1862 he published: *The Liberty Bell, a Poem*; illustrated.

OF THINE OWN COUNTRY SING.

I met the wild-eyed Genius of our Land
 In Huron's forest vast and dim;
 I saw her sweep a harp with stately hand;
 I heard her solemn hymn.
 She sang of Nations that had passed away
 From her own broad imperial clime;
 Of Nations new to whom she gave the sway:
 She sang of God and Time.
 I saw the Past with all its rhythmic lore:
 I saw the Present clearly glow;
 Shapes with veiled faces paced a far dim shore
 And whispered "Joy" and "Wo!"
 Her large verse pictured mountain, vale, and bay,
 Our wide, calm rivers rolled along,
 And many a mighty Lake and Prairie lay
 In the shadow of her Song.

* Griswold's Poets of America, Art. Wallace.

As in Missouri's mountain range, the vast
 Wild Wind majestically flies
 From crag to crag till on the top at last
 The wild Wind proudly dies.
 So died the Hymn—"O Genius! how can I
 Crown me with Song as thou art crowned?"
 She, smiling, pointed to the spotless sky
 And the forest-tops around—

Then sang—"Not to the far-off Lands of Eld
 Must thou for inspiration go:
 There Milton's large imperial organ swelled,
 There Avon's waters flow.

"No Alien-Bard where TASSO's troubled lyre
 Made sorrow fair, unchallenged dwells—
 Where deep-eyed Dante with the wreath of fire
 Came chanting from his Hells.

"Yet sometimes sing the old majestic themes
 Of Europe in her song enshrined:
 These going wind-like o'er thy Sea of Dreams,
 May liberalize the mind.

"Or learn from mournful ASIA, as she lies
 Musing at noon beneath her stately palms,
 Her angel-lore, her wide-browed prophecies,
 Her solemn-sounding psalms:

"Or sit with AFRIC when her eyes of flame
 Smoulder in dreams, beneath their swarthy lids,
 Of youthful Sphinx, and Kings at loud acclaim
 On new-built Pyramids.

"But know thy Highest dwells at Home: there
 Art
 And choral Inspirations spring;
 If thou would'st touch the Universal Heart,
 OF THINE OWN COUNTRY SING.

CHARLES ASTOR BRISTED,

THE only son of the late Rev. John Bristed and Magdalen Bentzon, eldest daughter of the late John Jacob Astor, was born in New York in 1820. He entered Yale College, where he took the first Berkeleian prize for Latin composition *solus* in the freshman and sophomore years, and divided the Berkeleian classical prize of the senior year with A. R. Macdonough, a son of Commodore Macdonough. He was a frequent contributor at this time to the Yale Literary Magazine. Having completed his studies at Yale, he went to England, and passed five years at the University of Cambridge, taking his B.A. degree at Trinity College in 1845. At Trinity he gained a classical prize the first year, the under-graduate and bachelor prizes for English essays, and the first prize-cup for an English oration. He was also elected foundation-scholar of the college in 1844. In the university he gained the under-graduate's Latin essay prize in 1843, and was placed eighth in the Classical Tripos of his year.

Having returned to America, he was married in 1847 to the daughter of the late Henry Brevoort, one of the earliest friends and collaborators of Washington Irving.



Mr. Bristed was at this time and afterwards a frequent contributor of articles, poetical transla-

tions, critical papers on the classics, and sketches of society, to the Literary World, Knickerbocker, the Whig Review, and other journals. Mr. Bristed edited in 1849 *Selections from Catullus*, a school edition, by G. G. Cookesley, one of the assistant-masters of Eton, which he revised, with additional notes.

In 1850 he published *A Letter to the Hon. Horace Mann*, in reply to some reflections of the latter on Stephen Girard and John Jacob Astor, in a tract entitled "Thoughts for a Young Man."

In 1852 appeared *The Upper Ten Thousand*, a collection of sketches of New York society, contributed to Fraser's Magazine.

At the same time Mr. Bristed published two volumes of a graver character, *Five Years in an English University*, in which he described with spirit, in a knowing, collegiate style, the manners, customs, studies, and ideas of a complex organization and mode of life but little understood in America. In a rather extensive appendix to the first edition of this work the author added a series of his college orations and prize essays, and of the examination papers of the university. The work was an acceptable one to scholars, and those interested in the educational discipline on this side of the Atlantic, as well as to the general reader.

Of late years Mr. Bristed has passed much of his time in Paris, and in the summer at Baden-Baden. In a frequent correspondence with the New York Spirit of the Times he has recorded the life of Europe passing under his eye, in matters of art, literature, the drama, and the social aspect of the times.

The writings of Mr. Bristed exhibit the union of the man of the world and of books. His pictures of society are somewhat remarkable for a vein of freedom and candor of statement. As a critic of Greek and Latin classical topics he is diligent and acute, displaying some of the best qualities of the trained English university man. He has also published numerous occasional clever poetical translations of classical niceties from Theocritus, Ovid, and such moderns as Walter de Mailes.

**Mr. Bristed, who has resided at Washington, published in 1867 *The Interference Theory of Government*—a book denunciatory, on principle, of the tariff, and of prohibitory liquor laws. A volume of fugitive articles was privately printed by him at Baden, in 1858, entitled *Pieces of a Broken-down Critic*. He died January 14, 1874.

He had of late been a frequent contributor to the *Galaxy*, both anonymously and under his signature of "Carl Benson." In 1872 he brought out a revised edition of his *Five Years in an English University*. A volume of *Anacreontics* was printed for private circulation.

HENRY R. JACKSON

Was born at Athens, Georgia, in 1820. He is the son of Dr. Henry Jackson, formerly professor of natural philosophy in Franklin college in that state. He was educated to the bar, and early held the office of United States district attorney for Georgia. At the commencement of the war with Mexico he raised at Savannah a company of one hundred men, called the Jasper Greens; marched to Columbus to form a regiment; was

elected colonel, proceeded to Mexico, and served with distinction. On his return he was appointed Judge of the Superior Court of the Eastern District of Georgia. For five years he was Resident Minister at Vienna, to which he was appointed in 1853. During the rebellion, he served as brigadier-general in the Confederate army.

In 1850 Mr. Jackson published a volume, a collection of fugitive verses, *Tallulah and other Poems*. Its themes are chiefly local, and of a patriotic interest, or occupied with the fireside affections. The expression is spirited and manly. His Georgia lyrics, and his descriptions of the scenery of the state, are animated and truthful productions.

THE LIVE-OAK.

With his gnarled old arms, and his iron form,
Majestic in the wood,
From age to age, in the sun and storm,
The live-oak long hath stood;
With his stately air, that grave old tree,
He stands like a hooded monk,
With the grey moss waving solemnly
From his shaggy limbs and trunk.

And the generations come and go,
And still he stands upright,
And he sternly looks on the wood below,
As conscious of his might.
But a mourner sad is the hoary tree,
A mourner sad and lone,
And is clothed in funeral drapery
For the long since dead and gone.

For the Indian hunter beneath his shade
Has rested from the chase;
And he here has woo'd his dusky maid—
The dark-eyed of her race;
And the tree is red with the gushing gore
As the wild deer panting dies:
But the maid is gone, and the chase is o'er,
And the old oak hoarsely sighs.

In former days, when the battle's din
Was loud amid the land,
In his friendly shadow, few and thin,
Have gathered Freedom's band;
And the stern old oak, how proud was he
To shelter hearts so brave!
But they all are gone—the bold and free—
And he moans above their grave.

And the aged oak, with his locks of grey,
Is ripe for the sacrifice;
For the worm and decay, no lingering prey,
Shall he tower towards the skies!
He falls, he falls, to become our guard,
The bulwark of the free,
And his bosom of steel is proudly bared
To brave the raging sea!

When the battle comes, and the cannon's roar
Booms o'er the shuddering deep,
Then nobly he'll bear the bold hearts o'er
The waves, with bounding leap.
Oh! may those hearts be as firm and true,
When the war-clouds gather dun,
As the glorious oak that proudly grew
Beneath our southern sun.

HENRY W. PARKER.

THE REV. HENRY W. PARKER, of Brooklyn, New York, is the author of a volume of poems pub-

lished at Auburn, New York, in 1850. It is a delicate book, with many proofs of refinement and scholarship, while a certain philosophical texture runs through it. An appendix contains several ingenious and fine-thoughted prose papers.

In 1851 Mr. Parker recited a poem, *The Story of a Soul*, before the Psi Upsilon Convention at Hamilton College.

** A volume of *Verse* by H. W. P. was issued in 1862.

THE CITY OF THE DEAD.

Go forth and breathe the purer air with me,
And leave the city's sounding streets;
There is another city, sweet to see,
Whose heart with no delirium beats;
The solid earth beneath it never feels
The dance of joy, the rush of care,
The jar of toil, the mingled roll of wheels;
But all is peace and beauty there.

No spacious mansions stand in stately rows
Along that city's silent ways;
No lofty wall, nor level pavement, glows,
Unshaded from the summer rays;
No costly merchandise is heaped around,
No pictures stay the passer-by,
Nor plumed soldiers march to music's sound,
Nor toys and trifles tire the eye.

The narrow streets are fringed with living green,
And weave about in mazes there;
The many hills bewilder all the scene,
And shadows veil the noonday glare.
No clanging bells ring out the fleeting hours,
But sunlight glimmers softly thro',
And marks the voiceless time in golden showers
On velvet turf and lakelets blue.

The palaces are sculptured shafts of stone
That gleam in beauty thro' the trees;
The cottages are mounds with flowers o'ergrown;
No princely church the stranger sees,
But all the grove its pointed arches rears,
And tinted lights shine thro' the leaves,
And prayers are rained in every mourner's tears
Who for the dead in silence grieves.

And when dark night descends upon the tombs,
No reveller's song nor watchman's voice
Is here! no music comes from lighted rooms
Where swift feet fly and hearts rejoice;
'Tis darkness, silence all; no sound is heard
Except the wind that sinks and swells,
The lonely whistle of the midnight bird,
And brooks that ring their crystal bells.

A city strange and still!—its habitants
Are warmly housed, yet they are poor—
Are poor, yet have no wish, nor woes and wants;
The broken heart is crushed no more,
No love is interchanged, nor bought and sold,
Ambition sleeps, the innocent
Are safe, the miser counts no more his gold,
But rests at last and is content.

A city strange and sweet!—its dwellers sleep
At dawn, and in meridian light,—
At sunset still they dream in slumber deep,
Nor wake they in the weary night;
And none of them shall feel the hero's kiss
On Sleeping Beauty's lip that fell,
And woke a palace from a trance of bliss
That long had bound it by a spell.

A city strange and sad —we walk the grounds,
Or seek some mount, and see afar

The living cities shine, and list the sounds

Of throbbing boat and thundering car.

And we may go; but all the dwellers here,

In autumn's blush, in winter's snow,

In spring and summer's bloom, from year to year,

They ever come, and never go!

CHARLES G. EASTMAN,

OF Vermont, for some time editor of the Vermont Patriot at Montpelier, is the author of a volume of *Poems* published in 1848. They are marked by facility in the use of lyric and ballad measures, and many are in a familiar sportive vein.

A PICTURE.

The farmer sat in his easy chair

Smoking his pipe of clay,

While his hale old wife with busy care

Was clearing the dinner away;

A sweet little girl with fine blue eyes

On her grandfather's knee was catching flies.

The old man laid his hand on her head,

With a tear on his wrinkled face,

He thought how often her mother, dead,

Had sat in the self-same place;

As the tear stole down from his half-shut eye,

"Don't smoke!" said the child, "how it makes you cry!"

The house-dog lay, stretched out on the floor

Where the shade after noon used to steal,

The busy old wife by the open door

Was turning the spinning wheel,

And the old brass clock on the mantel-tree

Had plodded along to almost three,—

Still the farmer sat in his easy chair,

While close to his heaving breast,

The moistened brow and the cheek so fair

Of his sweet grandchild were pressed;

His head, bent down, on her soft hair lay—

Fast asleep were they both, that summer day!

JOHN ORVILLE TERRY,

OF Orient, a village of Suffolk county, Long Island, published in New York in 1850 a volume of characteristic rural life, entitled *The Poems of J. O. T., consisting of Song, Satire, and Pastoral Descriptions, chiefly depicting the Scenery, and illustrating the Manners and Customs of the Ancient and Present Inhabitants of Long Island*. The book answers to its title. The verses are written with ease and fervor, though sometimes carelessly, and have a genuine flavor of reality in the portraits of individuals, the various characteristics of nature and the seasons, the sea, and landscape. In his patriotic and satirical effusions, the author has something of the spirit of Freneau.

AUNT DINAH.

Embowered in shade, by the side of a wood,

The cot of aunt Dinah delightfully stood,

A rural retreat, in simplicity drest,

Sequestered it sat like a bird in its nest;

Festooned with the brier, and scented with rose,

Its windows looked out on a scene of repose,

Its wood all in green, and its grass all in bloom,

Like the dwelling of peace in a grove of perfume.

Tho' the skin of aunt Dinah was black as a coal,

The beams of affection enlightened her soul;

Like gems in a cavern, that sparkle and blaze,

The darkness but adds to the strength of their rays;

Or the moon looking out from her evening shroud,
Or the sun riding forth from the edge of a cloud,
So benevolence shone in her actions alway,
And the darkness of life became radiant with day.

What tho' she were poor, aunt Dinah's estate
The world was unable to give or create,
Her wealth was her virtues, and brightly they shone,
With a lustre unborrowed, and beauty their own;
Her nature was goodness, her heart was a mine
Of jewels, more precious than words can define,
And she gave them with such a profusion and grace,
Their light gave complexion and hue to her face.

Aunt Dinah has gone to the land of the good,
And her ashes repose by her favorite wood,
But her lonely old cottage looks out o'er the plain,
As if it would welcome its mistress again;
And long may it stand in that rural retreat,
To mind us of her we no longer may meet,
When we go after blackberries, joyful and gay,
And forget the kind hostess who welcomed us aye.

CHARLES OSCAR DUGUE.

THE author of several volumes of poetry in the French language, is a native of Louisiana, born at New Orleans, May 1, 1821. His parents were both Americans by birth, of French descent. He was early sent to France, where he was educated at Clermont Ferrand in Auvergne, and at the College of St. Louis in Paris. While a student, he wrote verses, which Chateaubriand commended for their noble and natural expression, without affectation or extravagance. Thus encouraged, on his return to New Orleans, he published in 1847 his *Essais Poétiques*, the topics of which are descriptions of Southern scenery, sentimental and occasional poems. In 1852 he published two dramatic works, on subjects drawn from the romantic legends of Louisiana;—*Mila ou La Mort de La Salle*, and *Le Cygne, ou Mingo*, an Indian plot, in which Tecumseh is one of the characters. In the same year he took the field as editor of a daily paper in New Orleans, *l'Orléanais*, in which he advocated the Compromise Resolutions. Mr. Dugué is now a member of the bar at New Orleans. He has written a manuscript work, entitled *Philosophie Morale*, which is to be published in French and English.

XAVIER DONALD MACLEOD.

MR. McLEOD is the son of the Rev. Alexander McLeod, a Presbyterian clergyman of eminence, who emigrated to this country in 1794, and the grandson of Niel McLeod, the entertainer of Dr. Johnson at Mull in the Hebrides. Mr. McLeod was born in the city of New York, November 17, 1821, and took orders in the Episcopal Church in 1845. After being settled for a short time in a country parish, he in 1848 visited Europe, where he became a Roman Catholic. Since his return in 1852, Mr. McLeod has devoted himself to authorship, a career which he commenced at an early age, having contributed tales and poems to the New Yorker in 1841. He has published *Pynnhurst, his Wanderings and his Ways of Thinking*, a romance of European travel, *The Blood-Stone*, a story of talismanic influence, *Les-cure, or the Last Marquis*, and the Life of Sir Walter Scott, prepared from the Life by Lockhart.

** His last works were biographies of Fernando Wood, and of Mary Queen of Scots. He was subsequently ordained to the priesthood in the Roman Catholic Church, and died from injuries received in a railroad accident near Cincinnati, July 20, 1865.

E. G. SQUIER.

EPHRAIM GEORGE SQUIER was born in the town of Bethlehem, Albany County, New York, June 17, 1821. He is a lineal descendant of Cornet Auditor Samuel Squier, one of Oliver Cromwell's lieutenants, who figures in the Correspondence, the "Thirty-Five Unpublished Letters of Cromwell," communicated to the historian Carlyle, and published by him in Fraser's Magazine.

The younger sons of this Samuel Squier emigrated to America, and their descendants took an active part in the colonial events which followed the Restoration. The great-grandfather of our author, Philip Squier, served under Wolcott in the capture of Louisburg; and his grandfather, Ephraim Squier, fought side by side with Col. Knowlton at Bunker Hill. He was also with Arnold in the terrible winter journey through the wilderness of the Kennebec, in the expedition against Canada. He lived to be one of the veterans of the war, dying in 1842 at the venerable age of ninety-seven. The father of the subject of our present sketch is a devoted Methodist minister in the northern part of New York and of Vermont. In his youth, Squier obtained his education according to the New England fashion, by working on the farm in summer, and teaching a common school in winter. At eighteen, we find him attempting literature in the publication of a little paper in the village of Charlton, Saratoga County, while more seriously qualifying himself for the profession of a Civil Engineer. The disastrous period of 1837-39, which put a stop for a time to all works of public improvement, necessarily diverted Mr. Squier from the career which he had marked out for himself. His knowledge of engineering, however, has since been of the most effectual service to him, in his investigations both at home and abroad, and has contributed much to their success. Diverted in this manner from his profession, Mr. Squier next made his appearance in print, in 1840, as the editor of a monthly periodical in Albany, entitled *Parlor Magazine*, which lasted a year, and which was succeeded by the *Poet's Magazine*, based upon the idea of making a contemporaneous collection of American poetry, a sort of National Anthology. But two numbers were issued.

His next effort was of more pith and importance, in his contributions to and virtual editorship of the *New York State Mechanic* (1841-2), published at Albany, and occupied with the interests of the mechanics, and a change in the prison system of the state, injurious to their callings. At this time he prepared a volume of information on the Chinese.*

In 1843 he went to Hartford, Connecticut, and

* The Chinese as they are, &c., by G. T. Lay; with Illustrative and Corroborative Notes, Additional Chapters on the Ancient and Modern History, Ancient and Modern Intercourse, &c. By E. G. Squier, 8vo. Albany. 1848.

for two years edited the *Hartford Daily Journal*, an ardent advocate of Henry Clay, as a type of American character; and to his duties as editor added the part of an efficient organizer of the Whig party in Connecticut.

Early in 1845, Mr. Squier accepted the editorship of the *Scioto Gazette* published at Chillicothe, Ohio, with which he retained his connexion for nearly three years, interrupted only by his election as Clerk of the Legislative Assembly of the State during the winter of 1847-8. Immediately upon his arrival in Ohio, in conjunction with Dr. Davis, he commenced a systematic investigation of the Aboriginal Monuments of the Mississippi Valley, the results of which he embodied in a voluminous Memoir, which was published by the Smithsonian Institution, and constitutes the first volume of its *Contributions to Knowledge*.*

Previously to this, the researches of Mr. Squier had attracted the attention of the venerable Albert Gallatin, at whose request he prepared a Memoir on the Ancient Monuments of the West, which was published in the *Transactions of the American Ethnological Society*, and also in a separate form.†



E. G. Squier

The work published by the Smithsonian Institution, in the number, variety, and value of the facts which it embodies, is undoubtedly entitled to a front rank in all that relates to American Archæology. The memoir of Mr. Caleb Atwater published in 1820, in the *Transactions of the American Antiqarian Society*, was, previously to the appearance of this work, the only authority

on the subject. In the language of Mr. Gallatin, "it is very incomplete, has many mistakes, and is in no degree comparable to the work published by the Smithsonian Institution," which has been accepted as a standard in the department to which it relates. The results of Mr. Squier's inquiries into our Western antiquities are briefly;

1st. That the earthworks of the West are of a high but indeterminate antiquity; one, nevertheless, sufficiently great to admit of physical and natural changes, which, in historic regions, it has required thousands of years to bring about.

2d. That the ancient population of the Mississippi Valley was numerous and widely spread, as evinced from the number and magnitude of the ancient monuments, and the extensive range of their occurrence.

3d. That this population was essentially homogeneous in blood, customs, and habits; that it was stationary and agricultural; and although not having a high degree of civilization, was nevertheless possessed of systematic forms of religion and government.

4th. That the facts of which we are in possession, suggest a probable ancient connexion between the race of the mounds, and the semi-civilized aboriginal families of Central America and Mexico, but that there exists no direct evidence of such relationship.

Upon the question, What became of the race of the Mounds? Mr. Squier has not, we believe, expressed an opinion. His writings, however, imply a total disregard of all hypotheses which would ascribe the ancient monuments of the Mississippi Valley to others than a purely aboriginal origin, as idle puerile fancies.

The "Ancient Monuments" was followed by another publication from Mr. Squier's pen by the Smithsonian Institution in 1849;—*Aboriginal Monuments of the State of New York, from Original Surveys and Explorations*, under the auspices of the New York Historical Society, a work which was afterwards enlarged in a volume entitled, *Antiquities of the State of New York, with a Supplement on the Antiquities of the West*. This work established that the small and irregular earthworks, and other aboriginal remains, north-east of the great lakes, were to be ascribed to a comparatively recent period, and were probably due to the Indian tribes found in occupation of the country at the time of the discovery.

When General Taylor became President in 1848, Mr. Squier received the appointment of *Chargé d'Affaires* of the United States to the republics of Central America, in the discharge of which he negotiated three treaties with Nicaragua, Honduras, and San Salvador respectively. As an ardent advocate of American rights and interests, as well as of the political independence of the Central American States, he secured a personal influence on the Isthmus which has been directed to several objects of political and general interest, amongst which the opening, on most advantageous terms, of two new inter-oceanic routes, is not the least. His dispatches, published under order of Congress, fill two considerable volumes. He nevertheless found time, in the short period of his official duties, which were brought to a termination on the death of General Taylor, to make various

* Ancient Monuments of the Mississippi Valley, comprising the Results of Extensive Original Surveys and Explorations. By E. G. Squier, A.M., and E. H. Davis, M.D. 4to. pp. 400.

† Observations on the Aboriginal Monuments of the Mississippi Valley, the Character of the Ancient Earthworks Structure and Purposes of the Mounds, etc., etc. By E. G. Squier.

explorations into the antiquities of the country, an account of which, as well as of his general political and social observations, etc., is included in his two valuable volumes entitled *Nicaragua; its People, Scenery, and Monuments*, published in 1852, which in original investigation, spirit of adventure, and picturesque narrative, is a companion to Stephens's *Incidents of Travel in Central America and Yucatan*.

Mr. Squier had previously, in 1851, published his volume, *The Serpent Symbol, or the Worship of the Reciprocal Principles of Nature in America*, the object of which seems to have been to show that the many resemblances, amounting in some instances to identities, between the manners, customs, institutions, and especially religions, of the great families of men in the old and new world, were not necessarily derivative, or the results of connexions or relationship, recent or remote. On the contrary, that these resemblances are due to like organizations, influenced by common natural suggestions, and the moulding force of circumstances.

On the publication of the work on Nicaragua, Mr. Squier visited Europe, where he was introduced to the chief geographical and ethnological societies of England, Germany, and France; made the personal acquaintance of Humboldt, Ritter (who has introduced a translation of his work on Nicaragua to the German public), Lepsius, Jomard, Maury, and the remaining leaders of archaeological and geographical science. The first diploma of the Geographical Society of France, for 1852, was awarded to Mr. Squier, who was at the same time elected associate of the National Society of Antiquarians of France, an honor which has been conferred upon only one other American, the Hon. Edward Everett.

While in Europe Mr. Squier kept up his taste for antiquarian investigations by an examination of the remains at Stonehenge, the results of which were communicated in a paper to the American Ethnological Society. He also, in conjunction with Lord Lonsborough, made some interesting explorations amongst the early British barrows of the north of England, near Scarborough.

In 1853 Mr. Squier again visited Central America for the purpose of investigating the line of an inter-oceanic railway, which his deductions on his previous visit had led him to consider possible, between some convenient harbor on the Gulf of Mexico and the Bay of Fonseca on the Pacific. The result of this special point of investigation has been communicated to the public in Mr. Squier's preliminary report of the Honduras Inter-Oceanic Railway Company, of which he is Secretary. His further observations and adventures, at this time, are included in the two works which he has prepared, entitled *Honduras and San Salvador, Geographical, Historical, and Statistical*, with original maps and illustrative sketches, and a more personal volume, *Hunting a Puma*, comprising adventures, observations, and impressions during a year of active explorations in the States of Nicaragua, Honduras, and San Salvador, Central America. The numerous illustrations to these works are remarkable for their merit. They are from the pencil of the artist, Mr. D. C. Hitchcock, who accompanied Mr. Squier on his journeys as draftsman. The various vo-

cabularies, plans, drawings of monuments, and other archaeological materials collected during this last expedition, it is presumed will be embodied in a separate form.

Besides the writings which we have enumerated, Mr. Squier has been an industrious contributor to the periodical, newspaper, and scientific literature of the day, on topics of politics affecting the foreign relations of the country with the States of Central America; the antiquities and ethnology of the aboriginal tribes of the country, in various journals, and in the Transactions of the American Ethnological Society, of which he has been a prominent member.

*In 1863 Mr. Squier was appointed United States Commissioner to Peru. Eight years later he was chosen first president of the Anthropological Institute of New York. His recent works comprise: *Waihna, or Adventures on the Mosquito Shore*, 1855; *The States of Central America, with a Chapter on the Honduras Inter-Oceanic Railway*, 1858; *Monograph on the Authors who have Written on the Languages of Central America; Tropical Fibres: Their Production and Economic Extraction*, 1861; *Is Cotton "King"?* *Sources of Cotton Supply*, 1861; and a new edition of *Honduras, Descriptive, Historical, and Statistical*, 1871. He is understood to be the editor of Mr. Frank Leslie's publications.

ELISHA KENT KANE,

THE eminent Arctic explorer, was born in Philadelphia, Feb. 3, 1822. He took his degree at the Medical University of Pennsylvania in 1843; entered the United States Navy as assistant surgeon, and was attached as a physician to the first American embassy to China. Availing himself of the facilities of his position, he visited parts of China, the Philippines, Ceylon, and the interior of India. He is said to have been the second, if not the first person, having been certainly the first white person, to descend the crater of the Tael of Luzon, suspended by a bamboo rope around his body, from a projecting crag, two hundred and three feet above the scoræ and debris. Upon this expedition, or one which followed it to the Indian Archipelago, he narrowly escaped with his life from the Ladrões who assailed him, sustained successfully an attack of an entire tribe of savages of the Negrito race, and was exposed to hardships under which his travelling companion, Baron Loe of Prussia, sank and died at Java. After this he ascended the Nile to the confines of Nubia, and passed a season in Egypt. He travelled through Greece on foot, and returned in 1846 through Europe to the United States. He was at once ordered to the coast of Africa, and when there, in 1847, made an effort to visit the slave marts of Whydah. He took the African fever, and was sent home in a very precarious state of health, from which, however, he recovered sufficiently to visit Mexico during the war as a volunteer. He made his way through the enemy's country with despatches for the American Commander-in-Chief from the President, with the notorious spy company of the brigand Dominguez as his escort; and, after a successful engagement with a party of the enemy

whom they encountered at Nopaluca, he was forced to combat his companions single-handed to save the lives of his prisoners, Major-General Torrejon, General Gaona, and others, from their fury. He had his horse killed under him, and was badly wounded; but was restored to health by the hospitality and kind nursing of the grateful Mexicans, particularly the Gaona family of Puebla, by whom he was thus enabled to remain on service in Mexico till the cessation of hostilities.

When the first Grinnell Expedition for the recovery of Sir John Franklin was projected in 1850, Dr. Kane was appointed senior surgeon and naturalist of the squadron, composed of the *Advance* and the *Rescue*, which set sail from New York May 22 of that year, under the command of Lieut. De Haven. After traversing the waters of Baffin's Bay to Melville Bay the expedition crossed to Lancaster Sound and Barrow Straits, and ascended Wellington Channel, where the notable discoveries were made which have given to the map of the world the names of Maury Channel, Grinnell Land, and Mount Franklin. The winter was passed by the expedition imbedded in the ice floe. From the thirteenth of January, 1851, to the fifth of June, the vessels drifted a distance of six hundred miles, when the ice pack immediately surrounding them was broken up in Baffin's Bay. At this time Dr. Kane met Lieut. Bellot, the young French officer whose melancholy fate in the Arctic Regions in August, 1853, was so greatly enhanced to the public mind by the successful results of the efforts at discovery which were announced at the same moment with his death.



John A. Kane

He was then attached to the Prince Albert of the English expedition. After visiting the Greenland settlements of Proven and Uppernavik, with an unsuccessful attempt, against floes and icebergs, to resume the search through Wellington Channel,

the expedition returned to New York in September. The duties and scientific employments of Dr. Kane during the voyage were arduous and constant. After his return he employed himself upon the preparation of his journal for publication, and bringing before the public in lectures at Washington and the chief Atlantic cities, his views in reference to another attempt at Arctic discovery. His account of his voyage, *The U. S. Grinnell Expedition in Search of Sir John Franklin; A Personal Narrative*, was written and left for publication in the hands of the Harpers, when he sailed on his second Arctic expedition from New York, on the 31st May, 1853, in command of the *Advance*, fitted out by the liberality of Mr. Grinnell of New York, and Mr. Peabody, the wealthy broker of London. His design on this voyage was to advance to the head of Baffin's Bay, and in the winter and spring of 1854 traverse with dogs and sledges the upper portions of the peninsula or island of Greenland, in an endeavor to reach the supposed open Polar sea.

The publication of the book which Dr. Kane had left behind him was delayed by the burning of the edition, just then completed, at the great fire of the Messrs. Harper's establishment in Cliff and Pearl streets in December, 1853. The stereotype plates were saved, and the work was published in the spring of 1854. It is written with great fidelity and spirit, in a style highly characteristic of the life and energy of the man. Its descriptions are vivid, and its felicity of expression remarkable, illuminating to the unscientific reader the array of professional and technical terms with which the subject is appropriately invested. There is a frosty crystallization, as it were, about the style, in keeping with the theme. The scientific merits of the work are important, particularly in the careful study of the ice formations, on which subject Dr. Kane has mentioned his intention to prepare an elaborate essay for the Smithsonian publications. Not the least attraction of the book are the numerous careful drawings and spirited illustrations from the pencil of Dr. Kane himself.

Dr. Kane has also been a contributor to the scientific journals of Europe and America. In 1843 he published a paper on Kyestine, which was well received by the medical profession.

ARCTIC INCIDENTS.

I employed the dreary intervals of leisure that heralded our Christmas in tracing some Flemish portraits of things about me. The scenes themselves had interest at the time for the parties who figured in them; and I believe that is reason enough, according to the practice of modern academics, for submitting them to the public eye. I copy them from my scrap-book, expurgating only a little.

"We have almost reached the solstice; and things are so quiet that I may as well, before I forget it, tell you something about the cold in its sensible effects, and the way in which as sensible people we met it.

"You will see, by turning to the early part of my journal, that the season we now look back upon as the perfection of summer contrast to this outrageous winter was in fact no summer at all. We had the young ice forming round us in Baffin's Bay, and were measuring snow-falls, while you were sweating under your grass-cloth. Yet I remember it as a time of sunny recreation, when we shot bears upon the floes, and were scrambling merrily over glaciers

and murdering rotges in the bright glare of our day-midnight. Like a complaining brute, I thought it cold then—I, who am blistered if I touch a brass button or a ramrod without a woollen mit.

"The cold came upon us gradually. The first thing that really struck me was the freezing up of our water-casks, the dip-candle appearance of the bung-holes, and our inability to lay the tin cup down for a five-minutes' pause without having its contents made solid. Next came the complete inability to obtain drink without manufacturing it. For a long time we had collected our water from the beautiful fresh pools of the icebergs and floes; now we had to quarry out the blocks in flinty, glassy lumps, and then melt it in tins for our daily drink. This was in Wellington Channel.

"By-and-by the sludge which we passed through as we travelled became pancakes and snow-balls. We were glued up. Yet, even as late as the 11th of September, I collected a flowering *Potentilla* from Barlow's Inlet. But now anything moist or wet began to strike me as something to be looked at—a curious, out-of-the-way production, like the bits of broken ice round a can of mint-julep. Our decks became dry, and studded with botryoidal lumps of dirty foot-trodden ice. The rigging had nightly accumulations of rime, and we learned to be careful about coiled ropes and iron work. On the 4th of October we had a mean temperature below zero.

"By this time our little entering hatchway had become so complete a mass of icicles, that we had to give it up, and resort to our winter door-way. The opening of a door was now the signal for a gush of smoke-like vapor; every stove-pipe sent out clouds of purple steam; and a man's breath looked like the firing of a pistol on a small scale.

"All our etables became laughably consolidated, and after different fashions, requiring no small experience before we learned to manage the peculiarities of their changed condition. Thus, dried apples became one solid breccial mass of impacted angularities, a conglomerate of sliced chalcodony. Dried peaches the same. To get these out of the barrel, or the barrel out of them, was a matter impossible. We found, after many trials, that the shortest and best plan was to cut up both fruit and barrel by repeated blows with a heavy axe, taking the lumps below to thaw. Saur-kraut resembled mica, or rather talcose slate. A crow-bar with chiseled edge extracted the *laminae* badly; but it was perhaps the best thing we could resort to.

"Sugar formed a very funny compound. Take *g. s.* of cork raspings, and incorporate therewith another *g. s.* of liquid gutta percha caoutchouc, and allow to harden: this extemporaneous formula will give you the brown sugar of our winter cruise. Extract with the saw; nothing but the saw will suit. Butter and lard, less changed, require a heavy cold chisel and mallet. Their fracture is conchoidal, with hematitic (iron-ore pimpled) surface. Flour undergoes little change, and molasses can at —28° be half scooped, half cut by a stiff iron ladle.

"Pork and beef are rare specimens of Florentine mosaic, emulating the lost art of petrified visceral monstrosities seen at the medical schools of Bologna and Milan: crow-bar and handspike! for at —30° the axe can hardly chip it. A barrel sawed in half, and kept for two days in the caboose house at +76°, was still as refractory as flint a few inches below the surface. A similar bulk of lamp oil, denuded of the staves, stood like a yellow sandstone roller for a gravel walk.

"Ices for the dessert come of course unbidden, in all imaginable and unimaginable variety. I have tried my inventive powers on some of them. A

Roman punch, a good deal stronger than the noblest Roman ever tasted, forms readily at —20°. Some sugared cranberries, with a little butter and scalding water, and you have an impromptu strawberry ice. Many a time at those funny little jams, that we call in Philadelphia 'parties,' where the lady-hostess glides with such nicely-regulated indifference through the complex machinery she has brought together, I have thought I noticed her stolen glance of anxiety at the cooing doves, whose icy bosoms were melting into one upon the supper-table before their time. We order these things better in the Arctic. Such is the 'composition and fierce quality' of our ices, that they are brought in served on the shaft of a hickory broom; a transfixing rod, which we use as a stirrer first and a fork afterward. So hard is this terminating cylinder of ice, that it might serve as a truncheon to knock down an ox. The only difficulty is in the processes that follow. It is the work of time and energy to impress it with the carving-knife, and you must handle your spoon deftly, or it fastens to your tongue. One of our mess was tempted the other day by the crystal transparency of an icicle to break it in his mouth; one piece froze to his tongue, and two others to his lips, and each carried off the skin: the thermometer was at —28°."

Dr. Kane reached New York, on his return from his second Arctic voyage, as commander of "the *Advance*," October 11, 1855, nearly two years and five months after his departure from that port. His arrival excited great interest in the public mind, already stimulated by the record of his previous adventures; and when his journals and narrative appeared, they were received with unprecedented enthusiasm. This new work, to which he at once devoted himself with his accustomed energy, bore the title, *Arctic Explorations: the Second Grinnell Expedition in Search of Sir John Franklin*, 1853, '54, '55. It appeared, like his previous work, illustrated, by an extensive series of animated engravings from the author's own designs, in two volumes 8vo, at Philadelphia, in 1856, and in a short time reached a sale by subscription of no less than sixty-five thousand copies. The book, recounting a remarkable series of adventures and discoveries, pursued by the author in delicate health, under the extraordinary severities and trials of a hitherto untraversed Arctic region, was written in the same terse, forcible, yet unaffected style which marked his previous narrative. It relates the story of the voyage accomplished the first season through the waters of Baffin's Bay, along the coast of Greenland, to the ultimate station of the brig at a spot in latitude 78° 43' N., named by Dr. Kane, Rensselaer Harbor. From September, 1853, to June, 1855, an interval of twenty-one months, including two rigorous winters, this ice-locked, secluded spot was the home of our author. Thence the expeditions of parties on sledges were made, which resulted in the examination of the far northern coast-line, and the probable discovery of an open Arctic sea surrounding the pole. The endurance of the hardships of privation, of cold and disease, in these two winters, called forth all the skill, experience, and heroism of Dr. Kane, who, feeble as he was, struggling with as confirmed heart disease, bore up himself and sustained the health and spirits of his men. When the party was

finally compelled to abandon the vessel, in the summer of 1855, their resources, physical and mental, were again severely tested in the journey by boats and sledges to the settled parts of Greenland. There they happily met the vessels sent out by the United States Government for their relief, and were brought in safety to New York.

The narrative of the expedition which established the author's high rank in the noble list of Arctic explorers, was barely finished when he was compelled to seek refuge from the exhaustion consequent upon its preparation in a voyage to Europe for his health. He embarked in the steamer *Baltic*, at New York, in October, 1856, and reached London with distressing symptoms of consumption. Hurrying away from the oppressive November atmosphere of the metropolis, and the scientific honors which awaited him, he sailed for a warmer climate in the West Indies. He reached Cuba by the way of St. Thomas on Christmas Day. There he was joined by his mother and brother, who came from his home to soothe his parting hours. He died at Havana, having just completed his thirty-seventh year, February 16, 1857. His remains were brought with the most distinguished funeral honors to the place of his birth, by way of New Orleans, Louisville, Cincinnati, Columbus, Baltimore, and were finally laid in the tomb of his family at the Laurel Hill Cemetery.

The firm, energetic, modest, truthful character of the man is shown in his writings, which will survive not only by the interest of the stirring incidents which they preserve, but by the style—the impress of the man—by which they are characterized. Had the author lived he would doubtless have accomplished much in addition, in rigorous scientific investigation, to which his attention in his later years was steadily directed. As it is, he has left a noble monument of the conquest of mind and spiritual energy over extraordinary difficulties and discouragements of ill health and bodily suffering.

A biography of Dr. Kane was published by Dr. William Elder, of Philadelphia, in 1858.

**** THE RESCUE PARTY — FROM ARCTIC EXPLORATIONS.**

"March 31, Friday. — I was within an ace to-day of losing my dogs, every one of them. When I reached the ice-foot, they barked: — who would not? — the tide was low, the ice rampant, and a jump of four feet necessary to reach the crest. The howling of the wind and the whirl of the snow-drift confused the poor creatures; but it was valuable training for them, and I strove to force them over. Of course I was on foot, and they had a light load behind them. 'Now, Stumpy! Now, Whitey!' 'Good dogs!' 'Tule-ee-ee-ee! Tuh!' They went at it like good stanch brutes, and the next minute the whole team was rolling in a lump, some sixteen feet below me, in the chasm of the ice-foot. The drift was such that at first I could not see them. The roaring of the tide and the subdued wail of the dogs made me fear for the worst. I had to walk through the broken ice, which rose in toppling spires over my head, for nearly fifty yards, before I found an opening to the ice-face, by which I was able to climb down to them. A few cuts of a

sheath-knife released them, although the caresses of the dear brutes had like to have been fatal to me, for I had to straddle with one foot on the fast ice and the other on loose piled rubbish. But I got a line attached to the cross-pieces of the sledge-runners, flung it up on the ice-foot, and then piloted my dogs out of their slough. In about ten minutes we were sweating along at eight miles an hour."

Everything looked promising, and we were only waiting for intelligence that our advance party had deposited its provisions in safety to begin our transit of the bay. Except a few sledge-lashings and some trifling accoutrements to finish, all was ready.

We were at work cheerfully, sewing away at the skins of some moccasins by the blaze of our lamps, when, toward midnight, we heard the noise of steps above, and the next minute Sontag, Ohlsen, and Petersen came down into the cabin. Their manner startled me even more than their unexpected appearance on board. They were swollen and haggard, and hardly able to speak.

Their story was a fearful one. They had left their companions in the ice, risking their own lives to bring us the news: Brooks, Baker, Wilson, and Pierre were all lying frozen and disabled. Where? They could not tell: somewhere in among the hummocks to the north and east; it was drifting heavily round them when they parted. Irish Tom had stayed by to feed and care for the others; but the chances were sorely against them. It was in vain to question them further. They had evidently travelled a great distance, for they were sinking with fatigue and hunger, and could hardly be rallied enough to tell us the direction in which they had come.

My first impulse was to move on the instant with an unencumbered party: a rescue, to be effective or even hopeful, could not be too prompt. What pressed on my mind most was, where the sufferers were to be looked for among the drifts. Ohlsen seemed to have his faculties rather more at command than his associates, and I thought that he might assist us as a guide; but he was sinking with exhaustion, and if he went with us we must carry him.

There was not a moment to be lost. While some were still busy with the new-comers and getting ready a hasty meal, others were rigging out the "Little Willie" with a buffalo-cover, a small tent, and a package of pemmican; and, as soon as we could hurry through our arrangements, Ohlsen was strapped on in a fur bag, his legs wrapped in dog-skins and eider-down, and we were off upon the ice. Our party consisted of nine men and myself. We carried only the clothes on our backs. The thermometer stood at -46° , seventy-eight degrees below the freezing-point.

A well-known peculiar tower of ice, called by the men the "Pinnacly Berg," served as our first landmark: other icebergs of colossal size, which stretched in long beaded lines across the bay, helped to guide us afterward; and it was not until we had travelled for sixteen hours that we begun to lose our way.

We knew that our lost companions must be somewhere in the area before us, within a radius of forty miles. Mr. Ohlsen, who had been for fifty hours without rest, fell asleep as soon as we began to move, and awoke now with unequivocal signs of mental disturbance. It became evident that he had lost the bearing of the icebergs, which in form and color endlessly repeated themselves;

and the uniformity of the vast field of snow utterly forbade the hope of local landmarks.

Pushing ahead of the party, and clambering over some rugged ice-piles, I came to a long level floe, which I thought might probably have attracted the eyes of weary men in circumstances like our own. It was a light conjecture; but it was enough to turn the scale, for there was no other to balance it. I gave orders to abandon the sledge, and disperse in search of footmarks. We raised our tent, placed our pemmican in *cache*, except a small allowance for each man to carry on his person; and poor Ohlsen, now just able to keep his legs, was liberated from his bag. The thermometer had fallen by this time to $-49^{\circ}.3$, and the wind was setting in sharply from the northwest. It was out of the question to halt; it required brisk exercise to keep us from freezing. I could not even melt ice for water; and, at these temperatures, any resort to snow for the purpose of allaying thirst was followed by bloody lips and tongue: it burnt like caustic.

It was indispensable then that we should move on, looking out for traces as we went. Yet when the men were ordered to spread themselves, so as to multiply the chances, though they all obeyed heartily, some painful impress of solitary danger, or perhaps it may have been the varying configuration of the ice-field, kept them closing up continually into a single group. The strange manner in which some of us were affected I now attribute as much to shattered nerves as to the direct influence of the cold. Men like McGary and Bonsall, who had stood out our severest marches, were seized with trembling-fits and short breath; and, in spite of all my efforts to keep up an example of sound bearing, I fainted twice on the snow.

We had been nearly eighteen hours out without water or food, when a new hope cheered us. I think it was Hans, our Esquimaux hunter, who thought he saw a broad sledge-track. The drift had nearly effaced it, and we were some of us doubtful at first whether it was not one of those accidental rifts which the gales make in the surface-snow. But, as we traced it on to the deep snow among the hummocks, we were led to foot-steps; and, following these with religious care, we at last came in sight of a small American flag fluttering from a hummock, and lower down a little Masonic banner hanging from a tent-pole hardly above the drift. It was the camp of our disabled comrades: we reached it after an unbroken march of twenty-one hours.

The little tent was nearly covered. I was not among the first to come up; but, when I reached the tent-curtain, the men were standing in silent file on each side of it. With more kindness and delicacy of feeling than is often supposed to belong to sailors, but which is almost characteristic, they intimated their wish that I should go in alone. As I crawled in, and coming upon the darkness, heard before me the burst of welcome gladness that came from the four poor fellows stretched on their backs, and then for the first time the cheer outside, my weakness and my gratitude together almost overcame me. "They had expected me: they were sure I would come!"

We were now fifteen souls; the thermometer seventy-five degrees below the freezing-point; and our sole accommodation a tent barely able to contain eight persons: more than half our party were obliged to keep from freezing by walking outside while the others slept. We could not halt long.

Each of us took a turn of two hours' sleep; and we prepared for our homeward march.

We took with us nothing but the tent, furs to protect the rescued party, and food for a journey of fifty hours. Everything else was abandoned. Two large buffalo-bags, each made of four skins, were doubled up, so as to form a sort of sack, lined on each side by fur, closed at the bottom but opened at the top. This was laid on the sledge; the tent, smoothly folded, serving as a floor. The sick, with their limbs sewed up carefully in reindeer-skins, were placed upon the bed of buffalo-ropes, in a half-reclining posture; other skins and blanket-bags were thrown above them; and the whole litter was lashed together so as to allow but a single opening opposite the mouth for breathing.

This necessary work cost us a great deal of time and effort; but it was essential to the lives of the sufferers. It took us no less than four hours to strip and refresh them, and then to emble them in the manner I have described. Few of us escaped without frost-bitten fingers: the thermometer was at $55^{\circ}.6$ below zero, and a slight wind added to the severity of the cold.

It was completed at last, however; all hands stood round; and, after repeating a short prayer, we set out on our retreat. It was fortunate indeed that we were not inexperienced in sledging over the ice. A great part of our track lay among a succession of hummocks; some of them extending in long lines, fifteen and twenty feet high, and so uniformly steep that we had to turn them by a considerable deviation from our direct course; others that we forced our way through, far above our heads in height, lying in parallel ridges, with the space between too narrow for the sledge to be lowered into it safely, and yet not wide enough for the runners to cross without the aid of ropes to stay them. These spaces too were generally choked with light snow, hiding the openings between the ice-fragments. They were fearful traps to disengage a limb from, for every man knew that a fracture or a sprain even would cost him his life. Besides all this, the sledge was top-heavy with its load: the maimed men could not bear to be lashed down tight enough to secure them against falling off. Notwithstanding our caution in rejecting every superfluous burden, the weight, including bags and tent, was eleven hundred pounds.

And yet our march for the first six hours was very cheering. We made by vigorous pulls and lifts nearly a mile an hour, and reached the new floes before we were absolutely weary. Our sledge sustained the trial admirably. Ohlsen, restored by hope, walked steadily at the leading belt of the sledge-lines; and I began to feel certain of reaching our halfway station of the day before, where we had left our tent. But we were still nine miles from it, when, almost without premonition, we all became aware of an alarming failure of our energies.

I was of course familiar with the benumbed and almost lethargic sensation of extreme cold; and once, when exposed for some hours in the midwinter of Baffin's Bay, I had experienced symptoms which I compared to the diffused paralysis of the electro-galvanic shock. But I had treated the *sleepy comfort* of freezing as something like the embellishment of romance. I had evidence now to the contrary.

Bonsall and Morton, two of our stoutest men, came to me, begging permission to sleep: "they were not cold: the wind did not enter them now:

a little sleep was all they wanted." Presently Hans was found nearly stiff under a drift; and Thomas, bolt upright, had his eyes closed, and could hardly articulate. At last, John Blake threw himself on the snow, and refused to rise. They did not complain of feeling cold; but it was in vain that I wrestled, boxed, ran, argued, jeered, or reprimanded: an immediate halt could not be avoided.

We pitched our tent with much difficulty. Our hands were too powerless to strike a fire: we were obliged to do without water or food. Even the spirits (whisky) had frozen at the men's feet, under all the coverings. We put Bonsall, Ohlsen, Thomas, and Hans, with the other sick men, well inside the tent, and crowded in as many others as we could. Then, leaving the party in charge of Mr. McGary, with orders to come on after four hours' rest, I pushed ahead with William Godfrey, who volunteered to be my companion. My aim was to reach the halfway tent, and thaw some ice and pemmican before the others arrived.

The floe was of level ice, and the walking excellent. I cannot tell how long it took us to make the nine miles; for we were in a strange sort of stupor, and had little apprehension of time. It was probably about four hours. We kept ourselves awake by imposing on each other a continued articulation of words; they must have been incoherent enough. I recall these hours as among the most wretched I have ever gone through: we were neither of us in our right senses, and retained a very confused recollection of what preceded our arrival at the tent. We both of us, however, remember a bear, who walked leisurely before us and tore up as he went a jumper that Mr. McGary had improvidently thrown off the day before. He tore it into shreds and rolled it into a ball, but never offered to interfere with our progress. I remember this, and with it a confused sentiment that our tent and buffalo-robcs might probably share the same fate. Godfrey, with whom the memory of this day's work may atone for many faults of a later time, had a better eye than myself; and, looking some miles ahead, he could see that our tent was undergoing the same unceremonious treatment. I thought I saw it too, but we were so drunken with cold that we strode on steadily, and, for aught I know, without quickening our pace.

Probably our approach saved the contents of the tent; for when we reached it the tent was uninjured, though the bear had overturned it, tossing the buffalo-robcs and pemmican into the snow; we missed only a couple of blanket-bags. What we recollect, however, and perhaps all we recollect, is, that we had great difficulty in raising it. We crawled into our reindeer sleeping-bags, without speaking, and for the next three hours slept on in a dreamy but intense slumber. When I awoke, my long beard was a mass of ice, frozen fast to the buffalo-skin: Godfrey had to cut me out with his jack-knife. Four days after our escape, I found my woollen comfortable with a goodly share of my beard still adhering to it.

We were able to melt water and get some soup cooked before the rest of our party arrived: it took them but five hours to walk the nine miles. They were doing well, and, considering the circumstances, in wonderful spirits. The day was most providentially windless, with a clear sun. All enjoyed the refreshment we had got ready: the crippled were repacked in their robes; and we

sped briskly toward the hummock-ridges which lay between us and the Pinnacy Berg.

The hummocks we had now to meet came properly under the designation of squeezed ice. A great chain of bergs stretching from northwest to southeast, moving with the tides, had compressed the surface-floes; and, rearing them up on their edges, produced an area more like the volcanic pedragal of the basin of Mexico than any thing else I can compare it to.

It required desperate efforts to work our way over it,—literally desperate, for our strength failed us anew, and we began to lose our self-control. We could not abstain any longer from eating snow: our mouths swelled, and some of us became speechless. Happily the day was warmed by a clear sunshine, and the thermometer rose to -4° in the shade: otherwise we must have frozen.

Our halts multiplied, and we fell half-sleeping on the snow. I could not prevent it. Strange to say, it refreshed us. I ventured upon the experiment myself, making Riley wake me at the end of three minutes; and I felt so much benefited by it that I timed the men in the same way. They sat on the runners of the sledge, fell asleep instantly, and were forced to wakefulness when their three minutes were out.

By eight in the evening we emerged from the floes. The sight of the Pinnacy Berg revived us. Brandy, an invaluable resource in emergency, had already been served out in tablespoonful doses. We now took a longer rest, and a last but stouter dram, and reached the brig at 1 P. M., we believe without a halt.

I say *we believe*; and here perhaps is the most decided proof of our sufferings: we were quite delirious, and had ceased to entertain a sane apprehension of the circumstances about us. We moved on like men in a dream. Our footmarks seen afterward showed that we had steered a bee-line for the brig. It must have been by a sort of instinct, for it left no impress on the memory. Bonsall was sent staggering ahead, and reached the brig. God knows how, for he had fallen repeatedly at the track-lines; but he delivered with punctilious accuracy the messages I had sent by him to Dr. Hayes. I thought myself the soundest of all, for I went through all the formula of sanity, and can recall the muttering delirium of my comrades when we got back into the cabin of our brig. Yet I have been told since of some speeches and some orders too of mine, which I should have remembered for their absurdity if my mind had retained its balance.

Petersen and Whipple came out to meet us about two miles from the brig. They brought my dog-team, with the restoratives I had sent for by Bonsall. I do not remember their coming. Dr. Hayes entered with judicious energy upon the treatment our condition called for, administering morphine freely, after the usual frictions. He reported none of our brain-symptoms as serious, referring them properly to the class of those indications of exhausted power which yield to generous diet and rest. Mr. Ohlsen suffered some time from strabismus and blindness; two others underwent amputation of parts of the foot, without unpleasant consequences; and two died in spite of all our efforts. This rescue party had been out for seventy-two hours. We had halted in all eight hours, half of our number sleeping at a time. We travelled between eighty and ninety miles, most of the way dragging a heavy sledge.

The mean temperature of the whole time, including the warmest hours of three days, was at minus 41°.2. We had no water except at our two halts, and were at no time able to intermit vigorous exercise without freezing.

"April 4, Tuesday. — Four days have passed, and I am again at my record of failures, sound but aching still in every joint. The rescued men are not out of danger, but their gratitude is very touching. Pray God that they may live."

SAMUEL ELIOT,

THE author of a *History of Liberty*, was born at Boston, the son of William H. Eliot, December 22, 1821. He was educated in Boston and at Harvard, where he was graduated in 1839. He continued his studies in Europe. He formed the idea of writing a *History of Liberty* in Rome, where he spent the winter of 1844-5, and has since been engaged upon the work.

In 1847, he published in Boston, *Passages from the History of Liberty*, in which he traced the career of the early Italian reformers, Arnaldo da Brescia, Giovanni di Vicenza, and others; of Savonarola; of Wycliffe in England, and the War of the Communities in Castile.



The first series of his more elaborate history in two volumes, appeared in 1849 with the title, *The Liberty of Rome*. In 1853, this work was reprinted in a revised form as *The History of Liberty: Part I. The Ancient Romans*, and in the same year appeared two similar volumes relating to *The Early Christians*. These constituted two parts of an extensive work, of which three others are projected, devoted successively to the Papal Ages, the Monarchical Ages, and the American Nation. In 1856 appeared *Manual of United States History, 1492-1850*. This was afterwards extended to 1872.

The speciality of Mr. Eliot's historic labors is fully indicated in their title. It is to read the past, not for the purpose of curiosity, entertainment, or controversy, for the chronicle of kings and emperors, or the story of war and conquest, unless for their subordination to the progress of Liberty. His work is therefore a critical analysis rather than a narrative. It bears evidences of a diligent study of the original and later authorities. The conception of the work is a noble one, and it may without vanity be said to be appropriately undertaken by an American.

In 1860, Dr. Eliot accepted the presidency of Trinity College, Hartford, which he held four years. In 1873, he was Head Master of the Public High School for Girls in Boston.

As a specimen of the author's manner, we present a passage at the close of the history of Roman liberty with the establishment of the Emperors, and at the dawn of the new divine dispensation for all true freedom and progress of humanity in Christianity.

CLOSE OF ANTIQUITY.

Thus is our Era to be named of Hope.
CARLYLE, *French Revolution*, Book III. ch. 8.

The course of the olden time was run. Its generations had wrought the work appointed them to

do. Their powers were exhausted. Their liberty, in other words, their ability to exercise their powers, was itself overthrown.

From the outset there had been no union amongst men. The opposite system of centralization, by which the many were bound to the few, had prevailed at the beginning. Weakened, indeed, but more than ever developed, it prevailed also at the end. To renew and to extend this system had been the appointed work of the ancient Romans. Not to unite, not to liberate the human race, had they been intrusted with dominion. It was to reduce mankind, themselves included, to dissension and to submission, that the Romans were allowed their liberty.

To such an end their liberty, like that of the elder nations, was providentially adapted. As a possession, it was in the hands not of the best, but of the strongest. As a right, it was not the right to improve one's self, but that to restrain others. It was the claim to be served by others. It was not the privilege of serving others. Much less was it the privilege of serving God. Struggling amidst the laws of man, instead of resting upon those of God, it was the liberty of men destined to contention until they fell in servitude.

There were exceptions. Not every one lost himself in the dust and the agony of strife. Not every generation spent itself in conflicts. The physical powers were not always the only ones in exercise. At times the intellectual powers obtained development. At rarer seasons, the spiritual powers evinced themselves. A generation might thus attain to a liberty far wider than that of its predecessors. An individual might thus rise to a liberty far higher than that of his contemporaries. Yet these were but exceptions. The rule, confirmed by them, was the tendency of men to a lower, rather than a higher state. Indirectly, they were led towards the higher state, for which the lower was the necessary preparation. But the passage was to be made through the lower. Every bad work that succeeded, every good work that failed, brought mankind nearer to the end of the prevailing evil. The advent of the approaching good was hastened by every downward step towards prostration.

From the masses of the clouds the light first fades away. It presently vanishes from the patches in the skies originally undimmed. Then darkness overspreads the heavens. Men fall supine upon the earth. The night of universal humiliation sets in. But the gloom is not unbroken. Overshadowed as is the scene, it is not overwhelmed. There still remain the vales where truth has descended. There still exist the peaks to which love in its longing has climbed. Desires too earnest to have been wasted, principles too honest to have been unproductive, still linger in promise of the coming day. Men were to be humbled. They needed to feel the insecurity of their liberty, of the powers which made it their right, of the laws which made it their possession. But they did not need to be bereft of the good which their laws and their powers, however imperfect, comprehended.

The day of redemption followed. It was not too late. It was not too soon. The human race had been tried. It had not been annihilated. Then the angels sang their song of glory to God and peace amongst His creatures. We may believe that when the morning came, the oppression and the servitude of old had left their darkest forms amidst the midnight clouds. Before the death of Augustus, the Business of THE FATHER had already been begun in the Temple at Jerusalem; and near by, THE SON was increasing in wisdom and in stature and in favor with God and man.

The sea, as it were, whereon wave has pursued

wave through day and night, through years and centuries, before our eyes, is thus illumined with the advancing light which we have been waiting to behold. And as we stand upon the shore, conscious of the Spirit that has moved upon the face of the waters, we may lift our eyes with more confiding faith to the over-watching Heaven.

JAMES T. FIELDS

Was born in Portsmouth, N. H., December 31, 1817. His partnership in the publishing house of Ticknor and Co. of Boston, whose liberal literary dealings with eminent authors at home and abroad he has always warmly seconded, has identified him with the best interests of literature.

James T. Fields

He is the poets' publisher of America, as Moxon has been of England, and like his brother of the craft in London, writes good verses himself. On two occasions, in 1838 and '48, Mr. Fields has delivered a poem before the Boston Mercantile Association. Sentiment and point, in good set iambs and clashing rhymes, are the approved necessities of these affairs. Mr. Fields's poems on "Commerce" and "the Post of Honor" are wanting in neither. An elegantly printed little volume, in the highest luxury of the press, contains his miscellaneous poems. They are truthful and unaffected in sentiment, finished and delicate in expression.

WORDSWORTH.

The grass hung wet on Rydal banks,
The golden day with pearls adorning,
When side by side with him we walked
To meet midway the summer morning.

The west wind took a softer breath,
The sun himself seemed brighter shining,
As through the porch the minstrel stepped—
His eye sweet Nature's look enshrining.

He passed along the dewy sward,
The blue-bird sang aloft "good-morrow!"
He plucked a bud, the flower awoke,
And smiled without one pang of sorrow.

He spoke of all that graced the scene
In tones that fell like music round us,
We felt the charm descend, nor strove
To break the rapturous spell that bound us.

We listened with mysterious awe,
Strange feelings mingling with our pleasure;
We heard that day prophetic words,
High thoughts the heart must always treasure.

Great Nature's Priest! thy calm career,
With that sweet morn, on earth has ended—
But who shall say thy mission died
When, winged for Heaven, thy soul ascended!

DIRGE FOR A YOUNG GIRL.

Underneath the sod, low lying,
Dark and drear,
Sleepeth one who left, in dying,
Sorrow here.

Yes, they're ever bending o'er her,
Eyes that weep;
Forms that to the cold grave bore her
Vigils keep.

When the summer moon is shining
Soft and fair,
Friends she loved in tears are twining
Chaplets there.

Rest in peace, thou gentle spirit,
Throned above;
Souls like thine with God inherit
Life and love!

EVENTIDE.

This cottage door, this gentle gale,
Hay-scented, whispering round,
Yon path-side rose, that down the vale
Breathes incense from the ground,
Methinks should from the dullest clod
Invite a thankful heart to God.

But, Lord, the violet, bending low,
Seems better moved to praise;
From us, what scanty blessings flow,
How voiceless close our days:—
Father, forgive us, and the flowers
Shall lead in prayer the vesper hours.

**Mr. Fields privately printed another volume of his poems in 1858, entitled: *A Few Verses for a Few Friends*. His later services to literature include a collection of the complete works of De Quincey, in twenty volumes, and the editorship of the *Atlantic Monthly* from 1862 to July, 1870. At the end of the latter year he withdrew from the active cares of publishing, and his old firm was reorganized under the name of James R. Osgood & Co. His *Yesterdays with Authors*, a charming series of personal memories of such distinguished writers as Thackeray, Hawthorne, Dickens, Wordsworth, and Miss Mitford, with an introductory article on Pope, appeared in 1871. This work of standard value was welcomed with the same marked favor that had previously greeted its separate papers when published in the *Atlantic* as "Our Whispering Gallery."

**YESTERDAYS WITH AUTHORS.

THACKERAY.

Questions are frequently asked as to the habits of thought and composition of authors one has happened to know, as if an author's friends were commonly invited to observe the growth of works he was by and by to launch from the press. It is not customary for the doors of the writer's workshop to be thrown open, and for this reason it is all the more interesting to notice, when it is possible, how an essay, a history, a novel, or a poem is conceived, grows up, and is corrected for publication. One would like very much to be informed how Shakespeare put together the scenes of Hamlet or Macbeth, whether the subtle thought accumulated easily on the page before him, or whether he struggled for it with anxiety and distrust. We know that Milton troubled himself about little matters of punctuation, and obliged the printer to take special note of his requirements, scolding him roundly when he neglected his instructions. We also know that Melancthon was in his library hard at work by two or three o'clock in the morning both in summer and winter, and that Sir William Jones began his studies with the dawn.

The most popular female writer of America, whose great novel struck a chord of universal sympathy throughout the civilized world, has

habits of composition peculiarly her own, and unlike those belonging to any author of whom we have record. She *croons*, so to speak, over her writings, and it makes very little difference to her whether there is a crowd of people about her or whether she is alone during the composition of her books. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was wholly prepared for the press in a little wooden house in Maine, from week to week, while the story was coming out in a Washington newspaper. Most of it was written by the evening lamp, on a pine table, about which the children of the family were gathered together conning their various lessons for the next day. Amid the busy hum of earnest voices, constantly asking questions of the mother, intent on her world-renowned task, Mrs. Stowe wove together those thrilling chapters which were destined to find readers in so many languages throughout the globe. No work of similar importance, so far as we know, was ever written amid so much that seemed hostile to literary composition.

I had the opportunity, both in England and America, of observing the literary habits of Thackeray, and it always seemed to me that he did his work with comparative ease, but was somewhat influenced by a custom of procrastination. Nearly all his stories were written in monthly instalments for magazines, with the press at his heels. He told me that when he began a novel he rarely knew how many people were to figure in it, and, to use his own words, he was always very shaky about their moral conduct. He said that sometimes, especially if he had been dining late and did not feel in remarkably good-humor next morning, he was inclined to make his characters villainously wicked; but if he rose serene with an unclouded brain, there was no end to the lovely actions he was willing to make his men and women perform. When he had written a passage that pleased him very much he could not resist clapping on his hat and rushing forth to find an acquaintance to whom he might instantly read his successful composition. Gilbert Wakefield, universally acknowledged to have been the best Greek scholar of his time, said he would have turned out a much better one, if he had begun earlier to study that language; but unfortunately he did not begin till he was fifteen years of age. Thackeray, in quoting to me this saying of Wakefield, remarked: "My English would have been very much better if I had read Fielding before I was ten." This observation was a valuable hint, on the part of Thackeray, as to whom he considered his master in art.

James Hannay paid Thackeray a beautiful compliment when he said: "If he had had his choice he would rather have been famous as an artist than as a writer; but it was destined that he should paint in colors which will never crack and never need restoration." Thackeray's characters are, indeed, not so much *inventions* as *existences*, and we know them as we know our best friends or our most intimate enemies.

When I was asked, the other day, which of his books I liked best, I gave the old answer to a similar question, "*The last one I read.*" If I could possess only one of his works, I think I should choose "*Henry Esmond.*" To my thinking, it is a marvel in literature, and I have read it oftener than any of the other works. Perhaps the reason of my partiality lies somewhat in this little incident. One day, in the snowy winter of 1852, I met Thackeray sturdily ploughing his way down

Beacon Street with a copy of "*Henry Esmond*" (the English edition, then just issued) under his arm. Seeing me some way off, he held aloft the volumes, and began to shout in great glee. When I came up to him he cried out, "Here is the *very* best I can do, and I am carrying it to Prescott as a reward of merit for having given me my first dinner in America. I stand by this book, and am willing to leave it, when I go, as my card."

As he wrote from month to month, and liked to put off the inevitable chapters till the last moment, he was often in great tribulation. I happened to be one of a large company whom he had invited to a six-o'clock dinner at Greenwich one summer afternoon several years ago. We were all to go down from London, assemble in a particular room at the hotel, where he was to meet us at six o'clock *sharp*. Accordingly we took steamer and gathered ourselves together in the reception-room at the appointed time. When the clock struck six, our host had not fulfilled his part of the contract. His burly figure was yet wanting among the company assembled. As the guests were nearly all strangers to each other, and as there was no one present to introduce us, a profound silence fell upon the room, and we anxiously looked out of the windows, hoping every moment that Thackeray would arrive. This untoward state of things went on for one hour, still no Thackeray and no dinner. English reticence would not allow any remark as to the absence of our host. Everybody felt serious and a gloom fell upon the assembled party. Still no Thackeray. The landlord, the butler, and the waiters rushed in and out the room, shrieking for the master of the feast, who as yet had not arrived. It was confidently whispered by a fat gentleman, with a hungry look, that the dinner was utterly spoiled twenty minutes ago, when we heard a merry shout in the entry and Thackeray bounced into the room. He had not changed his morning dress, and ink was still visible upon his fingers. Clapping his hands and pirouetting briskly on one leg, he cried out, "Thank Heaven, the last sheet of *The Virginians* has just gone to the printer." He made no apology for his late appearance, introduced nobody, shook hands heartily with everybody, and begged us all to be seated as quickly as possible. His exquisite delight at completing his book swept away every other feeling, and we all shared his pleasure, albeit the dinner was overdone throughout.

DICKENS.

No writer ever lived whose method was more exact, whose industry was more constant, and whose punctuality was more marked, than those of Charles Dickens. He never shirked labor, mental or bodily. He rarely declined, if the object were a good one, taking the chair at a public meeting, or accepting a charitable trust. Many widows and orphans of deceased literary men have for years been benefited by his wise trusteeship or counsel, and he spent a great portion of his time personally looking after the property of the poor whose interests were under his control. He was, as has been intimated, one of the most industrious of men, and marvellous stories are told (not by himself) of what he has accomplished in a given time in literary and social matters. His studies were all from nature and life, and his habits of observation were untiring. If he contemplated writing "*Hard Times*," he arranged with the master of Astley's circus to spend

many hours behind the scenes with the riders and among the horses; and if the composition of the "Tale of Two Cities" were occupying his thoughts, he could banish himself to France for two years to prepare for that great work. Hogarth pencilled on his thumb-nail a striking face in a crowd that he wished to preserve; Dickens with his transcendent memory chronicled in his mind whatever of interest met his eye or reached his ear, any time or anywhere. Speaking of memory one day, he said the memory of children was prodigious; it was a mistake to fancy children ever forgot anything. When he was delineating the character of Mrs. Pipchin, he had in his mind an old lodging-house keeper in an English watering-place where he was living with his father and mother when he was but two years old. After the book was written he sent it to his sister, who wrote back at once: "Good heavens! what does this mean? you have painted our lodging-house keeper, and you were but two years old at that time!" Characters and incidents crowded the chambers of his brain, all ready for use when occasion required. No subject of human interest was ever indifferent to him, and never a day went by that did not afford him some suggestion to be utilized in the future.

His favorite mode of exercise was walking; and when in America, scarcely a day passed, no matter what the weather, that he did not accomplish his eight or ten miles. It was on these expeditions that he liked to recount to the companion of his rambles stories and incidents of his early life; and when he was in the mood, his fun and humor knew no bounds. He would then frequently discuss the numerous characters in his delightful books, and would act out, on the road, dramatic situations, where Nickleby or Copperfield or Swiveller would play distinguished parts. I remember he said, on one of these occasions, that during the composition of his first stories he could never entirely dismiss the characters about whom he happened to be writing; that while the "Old Curiosity Shop" was in process of composition Little Nell followed him about everywhere: that while he was writing "Oliver Twist" Fagin the Jew would never let him rest, even in his most retired moments; that at midnight and in the morning, on the sea and on the land, Tiny Tim and Little Bob Cratchit were ever tugging at his coat-sleeve, as if impatient for him to get back to his desk, and continue the story of their lives. But he said after he had published several books, and saw what serious demands his characters were accustomed to make for the constant attention of his already overtasked brain, he resolved that the phantom individuals should no longer intrude on his hours of recreation and rest, but that when he closed the door of his study, he would shut them all in, and only meet them again when he came back to resume his task. That force of will with which he was so pre-eminently endowed enabled him to ignore these manifold existences till he chose to renew their acquaintance. He said, also, that when the children of his brain had once been launched, free and clear of him, into the world, they would sometimes turn up in the most unexpected manner to look their father in the face.

Sometimes he would pull my arm while we were walking together and whisper, "Let us avoid Mr. Pumblechook, who is crossing the street to meet us"; or, "Mr. Micawber is coming: let us

turn down this alley to get out of his way." He always seemed to enjoy the fun of his comic people, and had unceasing mirth over Mr. Pickwick's misadventures. In answer one day to a question, prompted by psychological curiosity, if he ever dreamed of any of his characters, his reply was, "Never; and I am convinced that no writer (judging from my own experience, which cannot be altogether singular, but must be a type of the experience of others) has ever dreamed of the creatures of his own imagination. It would," he went on to say, "be like a man's dreaming of meeting himself, which is clearly an impossibility. Things exterior to one's self must always be the basis of dreams." The growing up of characters in his mind never lost for him a sense of the marvellous. "What an unfathomable mystery there is in it all!" he said one day. Taking up a wineglass, he continued: "Suppose I choose to call this a *character*, fancy it a man, endue it with certain qualities; and soon the fine filmy webs of thought, almost impalpable, coming from every direction, we know not whence, spin and weave about it, until it assumes form and beauty, and becomes instinct with life."

HAWTHORNE.

I am sitting to-day opposite the likeness of the rarest genius America has given to literature, — a man who lately sojourned in this busy world of ours, but during many years of his life

"Wandered lonely as a cloud,"—

a man who had, so to speak, a physical affinity with solitude. The writings of this author have never soiled the public mind with one unlovely image. His men and women have a magic of their own, and we shall wait a long time before another arises among us to take his place. Indeed, it seems probable no one will ever walk precisely the same round of fiction which he traversed with so free and firm a step.

The portrait I am looking at was made by Rowse (an exquisite drawing), and is a very truthful representation of the head of Nathaniel Hawthorne. He was several times painted and photographed, but it was impossible for art to give the light and beauty of his wonderful eyes. I remember to have heard, in the literary circles of London, that, since Burns, no author had appeared there with so fine a face as Hawthorne. Old Mrs. Basil Montagu told me, many years ago, that she sat next to Burns at dinner, when he appeared in society in the first flush of his fame, after the Edinburgh edition of his poems had been published. She said, among other things, that, although the company consisted of some of the best bred men of England, Burns seemed to her the most perfect gentleman among them. She noticed particularly his genuine grace and deferential manner toward women, and I was interested to hear Mrs. Montagu's brilliant daughter, when speaking of Hawthorne's advent in English society, describe him in almost the same terms as I had heard her mother, years before, describe the Scottish poet. I happened to be in London with Hawthorne during his consular residence in England, and was always greatly delighted at the rustle of admiration his personal appearance excited when he entered a room. His bearing was modestly grand, and his voice touched the ear like a melody.

DONALD G. MITCHELL

MR. MITCHELL was born in Norwich, Connecticut, April, 1822. His father was the pastor of the Congregational church of that place, and his grandfather a member of the first Congress at Philadelphia, and for many years Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Connecticut.

After being prepared for college at a boarding-school, young Mitchell entered Yale, and was graduated in due course in 1841. His health being feeble, he passed the three following years on his grandfather's estate in the country. He became much interested in agriculture, wrote a number of letters for the Cultivator at Albany, and gained a silver cup from the New York Agricultural Society, as a prize for a plan of farm buildings.

He next crossed the ocean, and spent half a winter in the island of Jersey, and the other half in rambling over England on foot, visiting in this manner every county, and writing letters to the Albany Cultivator. After passing eighteen months on the continent he returned home, and commenced the study of the law in New York city. He soon after published, *Fresh Gleanings; or, A New Sheaf from the Old Fields of Continental Europe*; by *Ik. Marvel*, a pleasant volume of leisurely observation over a tour through some of the choice places of Central Europe. Mr. Mitchell's health suffering from confinement in a city office, he again visited Europe, and passed some of the eventful months of 1848 in the capital and among the vineyards of France.



Donald G. Mitchell

On his return, Mr. Mitchell published in 1850, *The Battle Summer, being Transcriptions from Personal Observations in Paris during the year 1848*; by *Ik. Marvel*, a volume in which he carried the quaint brevity of style, somewhat apparent in the *Fresh Gleanings*, to an injudicious extent, coupling with this an unfortunate imitation of Carlyle's treatment of similar scenes in

the History of the French Revolution. His next production was *The Lorgnette*, a periodical in size and style resembling *Salmagundi*. It appeared anonymously, and although attracting much attention in fashionable circles, the author's incognito was for some time preserved. It was written in a quiet, pure style, and contains some of the best passages in the author's writings.

During the progress of the *Lorgnette*, Mr. Mitchell published the *Reveries of a Bachelor*, a contemplative view of life from the slippered ease of the chimney corner. A slight story runs through the volume, containing some pathetic scenes tenderly narrated.

A volume of a similar character, *Dream Life*, appeared in the following year. In 1853 Mr. Mitchell received the appointment of United States Consul at Venice. He retained the office but a short time, and after passing several months in Europe, engaged in the collection of materials for a proposed history of Venice, returned home the summer of 1855. He is at present residing on a country-seat which he has purchased in the neighborhood of New Haven.

Mr. Mitchell's next publication, *Fudge Doings*, was originally published in the *Knickerbocker Magazine*. It consists of a series of sketches, in a connected form, of city fashionable life, in the vein of the *Lorgnette*.

LETTERS—FROM THE REVERIES OF A BACHELOR.

Blessed be letters!—they are the monitors, they are also the comforters, and they are the only true heart-talkers. Your speech, and their speeches, are conventional; they are moulded by circumstances; they are suggested by the observation, remark, and influence of the parties to whom the speaking is addressed, or by whom it may be overheard.

Your truest thought is modified half through its utterance by a look, a sign, a smile, or a sneer. It is not individual; it is not integral: it is social and mixed,—half of you, and half of others. It bends, it sways, it multiplies, it retires, and it advances, as the talk of others presses, relaxes, or quickens.

But it is not so with Letters:—there you are, with only the soulless pen, and the snow-white, virgin paper. Your soul is measuring itself by itself, and saying its own sayings: there are no sneers to modify its utterance,—no scowl to scare,—nothing is present, but you and your thought.

Utter it then freely—write it down—stamp it—burn it in the ink!—There it is, a true soul-print!

Oh, the glory, the freedom, the passion of a letter! It is worth all the lip-talk of the world. Do you say, it is studied, made up, acted, rehearsed, contrived, artistic?

Let me see it then; let me run it over; tell me age, sex, circumstances, and I will tell you if it be studied or real; if it be the merest lip-slang put into words, or heart-talk blazing on the paper.

I have a little packet, not very large, tied up with narrow crimson ribbon, now soiled with frequent handling, which far into some winter's night I take down from its nook upon my shelf, and untie, and open, and run over, with such sorrow, and such joy,—such tears and such smiles, as I am sure make me for weeks after, a kinder and holier man.

There are in this little packet, letters in the familiar hand of a mother—what gentle admonition—what tender affection!—God have mercy on him who outlives the tears that such admonitions, and such affection call up to the eye! There are others in the budget, in the delicate, and unformed hand of

a loved, and lost sister;—written when she and you were full of glee, and the best mirth of youthfulness; does it harm you to recall that mirthfulness? or to trace again, for the hundredth time, that scrawling postscript at the bottom, with its *i*'s so carefully dotted, and its gigantic *t*'s so carefully crossed, by the childish hand of a little brother?

I have added latterly to that packet of letters; I almost need a new and longer ribbon; the old one is getting too short. Not a few of these new and cherished letters, a former Reverie has brought to me; not letters of cold praise, saying it was well done, artfully executed, prettily imagined—no such thing: but letters of sympathy—of sympathy which means sympathy—the *παθήμι* and the *συν*.

It would be cold and dastardly work to copy them; I am too selfish for that. It is enough to say that they, the kind writers, have seen a heart in the Reverie—have felt that it was real, true. They know it; a secret influence has told it. What matters it, pray, if literally there was no wife, and no dead child, and no coffin, in the house? Is not feeling, feeling and heart, heart? Are not these fancies thronging on my brain, bringing tears to my eyes, bringing joy to my soul, as living, as anything human can be living? What if they have no material type—no objective form? All that is crude, —a mere reduction of ideality to sense,—a transformation of the spiritual to the earthy,—a levelling of soul to matter.

Are we not creatures of thought and passion? Is anything about us more earnest than that same thought and passion? Is there anything more real, —more characteristic of that great and dim destiny to which we are born, and which may be written down in that terrible word—Forever?

Let those who will then, sneer at what in their wisdom they call untruth—at what is false, because it has no material presence: this does not create falsity; would to Heaven that it did!

And yet, if there was actual, material truth, super-added to Reverie, would such objectors sympathize the more? No!—a thousand times, no; the heart that has no sympathy with thoughts and feelings that scorch the soul, is dead also—whatever its mocking tears and gestures may say—to a coffin or a grave!

Let them pass, and we will come back to these cherished letters.

A mother who has lost a child, has, she says, shed a tear—not one, but many—over the dead boy's coldness. And another, who has not, but who trembles lest she lose, has found the words failing as she reads, and a dim, sorrow-borne mist, spreading over the page.

Another, yet rejoicing in all those family ties that make life a charm, has listened nervously to careful reading, until the husband is called home, and the coffin is in the house—"Stop!" she says; and a gush of tears tells the rest.

Yet the cold critic will say—"it was artfully done." A curse on him!—it was not art: it was nature.

Another, a young, fresh, healthful girl-mind, has seen something in the love-picture—albeit so weak—of truth; and has kindly believed that it must be earnest. Aye, indeed is it, fair, and generous one,—earnest as life and hope! Who indeed with a heart at all, that has not yet slipped away irreparably and for ever from the shores of youth—from that fairy land which young enthusiasm creates, and over which bright dreams hover—but knows it to be real? And so such things will be real, till hopes are dashed, and Death is come.

Another, a father, has laid down the book in tears.—God bless them all! How far better this, than

the cold praise of newspaper paragraphs, or the critically contrived approval of colder friends!

Let me gather up these letters carefully,—to be read when the heart is faint, and sick of all that there is unreal and selfish in the world. Let me tie them together, with a new, and longer bit of ribbon—not by a love knot, that is too hard—but by an easy slipping knot, that so I may get at them the better. And now they are all together, a snug packet, and we will label them not sentimentally (I pity the one who thinks it), but earnestly, and in the best meaning of the term—*SOUVENIRS DU CŒUR*.

Thanks to my first Reverie, which has added to such a treasure!

During the last few years, Mr. Mitchell has varied the routine of farm life at his country seat in Connecticut, by his contributions to *Harper's Magazine* and the *Atlantic Monthly*, where his articles have constantly appeared, and the occasional publication of a volume. Several of his recent works owe their origin to his rural pursuits.

My Farm of Edgewood appeared in 1863, a book pleasantly descriptive of the adventures of a gentleman in search of a farm, and his adventures in maintaining it, re-enforced by "curious and valuable information, founded on the results of actual experience, and in wise suggestions which indicate a mind of earnest purpose and acute observation."* A sequel to this, *Wet Days at Edgewood* (New York, 1864), is a series of sketches reviewing the poetical and other literature and past history of gentleman farming and agriculture. *Seven Stories, with Basement and Attic*, is the title of another of Mr. Mitchell's recent volumes. He has at present a novel of New England life and manners, entitled *Doctor Johns*, in course of publication in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

** In 1866, *Doctor Johns, being a Narrative of Certain Events in the Life of an Orthodox Minister of Connecticut*, was published in book-form, in two volumes. It was followed the next year by *Rural Studies, with Notes for Country Places*, and illustrations by its author, who is an artist in the study of landscapes by natural taste and culture. The aim of the latter work was "to stimulate those who live in the country, or who love the country, to a fuller and wider range of thinking about the means of making their homes enjoyable."

** ACCOUNT OF A CONSULATE—FROM SEVEN STORIES.

Julius Cæsar was a Consul, and the first Bonaparte; and so was I.

I do not think that I am possessed of any very extraordinary ambition. I like comfort, I like mushrooms; (truffles I do not like). I think Lafitte is a good wine, and wholesome. Gin is not to my taste, and I never attend caucuses. Therefore, I have never entertained great expectations of political preferment, and lived for a considerable period of years without any hopes in that way, and with a very honest indifference.

And yet, when my name actually appeared in the newspapers, as named by appointment of the President, Consul to — Blank, I felt, I will con-

* New York Tribune, November 7, 1863.

fess (if I may use such an expression), an unusual expansion. I felt confident that I had become on a sudden the subject of a good deal of not unnatural envy. I excused people for it, and never thought of blaming or of resenting it. My companions in the every-day walks of life, I treated, I am satisfied, with the same consideration as before.

In short, I concealed my elation as much as possible, and only indulged the playful elasticity of my spirits in a frequent private perusal of that column of the *New York Times* which made the announcement of my appointment, and where my name appeared in print, associated with those of the distinguished Mr. Soulé, Mr. Greaves (I believe), Mr. Daniels, Mr. Brown, Mr. McCrea, and a great many others.

I cannot accurately describe my feelings when the postmaster of our town (a smart gentleman of great tact, but now turned out), handed me a huge packet from the Department of State, franked by Mr. Marcy (evidently his own hand had traced the lines), sealed with the large seal of the Department, and addressed to me, Mr. Blank, Consul of the United States for — Blank. I took the postmaster by the hand and endeavored to appear cool. I think I made some casual remark about the weather. Good heavens, what a hypocrite!

I broke open the packet with emotion. It contained a notice (I think it was in the Secretary's hand) of my appointment to — Blank. It contained a printed list of foreign ministers and consuls, in which my name was entered in writing. In the next issue, I was sure it would appear in print. It contained a published pamphlet (quite thin) of instructions. It contained a circular, on paper of a blue tinge, recommending modest dress. I liked the friendly way in which the recommendation was conveyed; not absolutely compelling, but advising — a black coat, and black pantaloons. In the warmth of my grateful feelings at that time, I think I should have vowed compliance if the Secretary had advised saffron shorts, and a sky-blue tail-coat.

* * * * *

I have spoken of the arrival of a second American ship; such was the fact. I need not say that the papers were made out in the same style as the previous ones; I had now gained considerable facility in the use of the seal. Upon the payment of the fees I ventured to attach the seal to my receipt for the same. It was not necessary — it was not usual, even; still I did it. If the occasion were to be renewed, I think I should do it again.

Not long after this accession of business, which gave me considerable hopes of — in time — replacing the flag, I received a visit from an Italian gentleman just arrived from New York, where he had been an attaché on an opera troupe. He informed me with some trepidation that the authorities were not satisfied with his papers, and had given him notice to return by sea.

I asked him if he was an American: whereupon he showed me a court certificate of his intentions to become a citizen, dated a couple of days before his leave, and with it an imposing-looking paper, illustrated by a stupendous eagle. This last, however, I found upon examination, was only the instrument of an ambitious Notary Public, who testified, thereby, to the genuine character of the court certificate, and at the same time invited all foreign powers to treat the man becomingly. The paper, indeed, had very much the air of a pass-

port, and, by the Italian's account, had cost a good deal more.

I told him I should be happy to do what I could for him, and would cheerfully add my testimony to the *bona fide* character of the court certificate.

The man, however, wished a passport.

I told him that the only form of passport of which I knew (and I showed the six blanks), involved a solemn declaration on my part, that the party named was an American citizen. The Italian gentleman alluded to M. Koszta and the *New York Herald*.

I expressed an interest in both; but told him that I had as yet no knowledge of the correspondence in the Koszta affair; that there had been no change in the consular instructions (and I showed him the little pamphlet).

I promised, however, to communicate with the *Chargé*, who might be in possession of later advices; and, in addition, offered to intercede with the authorities to grant permission to an unoffending gentleman to visit his friends in the country.

Upon this I undertook a considerable series of notes and letters, — by far the most elaborate and numerous which had yet issued from my consular bureau. I will not presume to say how many there were, or how many visits I paid to the lodging-quarters of the suspected gentleman. I found it requisite, — to secure him any freedom of action, — to become sponsor for his good conduct. I need not say (after this) that I felt great solicitude about him.

The notice of "absent on business" became almost a fixture in the office window. I had written previously to the Department for instructions in the event of such application; I had never received them; indeed I never did. The *Chargé* flatteringly confirmed my action, and "relied on my discretion." I was sorry to find he relied so much upon it.

It seemed to me that an office involving so large discretion should, at the least, have better furniture. The stool, though now repaired, was a small stool. I sat upon it nervously. The "Statutes at Large" I looked on with pride and satisfaction. I had inaugurated them, so to speak, in the office. I placed my little Vattel by the side of them; I hope it is there now — though there was no eagle on the back.

To return to the Italian gentleman, I at length succeeded in giving him a safe clearance. I think he was grateful: he certainly wore a grateful air when he left my office for the last time, and I felt rewarded for my labor. It was the only reward, indeed, I received: if he had offered a fee, I *think* I should have declined. Was I not there, indeed, for the service of my countrymen, and of my intended countrymen? Of course I was.

The day after the Italian gentleman left I paid my office rent for the current month, besides a small bill the serving-man brought me for the caulking of the office boat. It appeared that it had grounded with the tide, and without our knowledge (there being no American ships in port), had remained exposed for several days to the sun.

Keeping the office in business trim, and sitting upon the office stool, I received, one day, a very large packet, under the seal of the Department. I had not heard from Washington in a long time, and it was a pleasant surprise to me. Possibly it might be some new and valuable commission; possibly, it might bring the details of the proposed change in the Consular system. Who knew?

In such an event I wondered what the probable salary would be at my post; something handsome, no doubt. I glanced at the "arms" of my country with pride, and (there being no American ship in port), broke open the packet.

It contained two circulars, embracing a series of questions, ninety in number, in regard to ship-building, ship-timber, rigging, hemp, steamships, fuel, provisioning of vessels, light-house dues, expenses of harbor, depth of ditto, good anchorages, currents, winds, cutting of channels, buoys, rates of wages, apprentices, stowage facilities, prices current, duties, protests, officers of port, manufactures, trade facilities, leakages, wear and tear, languages, pilots, book publication, etc., etc., on all of which points the circulars requested full information, as soon as practicable, in a tabular form, with a list of such works as were published on kindred subjects, together with all Government orders in regard to any, or all of the suggested subjects, which were in pamphlet form; and it in a foreign language, the same to be accurately translated into American.

The accompanying letter stated that it was proposed to allow no remuneration for the same; but added "faithful acquittal of the proposed task will be favorably viewed."

I reflected — (I sometimes do reflect).

A respectable reply even to the questions suggested, would, supposing every facility was thrown in my way by port officers and others, involve the labor of at least six weeks, and the writing over of at least ninety large pages of foolscap paper (upon which it was requested that the report should be made).

I reflected, farther — that the port officer, as yet affecting a large share of his old ignorance, would, upon presentation of even the first inquiries as to the depth of the harbor, send me to the guard-house as a suspicious person; or, recognizing my capacity, would report the question as a diplomatic one to the Governor; who would report it back to the Central Cabinet, who would report it back to the maritime commander in an adjoining city; who would communicate on the subject with the police of the port; who would communicate back with the marine intendant; who would report accordingly to the Central Government; who would in due time acquaint the *Chargé* at the capital with their conclusions.

I reflected — that I had already expended, on behalf of the Government, more of time and of money than I should probably (there being no American ship in port) ever receive again at their hands.

I reflected — that life was, so to speak, limited; and that in case I should determine to give it up to gratuitous work for my country, or, indeed, for any party whatever, — I should prefer that the object of my charity should be a needy object.

I reflected — that I had given bonds in the sum of two thousand dollars (with sound bondsmen) for the stool, the blank passports, the pewter and brass seals, the small-sized flag, and the "arms;" and I examined them with attention.

I reflected — that while these things were in a capital state of preservation, and my health still unimpaired, I had better withdraw from office.

I therefore sent in my resignation.

I do not think there has been any omission in the performance of my consular duties; it involved, indeed, a more expensive charity on my part than I am in the habit of extending to the indigent. I trust that the Government is grateful.

In overlooking my books I find charges against the Government for nineteen dollars and sixty-three cents for postages and stationery. To make the sum an even one I have drawn on the Government (after the form prescribed in the consular instructions) for twenty dollars, making an overdraft of thirty-seven cents, for which I hope the Government will take into consideration my office and boat rent, my time and repairs to the consular stool.

Finding the draft difficult of negotiation upon the great European exchanges, I may add that I have carried it for a long time in my pocket. Should it be eventually paid, I shall find myself in possession, — by adding the thirty-seven cents to sums received in fees during the period of my consulate, — of the amount of some thirty dollars, more or less.

I have not yet determined how to invest this. I am hoping that Mr. Powers, who I hear wears the title of Consul, will find some pretty Florentine model-woman to make an "America" of. If he does so, and will sell a small plaster cast at a reasonable price, I will buy it with my consular income, and install the figure (if not too nude) in my study, as a consular monument.

I shall be happy to welcome my successor; I will give him all the aid in my power; I will present him to the ten-penny reading-room, and shall be happy to inscribe his name in advance at either of the hotels. I will inform him of the usual anchorage ground of American ships, so far as my observation has gone. I shall be pleased to point out to him, through the indulgence of my serving-man, the best grocer's shop in the port, and another where are sold wines and varnish.

Should the office-stool require repair, I think I could recommend with confidence a small journeyman joiner in a neighboring court.

He will have my best hopes for lucrative employment in his new position, and for happiness generally.

For myself, consular recollections are not, I regret to say, pleasant. I do not write "Ex-United States Consul" after my name. I doubt if I ever shall.

All my disturbed dreams at present take a consular form. I waked out of a horrid nightmare only a few nights since, in which I fancied that I was bobbing about fearfully in a boat — crashing against piles and door-posts — waiting vainly for an American captain.

I have no objection to serve my country; I have sometimes thought of enlisting in the dragoons. I am told they have comfortable rations, and two suits of clothes in a year. But I pray Heaven that I may never again be deluded into the acceptance of a small consulate on the Mediterranean.

** AN OLD STYLE FARM — FROM RURAL STUDIES.

The stock equipment of this farm of nearly four hundred acres, consisted of twelve cows, some six head of young stock, two yoke of oxen, a pair of horses, and a hundred and fifty sheep. I blush even now as I write down the tale of such poor equipment for a farm which counted at least two hundred and seventy acres of open land — the residue being wood, or impenetrable swamp. And it is still more melancholy to reflect that the portion of the land which aided most in the sustenance of this meagre stock, was that which was most nearly in a state of nature. I speak of those newly cleared pasture-lands from which the wood

had been removed within ten years. In giving this description of a farm of twenty years ago, I feel sure that I am describing the available surface of a thousand farms in New England to-day. We boast indeed of our thrift and enterprise, but these do not work in the direction of land culture—at least not in the way of that liberal and generous culture which insures the largest product. I doubt greatly if there be any people on the face of the earth, equally intelligent, who farm so poorly as the men of New England; and there are tens of thousands less intelligent who manage their lands infinitely better. . . .

I come back to the old farm, with its meagre stock and its wide acres. Of course there was something to be sold. Farmers never get on without that. First of all, came the "veals"—selling in that day for some two cents a pound, live weight. (They now sell in the New York market for ten.) This bridged over the spring costs, until the butter came from the first growth of the pastures.

—How well I remember tossing myself from bed at an hour before daylight, Seth (by previous orders) having the horse and wagon ready, and by candle-light seeing to the packing of the spring butter—the firkins being enwrapped in dewy grass, fresh cut—and then setting forth upon the long drive (twelve miles) to the nearest market town. What a drive it was! Five miles on, I saw the early people stirring and staring at me, as they washed their faces in the basin at the well. Then came woods, and silence, but a strange odorous freshness in the air—possibly some near coal-pit gave its kreosotic fumes, not unpleasant; some owl, in the swamps I passed, lifted its melancholy hoot; further on I saw some early riser driving his cows to pasture; still further I caught sight of children at play before some farm-house door, and the sun being fairly risen, I knew their breakfasts were waiting them within.

After this, I passed occasional teams upon the road, and gave a "good morning" to the drivers. Then came the toll-gate: I wondered if the day's profits would be equal to the toll? After this came the milk-wagons whisking by me, and I envied them their short rounds; at last (the sun being now two hours high) came sight of the market town—city, I should say; for the legislature had given it long before the benefit of the title; and on the score of church spires, and taverns, and shops, and newspapers, and wickedness, it deserved the name.

I wish I could catch sight once more of the old gentleman (a good grocer as the times went) who plunged his thumb-nails into my golden rolls of butter, and said: "We're buying pooty fair butter at twelve and a half cents, but seem' as it's you, we'll say thirteen cents a pound for this," and he cleaned his thumb-nail upon the breech of his trowsers.

I am not romancing here, I am only telling a plain, straightforward story of my advent, some twenty years ago, upon a summer's morning into the city of N—. I recall now vividly the detestably narrow and muddy streets—the poor horse, (I had bought it of the son of our deacon,) wheezing with his twelve-mile drive—my own empty faint stomach—the glimpses of the beautiful river between the hills—and the golden butter which I must needs sell to my friend the grocer at thirteen cents! I hope he had never any qualms of conscience; but it is a faint hope to entertain of grocers. I knew a single naively honest one; but to him I never offered anything

for sale. I feared he might succumb to that temptation.

After the butter, (counting some forty odd pounds in weight per week,) the next most important sale was that of the lambs and wool. The lambs counted ordinarily—leaving out the losses of the newly dropped ones by crows and foxes—some hundred or more. And nice lambs they were; far better than the half I find in the markets to-day. Nothing puts sweeter and more delicate flesh upon young lambs than that luxuriant growth of herbage which springs from freshly cleared high-lying wood-lands. In piquancy and richness, it is as much beyond the lambs of stall-fed sheep, as the racy mutton of the Dartmoors is beyond the turnip-fatted wethers of the downs of Hampshire. And yet these lambs were delivered to the butcher at an ignoble price; I think a dollar and a half a head was all that could be secured for animals which in the city would bring to-day nearly five dollars. The wool was bought up by speculators in that time, and the speculators were not extravagant. I remember very well driving off upon a summer's afternoon, mounted upon twelve great sacks of fleeces, and being rather proud of my receipts, at the rate of twenty-eight cents per pound. (The same wool would have brought two years since eighty cents per pound.)

After we disposed of the butter and the wool, and during the late autumn months, came the cartage of wood—some eight miles—to a port upon the river, at which four dollars per cord was paid for good oak wood, and five for hickory. At present rates of labor, these are sums which would not pay for the cutting and cartage.

I must not forget the swine—two or three venerable porkers, and in an adjoining pen a brood of young shoats—that would equip themselves in great layers of fat, from the whey during the hot months, and the yellow ears of corn with the first harvesting of October. Day after day, through May, through June, came the unwearied round of milking, of driving to pasture, of plowing, of planting; day after day the sun beat hotter on the meadows, on the plowland, on the reeking sty; day after day the buds unfolded—the pink of orchards hung in flowery sheets over the scattered apple trees; the dogwood threw out its snowy burden of blossoms from the edges of the wood; the oaks showed their velvety tufts, and with midsummer there was a world of green and of silence—broken only by an occasional "Gee, Bright!" of the teamster, or the cluck of a matronly hen, or hum of bees, or the murmur of the brook. All this inviting to a very dreamy indolence, which, I must confess, was somehow vastly enjoyable.

Nothing to see? Lo, the play of light and shade over the distant hills, or the wind, making tossed and streaming wavelets on the rye. Nothing to bear? Wait a moment and you shall listen to the bursting melodious roundelay of the merriest singer upon earth—the black and white coated Bob-o'-Lincoln, as he rises on easy wing, floats in the sunshine, and overflows with song, then sinks, as if exhausted by his brilliant solo, to some swaying twig of the alder bushes. Nothing to hope? The maize leaves through all their close serried ranks are rustling with the promise of golden corn. Nothing to conquer? There are the brambles, the roughnesses, the inequalities, the chill damp earth, the whole teeming swamp-land.

I have tried to outline the surroundings and appointments of many a back country farmer of

New England to-day. I am sure the drawing is true, because it is from the life.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ

Was born in Chester county, Pennsylvania, March 12, 1822. His boyhood was passed among the scenes of country life until the age of seventeen, when, after the death of his father, he moved to Cincinnati, and obtained a situation in the studio of Clevinger the sculptor. Devoting himself to the fine arts, he soon obtained some local reputation as a portrait painter, and in 1841 removed to New York, with the intention of devoting himself to the art as a profession. He went within a year to Boston, where, in 1843-4 he published in the "*Courier*" a number of lyrics, and in 1847 his first volume of *Poems*. It was followed by a second of *Lays and Ballads* in 1848, published at Philadelphia, whither he had removed in 1846. In 1848 he made a collection of specimens of the Female Poets of America, and has published an edition of his own verses, elegantly illustrated. He has passed some time in Europe with a view to the study of painting, and pursued that object with success in Rome till his return to Cincinnati in 1858.



T. Buchanan Read

A choice edition of Mr. Read's poems, delicately illustrated by Kenny Meadows, was published by Delf and Trübner, in London, in 1852. In 1853 a new and enlarged edition appeared at Philadelphia.

A later production of Mr. Read, published in Philadelphia in 1855, during the author's residence in Italy, *The New Pastoral*, was the most elaborate of his compositions. It is a series of thirty-seven sketches, forming a volume of two hundred and fifty pages, mostly in blank verse. The thread which connects the chapters together is the emigration of a family group of Middle Pennsylvania to the Mississippi. The description of their early residence; the rural manners and

pursuits; the natural scenery of their home; the phenomena of the seasons; the exhibitions of religious, political, and social life; the school; the camp meeting; the election; Independence Day, with an elevating love theme in the engagement of a village maiden to a poetic lover in Europe; the incidents of the voyage on the Ohio, with frequent episodes and patriotic aspirations, are all handled with an artist's eye for natural and moral beauty. The book presents a constant succession of truthful, pleasing images, in the healthy vein of the Goldsmiths and Bloomfields.

The characteristics we have noted describe Mr. Read's poems in his several volumes, which have exhibited a steady progress and development, in the confidence of the writer, in plain and simple objects, in strength of fancy and poetic culture.

THE CLOSING SCENE.

Within this sober realm of leafless trees,
The russet year inhaled the dreamy air,
Like some tanned reaper in his hour of ease,
When all the fields are lying brown and bare.

The gray barns, looking from their hazy hills
O'er the dim waters widening in the vales,
Sent down the air a greeting to the mills,
On the dull thunder of alternate flails.

All sights were mellowed, and all sounds subdued,
The hills seemed farther, and the streams sang
low;

As in a dream, the distant woodman hewed
His winter log with many a muffled blow.

Th' embattled forests, erewhile armed in gold,
Their banners bright with every martial hue,
Now stood, like some sad beaten host of old,
Withdrawn afar in Time's remotest blue.

On slumb'rous wings the vulture tried his flight;
The dove scarce heard his sighing mate's complaint;

And like a star slow drowning in the light,
The village church-vane seemed to pale and faint.

The sentinel cock upon the hill-side crew;
Crew thrice, and all was stiller than before—
Silent till some replying wanderer blew
His alien horn, and then was heard no more.

Where erst the jay within the elm's tall crest
Made garrulous 'trouble round the unfledged
young;

And where the oriole hung her swaying nest
By every light wind like a censer swung;

Where sang the noisy masons of the eaves,
The busy swallows circling ever near,
Foreboding, as the rustic mind believes,
An early harvest and a plenteous year;

Where every bird which charmed the vernal feast
Shook the sweet slumber from its wings at morn,
To warn the reapers of the rosy east,
All now was songless, empty, and forlorn.

Alone, from out the stubble piped the quail,
And croaked the crow through all the dreary
gloom;

Alone the pheasant, drumming in the vale,
Made echo to the distant cottage loom.

There was no bud, no bloom upon the bowers;
The spiders wove their thin shrouds night by
night;

The thistle-down, the only ghost of flowers,
Sailed slowly by—passed noiseless out of sight.

Amid all this—in this most cheerless air,
And where the woodbine sheds upon the porch
Its crimson leaves, as if the year stood there,
Firing the floor with his inverted torch—

Amid all this, the centre of the scene,
The white-haired matron, with monotonous tread
Plied her swift wheel, and with her joyless mien
Sat like a Fate, and watched the flying thread.

She had known sorrow. He had walked with her,
Oft supped, and broke with her the ashen crust,
And in the dead leaves still she heard the stir
Of his black mantle trailing in the dust.

While yet her cheek was bright with summer
bloom,

Her country summoned, and she gave her all,
And twice war bowed to her his sable plume;
He gave the swords to rest upon the wall.

Re-gave the swords—but not the hand that drew,
And struck for liberty the dying blow;
Nor him, who to his sire and country true
Fell 'mid the ranks of the invading foe.

Long, but not loud, the droning wheel went on,
Like the low murmurs of a hive at noon;
Long, but not loud, the memory of the gone
Breathed through her lips a sad and tremulous
tune.

At last the thread was snapped, her head was
bowed:

Life drooped the distaff through his hands serene;
And loving neighbors smoothed her careful shroud,
While Death and Winter closed the autumn scene.

PENNSYLVANIA—FROM THE NEW PASTORAL.

Fair Pennsylvania! than thy midland vales,
Lying 'twixt hills of green, and bound afar
By billowy mountains rolling in the blue,
No lovelier landscape meets the traveller's eye.
There Labour sows and reaps his sure reward,
And Peace and Plenty walk amid the glow
And perfume of full garner. I have seen
In lands less free, less fair, but far more known,
The streams which flow through history and wash
The legendary shores—and cleave in twain
Old capitol and towns, dividing oft
Great empires and estates of petty kings
And princes, whose domains full many a field,
Rustling with maize along our native West,
Out-measures and might put to shame! and yet
Nor Rhine, like Bacchus crowned, and reeling
through

His hills—nor Danube, marred with tyranny,
His dull waves moaning on Hungarian shores—
Nor rapid Po, his opaque waters pouring
Athwart the fairest, fruitfulest, and worst
Enslaved of European lands—nor Seine,
Winding uncertain through inconstant France—
Are half so fair as thy broad stream whose breast
Is gemmed with many isles, and whose proud name
Shall yet become among the names of rivers
A synonym of beauty—Susquehanna!

THE VILLAGE CHURCH—FROM THE NEW PASTORAL.

About the chapel door, in easy groups,
The rustic people wait. Some trim the switch,
While some prognosticate of harvests full,
Or shake the dubious head with arguments
Based on the winter's frequent snow and thaw,
The heavy rains, and sudden frosts severe.
Some, happily but few, deal scandal out,
With look askance pointing their victim. These

Are the rank tares in every field of grain—
These are the nettles stinging unaware—
The briars which wound and trip unheeding feet—
The noxious vines, growing in every grove!
Their touch is deadly, and their passing breath
Poison most venomous! Such have I known—
As who has not?—and suffered by the contact.
Of these the husbandman takes certain note,
And in the proper season disinters
Their baneful roots; and to the sun exposed,
The killing light of truth, leaves them to pine
And perish in the noonday! 'Gainst a tree,
With strong arms folded o'er a giant chest,
Stands Barton, to the neighbourhood chief smith;
His coat, unused to aught save Sunday wear,
Grown too oppressive by the morning walk,
Hangs on the drooping branch: so stands he oft
Beside the open door, what time the share
Is whitening at the roaring bellows' mouth.
There, too, the wheelwright—he, the magistrate—
In small communities a man of mark—
Stands with the smith, and holds such argument
As the unlettered but observing can;
Their theme some knot of scripture hard to solve.
And 'gainst the neighbouring bars two others fan,
Less fit the sacred hour, discussion hot
Of politics; a topic, which inflamed,
Knows no propriety of time or place.
There Oakes, the cooper, with rough brawny hand,
Descants at large, and, with a noisy ardour,
Rattles around his theme as round a cask;
While Hanson, heavy-browed, with shoulders bent,
Bent with great lifting of huge stones—for he
A mason and famed builder is—replies
With tongue as sharp and dexterous as his trowel,
And sentences which like his hammer fall,
Bringing the flinty fire at every blow!

But soon the approaching parson ends in peace
The wordy combat, and all turn within.
Awhile rough shoes, some with discordant creak,
And voices clearing for the psalm, disturb
The sacred quiet, till, at last, the veil
Of silence wavers, settles, falls; and then
The hymn is given, and all arise and sing.
Then follows prayer, which from the pastor's heart
Flows unpretending, with few words devout
Of humble thanks and askings; not, with lungs
Stentorian, assailing heaven's high wall,
Compelling grace by virtue of a siege!
This done, with loving care he scans his flock,
And opens the sacred volume at the text.
Wide is his brow, and full of honest thought—
Love his vocation, truth is all his stock.
With these he strives to guide, and not perplex
With words sublime and empty, ringing oft
Most musically hollow. All his facts
Are simple, broad, sufficient for a world!
He knows them well, teaching but what he knows.
He never strides through metaphysic mists,
Or takes false greatness because seen through fogs;
Nor leads 'mid brambles of thick argument
Till all admire the wit which brings them through;
Nor e'er essays, in sermon or in prayer,
To share the hearer's thought; nor strives to make
The smallest of his congregation lose
One glimpse of heaven, to cast it on the priest.
Such simple course, in these ambitious times,
Were worthy imitation; in these days,
When brazen tinsel bears the palm from worth,
And trick and pertness take the sacred desk;
Or some coarse thunderer, armed with doctrines
new,
Aims at our faith a blow to fell an ox—
Swinging his sledge, regardless where it strikes,
Or what demolishes—well pleased to win

By either blows or noise!—A modern seer,
Crying destruction! and, to prove it true,
Walking abroad, for demolition armed,
And boldly levelling where he cannot build!

The service done, the congregation rise,
And with a freshness glowing in their hearts,
And quiet strength, the benison of prayer,
And wholesome admonition, hence depart.
Some, loath to go, within the graveyard loiter,
Walking among the mounds, or on the tombs,
Hanging, like pictured grief beneath a willow,
Bathing the inscriptions with their tears; or here,
Finding the earliest violet, like a drop
Of heaven's anointing blue upon the dead,
Bless it with mournful pleasure; or, perchance,
With careful hands, recall the wandering vine,
And teach it where to creep, and where to bear
Its future epitaph of flowers. And there,
Each with a separate grief, and some with tears,
Ponder the sculptured lines of consolation.

"The chrysalis is here—the soul is flown,
And waits thee in the gardens of the blest!"
"The nest is cold and empty, but the bird
Sings with its loving mates in Paradise!"
"Our hope was planted here—it blooms in heaven!"
"She walks the azure field, 'mid dews of bliss,
While 'mong the thorns our feet still bleed in this!"
"This was the fountain, but the sands are dry—
The waters have exhaled into the sky!"
"The listening Shepherd heard a voice forlorn,
And found the lamb, by thorns and brambles torn,
And placed it in his breast! Then wherefore
mourn?"

Such are the various lines; and, while they read,
Methinks I hear sweet voices in the air,
And winnowing of soft, invisible wings,
The whisperings of angels breathing peace!

** Mr. Read divided the latter years of his life between Cincinnati, Philadelphia, and Rome, winning new and greater successes with his pen and pencil. This artist-poet died in New York of pleuro-pneumonia, after a short illness, May 11, 1872. His *Sheridan's Ride*, *Drifting*, and parts of the *Wagoner of the Alleghanies*—read throughout the country during the war, by the distinguished elocutionist, Mr. James E. Murdoch, for the benefit of the Sanitary Commission—have become popular favorites; while his portraits of Sheridan and his horse, and *Longfellow's Children*, hold the same high rank. His recent poems were: *The House by the Sea*, 1855; *Sylvia*; or, *The Last Shepherd: an Eclogue, and Other Poems*, including *Lyrics and Airs from Alpland*, 1857; *The Wagoner of the Alleghanies: A Poem of the Days of Seventy Six*, 1862; *A Summer Story, Sheridan's Ride, and Other Poems*, chiefly of the War, 1865; and *Good Samaritans, a Poem*, 1867, besides some minor contributions to magazines. Complete editions of his *Poetical Works*, in two volumes, were issued in 1860 and 1862; and in three volumes, in 1865 and 1867.

** DRIFTING.

My soul to-day
Is far away,
Sailing the Vesuvian Bay;
My wingéd boat,
A bird afloat,
Swims round the purple peaks remote;—

Round purple peaks
It sails, and seeks
Blue inlets and their crystal creeks,
Where high rocks throw,
Through deeps below,
A duplicated golden glow.

Far, vague and dim,
The mountains swim;
While on Vesuvius' misty brim,
With outstretched hands,
The gray smoke stands
O'erlooking the volcanic lands.

Here Ischia smiles
O'er liquid miles;
And yonder, bluest of the isles,
Calm Capri waits,
Her sapphire gates
Beguiling to her bright estates.

I heed not, if
My rippling skiff
Float swift or slow from cliff to cliff;—
With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise.

Under the walls
Where swells and falls
The Bay's deep breast at intervals,
At peace I lie,
Blown softly by
A cloud upon this liquid sky.

The day so mild,
Is Heaven's own child,
With earth and ocean reconciled;—
The airs I feel
Around me steal
Are murmuring to the murmuring keel.

Over the rail
My hand I trail
Within the shadow of the sail,
A joy intense,
The cooling sense
Glides down my drowsy indolence.

With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Where Summer sings and never dies;—
O'er veiled with vines,
She glows and shines
Among her future oil and wines.

Her children, hid
The cliffs amid,
Are gambolling with the gambolling kid,
Or down the walls,
With tipsy calls,
Laugh on the rocks like waterfalls.

The fisher's child,
With tresses wild,
Unto the smooth, bright sand beguiled,
With glowing lips
Sings as she skips,
Or gazes at the far-off ships.

Yon deep bark goes
Where Traffic blows,
From lands of sun to lands of snows;—
This happier one,
Its course is run
From lands of snow to lands of sun.

O happy ship,
To rise and dip,
With the blue crystal at your lip!

O happy crew,
My heart with you
Sails, and sails, and sings anew!
No more, and no more
The worldly shore
Upbraids me with its loud uproar!
With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise!

**** THE RISING — FROM THE WAGONER OF THE ALLEGANIES.**

Out of the North the wild news came,
Far flashing on its wings of flame,
Swift as the boreal light which flies
At midnight through the startled skies.

And there was tumult in the air,
The fife's shrill note, the drum's loud beat,
And through the wide land everywhere
The answering tread of hurrying feet,
While the first oath of Freedom's gun
Came on the blast from Lexington.
And Concord, roused, no longer tame,
Forgot her old baptismal name,
Made bare her patriot arm of power,
And swelled the discord of the hour.

* * * * *
Each sacred hearthstone, deep and wide,
Through many a night glowed bright and full;
The matron's great wheel at its side
No more devoured the carded wool,
And now the maiden's smaller wheel
No longer felt the throbbing tread,
But stood beside the idle reel
Among its idle flax and thread.
No more the jovial song went round,
No more the ringing laugh was heard;
But every voice had a solemn sound,
And some stern purpose filled each word.

The yeoman and the yeoman's son,
With knitted brows and sturdy dint,
Renewed the polish of each gun,
Re-oiled the lock, reset the flint;
And oft the maid and matron there,
While kneeling in the firelight glare,
Long poured, with half-suspended breath,
The lead into the moulds of death.

The hands by Heaven made silken soft
To soothe the brow of love or pain,
Alas! are dulled and soiled too oft
By some unhallowed earthly stain;
But under the celestial bound
No nobler picture can be found
Than woman, brave in word and deed,
Thus serving in her nation's need:
Her love is with her country now,
Her hand is on its aching brow.

* * * * *
Within its shade of elm and oak
The church of Berkley Manor stood:
There Sunday found the rural folk,
And some esteemed of gentle blood.
In vain their feet with loitering tread
Passed mid the graves where rank is naught:
All could not read the lesson taught
In that republic of the dead.

The pastor rose: the prayer was strong;
The psalm was warrior David's song;
The text, a few short words of might, —
"The Lord of hosts shall arm the right!

He spoke of wrongs too long endured,
Of sacred rights to be secured;
Then from his patriot tongue of flame
The startling words for Freedom came
The stirring sentences he spake
Compelled the heart to glow or quake,
And, rising on his theme's broad wing,
And grasping in his nervous hand
The imaginary battle-brand,
In face of death he dared to fling
Defiance to a tyrant king.

Even as he spoke, his frame, renewed
In eloquence of attitude,
Rose, as it seemed, a shoulder higher;
Then swept his kindling glance of fire
From startled pew to breathless choir;
When suddenly his mantle wide
His hands impatient flung aside,
And, lo! he met their wondering eyes
Complete in all a warrior's guise.

A moment there was awful pause, —
When Berkley cried, "Cease, traitor! cease!
God's temple is the house of peace!"
The other shouted, "Nay, not so,
When God is with our righteous cause:
His holiest places then are ours,
His temples are our forts and towers
That frown upon the tyrant foe:
In this the dawn of freedom's day
There is a time to fight and pray!"

And now before the open door —
The warrior-priest had ordered so —
The enlisting trumpet's sudden roar
Rang through the chapel, o'er and o'er,
Its long reverberating blow,
So loud and clear, it seemed the ear
Of dusty death must wake and hear.
And there the startling drum and fife
Fired the living with fiercer life;
While overhead, with wild increase,
Forgetting its ancient toll of peace,
The great bell swung as ne'er before:
It seemed as it would never cease;
And every word its ardor flung
From off its jubilant iron tongue
Was, "WAR! WAR! WAR!"

"Who dares" — this was the patriot's cry,
As striding from the desk he came —
"Come out with me, in Freedom's name,
For her to live, for her to die?"
A hundred hands flung up reply,
A hundred voices answered "I!"

**** SHERIDAN'S RIDE.**

Up from the South at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste, to the chieftain's door,
The terrible grumble, and rumble, and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war,
Thundered along the horizon's bar;
And louder yet into Winchester rolled
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,
Making the blood of the listener cold,
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town,
A good broad highway leading down;

And there, through the flush of the morning light,
A steed as black as the steeds of night,
Was seen to pass, as with eagle flight,
As if he knew the terrible need;
He stretched away with his utmost speed;
Hills rose and fell; but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprung from those swift hoofs, thundering
South,

The dust, like smoke from the cannon's mouth;
Or the trail of a comet, sweeping faster and faster,
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster.
The heart of the steed, and the heart of the master
Were beating like prisoners assailing their walls,
Impatient to be where the battle-field calls;
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full
play,

With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet the road
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
And the landscape sped away behind
Like an ocean flying before the wind,
And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace ire,
Swept on, with his wild eye full of fire.
But lo! he is nearing his heart's desire;
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the general saw were the groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops,
What was done? what to do? a glance told him
both,

Then striking his spurs, with a terrible oath,
He dashed down the line, 'mid a storm of huzzas,
And the wave of retreat checked its course there,
because

The sight of the master compelled it to pause.
With foam and with dust, the black charger was
gray;

By the flash of his eye, and the red nostril's play,
He seemed to the whole great army to say,
"I have brought you Sheridan all the way
From Winchester, down to save the day!"

Hurrah! hurrah for Sheridan!

Hurrah! hurrah for horse and man!

And when their statues are placed on high,
Under the dome of the Union sky,
The American soldiers' Temple of Fame;
There with the glorious general's name,
Be it said, in letters both bold and bright,

"Here is the steed that saved the day,

By carrying Sheridan into the fight,
From Winchester, twenty miles away!"

FREDERICK S. COZZENS,

The author of numerous popular sketches in the *Knickerbocker* and *Putnam's Magazine*, is a native of New York City. He early became engaged in mercantile life, and is at present a leading wine-merchant.

Fred. S. Cozzens

In 1853 he published a volume of sketches in prose and verse entitled *Prismatics*, by *Richard Haywards*. It was tastefully illustrated from designs by Elliott, Darley, Kensett, Hicks, and Ros-

siter. He has since written a series of sketches for *Putnam's Monthly*, humorously descriptive of a cockney residence in the country, under the title of *The Sparrowgrass Papers*, which appeared in book-form in 1856.

Mr. Cozzens is also the author of a very pleasant miscellany published in connexion with his business, entitled *The Wine Press*. In addition to much information on the important topic of the native culture of the grape, it is enlivened by many clever essays and sketches in the range of practical aesthetics.

BUNKER HILL; AN OLD-TIME BALLAD.

It was a starry night in June; the air was soft and still,

When the "minute-men" from Cambridge came, and gathered on the hill:

Beneath us lay the sleeping town, around us frowned the fleet,

But the pulse of freemen, not of slaves, within our bosoms beat;

And every heart rose high with hope, as fearlessly we said,

"We will be numbered with the free, or numbered with the dead!"

"Bring out the line to mark the trench, and stretch it on the sward!"

The trench is marked—the tools are brought—we utter not a word,

But stack our guns, then fall to work, with mattock and with spade,

A thousand men with sinewy arms, and not a sound is made:

So still were we, the stars beneath, that scarce a whisper fell;

We heard the red-coat's musket click, and heard him cry, "All's well!"

And here and there a twinkling port, reflected on the deep,

In many a wavy shadow showed their sullen guns asleep.

Sleep on, thou bloody hireling crew! in careless slumber lie;

The trench is growing broad and deep, the breast-work broad and high:

No striplings we, but bear the arms that held the French in check,

The drum that beat at Louisburg, and thundered in Quebec!

And thou, whose promise is deceit, no more thy word we'll trust,

Thou butcher GAGE! thy power and thee we'll humble in the dust;

Thou and thy tory minister have boasted to thy brood,

"The lintels of the faithful shall be sprinkled with our blood!"

But though these walls those lintels be, thy zeal is all in vain:

A thousand freemen shall rise up for every freeman slain;

And when o'er trampled crowns and thrones they raise the mighty shout,

This soil their Palestine shall be; their altar this redoubt:

See how the morn is breaking! the red is in the sky;

The mist is creeping from the stream that floats in silence by;

The Lively's hull looms through the fog, and they our works have spied,

For the ruddy flash and roundshot part in thunder from her side;

And the Falcon and the Cerberus make every bosom
thill,
With gun and shell, and drum and bell, and boat-
swain's whistle shrill;
But deep and wider grows the trench, as spade and
mattock ply,
For we have to cope with fearful odds, and the time
is drawing nigh!
Up with the pine tree banner! Our gallant Pres-
cott stands
Amid the plunging shells and shot, and plants it
with his hands;
Up with the shout! for PUTNAM comes upon his
reeking bay,
With bloody spur and foamy bit, in haste to join the
fray;
And POMEROY, with his snow-white hairs, and face
all flush and sweat,
Unscathed by French and Indian, wears a youthful
glory yet.
But thou, whose soul is glowing in the summer of
thy years,
Unvanquishable WARREN, thou (the youngest of thy
peers)
Wert born, and bred, and shaped, and made to act a
patriot's part,
And dear to us thy presence is as heart's blood to the
heart!
Well may ye bark, ye British wolves! with leaders
such as they,
Not one will fail to follow where they choose to lead
the way—
As once before, scarce two months since, we followed
on your track,
And with our rifles marked the road ye took in going
back.
Ye slew a sick man in his bed; ye slew with hands
accused,
A mother nursing, and her blood fell on the babe she
nursed;
By their own doors our kinsmen fell and perished in
the strife;
But as we hold a hireling's cheap, and dear a free-
man's life,
By Tanner brook, and Lincoln bridge, before the shut
of sun,
We took the recompense we claimed—a score for
every one!
Hark! from the town a trumpet! The barges at the
wharf
Are crowded with the living freight—and now they're
pushing off;
With clash and glitter, trump and drum, in all its
bright array,
Behold the splendid sacrifice move slowly o'er the
bay!
And still and still the barges fill, and still across the
deep,
Like thunder-clouds along the sky, the hostile trans-
ports sweep;
And now they're forming at the Point—and now the
lines advance:
We see beneath the sultry sun their polished bayo-
nets glance;
We hear a-near the throbbing drum, the bugle chal-
lenge ring;
Quick bursts, and loud, the flashing cloud, and rolls
from wing to wing;
But on the height our bulwark stands, tremendous in
its gloom,
As sullen as a tropic sky, and silent as a tomb.
And so we waited till we saw, at scarce ten rifles'
length,
The old vindictive Saxon spite, in all its stubborn
strength;

When sudden, flash on flash, around the jagged ram-
part burst
From every gun the livid light upon the foe
accurst;
Then quailed a monarch's might before a free-born
people's ire;
Then drank the sward the veteran's life, where swept
the yeoman's fire;
Then, staggered by the shot, we saw their serried
columns reel,
And fall, as falls the bearded rye beneath the reaper's
steel:
And then arose a mighty shout that might have
waked the dead,
“Hurrah! they run! the field is won!” “Hurrah!
the foe is fled!”
And every man hath dropped his gun to clutch a
neighbor's hand,
As his heart kept praying all the while for Home and
Native Land.
Thrice on that day we stood the shock of thrice a
thousand foes,
And thrice that day within our lines the shout of
victory rose!
And though our swift fire slackened then, and red-
dening in the skies,
We saw, from Charlestown's roofs and walls, the
flamy columns rise;
Yet while we had a cartridge left, we still main-
tained the fight,
Nor gained the foe one foot of ground upon that
blood-stained height.
What though for us no laurels bloom, nor o'er the
nameless brave
No sculptured trophy, scroll, nor hatch, records a
warrior-grave!
What though the day to us was lost! Upon that
deathless page
The everlasting charter stands, for every land and
age!
For man hath broke his felon bonds, and cast them
in the dust,
And claimed his heritage divine, and justified the
trust;
While through his rifted prison-bars the hues of
freedom pour
O'er every nation, race, and clime, on every sea and
shore,
Such glories as the patriarch viewed, when 'mid the
darkest skies,
He saw above a ruined world the Bow of Promise
rise.

**Mr. Cozzens continued to edit *The Wine Press* for seven years, till he relinquished its publication at the breaking out of the war. A collection of sprightly essays from its pages, mainly on gastronomic and kindred topics, was issued in 1867, as *Sayings of Dr. Bushwhacker and Other Learned Men. Acadia*; or, *A Sojourn among the Blue Noses*, had appeared in 1858; and ten years later its author wrote his last work, a *Memorial of Fitz Greene Halleck*, which was read before, and printed by, the New York Historical Society. He died at Brooklyn, December 23, 1869, in his fifty-second year, having been born March 5, 1818.

***A LEAF FROM CHILD LIFE—FROM SPARROWGRASS PAPERS.

We have sent the children to school. Under the protecting wing of Mrs. Sparrowgrass, our two eldest boys passed in safety through the narrow channel of orthography, and were fairly

launched upon the great ocean of reading before a teacher was thought of. But when boys get into definitions, and words more than an inch long, it is time to put them out, and pay their bills once a quarter. Our little maid, five years old, must go with them, too. The boys stipulated that she should go, although she had never gone beyond E in the alphabet before. When I came home from the city in the evening, I found them with their new carpet-satchels all ready for the morning. There was quite a hurrah! when I came in, and they swung their book-knapsacks over each little shoulder by a strap, and stepped out with great pride, when I said, "Well done, my old soldiers." Next morning we saw the old soldiers marching up the garden-path to the gate, and then the little procession halted; and the boys waved their caps, and one dear little toad kissed her mitten at us—and then away they went with such cheerful faces. Poor old soldiers! what a long, long siege you have before you!

Thank Heaven for this great privilege, that our little ones go to school in the country. Not in the narrow streets of the city; not over the flinty pavements; not amid the crush of crowds and the din of wheels; but out in the sweet woodlands and meadows; out in the open air, and under the blue sky—cheered on by the birds of spring and summer, or braced by the stormy winds of ruder seasons. Learning a thousand lessons city children never learn; getting nature by heart—and treasuring up in their little souls the beautiful stories written in God's great picture-book.

We have stirring times now when the old soldiers come home from school in the afternoon. The whole household is put under martial law until the old soldiers get their rations. Bless their white heads, how hungry they are. Once in a while they get pudding, by way of a treat. Then what chuckling and rubbing of little fists, and cheers, as the three white heads touch each other over the pan. I think an artist could make a charming picture of that group of urchins, especially if he painted them in their school-knapsacks.

Sometimes we get glimpses of their minor world—its half-fledged ambitions, its puny cares, its hopes and its disappointments. The first afternoon they returned from school, open flew every satchel, and out came a little book. A conduct-book! There was G. for good boy, and R. for reading, and S. for spelling, and so on: and opposite every letter a good mark. From the early records in the conduct-books, the school-mistress must have had an elegant time of it for the first few days, with the old soldiers. Then there came a dark day; and on that afternoon, from the force of circumstances, the old soldiers did not seem to care about showing up. Every little reluctant hand, however, went into its satchel upon requisition, and out came the records. It was evident, from a tiny legion of crosses in the books, that the mistress's duties had been rather irksome that morning. So the small column was ordered to deploy in line of battle, and, after a short address, dismissed—without pudding. In consequence, the old soldiers now get some good marks every day.

We have to observe the first indications of a love for society growing up with their new experiences. It is curious to see the tiny filaments of friendship putting forth, and winding their fragile tendrils around their small acquaintances. What a little world it is—the little world that is

allowed to go into the menagerie at half price! Has it not its joys and its griefs; its cares and its mortifications; its aspirations and its despairs? One day the old soldiers came home in high feather, with a note. An invitation to a party, "Master Millet's compliments, and would be happy to see the Masters, and Miss Sparrowgrass to tea, on Saturday afternoon." What a hurrah! there was, when the note was read; and how the round eyes glistened with anticipation; and how their cheeks glowed with the run they had had. Not an inch of the way from school had they walked, with that great note! There was much chuckling over their dinner, too; and we observed the flush never left their cheeks, even after they were in bed, and had been asleep for hours. Then all their best clothes had to be taken out of the drawer and brushed; and the best collars laid out; and a small silk apron, with profuse ribbons, improvised for our little maid; and a great to-do generally. Next morning I left them, as I had to go to the city; but the day was bright and beautiful. At noon, the sky grew cloudy. At two o'clock, it commenced raining. At three, it rained steadily. When I reached home in the evening, they were all in bed again; and I learned they had been prevented going to the party on account of the weather. "They had been dreadfully disappointed," Mrs. Sparrowgrass said; so we took a lamp and went up to have a look at them. There they lay—the hopeful roses of yesterday, all faded; and one poor old soldier was sobbing in his sleep.

We begin to think our eldest is nourishing a secret passion, under his bell-buttons. He has been seen brushing his hair more than once lately; and, not long since, the two youngest came home from school, crying, without him. Upon investigation, we found our eldest had gone off with a school-girl twice his size; and, when he returned, he said he had only gone home with her, because she promised to put some bay-rum on his hair. He has even had the audacity to ask me to write a piece of poetry about her, and of course I complied.

TO MY BIG SWEETHEART.

My love has long brown curls,
And blue forget-me-not eyes;
She's the beauty of all the girls—
But I wish I was twice my size;
Then I could kiss her cheek,
Or venture her lips to taste;
But now I only reach to the ribbon
She ties around her waist.

Chocolate-drop of my heart!
I dare not breathe thy name;
Like a peppermint stick I stand apart
In a sweet, but secret flame:
When you look down on me,
And the tassel atop of my cap,
I feel as if something had got in my throat,
And was choking against the strap.

I passed your garden and there,
On the clothes-line, hung a few
Pantalettes, and one tall pair
Reminded me, love, of you;
And I thought as I swung on the gate
In the cold, by myself alone,
How soon the sweetness of hoarhound dies,
But the bitter keeps on and on.

It was quite touching to see how solemnly the old soldiers listened, when this was being read to them; and when I came to the lines:—

"I feel as if something had got in my throat,
And was choking against the strap!"—

Ivanhoe looked up with questioning eyes, as if he would have said, "How did you know that?"

** UP THE RHINE — FROM THE SAYINGS OF DR. BUSH-WHACKER.

‘The clouds now began to break away — once more we see the distant peaks of the Siebengebirge and the castled crag of Drachenfels — a flush of warm sunlight illuminates the wet deck of the Schnelfahrt; the passengers peep out of the companion-way, and finally emerge boldly, to inhale the fresh air and inspect the beauties of the Rhine. As for the Miller of Zurich, he had taken the shower as kindly as a duck, shaking the drops from his gray woolly coat, as they fell, and tossing off green glass after green glass of Liebfraunmilch, or Assmanshauser, from either bottle. Betimes his pretty wife joined us, and walked on tip-toe over the wet spots; the sun came out, hotter and hotter; the deck, the little tables, the wooden seats, began to smoke; overcoats came off, shawls were laid aside; plates piled up with sweet grapes and monstrous pears, green glasses, and tall flasks of Rhine wine, were handed around to the ladies, and distributed on the tables; and the red-cheeked German boy whose imitations of English had so amused us, shouted the captain’s orders to the engineer below, in a more cheery voice — ‘*Stoer! backor! forror!*’

I had had an indistinct vision of a pair of whiskers at the far end of the breakfast table, brushed out à l’*Anglaise* in parallel lines, as thin as a gilder’s camel’s-hair brush. These whiskers now came up on deck, attached to a very insignificant countenance, a check cap, and a woollen suit of purplish cloth, such as travellers from Angleterre enjoy scenery in. Across the right breast of this person, a narrow black strap of patent leather wound its way until it found a green leather satchel, just across his left hip; while over his left breast, a similar strap again wound around him, and finally attached itself to a gigantic opera glass in a black leather case. All these implements of travel, with little else to note, paced solemnly up and down the now dry deck of the Schnelfahrt.

In the meantime, my glass, map, guide-book, were all in action, castle following castle, Rolandseck, Rheineck, Andernach, and all the glorious panorama, rolling in view with every turn of the steamer. And chiefly I enjoyed the conversation of my Miller of Zurich, whose plump forefinger anticipated the distant towers and battlements which he had seen so often, for so many times, in yearly trips upon the river. Nor was I alone, for from every standpoint of the deck were fingers pointed, and glasses raised, at the glories of the castellated Rhine.

But in the midst of this excitement and enthusiasm, that purple traveller, with whiskers and straps, satchel and opera glass, walked up and down, unobservant of the scenery, miserable and melancholic, without a glance at the vineyards, or the mountains, or the castles. Then I knew that he was an Englishman, doing the Rhine.

He walked up to our table, where old Zurich and his pretty wife were seated before the grapes and the wine, where my shawl and satchel were flung — map spread, and guide-book open — and said, in that peculiar English voice which always suggests catarrh —

“Going up the Rhine, sir?”

“Rather,” said I, dryly, (for I hate bores.)

“Aw!” — now the reader must translate for himself — “Forst time ye’ beene h’yar?”

“Yes,” I answered, “is it your first visit also?”

“Aw — no! ’beene hea-r pu’foh; sev-wal taines. How fawr ’goin, sawr?” (Don’t talk of Yankee inquisitiveness.)

“To Mayence, and no further this evening.” (Opera glass levelled directly at Ehrenbreitstein.)

“Gaw’ng to Hydl’bug?”

“I think so.”

“Hydl’bug’s ’good bisness; do it up in ’couple of awhrs.”

Here old Zurich makes a remark, and says:

“Military engineers build, that other military engineers may destroy.”

MYSELF. — “Are those yellow lines against the hill masonry? — parapets?”

OLD ZURICH. — “Fortified from top to bottom.”

“Gaw’ng to Italy?” chimed in the camel’s-hair whiskers.

“No.” (Decidedly no.)

“Gaw’ng to Sowth ’f Fwance?”

“Probably.”

“Wal, if ’r not gaw’n t’ Italy, and you’r gaw’n to South ’f Fwance — gaw’n to Nim?”

“To Nismes? what for?”

“F yawr not gaw’n to Rhawm, it’s good bisness to go to Nim — they’ve got a ring thar.”

“A ring?”

“Yas, ’ont ye know?”

“A ring?”

“Yas — saim’s they got at Rhaome; good bisness that — do it up in tow hawrs; early Christians, y’ know, and wild beasts!”

“Oh, you mean the Roman amphitheatre at Nismes — a sort of miniature Coliseum.”

“Yaas, Col’s’m.”

“No, sir, I am not going to Nismes” — another look at Ehrenbreitstein and its shattered wall.

“Never be’n up th’ Rhine before,” quoth whiskers.

“No,” — we are approaching the banks of the “Blue Moselle.”

“Eh’nbreitstine’s good bisness, and that sort o’ thing — do’t in about two hawrs!”

“I do not intend to stop at Ehrenbreitstein, and, therefore, intend to make the best use of my time to see the general features of the fortress from the river.”

“Aw — then y’d better stop at Coblanz, and go t’ Wisbad’n, by th’ rail.”

“What for?”

“Why, the Rhine, you know, ’s a tiresome bisness, and by goin’ to Wisbawd’n from Coblanz, by land, you escape all that sort aw-thing.”

“But I do not wish to escape all this sort of thing — I want to see the Rhine.”

“Aw!” — with some expression of surprise.

“Going to Switz’land?”

“Yes.”

“Y’ got Moy for Switz’land?”

“Moy? I beg your pardon.”

“Yes, Moy — Moy; got Moy for Switz’land?”

“Moy — do you mean money? I hope so.”

“Ged Gad, sir, no! I say Moy.”

“Upon my word, I do not comprehend you.”

“Moy, sir, Moy!” rapping vehemently on the red cover of my guide book that lay upon the table. “I say Moy for Switz’land.”

“Oh, you mean Murray.”

“Certainly, sir, didn’t I say Moy?”

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS is a native of Providence, R. I., where he was born in 1824. His grandfather, on the mother’s side, was James

Barrill, remembered as an eminent Rhode Islander, and for his Senator's speech in Congress on the Missouri Compromise Bill. He died at Washington, and is buried there in the Congressional cemetery.

At six years of age young Curtis was placed at school near Boston, and there remained until he was eleven. He returned to Providence, pursuing his studies till he was fifteen, when his father, George Curtis, removed with his family to New York. In a pleasant article in Putnam's Magazine, with the title *Sea from Shore*, our author has given an imaginative reminiscence of his early impressions of Providence, then in the decay of its large India trade.* Of late years manufactories and machine shops have supplanted the quaint old stores upon many of the docks; but the town, at the head of the Narragansett bay, is fortunate in its situation, upon a hill at the confluence of two rivers, sloping to the east, west, and south; and the stately houses of its earlier merchants upon the ascent towards the south, form as fine a cluster of residences as are seen in any of our cities.

In New York our author was smitten with the love of trade, and deserted his books for a year to serve in a large foreign importing house. Though not without its advantages, the pursuit was abandoned at the end of that time, and the clerk became again a student, continuing with tutors until he was eighteen, when, in a spirit of idyllic enthusiasm, he took part in the Brook Farm Association in West Roxbury, Mass. He remained there a year and a half, enjoying the novel experiences of nature and the friendship of his cultivated associates, and still looks back upon the period as a pleasurable pastoral episode of his life.†

From Brook Farm and its agricultural occupations, after a winter in New York, being still enamored of the country, he went to Concord, in Massachusetts, and lived in a farmer's family, working hard upon the farm and taking his share of the usual fortunes of farmers' boys—with a very unusual private accompaniment of his own, in the sense of poetic enjoyment, unless the poet Bloomfield's Farmer's Boy be taken as the standard. At Concord he saw something of Emerson, much of Hawthorne, who had taken up his residence there after the Brook Farm adventure, and a little of Henry Thoreau, and of the poet William Ellery Channing. It was at this time that Emerson tried the formation of a club out of the individual "unclubable" elements of the philosophic personages in the neighborhood, which Mr. Curtis has pleasantly described in the *Homes of American Authors*.‡

During these years, Mr. Curtis was constantly studying and perfecting himself in the various

accomplishments of literature, and after two summers and a winter passed in Concord, he sailed for Europe in August, 1846. He landed at Marseilles, and proceeding along the coast to Genoa, Leghorn, and Florence, passed the winter in Rome in the society of the American artists then resident there, Crawford, Hicks, Kensett, Cranch, Terry, and Freeman. In the spring he travelled through southern Italy and reached Venice in August. At Milan he met Mr. George S. Hillard and the Rev. Frederic H. Hedge, and crossed the Stelvio with them in the autumn into Germany. There he matriculated at the University of Berlin, and spent a portion of his time in travel, visiting every part of Germany and making the tour of the Danube into Hungary as far as Pesth. He was in Berlin during the revolutionary scenes of March, 1848. The next winter he passed in Paris, was in Switzerland in the summer, and in the following autumn crossed into Italy, and went to Sicily from Naples. He made the tour of the island, and visited Malta and the East, returning to America in the summer of 1850.



George W. Curtis

In the autumn of that year he prepared the *Nile Notes of an Howadji*, much of which was written, as it stands, upon the Nile. During the winter he was connected with the Tribune newspaper, and the following season the *Notes* were published by the Harpers and by Bentley in London. In the summer of 1851 a travelling tour furnished letters from the fashionable watering-places to the Tribune, and the autumn and winter were spent in Providence, where a second series of Eastern reminiscences and sketches—*The Howadji in Syria*—was written, which was published by the Harpers the next spring, and the same publishing season the Tribune letters were rewritten and printed, with illustrations by Kensett, in the volume entitled *Lotus Eating*.

Returning to New York in the autumn of 1852, he became one of the original editors of Putnam's Monthly, and wrote the series of satiric sketches of society, the *Potiphar Papers*, which

* Putnam's Magazine, July, 1854. The passage is in the author's best fanciful vein.

† Some further mention of this peculiar affair will be found in the notice of Hawthorne. In the preface to the Blithedale Romance, Hawthorne calls upon Curtis to become the historian of the settlement—"Even the brilliant Howadji might find as rich a theme in his youthful reminiscences of Brook Farm, and a more novel one—close at hand as it lies,—than those which he has since made so distant a pilgrimage to seek, in Syria and along the current of the Nile."

‡ The papers of Mr. Curtis in this volume, published by Putnam in 1858, are the sketches of Emerson, Longfellow, Hawthorne and Bancroft.

were collected in a volume in 1853. Besides the Potiphar Papers, he has written numerous articles for Putnam's Magazine, including several poetical essays, in the character of a simple-minded merchant's clerk, with his amiable, common-sense wife Prue for a heroine. *Dinner Time, My Chateaux, and Sea from Shore*, belong to this series, which appeared as *Prue and I*, in 1856.

He has also written for Harpers' Magazine a picturesque historical paper on Newport,* some tales of fashionable society by Smythe, Jr., and other papers.

In the winter of 1853 he took the field as a popular lecturer with success in different parts of the country.

In 1854 he delivered a poem before a literary society at Brown University, at Providence.

It is understood that Mr. Curtis is at present (1855) engaged upon a life of Mehemet Ali: a topic which will test his diligence and powers in a new department of composition.

UNDER THE PALMS—FROM THE NILE NOTES

A motion from the river won,
Ridged the smooth level, bearing on
My shallop through the star-strown calm,
Until another night in sight
I entered, from the clearer light,
Imbowered vaults of pillar'd Palm.

Humboldt, the only cosmopolitan and a poet, divides the earth by beauties, and celebrates as dearest to him, and first fascinating him to travel, the climate of palms. The palm is the type of the tropics, and when the great Alexander marched triumphing through India, some Hindoo, suspecting the sweetest secret of Brama, distilled a wine from the palm, the glorious phantasy of whose intoxication no poet records.

I knew a palm-tree upon Capri. It stood in select society of shining fig-leaves and lustrous oleanders; it overhung the balcony, and so looked, far over-leaning, down upon the blue Mediterranean. Through the dream-mists of southern Italian noons, it looked up the broad bay of Naples and saw vague Vesuvius melting away; or at sunset the isles of the Syrens, whereon they singing sat, and wooed Ulysses as he went; or in the full May moonlight the oranges of Sorrento shone across it, great and golden, permanent planets of that delicious dark. And from the Sorrento where Tasso was born, it looked across to pleasant Posilyppo, where Virgil is buried, and to stately Ischia. The palm of Capri saw all that was fairest and most famous in the bay of Naples.

A wandering poet, whom I knew—sang a sweet song to the palm, as he dreamed in the moonlight upon that balcony. But it was only the free-masonry of sympathy. It was only syllabled moonshine. For the palm was a poet too, and all palms are poets.

Yet when I asked the bard what the palm-tree sang in its melancholy measures of waving, he told me that not Vesuvius, nor the Syrens, nor Sorrento, nor Tasso, nor Virgil, nor stately Ischia, nor all the broad blue beauty of Naples bay, was the theme of that singing. But partly it sang of a river for ever flowing, and of cloudless skies, and green fields that never faded, and the mournful music of water-wheels, and the wild monotony of a tropical life—and partly of the yellow silence of the Desert, and of drear solitudes inaccessible, and of wandering

caravans, and lonely men. Then of gardens overhanging rivers, that roll gorgeous-shored through Western fancies—of gardens in Bagdad watered by the Euphrates and the Tigris, whereof it was the fringe and darling ornament—of oases in those sere sad deserts where it overflowed fountains, and every leaf was blessed. More than all, of the great Orient universally, where no tree was so abundant, so loved, and so beautiful.

When I lay under that palm-tree in Capri in the May moonlight, my ears were opened, and I heard all that the poet had told me of its song.

Perhaps it was because I came from Rome, where the holy week comes into the year as Christ entered Jerusalem, over palms. For in the magnificence of St. Peter's, all the pomp of the most pompous of human institutions is on one day characterized by the palm. The Pope borne upon his throne, as is no other monarch,—with wide-waving Flabella attendant, moves, blessing the crowd through the great nave. All the red-legged cardinals follow, each of whose dresses would build a chapel, so costly are they, and the crimson-crowned Greek patriarch with long silken black beard, and the crew of motley which the Roman clergy is, crowded after in shining splendor.

No ceremony of imperial Rome had been more imposing, and never witnessed in a temple more imperial. But pope, patriarch, cardinals, bishops, ambassadors, and all the lesser glories, bore palm branches in their hands. Not veritable palm branches, but their imitation in turned yellow wood; and all through Rome that day, the palm branch was waving and hanging. Who could not see its beauty, even in the turned yellow wood? Who did not feel it was a sacred tree as well as romantic?

For palm branches were strewn before Jesus as he rode into Jerusalem, and for ever, since, the palm symbolizes peace. Wherever a grove of palms waves in the low moonlight or starlight wind, it is the celestial choir chanting peace on earth, good-will to men. Therefore is it the foliage of the old religious pictures. Mary sits under a palm, and the saints converse under palms, and the prophets prophesy in their shade, and cherubs float with palms over the Martyr's agony. Nor among pictures is there any more beautiful than Correggio's Flight into Egypt, wherein the golden-haired angels put aside the palm branches, and smile sunnily through, upon the lovely Mother and the lovely child.

The palm is the chief tree in religious remembrance and religious art. It is the chief tree in romance and poetry. But its sentiment is always Eastern, and it always yearns for the East. In the West it is an exile, and pines in the most sheltered gardens. Among Western growths in the Western air, it is as unsphered as Hafiz in a temperance society. Yet of all Western shores it is happiest in Sicily; for Sicily is only a bit of Africa drifted westward. There is a soft Southern strain in the Sicilian skies, and the palms drink its sunshine like dew. Upon the tropical plain behind Palermo, among the sun-sucking aloes, and the thick, shapeless cactuses, like elephants and rhinoceroses enchanted into foliage, it grows ever gladly. For the aloe is of the East, and the prickly pear, and upon that plain the Saracens have been, and the palm sees the Arabian-arch, and the oriental sign-manual stamped upon the land.

In the Villa Serra di Falco, within sound of the vespers of Palermo, there is a palm beautiful to behold. It is like a Georgian slave in a pacha's harem. Softly shielded from eager winds, gently throned upon a slope of richest green, fringed with

* In the number for August, 1854.

brilliant and fragrant flowers, it stands separate and peculiar in the odorous garden air. Yet it droops and saddens, and bears no fruit. Vain is the exquisite environment of foreign fancies. The poor slave has no choice but life. Care too tender will not suffer it to die. Pride and admiration surround it with the best beauties, and feed it upon the warmest sun. But I heard it sigh as I passed. A wind blew warm from the East, and it lifted its arms hopelessly, and when the wind, love-laden with the most subtle sweetness, lingered, loth to fly, the palm stood motionless upon its little green mound, and the flowers were so fresh and fair—and the leaves of the trees so deeply hued, and the native fruit so golden and glad upon the boughs—that the still warm garden air seemed only the silent, voluptuous sadness of the tree; and had I been a poet my heart would have melted in song for the proud, pining palm.

But the palms are not only poets in the West, they are prophets as well. They are like heralds sent forth upon the farthest points to celebrate to the traveller the glories they foreshow. Like spring birds they sing a summer unfading, and climes where Time wears the year as a queen a rosary of diamonds. The mariner, eastward-sailing, hears tidings from the chance palms that hang along the southern Italian shore. They call out to him across the gleaming calm of a Mediterranean noon, "Thou happy mariner, our souls sail with thee."

The first palm undoes the West. The Queen of Sheba and the Princess Shemselnihar look then upon the most Solomon of Howadji's. So far the Orient has come—not in great glory, not handsomely, but as Rome came to Britain in Roman soldiers. The crown of imperial glory glittered yet and only upon the seven hills, but a single ray had penetrated the northern night—and what the golden house of Nero was to a Briton contemplating a Roman soldier, is the East to the Howadji first beholding a palm.

At Alexandria you are among them. Do not deery Alexandria as all Howadji do. To my eyes it was the illuminated initial of the oriental chapter. Certainly it reads like its heading—camels, mosques, bazaars, turbans, baths, and chibouques; and the whole East rows out to you, in the turbaned and fluttering-robed rascal who officiates as your pilot and moors you in the shadow of palms under the pacha's garden. Malign Alexandria no more, although you do have your choice of camels or omnibuses to go to your hotel, for when you are there and trying to dine, the wild-eyed Bedouen who serves you, will send you deep into the desert by masquerading costume and his eager, restless eye, looking as if he would momentarily spring through the window, and plunge into the desert depths. These Bedouen or Arab servants are like steeds of the sun for carriage horses. They fly, girt with wild fascination, for what will they do next?

As you donkey out of Alexandria to Pompey's Pillar, you will pass a beautiful garden of palms, and by sunset nothing is so natural as to see only those trees. Yet the fascination is lasting. The poetry of the first exiles you saw, does not perish in the presence of the nation, for those exiles stood beckoning like angels at the gate of Paradise, sorrowfully ushering you into the glory whence themselves were outcasts for ever:—and as you curiously looked in passing, you could not believe that their song was truth, and that the many would be as beautiful as the one.

Thenceforward, in the land of Egypt, palms are perpetual. They are the only foliage of the Nile, for we will not harm the modesty of a few Mimosas and Sycamores by foolish claims. They are the

shade of the mud villages, marking their site in the landscape, so that the groups of palms are the number of villages. They fringe the shore and the horizon. The sun sets golden behind them, and birds sit swinging upon their boughs and float glorious among their trunks; on the ground beneath are flowers; the sugar-cane is not harmed by the ghostly shade nor the tobacco, and the yellow flowers of the cotton-plant star its dusk at evening. The children play under them, and the old men crone and smoke, the donkeys graze, the surly bison and the conceited camels repose. The old Bible pictures are ceaselessly painted, but with softer, clearer colors than in the venerable book.

The palm-grove is always enchanted. If it stretch inland too alluringly, and you run ashore to stand under the bending boughs to share the peace of the doves swinging in the golden twilight, and to make yourself feel more scripturally, at least to surround yourself with sacred emblems, having small other hope of a share in the beauty of holiness—yet you will never reach the grove. You will gain the trees, but it is not the grove you fancied—that golden gloom will never be gained—it is an endless El Dorado gleaming along these shores. The separate columnar trunks ray out in foliage above, but there is no shade of a grove, no privacy of a wood, except, indeed, at sunset,

A privacy of glorious light.

Each single tree has a little shade that the mass standing at wide ease can never create the shady solitude, without which there is no grove.

But the eye never wearies of palms more than the ear of singing birds. Solitary they stand upon the sand, or upon the level, fertile land in groups, with a grace and dignity that no tree surpasses. Very soon the eye beholds in their forms the original type of the columns which it will afterward admire in the temples. Almost the first palm is architecturally suggestive, even in those Western gardens—but to artists living among them and seeing only them! Men's hands are not delicate in the early ages, and the fountain fairness of the palms is not very flowingly fashioned in the capitals, but in the flowery perfection of the Parthenon the palm triumphs. The forms of those columns came from Egypt, and that which was the suspicion of the earlier workers, was the success of more delicate designing. So is the palm inwound with our art and poetry and religion, and of all trees would the Howadji be a palm, wide-waving peace and plenty, and feeling is kin to the Parthenon and Raphael's pictures.

**Mr. G. W. Curtis has written little in book-form in recent years; but his graceful contributions to the periodicals published by the Harpers would fill many volumes. In 1856 he delivered a memorable address before the literary societies of Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn., on *The Duty of the American Scholar to Politics and the Times*. Five years later appeared *Trumps: a Novel*, with illustrations by Hoppin. This romance of the foibles and follies of our fashionable life is a keen study of American society by a master of refined satire, rich in pure sentiment, and lacking, if at all, only in the power of passionate feeling.

As the editor and part proprietor of *Putnam's Magazine*, Mr. Curtis suffered the loss of his entire fortune by the failure of its publishers in 1857. In the year following he began a series of "Lounger" papers in *Harper's Weekly*; and

since January, 1864, he has been the political editor of that journal. He is also the author of the genial and high-toned articles known as "The Easy Chair" in *Harper's Magazine*; and since the issue of *Harper's Bazaar*, he has written for it the papers on "Manners on the Road, by an Old Bachelor." Mr. W. D. Howells appreciatively delineated his spirit as a writer and a moralist in an article in the *North American Review* for July, 1868.

**** MY CHATEAUX IN SPAIN — FROM PRUE AND I.**

"In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree."

COLERIDGE.

I am the owner of great estates. Many of them lie in the West; but the greater part are in Spain. You may see my western possessions any evening at sunset when their spires and battlements flash against the horizon.

It gives me a feeling of pardonable importance, as a proprietor, that they are visible, to my eyes at least, from any part of the world in which I chance to be. In my long voyage around the Cape of Good Hope to India (the only voyage I ever made, when I was a boy and a supercargo), if I fell home-sick, or sank into a reverie of all the pleasant homes I had left behind, I had but to wait until sunset, and then, looking toward the west, I beheld my clustering pinnacles and towers brightly burnished as if to salute and welcome me.

So, in the city, if I get vexed and wearied, and cannot find my wonted solace in sallying forth at dinner-time to contemplate the gay world of youth and beauty hurrying to the congress of fashion, — or if I observe that years are deepening their tracks around the eyes of my wife, Prue, I go quietly up to the housetop, toward evening, and refresh myself with a distant prospect of my estates. It is as dear to me as that of Eton to the poet Gray; and, if I sometimes wonder at such moments whether I shall find those realms as fair as they appear, I am suddenly reminded that the night air may be noxious, and descending, I enter the little parlor where Prue sits stitching, and surprise that precious woman by exclaiming with the poet's pensive enthusiasm:

"Thought would destroy their Paradise,
No more; — where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise."

Columbus, also, had possessions in the West; and as I read aloud the romantic story of his life, my voice quivers when I come to the point in which it is related that sweet odors of the land mingled with the sea-air, as the Admiral's fleet approached the shores; that tropical birds flew out and fluttered around the ships, glittering in the sun, the gorgeous promises of the new country; that boughs, perhaps with blossoms not all decayed, floated out to welcome the strange wood from which the craft were hollowed. Then I cannot restrain myself. I think of the gorgeous visions I have seen before I have even undertaken the journey to the West, and I cry aloud to Prue:

"What sun-bright birds, and gorgeous blossoms, and celestial odors will float out to us, my Prue, as we approach our western possessions!"

The placid Prue raises her eyes to mine with a reproof so delicate that it could not be trusted to words; and, after a moment, she resumes her knitting and I proceed.

These are my western estates, but my finest castles are in Spain. It is a country famously romantic, and my castles are all of perfect proportions, and appropriately set in the most picturesque situations. I have never been in Spain myself, but I have naturally conversed much with travellers to that country; although, I must allow, without deriving from them much substantial information about my property there. The wisest of them told me that there were more holders of real estate in Spain than in any other region he had ever heard of, and they are all great proprietors. Every one of them possesses a multitude of the stateliest castles. From conversation with them you easily gather that each one considers his own castles much the largest and in the loveliest positions. And, after I had heard this said, I verified it, by discovering that all my immediate neighbors in the city were great Spanish proprietors.

One day as I raised my head from entering some long and tedious accounts in my books, and began to reflect that the quarter was expiring, and that I must begin to prepare the balance-sheet, I observed my subordinate, in office but not in years, (for poor old Titbottom will never see sixty again!) leaning on his hand, and much abstracted.

"Are you not well, Titbottom?" asked I.

"Perfectly, but I was just building a castle in Spain," said he.

I looked at his rusty coat, his faded hands, his sad eye, and white hair, for a moment, in great surprise, and then inquired:

"Is it possible that you own property there too?"

He shook his head silently; and still leaning on his hand, and with an expression in his eye, as if he were looking upon the most fertile estate of Andalusia, he went on making his plans; laying out his gardens, I suppose, building terraces for the vines, determining a library with a southern exposure, and resolving which should be the tapestried chamber.

"What a singular whim," thought I, as I watched Titbottom and filled up a check for four hundred dollars, my quarterly salary, "that a man who owns castles in Spain should be deputy book-keeper at nine hundred dollars a year!"

When I went home I ate my dinner silently, and afterward sat for a long time upon the roof of the house, looking at my western property, and thinking of Titbottom.

It is remarkable that none of the proprietors have ever been to Spain to take possession and report to the rest of us the state of our property there. I, of course, cannot go; I am too much engaged. So is Titbottom. And I find it is the case with all the proprietors. We have so much to detain us at home that we cannot get away. But it is always so with rich men. Prue sighed once as she sat at the window and saw Bourne, the millionaire, the president of innumerable companies, and manager and director of all the charitable societies in town, going by with wrinkled brow and hurried step. I asked her why she sighed.

"Because I was remembering that my mother used to tell me not to desire great riches, for they occasioned great cares," said she.

"They do, indeed," answered I, with emphasis, remembering Titbottom, and the impossibility of looking after my Spanish estates.

Prue turned and looked at me with mild sur-

prise; but I saw that her mind had gone down the street with Bourne. I could never discover if he held much Spanish stock. But I think he does. All the Spanish proprietors have a certain expression. Bourne has it to a remarkable degree. It is a kind of look, as if, in fact, a man's mind were in Spain. Bourne was an old lover of Prue's, and he is not married, which is strange for a man in his position.

**** THE JUNIOR PARTNER — FROM TRUMPS.**

In his dress Abel was costly and elegant. With the other men of his day, he read "Pelham" with an admiration of which his life was the witness. Pelham was the Byronic hero made practicable, purged of romance, and adapted to society. Mr. Newt, Jun., was one of a small but influential set of young men about town who did all they could to repair the misfortune of being born Americans, by imitating the habits of foreign life.

It was presently clear to him that residence under the parental roof was incompatible with the habits of a strictly fashionable man.

"There are hours, you know, mother, and habits, which make a separate lodging much more agreeable to all parties. I have friends to smoke, or to drink a glass of punch, or to play a game of whist; and we must sing, and laugh, and make a noise, as young men will, which is not seemly for the paternal mansion, mother mine." With which he took his admiring mother airily under the chin and kissed her—not having mentioned every reason which made a separate residence desirable.

So Abel Newt hired a pleasant set of rooms in Grand Street, near Broadway, in the neighborhood of other youth of the right set. He furnished them sumptuously, with the softest carpets, the most luxurious easy-chairs, the most costly curtains, and pretty, bizarre little tables, and bureaus, and shelves. Various engravings hung upon the walls; a profile-head of Bulwer, with a large Roman nose and bushy whiskers, and one of his Majesty George IV., in that famous cloak which Lord Chesterfield bought at the sale of his Majesty's wardrobe for eleven hundred dollars, and of which the sable lining alone originally cost four thousand dollars. Then there were little vases, and boxes, and caskets standing upon all possible places, with a rare flower in some of them often, sent by some kind dowager who wished to make sure of Abel at a dinner or a select soirée. Pipes, of course, and boxes of choice cigars, were at hand, and in a convenient closet such a beautiful set of English cut glass for the use of a gentleman! . . .

Boniface Newt remonstrated. His son was late at the office in the morning. He drew large sums to meet his large expenses. Several times, instead of instantly filling out the checks as Abel directed, the book-keeper had delayed, and said casually to Mr. Newt during Abel's absence at lunch, which was usually prolonged, that he supposed it was all right to fill up a check of that amount to Mr. Abel's order? Mr. Boniface Newt replied, in a dogged way, that he supposed it was.

But one day when the sum had been large, and the paternal temper more than usually ruffled, he addressed the junior partner upon his return from lunch and his noontide glass with his friends at the Washington Hotel, to the effect that matters were going on much too rapidly.

"To what matters do you allude, father?" inquired Mr. Abel, with composure, as he picked

his teeth with one hand, and surveyed a cigar which he held in the other.

"I mean, Sir, that you are spending a great deal too much money."

"Why, how is that, Sir?" asked his son, as he called to the boy in the outer office to bring him a light.

"By Heavens! Abel, you're enough to make a man crazy! Here I have put you into my business, over the heads of the clerks who are a hundred-fold better fitted for it than you; and you not only come down late and go away early, and destroy all kind of discipline by smoking and lounging, but you don't manifest the slightest interest in the business; and, above all, you are living at a frightfully ruinous rate! Yes, Sir, ruinous! How do you suppose I can pay, or that the business can pay, for such extravagance?"

Abel smoked calmly during this energetic discourse, and blew little rings from his mouth, which he watched with interest as they melted in the air.

"Certain things are inevitable, father."

His parent, frowning and angry, growled at him as he made this remark, and muttered,

"Well, suppose they are."

"Now, father," replied his son, with great composure, "let us proceed calmly. Why should we pretend not to see what is perfectly plain? Business nowadays proceeds by credit. Credit is based upon something, or the show of something. It is represented by a bank-bill. Here now—" And he opened his purse leisurely and drew out a five-dollar note of the Bank of New York, "here is a promise to pay five dollars—in gold or silver, of course. Do you suppose that the Bank of New York has gold and silver enough to pay all those promises it has issued? Of course not."

Abel knocked off the ash from his cigar, and took a long contemplative whiff, as if he were about making a plunge into views even more profound. Mr. Newt, half pleased with the show of philosophy, listened with less frowning brows.

"Well, now, if by some hocus-pocus the Bank of New York hadn't a cent in coin at this moment, it could redeem the few claims that might be made upon it by borrowing, could it not?"

Mr. Newt shook his head affirmatively.

"And in fine, if it were entirely bankrupt, it could still do a tremendous business for a very considerable time, could it not?"

Mr. Newt assented.

"And the managers, who knew it to be so, would have plenty of time to get off before an explosion, if they wanted to?"

"Abel, what do you mean?" inquired his father.

The young man was still placidly blowing rings of smoke from his mouth, and answered:

"Nothing terrible. Don't be alarmed. It is only an illustration of the practical value of credit, showing how it covers a retreat, so to speak. Do you see the moral, father?"

"No; certainly not. I see no moral at all."

"Why, suppose that nobody wanted to retreat, but that the Bank was only to be carried over a dangerous place, then credit is a bridge, isn't it? If it were out of money, it could live upon its credit until it got the money back again."

"Clearly," answered Mr. Newt.

"And if it extended its operations, it would acquire even more credit?"

"Yes."

"Because people, believing in the solvency of

the Bank, would suppose that it extended itself because it had more means?"

"Yes."

"And would not feel any dust in their eyes?"

"No," said Mr. Newt, following his son closely.

"Well, then; don't you see?"

"No, I don't see," replied the father; "that is, I don't see what you mean."

"Why, father, look here! I come into your business. The fact is known. People look. There's no whisper against the house. We extend ourselves; we live liberally, but we pay the bills. Every body says, 'Newt & Son are doing a thumping business.' Perhaps we are — perhaps we are not. We are crossing the bridge of credit. Before people know that we have been living up to our incomes — quite up, father dear" — Mr. Newt frowned an entire assent — "we have plenty of money!"

"How, in Heaven's name!" cried Boniface Newt, springing up, and in so loud a tone that the clerks looked in from the outer office.

"By my marriage," returned Abel, quietly.

"With whom?" asked Mr. Newt, earnestly.

"With an heiress."

"What's her name?"

"Just what I am trying to find out," replied Abel, lightly, as he threw his cigar away. "And now I put it to you, father, as a man of the world and a sensible, sagacious, successful merchant, am I not more likely to meet and marry such a girl, if I live generously in society, than if I shut myself up to be a mere dig?"

Mr. Newt was not sure. Perhaps it was so. Upon the whole, it probably was so.

Mr. Abel did not happen to suggest to his father that, for the purpose of marrying an heiress, if he should ever chance to be so fortunate as to meet one, and, having met her, to become enamored so that he might be justified in wooing her for his wife — that for all these contingencies it was a good thing for a young man to have a regular business connection and apparent employment — and very advantageous, indeed, that that connection should be with a man so well known in commercial and fashionable circles as his father. That of itself was one of the great advantages of credit. It was a frequent joke of Abel's with his father, after the recent conversation, that credit was the most creditable thing going.

JOHN WINGATE THORNTON.

John Wingate Thornton was born at Saco, Maine, August 12, 1818, and is a descendant of Rev. Thomas Thornton, of Yarmouth. He studied at Thornton Academy, Saco (an institution named in honor of his grandfather), and at the Law School, Harvard College, where he graduated LL.B., in 1840. He studied law with his uncle, Hon. John Fairfield, governor of Maine, and United States Senator from that State. For more than thirty years, he has practised his profession in Boston. He was one of the founders of the New England Historic-Genealogical Society, and was its first recording secretary. He is now (1873), one of the vice-presidents of the American Statistical Association, and of the Prince Society for Mutual Publication. His publications, all relating to American history and antiquities, are *Lives of Isaac Heath, John Bowles, and Rev. John Eliot, Jr.* (1850); *Landing at Cape Anne*

(1854); *Ancient Pemaquid* (1857); *First Records of Anglo-American Colonization* (1859); *Peter Oliver's Puritan Commonwealth Reviewed* (1857); *The Colonial Schemes of Pop-ham and Gorges* (1863).

In addition to these tracts and dissertations, which have been warmly welcomed for their judicious and exhaustive treatment by the students of American history, Mr. Thornton is the author of a volume of more general interest, which has attained a wider circulation — *The Pulpit of the American Revolution; or, the Political Sermons of the Period of 1776, with a Historical Introduction, Notes and Illustrations* (Boston, Gould & Lincoln, 1860, 12mo, pp. 537). It contains nine discourses, delivered between 1750 and 1783, beginning with Dr. Mayhew's discussion of the thesis of *Unbounded Submission and Non-resistance to the Higher Powers*, in particular relation to the trial and execution of Charles I., including various assertions of the right of self-government, elicited by the war of the revolution, by Gordon, Langdon, West, and others, and ending with Dr. Stiles's election sermon, *The United States Exalted to Glory and Honor*. The reprint of these forcible discourses is marked by critical exactness; the style of the curious original pages is preserved to the letter, while Mr. Thornton's ample prefatory matter and notes display extensive reading and research, and are always of interest and importance.

**Mr. Thornton has ready for the press a monograph entitled, *The English Commonwealth the Reflex of New England*, in which he traces the influence the Pilgrim exiles had in moulding the politics of the parent country. "On November 21, 1870, he delivered an address before the New England Historic-Genealogical Society, on the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the signing of the compact in the cabin of 'The Mayflower.'"

FRANCIS PARKMAN.

FRANCIS PARKMAN, the son of an esteemed clergyman of the same name, was born in Boston on the sixteenth of September, 1823. After completing his collegiate course at Harvard in 1844, he made a tour across the Prairies, the results of which were given to the public in a series of papers, *The Oregon Trail*, published in the Knickerbocker Magazine, and afterwards collected in a volume with the title, *Sketches of Prairie and Rocky Mountain Life*.

Mr. Parkman next occupied himself with historical composition. Familiar with actual Indian life on and beyond the frontier, he naturally turned his attention to the many picturesque scenes of a similar character in our annals. He selected a subject of limited scope, and on comparatively virgin ground.

The History of the Conspiracy of Pontiac, and the War of the North American Tribes against the English Colon as after the Conquest of Canada, appeared in an octavo volume in 1851. The work attracted attention by its individuality of sub-

ject, respect by its evidences of thorough investigation, and popularity by its literary merits. Mr. Parkman at once attained a foremost rank as a historian. His volume is written in a clear, animated tone, giving in its pages due prominence to the picturesque scenery as well as the dramatic action of its topic.



F. Parkman, Jr.

Mr. Parkman is at present occupied in the preparation of a History of French Discovery and Colonization in North America, a subject well adapted to his powers. (1855).

THE ILLINOIS.

We turn to a region of which, as yet, we have caught but transient glimpses; a region which to our forefathers seemed remote and strange, as to us the mountain strongholds of the Apaches, or the wastes of farthest Oregon. The country of the Illinois was chiefly embraced within the boundaries of the state which now retains the name. Thitherward, from the east, the west, and the north, three mighty rivers rolled their tributary waters; while countless smaller streams—smaller only in comparison—traversed the land with a watery network, impregnating the warm soil with exuberant fecundity. From the eastward, the Ohio—La Belle Rivière—pursued its windings for more than a thousand miles. The Mississippi descended from the distant north; while from its fountains in the west, three thousand miles away, the Missouri poured its torrent towards the same common centre. Born among mountains, trackless even now, except by the adventurous footstep of the trapper,—nurtured amid the howling of beasts and the war-cries of savages, never silent in that wilderness,—it holds its angry course through sun-scorched deserts, among towers and palaces, the architecture of no human hand, among lodges of barbarian hordes, and herds of bison blackening the prairie to the horizon. Fierce, reckless, headstrong, exulting in its tumultuous force, it plays a thousand freaks of wanton power; bearing away forests from its shores, and planting them, with roots uppermost, in its quicksands; sweeping off islands, and rebuilding them; frothing and raging in foam and whirlpool, and, again, gliding with dwindled current along its sandy channel. At length, dark with uncurbed fury, it pours its muddy tide into the reluc-

tant Mississippi. That majestic river, drawing life from the pure fountains of the north, wandering among emerald prairies and wood-crowned bluffs, loses all its earlier charm with this unhallowed union. At first, it shrieks, as with repugnance, and along the same channel the two streams flow side by side, with unmingled waters. But the disturbing power prevails at length; and the united torrent bears onward in its might, boiling up from the bottom, whirling in many a vortex, flooding its shores with a malign deluge fraught with pestilence and fever, and burying forests in its depths to ensnare the heedless voyager. Mightiest among rivers, it is the connecting link of adverse climates and contrasted races; and while at its northern source the fur-clad Indian shivers in the cold,—where it mingles with the ocean, the growth of the tropics springs along its banks, and the panting negro cools his limbs in its refreshing waters.

To these great rivers and their tributary streams the country of the Illinois owed its wealth, its grassy prairies, and the stately woods that flourished on its deep, rich soil. This prolific land teemed with life. It was a hunter's paradise. Deer grazed on its meadows. The elk trooped in herds, like squadrons of cavalry. In the still morning, one might hear the clatter of their antlers for half a mile over the dewy prairie. Countless bison roamed the plains, fling in grave procession to drink at the rivers, plunging and snorting among the rapids and quicksands, rolling their huge bulk on the grass, or rushing upon each other in hot encounter, like champions under shield. The wildcat glared from the thicket; the raccoon thrust his furry countenance from the hollow tree, and the opossum swung, head downwards, from the overhanging bough.

With the opening spring, when the forests are budding into leaf, and the prairies gemmed with flowers; when a warm, faint haze rests upon the landscape—then heart and senses are intralld with luxurious beauty. The shrubs and wild fruit-trees, flushed with pale red blossoms, and the small clustering flowers of grape-vines, which choke the gigantic trees with Laccoon writhings, fill the forest with their rich perfume. A few days later, and a cloud of verdure overshadows the land, while birds innumerable sing beneath its canopy, and brighten its shades with their glancing hues.

Yet this western paradise is not free from the curse of Adam. The beneficent sun, which kindles into life so many forms of loveliness and beauty, fails not to engender venom and death from the rank slime of pestilential swamp and marsh. In some stagnant pool, buried in the jungle-like depths of the forest, where the hot and lifeless water reeks with exhalations, the water-snake basks by the margin, or winds his checkered length of loathsome beauty across the sleepy surface. From beneath the rotten carcass of some fallen tree, the moccasin thrusts out his broad flat head, ready to dart on the intruder. On the dry, sun-scorched prairie, the rattlesnake, a more generous enemy, reposes in his spiral coil. He scorns to shun the eye of day, as if conscious of the honor accorded to his name by the warlike race, who, jointly with him, claim lordship over the land. But some intrusive footstep awakes him from his slumbers. His neck is arched; the white fangs gleam in his distended jaws; his small eyes dart rays of unutterable fierceness; and his rattles, invisible with their quick vibration, ring the sharp warning which no man will rashly contemn.

The land thus prodigal of good and evil, so remote from the sea, so primitive in its aspect, might well be deemed an undiscovered region, ignorant of European arts; yet it may boast a colonization as old as

that of many a spot to which are accorded the scanty honors of an American antiquity. The earliest settlement of Pennsylvania was made in 1681; the first occupation of the Illinois took place in the previous year. La Salle may be called the father of the colony. That remarkable man entered the country with a handful of followers, bent on his grand scheme of Mississippi discovery. A legion of enemies rose in his path; but neither delay, disappointment, sickness, famine, open force, nor secret conspiracy, could bend his soul of iron. Disasters accumulated upon him. He flung them off, and still pressed forward to his object. His victorious energy bore all before it, but the success on which he had staked his life served only to entail fresh calamity, and an untimely death; and his best reward is, that his name stands forth in history an imperishable monument of heroic constancy. When on his way to the Mississippi in the year 1680, La Salle built a fort in the country of the Illinois, and, on his return from the mouth of the great river, some of his followers remained, and established themselves near the spot. Heroes of another stamp took up the work which the daring Norman had begun. Jesuit missionaries, among the best and purest of their order, burning with zeal for the salvation of souls, and the gaining of an immortal crown, here toiled and suffered, with a self-sacrificing devotion which extorts a tribute of admiration even from sectarian bigotry. While the colder apostles of Protestantism labored upon the outskirts of heathendom, these champions of the cross, the forlorn hope of the army of Rome, pierced to the heart of its dark and dreary domain, confronting death at every step, and well repaid for all, could they but sprinkle a few drops of water on the forehead of a dying child, or hang a gilded crucifix round the neck of some warrior, pleased with the glittering trinket. With the beginning of the eighteenth century, the black robe of the Jesuit was known in every village of the Illinois. Defying the wiles of Satan and the malice of his emissaries, the Indian sorcerers, exposed to the rage of the elements, and every casualty of forest life, they followed their wandering proselytes to war and to the chase; now wading through morasses, now dragging canoes over rapids and sand-bars; now scorched with heat of the sweltering prairie, and now shivering houseless in the blasts of January. At Kaskaskia and Cahokia they established missions, and built frail churches from the bark of trees, fit emblems of their own transient and futile labors. Morning and evening, the savage worshippers sang praises to the Virgin, and knelt in supplication before the shrine of St. Joseph.

Soldiers and fur-traders followed where these pioneers of the church had led the way. Forts were built here and there throughout the country, and the cabins of settlers clustered about the mission-houses. The new colonists, emigrants from Canada or disbanded soldiers of French regiments, bore a close resemblance to the settlers of Detroit, or the primitive people of Acadia, whose simple life poetry has chosen as an appropriate theme. The Creole of the Illinois, contented, light-hearted, and thriftless, by no means fulfilled the injunction to increase and multiply, and the colony languished in spite of the fertile soil. The people labored long enough to gain a bare subsistence for each passing day, and spent the rest of their time in dancin' and merry-making, smoking, gossiping, and hunting. Their native gayety was irrepressible, and they found means to stimulate it with wine made from the fruit of the wild grape-vines. Thus they passed their days, at peace with themselves, hand and glove with their Indian neighbors, and ignorant of all the world

beside. Money was scarcely known among them. Skins and furs were the prevailing currency, and in every village a great portion of the land was held in common. The military commandant, whose station was at Fort Chartres, on the Mississippi, ruled the colony with a sway absolute as that of the Pacha of Egypt, and judged civil and criminal cases without right of appeal. Yet his power was exercised in a patriarchal spirit, and he usually commanded the respect and confidence of the people. Many years later, when, after the War of the Revolution, the Illinois came under the jurisdiction of the United States, the perplexed inhabitants, totally at a loss to understand the complicated machinery of republicanism, begged to be delivered from the intolerable burden of self-government, and to be once more subjected to a military commandant.

**** With the exception of one work — *Vassall Morton, a Novel*, published in 1856 — Mr. Francis Parkman has given the past twenty years to an exhaustive investigation of all accessible data for the construction of a series of historical narratives on *France and England in North America*. His purpose in thus tracing "the springs of American civilization" has been "to restrict himself to those where new facts may be exhibited, or where facts already known may be placed in a more clear and distinct light."**

Three volumes of this series of historical monographs have appeared, and a fourth is in preparation. These are: *Part First: Pioneers of France in the New World* (I. Huguenots in Florida, with a Sketch of Huguenot Colonization in Brazil; II. Samuel De Champlain and Associates, with a View of Earlier French Adventure in America, and the Legends of the Northern Coasts), 1865. *Part Second: The Jesuits in North America in the Seventeenth Century*, 1867. *Part Third: The Discovery of the Great West*, 1869. *Part Fourth: Monarchy in America under Louis XIV*, in press. A revised edition of *The Conspiracy of Pontiac* was issued in 1870.

By their thoroughness of research, revealing, in many cases, records in manuscript hitherto inaccessible; by their calm and judicious judgments; and by their picturesque narratives, these volumes have won an acceptance as classics in the department of early American history.

**** FAILURE OF THE JESUIT MISSIONS — FROM THE JESUITS IN NORTH AMERICA.**

With the fall of the Hurons, fell the best hope of the Canadian mission. They, and the stable and populous communities around them, had been the rude material from which the Jesuit would have formed his Christian empire in the wilderness; but, one by one, these kindred peoples were uprooted and swept away, while the neighboring Algonquins, to whom they had been a bulwark, were involved with them in a common ruin. The land of promise was turned to a solitude and a desolation. There was still work in hand, it is true, — vast regions to explore, and countless heathens to snatch from perdition; but these, for the most part, were remote and scattered hordes, from whose conversion it was vain to look for the same solid and decisive results.

In a measure, the occupation of the Jesuits was gone. Some of them went home, "well resolved," writes the Father Superior, "to re-

turn to the combat at the first sound of the trumpet;" while of those who remained, about twenty in number, several soon fell victims to famine, hardship, and the Iroquois. A few years more, and Canada ceased to be a mission; political and commercial interests gradually became ascendant, and the story of Jesuit propagandism was interwoven with her civil and military annals.

Here, then, closes this wild and bloody act of the great drama of New France; and now let the curtain fall, while we ponder its meaning.

The cause of the failure of the Jesuits is obvious. The guns and tomahawks of the Iroquois were the ruin of their hopes. Could they have curbed or converted those ferocious bands, it is little less than certain that their dream would have become a reality. Savages tamed—not civilized, for that was scarcely possible—would have been distributed in communities through the valleys of the Great Lakes and the Mississippi, ruled by priests in the interest of Catholicity and of France. Their habits of agriculture would have been developed, and their instincts of mutual slaughter repressed. The swift decline of the Indian population would have been arrested; and it would have been made, through the fur-trade, a source of prosperity to New France. Unmolested by Indian enemies, and fed by a rich commerce, she would have put forth a vigorous growth. True to her far-reaching and adventurous genius, she would have occupied the West with traders, settlers, and garrisons, and cut up the virgin wilderness into fiefs, while as yet the colonies of England were but a weak and broken line along the shore of the Atlantic; and when at last the great conflict came, England and Liberty would have been confronted, not by a depleted antagonist, still feeble from the exhaustion of a starved and persecuted infancy, but by an athletic champion of the principles of Richelieu and Loyola.

Liberty may thank the Iroquois, that, by their insensate fury, the plans of her adversary were brought to nought, and a peril and a woe averted from her future. They ruined the trade which was the life-blood of New France; they stopped the current of her arteries, and made all her early years a misery and a terror. Not that they changed her destinies. The contest on this continent between Liberty and Absolutism was never doubtful; but the triumph of the one would have been dearly bought, and the downfall of the other incomplete. Populations formed in the ideas and habits of a feudal monarchy, and controlled by a hierarchy profoundly hostile to freedom of thought, would have remained a hindrance and a stumbling-block in the way of that majestic experiment of which America is the field.

The Jesuits saw their hopes struck down; and their faith, though not shaken, was sorely tried. The Providence of God seemed in their eyes dark and inexplicable; but, from the stand-point of Liberty, that Providence is clear as the sun at noon. Meanwhile let those who have prevailed yield due honor to the defeated. Their virtues shine amidst the rubbish of error, like diamonds and gold in the gravel of the torrent.

But now new scenes succeed, and other actors enter on the stage, a hardy and valiant band, moulded to endure and dare,—the discoverers of the Great West.

* * * LA SALLE'S DESCENT OF THE MISSISSIPPI—FROM THE DISCOVERY OF THE GREAT WEST.

The season was far advanced. On the bare limbs of the forest hung a few withered remnants

of its gay autumnal livery; and the smoke crept upward through the sullen November air from the squalid wigwams of La Salle's Abenaki and Mohican allies. These, his new friends, were savages, whose midnight yells had startled the border hamlets of New England; who had danced around Puritan scalps, and whom Puritan imaginations painted as incarnate fiends. La Salle chose eighteen of them, "all well inured to war," as his companion *Membre* writes, and added them to the twenty-three Frenchmen who composed his party. They insisted on taking their women with them, to cook for them, and do other camp work. These were ten in number, besides three children; and thus the expedition included fifty-four persons, of whom some were useless, and others a burden.

On the twenty-first of December, Tonty and *Membre* set out from Fort Miami with some of the party in six canoes, and crossed to the little river Chicago. La Salle, with the rest of the men, joined them a few days later. It was the dead of winter, and the streams were frozen. They made sledges, placed on them the canoes, the baggage, and a disabled Frenchman; crossed from the Chicago to the northern branch of the Illinois, and filed in a long procession down its frozen course. They reached the site of the great Illinois village, found it tenanted, and continued their journey, still dragging their canoes, till at length they reached open water below Lake Peoria.

La Salle had abandoned, for a time, his original plan of building a vessel for the navigation of the Mississippi. Bitter experience had taught him the difficulty of the attempt, and he resolved to trust to his canoes alone. They embarked again, floating prosperously down between the leafless forests that flanked the tranquil river; till, on the sixth of February, they issued forth on the majestic bosom of the Mississippi. Here, for the time, their progress was stopped; for the river was full of floating ice. La Salle's Indians, too, had lagged behind; but, within a week, all had arrived, the navigation was once more free, and they resumed their course. Towards evening, they saw on their right the mouth of a great river; and the clear current was invaded by the headlong torrent of the Missouri, opaque with mud. They built their camp-fires in the neighboring forest; and, at daylight, embarking anew on the dark and mighty stream, drifted swiftly down towards unknown destinies. They passed a deserted town of the Tamaras; saw, three days after, the mouth of the Ohio; and, gliding by the wastes of bordering swamp, landed, on the twenty-fourth of February, near the Third Chickasaw Bluffs. They encamped, and the hunters went out for game. All returned, excepting Pierre Prudhomme; and, as the others had seen fresh tracks of Indians, La Salle feared that he was killed. While some of his followers built a small stockade fort on a high bluff by the river, others ranged the woods in pursuit of the missing hunter. After six days of ceaseless and fruitless search, they met two Chickasaw Indians in the forest; and, through them, La Salle sent presents and peace-messages to that warlike people, whose villages were a few days' journey distant. Several days later, Prudhomme was found, and brought in to the camp, half dead. He had lost his way while hunting; and, to console him for his woes, La Salle christened the newly built fort with his name, and left him, with a few others, in charge of it.

Again they embarked; and with every stage of their adventurous progress, the mystery of this vast New World was more and more unveiled. More and more they entered the realms of spring. The hazy sunlight, the warm and drowsy air, the tender foliage, the opening flowers, betokened the reviving life of Nature. For several days more they followed the writhings of the great river, on its tortuous course through wastes of swamp and cane-brake, till on the thirteenth of March they found themselves wrapped in a thick fog. Neither shore was visible; but they heard on the right the booming of an Indian drum, and the shrill outcries of the war-dance. La Salle at once crossed to the opposite side, where, in less than an hour, his men threw up a rude fort of felled trees. Meanwhile, the fog cleared; and, from the farther bank, the astonished Indians saw the strange visitors at their work. Some of the French advanced to the edge of the water, and beckoned them to come over. Several of them approached, in a wooden canoe, to within the distance of a gun-shot. La Salle displayed the calumet, and sent a Frenchman to meet them. He was well received; and the friendly mood of the Indians being now apparent, the whole party crossed the river.

On landing, they found themselves at a town of the Kappa band of the Arkansas, a people dwelling near the mouth of the river which bears their name. The inhabitants flocked about them with eager signs of welcome; built huts for them, brought them firewood, gave them corn, beans, and dried fruits, and feasted them without respite for three days. "They are a lively, civil, generous people," says Membre, "very different from the cold and taciturn Indians of the North." They showed, indeed, some slight traces of a tendency towards civilization; for domestic fowls and tame geese were wandering among their rude cabins of bark.

La Salle and Tonty at the head of their followers marched to the open area in the midst of the village. Here, to the admiration of the gazing crowd of warriors, women, and children, a cross was raised bearing the arms of France. Membre, in canonicals, sang a hymn; the men shouted *Vive le Roi*; and La Salle, in the king's name, took formal possession of the country. The friar, not, he flatters himself, without success, labored to expound by signs the mysteries of the faith; while La Salle, by methods equally satisfactory, drew from the chief an acknowledgment of fealty to Louis XIV.

After touching at several other towns of this people, the voyagers resumed their course, guided by two of the Arkansas; passed the sites, since become historic, of Vicksburg and Grand Gulf; and, about three hundred miles below the Arkansas, stopped by the edge of a swamp on the western side of the river. Here, as their two guides told them, was the path to the great town of the Taensas. Tonty and Membre were sent to visit it. They and their men shouldered their birch canoe through the swamp, and launched it on a lake which had once formed a portion of the channel of the river. In two hours they reached the town, and Tonty gazed at it with astonishment. He had seen nothing like it in America; large square dwellings, built of sun-baked mud mixed with straw, arched over with a dome-shaped roof of canes, and placed in regular order around an open area. Two of them were larger and better than the rest. One was the lodge of the chief; the other was the temple, or house of the Sun.

They entered the former, and found a single room, forty feet square, where, in the dim light, for there was no opening but the door, the chief sat awaiting them on a sort of bedstead, three of his wives at his side, while sixty old men, wrapped in white cloaks woven of mulberry-bark, formed his divan. When he spoke, his wives howled to do him honor; and the assembled councillors listened with the reverence due to a potentate for whom, at his death, a hundred victims were to be sacrificed. He received the visitors graciously, and joyfully accepted the gifts which Tonty laid before him. This interview over, the Frenchmen repaired to the temple, wherein were kept the bones of the departed chiefs. In construction it was much like the royal dwelling. Over it were rude wooden figures, representing three eagles turned towards the east. A strong mud wall surrounded it, planted with stakes, on which were stuck the skulls of enemies sacrificed to the Sun; while before the door was a block of wood, on which lay a large shell surrounded with the braided hair of the victims. The interior was rude as a barn, dimly lighted from the doorway, and full of smoke. There was a structure in the middle which Membre thinks was a kind of altar; and before it burned a perpetual fire, fed with three logs laid end to end, and watched by two old men devoted to this sacred office. There was a mysterious recess, too, which the strangers were forbidden to explore, but which, as Tonty was told, contained the riches of the nation, consisting of pearls from the Gulf, and trinkets obtained, probably through other tribes, from the Spaniards and other Europeans.

The chief condescended to visit La Salle at his camp; a favor which he would by no means have granted, had the visitors been Indians. A master of ceremonies, and six attendants, preceded him, to clear the path and prepare the place of meeting. When all was ready, he was seen advancing, clothed in a white robe, and preceded by two men bearing white fans; while a third displayed a disk of burnished copper, doubtless to represent the Sun, his ancestor; or, as others will have it, his elder brother. His aspect was marvellously grave, and he and La Salle met with gestures of ceremonious courtesy. The interview was very friendly; and the chief returned well pleased with the gifts which his entertainer bestowed on him, and which, indeed, had been the principal motive of his visit.

On the next morning, as they descended the river, they saw a wooden canoe full of Indians; and Tonty gave chase. He had nearly overtaken it, when more than a hundred men appeared suddenly on the shore, with bows bent to defend their countrymen. La Salle called out to Tonty to withdraw. He obeyed; and the whole party encamped on the opposite bank. Tonty offered to cross the river with a peace-pipe, and set out accordingly with a small party of men. When he landed, the Indians made signs of friendship by joining their hands,—a proceeding by which Tonty, having but one hand, was somewhat embarrassed; but he directed his men to respond in his stead. La Salle and Membre now joined with him, and went with the Indians to their village, three leagues distant. Here they spent the night. "The *Sieur de la Salle*," writes Membre, "whose very air, engaging manners, tact, and address attract love and respect alike, produced such an effect on the hearts of these people, that they did not know how to treat us well enough."

The Indians of this village were the Natchez; and their chief was brother of the great chief, or Sun, of the whole nation. His town was several leagues distant, near the site of the city of Natchez; and thither the French repaired to visit him. They saw what they had already seen among the Taensas, — a religious and political despotism, a privileged caste descended from the Sun, a temple, and a sacred fire. La Salle planted a large cross, with the arms of France attached, in the midst of the town; while the inhabitants looked on with a satisfaction which they would hardly have displayed, had they understood the meaning of the act.

The French next visited the Coroas, at their village, two leagues below; and here they found a reception no less auspicious. On the thirty-first of March, as they approached Red River, they passed in the fog a town of the Oumas; and, three days later, discovered a party of fishermen, in wooden canoes, among the canes along the margin of the water. They fled at sight of the Frenchmen. La Salle sent men to reconnoitre, who, as they struggled through the marsh, were greeted with a shower of arrows; while, from the neighboring village of the Quinipissas, invisible behind the cane-brake, they heard the sound of an Indian drum, and the whoops of the mustering warriors. La Salle, anxious to keep the peace with all the tribes along the river, recalled his men, and pursued his voyage. A few leagues below, they saw a cluster of Indian lodges on the left bank, apparently void of inhabitants. They landed, and found three of them filled with corpses. It was a village of the Tangibao, sacked by their enemies only a few days before,

And now they neared their journey's end. On the sixth of April, the river divided itself into three broad channels. La Salle followed that of the west, and D'Autray that of the east; while Tonty took the middle passage. As he drifted down the turbid current, between the low and marshy shores, the brackish water changed to brine, and the breeze grew fresh with the salt breath of the sea. Then the broad bosom of the great Gulf opened on his sight, tossing its restless billows, limitless, voiceless, lonely, as when born of chaos, without a sail, without a sign of life.

La Salle, in a canoe, coasted the marshy borders of the sea; and then the reunited parties assembled on a spot of dry ground, a short distance above the mouth of the river. Here a column was made ready, bearing the arms of France, and inscribed with the words, —

Louis le Grand, Roy de France et de Navarre, règne; le Neuvième Avril, 1682.

The Frenchmen were mustered under arms; and, while the New-England Indians and their squaws stood gazing in wondering silence, they chanted the *Te Deum*, the *Exaudiat*, and the *Domine saluum fac Regem*. Then, amid volleys of musketry and shouts of *Vive le Roi*, La Salle planted the column in its place, and standing near it, proclaimed in a loud voice, —

"In the name of the most high, mighty, invincible, and victorious prince, Louis the Great, by the grace of God King of France and of Navarre, Fourteenth of that name, I, this ninth day of April, one thousand six hundred and eighty-two, in virtue of the commission of his Majesty, which I hold in my hand, and which may be seen by all whom it may concern, have taken, and do now take, in the name of his Majesty and of his suc-

cessors to the crown, possession of this country of Louisiana, the seas, harbors, ports, bays, adjacent straits, and all the nations, peoples, provinces, cities, towns, villages, mines, minerals, fisheries, streams, and rivers, within the extent of the said Louisiana, from the mouth of the great river St. Louis, otherwise called the Ohio, . . . as also along the River Colbert, or Mississippi, and the rivers which discharge themselves therein, from its source beyond the country of the Nadooussious . . . as far as its mouth at the sea, or Gulf of Mexico, and also to the mouth of the River of Palms, upon the assurance we have had from the natives of these countries, that we are the first Europeans who have descended or ascended the said River Colbert; hereby protesting against all who may hereafter undertake to invade any or all of these aforesaid countries, peoples, or lands, to the prejudice of the rights of his Majesty, acquired by the consent of the nations dwelling herein. Of which, and of all else that is needful, I hereby take to witness those who hear me, and demand an act of the notary here present."

Shouts of *Vive le Roi* and volleys of musketry responded to his words. Then a cross was planted beside the column, and a leaden plate buried near it, bearing the arms of France, with a Latin inscription, *Ludovicus Magnus regnat*. The weather-beaten voyagers joined their voices in the grand hymn of the *Vexilla Regis*: —

"The banners of Heaven's King advance,
The mystery of the Cross shines forth;"

and renewed shouts of *Vive le Roi* closed the ceremony.

On that day, the realm of France received on parchment a stupendous accession. The fertile plains of Texas; the vast basin of the Mississippi, from its frozen northern springs to the sultry borders of the Gulf; from the woody ridges of the Alleghanies to the bare peaks of the Rocky Mountains, — a region of savannahs and forests, sun-cracked deserts, and grassy prairies, watered by a thousand rivers, ranged by a thousand warlike tribes, passed beneath the sceptre of the Sultan of Versailles; and all by virtue of a feeble human voice, inaudible at half a mile.

ERASTUS W. ELLSWORTH

Was born November, 1823, in East Windsor, Conn., where he is at present a resident. He was educated at Amherst College, studied law, but was diverted from the profession by a taste for mechanical ingenuities, and has mainly occupied himself as an inventor or machinist. A spirited poem from his pen, *The Rimbroid Lyric*, is an eloquent expression of these tastes.

Erastus W. Ellsworth

Having contributed various poems to Sartain's Magazine, the International, and Putnam's Monthly, in 1855 he published a collection from them at Hartford. The longest of these is devoted to that old favorite theme of the Muse, the desertion of Ariadne by Theseus. Others are patriotic, celebrating General Putnam, Nathan Hale, and Mount Vernon. Still another class is on familiar topics, in a light sportive style. The following, in a quaint vein of morality, is among the most successful.

WHAT IS THE USE?

I saw a man, by some accounted wise,
For some things said and done before their eyes,
Quite overcast, and in a restless muse,
Pacing a path about,
And often giving out:
"What is the use?"

Then I, with true respect: What meanest thou
By those strange words, and that unsettled brow?
Health, wealth, the fair esteem of ample views
To these things thou art born.
But he as one forlorn:

"What is the use?"

"I have surveyed the sages and their books,
Man, and the natural world of woods and brooks,
Seeking that perfect good that I would choose;
But find no perfect good,
Settled and understood.
What is the use?"

"Life, in a poise, hangs trembling on the beam,
Even in a breath bounding to each extreme
Of joy and sorrow; therefore I refuse
All beaten ways of bliss,
And only answer this:
What is the use?"

"The hoodwinked world is seeking happiness.
'Which way?' they cry, 'here?' 'no!' 'there?'
'who can guess?'
And so they grope, and grope, and grope, and
cruise
On, on, till life is lost,
At blindman's with a ghost.
What is the use?"

"Love first, with most, then wealth, distinction,
fame,
Quicken the blood and spirit on the game.
Some try them all, and all alike accuse—
'I have been all,' said one,
'And find that all is none.'
What is the use?"

"In woman's love we sweetly are undone;
Willing to attract, but harder to be won,
Harder to keep, is she whose love we choose.
Loves are like flowers that grow
In soils on fire below.
What is the use?"

"Some pray for wealth, and seem to pray aright:
They heap until themselves are out of sight;
Yet stand, in charities, not over shoes,
And ask of their old age,
As an old ledger page,
What is the use?"

"Some covet honors, and they have their choice,
Are dogged with dinners and the popular voice;
They ride a wind—it drops them—and they bruise;
Or, if sustained, they sigh:
'That other is more high.'
What is the use?"

"Some try for fame—the merest chance of things
That mortal hope can wreak towards the wings
Of soaring Time—they win, perhaps, or lose—
Who knows? Not he, who, dead,
Laurels a marble head.
What is the use?"

"The strife for fame and the high praise of power,
Is as a man, who, panting up a tower,
Bears a great stone, then, straining all his thews,
Heaves it, and sees it make
A splashing in a lake.
What is the use?"

"Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
To scorn delights, and live laborious days.
Thus the great lords of spiritual fame amuse
Their souls, and think it good
To eat of angels' food.
What is the use?"

"They eat their fill, and they are filled with wind.
They do the noble works of noble mind.
Repute, and often bread, the world refuse.
They go unto their place,
The greatest of the race.
What is the use?"

"Should some new star, in the fair evening sky
Kindle a blaze, startling so keen an eye
Of flamings eminent, athwart the dew,
Our thoughts would say: No doubt
That star will soon burn out.
What is the use?"

"Who'll care for me, when I am dead and gone?
Not many now, and surely, soon, not one;
And should I sing like an immortal Muse,
Men, if they read the line,
Read for their good, not mine;
What is the use?"

"And song, if passable, is doomed to pass—
Common, though sweet as the new-scythed grass.
Of human deeds and thoughts Time bears no news,
That, flying, he can lack,
Else they would break his back,
What is the use?"

"Spirit of Beauty! Breath of golden lyres!
Perpetual tremble of immortal wires!
Divinely torturing rapture of the Muse!
Conspicuous wretchedness!
Thou starry, sole success!—
What is the use!"

"Doth not all struggle tell, upon its brow,
That he who makes it is not easy now,
But hopes to be? Vain hope that dost abuse!
Coquetting with thine eyes,
And fooling him who sighs.
What is the use?"

"Go pry the lintels of the pyramids;
Lift the old king's mysterious coffin lids—
This dust was theirs whose names these stones
confuse,
These mighty monuments
Of mighty discontents.
What is the use?"

"Did not he sum it all, whose Gate of Pearls
Blazed royal Ophir, Tyre, and Syrian girls—
The great, wise, famous monarch of the Jews?
Though rolled in grandeur vast,
He said of all, at last:
What is the use?"

"O! but to take, of life, the natural good,
Even as a hermit cavered in a wood,
More sweetly fills my sober-suited views,
Than sweating to attain
Any luxurious pain.
What is the use?"

"Give me a hermit's life, without his beads—
His lantern-jawed and moral-mouthing creeds;
Systems and creeds the natural heart abuse.
What need of any Book,
Or spiritual crook?
What is the use?"

"I love, and God is love; and I behold
Man, Nature, God, one triple chain of gold—

Nature in all sole Oracle and Muse.

What should I seek, at all,
More than is natural?
What is the use?"

Seeing this man so heathenly inclined—
So witted in the mood of a good mind,
I felt a kind of heat of earnest thought;
And studying in reply,
Answered him, eye to eye:—

Thou dost amaze me that thou dost mistake
The wandering rivers for the fountain lake.
What is the end of living?—happiness?—
An end that none attain,
Argues a purpose vain.

Plainly, this world is not a scope for bliss,
But duty. Yet we see not all that is,
Or may be, some day, if we love the light.
What man is, in desires,
Whispers where man aspires.

But what and where are we?—what now—to-day?

Souls on a globe that spin our lives away—
A multitudinous world, where Heaven and Hell,
Strangely in battle met,
Their gonfalons have set.

Dust though we are, and shall return to dust,
Yet being born to battles, fight we must;
Under which ensign is our only choice.
We know to wage our best,
God only knows the rest.

Then since we see about us sin and dole,
And somethings good, why not, with hand and soul
Wrestle and succor out of wrong and sorrow—
Grasping the swords of strife,
Making the most of life?

Yea, all that we can wield is worth the end,
If sought as God's and man's most loyal friend.
Naked we come into the world, and take
Weapons of various skill—
Let us not use them ill.

As for the creeds, Nature is dark at best;
And darker still is the deep human breast.
Therefore consider well of creeds and Books,
Lest thou mayst somewhat fail
Of things beyond the veil.

Nature was dark to the dim starry age
Of wistful Job; and that Athenian sage,
Pensive in piteous thought of Faith's distress;
For still she cried with tears:
"More light, ye crystal spheres!"

But rouse thee, man! Shake off this hideous death!
Be man! Stand up! Draw in a mighty breath!
This world has quite enough emasculate hands,
Dallying with doubt and sin.
Come—here is work—begin!

Come, here is work—and a rank field—begin.
Put thou thine edge to the great weeds of sin;
So shalt thou find the use of life, and see
Thy Lord, at set of sun,
Approach and say: "Well done!"

This at the last: They clutch the sapless fruit.
Ashes and dust of the Dead Sea, who suit
Their course of life to compass happiness;
But be it understood
That, to be greatly good,
All is the use.

WILLIAM W. CALDWELL

Was born at Newburyport, Massachusetts, in 1823. He was educated at Bowdoin college,

where he received his degree in 1843, and has since resided in his native place, engaged in the business of a druggist. His occasional verses, on simple heartfelt themes, are truthful in expression and sentiment, and happy in poetic execution. He has published also translations from the German poets. ** A volume of *Poems, Original and Translated*, was published in 1857 (Boston, pp. 276). It contained choice renderings from the German of Hebel, Geibel, and Fallersleben.

ROBIN'S COME!

From the elm-tree's topmost bough,
Hark! the Robin's early song!
Telling one and all that now
Merry spring-time hastes along;
Welcome tidings thou dost bring,
Little harbinger of spring,
Robin's come!

Of the winter we are weary,
Weary of its frost and snow,
Longing for the sunshine cheery,
And the brooklet's gurgling flow;
Gladly then we hear thee sing
The reveillé of the spring.
Robin's come!

Ring it out o'er hill and plain,
Through the garden's lonely bowers,
Till the green leaves dance again,
Till the air is sweet with flowers!
Wake the cowslip by the rill,
Wake the yellow daffodil!
Robin's come!

Then as thou wert wont of yore,
Build thy nest and rear thy young,
Close beside our cottage door,
In the woodbine leaves among;
Hurt or harm thou need'st not fear,
Nothing rude shall venture near.
Robin's come!

Swinging still o'er yonder lane,
Robin answers merrily;
Ravished by the sweet refrain,
Alice claps her hands in glee,
Calling from the open door,
With her soft voice, o'er and o'er,
Robin's come!

WHAT SAITH THE FOUNTAIN?

What saith the Fountain,
Hid in the glade,
Where the tall mountain
Thro' its shade?

"Deep in my waters, reflected serene,
All the soft beauty of heaven is seen;
Thus let thy bosom from wild passions free
Ever the mirror of purity be!"

What saith the Streamlet,
Flowing so bright,
Clear as a beamlet
Of silvery light?

"Morning and evening still floating along,
Upward for ever ascendeth my song;
Be thou contented, whate'er may befall,
Cheerful in knowing that God is o'er all."

What saith the River,
Majestic in flow,
Moving for ever
Calmly and slow?

"Over my surface the great vessels glide,
Ocean-ward borne by my strong heaving tide;
Work thou too, brother, life vanisheth fast,
Labor unceasing, rest cometh at last."

What saith the Ocean,
Boundless as night;
Tumultuous in motion,
Resistless in might!

"Fountain to streamlet, streamlet to river,
All in my bosom commingle for ever;
Morning to noontide and noontide to night,
Soon will Eternity veil thee from sight."

JOHN R. THOMPSON

Was born in Richmond, Va., October 23, 1823. He was educated at a school at East Haven in Connecticut, and at the University of Virginia, where he received the degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1845, having passed an interval of two years in the study of the law. In 1847, he became editor of the Southern Literary Magazine, which he conducted for many years.

Ans. Re: Thompson

Mr. Thompson, besides the articles in his own journal, has contributed numerous poems to the Knickerbocker, Literary World, and International Magazine.

His editorship of the Messenger, the longest lived periodical of the South, and always an important medium of communication of the best Southern authors with the public, has been marked by its liberality and courtesy towards authors of all portions of the country. His poetical writings are finished with care, and display a delicate sentiment.

THE WINDOW PANES AT BRANDON.*

As within the old mansion the holiday throng
re-assembles in beauty and grace,
And some eye looking out of the window, by chance,
these memorial records may trace—
How the past, like a swift-coming haze from the sea,
in an instant, surrounds us once more,
While the shadowy figures of those we have loved,
all distinctly are seen on the shore!
Through the vista of years, stretching dimly away,
we but look, and a vision behold—
Like some magical picture the sunset reveals with
its colors of crimson and gold—
All suffused with the glow of the hearth's ruddy
blaze, from beneath the gay "mistletoe bough,"
There are faces that break into smiles as divinely as
any that beam on us now.

While the Old Year departing strides ghost-like
along o'er the hills that are dark with the
storm,
To the New the brave beaker is filled to the brim,
and the play of affection is warm;
Look once more—as the garlanded Spring re-appears,
in her footsteps we welcome a train
Of fair women, whose eyes are as bright as the gem
that has cut their dear names on the pane.

From the canvas of Vandyke and Kneller that hangs
on the old-fashioned wainscoted wall,
Stately ladies, the favored of poets, look down on
the guests and the revel and all;
But their beauty, though wedded to eloquent verse,
and though rendered immortal by Art,

Yet outshines not the beauty that breathing below,
in a moment takes captive the heart.

Many winters have since frosted over these panes
with the tracery-work of the rime,
Many Aprils have brought back the birds to the
lawn from some far-away tropical clime—
But the guests of the season, alas! where are they!
some the shores of the stranger have trod,
And some names have been long ago carved on the
stone, where they sweetly rest under the sod.

How uncertain the record! the hand of a child, in
its innocent sport, unawares,
May, at any time, lucklessly shatter the pane, and
thus cancel the story it bears:

Still a portion, at least, shall uninjured remain—
unto trustier tablets consigned—
The fond names that survive in the memory of friends
who yet linger a season behind.

Recollect, oh young soul, with ambition inspired!—
let the moral be read as we pass—
Recollect the illusory tablets of fame have been ever
as brittle as glass:

Oh then be not content with the name there inscrib-
ed,—for as well may you trace it in dust,—
But resolve to record it where long it shall stand, in
the hearts of the good and the just!

A PICTURE.

Across the narrow dusty street

I see at early dawn,
A little girl with glancing feet,
As agile as the fawn.

An hour or so and forth she goes,
The school she brightly seeks,
She carries in her hand a rose
And two upon her cheeks.

The sun mounts up the torrid sky—
The bell for dinner rings—
My little friend, with laughing eye,
Comes gaily back and sings.

The week wears off and Saturday,
A welcome day, I ween,
Gives time for girlish romp and play:
How glad my pet is seen!

But Sunday—in what satins great
Does she not then appear!
King Solomon in all his state
Wore no such pretty gear.

I fling her every day a kiss,
And one she flings to me:
I know not truly when it is
She prettiest may be.

BENEDICTITE.

I saw her move along the aisle—
The chancel lustres burned the while—
With bridal roses in her hair,
Oh! never seemed she half so fair.

A manly form stood by her side,
We knew him worthy such a bride;
And prayers went up to God above
To bless them with immortal love.

The vow was said. I know not yet
But some were filled with fond regret:
So much a part of us she seemed
To lose her quite we had not dreamed.

Like the "fair Inez," loved, caressed,
She went into the distant west,
And while one heart with joy flowed o'er,
Like her she saddened many more.

* Upon the window panes at Brandon, on James River, are inscribed the names, cut with a diamond ring, of many of those who have composed the Christmas and May parties of that hospitable mansion in years gone by.

Lady, though far from childhood's things
Thy gentle spirit folds its wing,
We offer now for him and thee
A tearful Benedicite!

** Mr. Thompson has written a number of occasional poems, and has made numerous contributions to leading literary periodicals in America and Europe. These fugitive pieces in prose and verse have never been gathered into a volume. The following poems have been published in pamphlet form: *Virginia, A Poem*, read before the Phi Beta Kappa Society, Alpha Chapter, William and Mary College; *Patriotism, A Poem*, read before the Annual Convention of the Delta Kappa Epsilon Societies, at Washington, D. C.; *Poesy, an Essay in Rhyme*, read before the Literary Societies of Columbian College, Washington, D. C.; *Inauguration Ode*, read at the Unveiling of Crawford's Equestrian Statue of Washington, at Richmond, Va.; and *A Poem*, read before the Society of Alumni of the University of Virginia.

Mr. Thompson was editor of *The Record*, "a short-lived Confederate weekly, commenced during 1863, in Richmond; and he was, during its existence, the Richmond correspondent of *The Index*, the Confederate organ in Richmond."* A number of his poetic writings at that date were reprinted in *Simms's War Poetry of the South*. On account of the failure of his health, Mr. Thompson visited Europe, and lived some thirty months in England, where he contributed to *Blackwood's Magazine*, *Punch*, *London Society*, *The Owl*, and other journals, besides writing for *The Standard*, 1864-6. He has since been engaged on the editorial staff of the *New York Evening Post*. Another failure of his health in the spring of 1873, led him to visit Denver, Colorado Territory, in the hope of benefit from its climate. He died in New York city, April 30, 1873.

GEORGE H. BOKER.

GEORGE HENRY BOKER is a native of Philadelphia, where he was born in the year 1824. In 1841



Geo. H. Boker

he was graduated at Nassau Hall, Princeton, and after a tour in Europe returned to Philadelphia, where he has since resided.

* *Living Writers of the South*, by Prof. James Wood Davidson, 1869; pp. 367-72.

In 1847 he published *The Lesson of Life and other Poems*; and in 1848, *Calaynos*, a tragedy. This was received with favor, and in April, of the following year, acted with success at Sadlers' Wells Theatre, London. The scene is laid in Spain, the interest turns upon the hostile feeling between the Spanish and Moorish races.

Mr. Boker's second tragedy, *Anne Boleyn*, was soon after published and produced upon the stage.

He has since written *The Betrothal*, *Leonor de Guzman*, and a comedy, *All the World a Mask*, all of which have been produced with success.

He has also contributed several poetical compositions of merit to the periodicals of the day.

Mr. Boker has wisely avoided, in his dramatic composition, the stilted periods of the classic, and the vagueness of the "unacted" drama. His plays have the action befitting the stage, and the finish requisite for the closet. His blank verse is smooth, and his dialogue spirited and colloquial.

THE DEATH OF DOÑA ALDA—FROM CALAYNOS.

Calaynos. What would'st thou, Alda?—Cheer thee, love, bear up!

Doña Alda. Thy face is dim, I cannot see thine eyes:

Nay, hide them not; they are my guiding stars—
Have sorrow's drops thus blotted out their light?
Thou dost forgive me, love—thou'lt think of me!
Thou'lt not speak harshly, when I'm 'neath the earth?

Thou'lt love my memory, for what once I was?

Calaynos. Yes, though I live till doom.

Doña Alda. O happiness!

Come closer—this thy hand? Have mercy, heaven!
Yes, press me closer—close—I do not feel—

Calaynos. O God of mercy, spare!

Doña Alda. A sunny day—

Oh!—*(She faints.)*

Calaynos. Bear her in—I am as calm as ice.

Come when she wakes—I cannot see her thus.

[*Exit* OLIVER and *servants*, bearing DOÑA ALDA.
]'Tis better so;—but then the thoughts come back
Of the young bride I welcomed at the gate.—

I kissed her, yes, I kissed her—was it there?
Yes, yes, I kissed her there, and in the chapel—
The dimly lighted chapel.—I see it all!

Here was old Hubert, there stood Oliver—

The priest, the bridesmaids, groomsman—every face;

All the retainers that around us thronged,
Smiling for joy, with ribands in their cape.—

And shall they all, all follow her black pall,
With weeping eyes and doleful, sullen weeds?

For they all love her:—Oh, she was so kind,
So kind and gentle, when they stood in need;
And never checked them, if they murmured at her,
But found excuses for their discontent.—

They'll miss her, for her path was like an angel's,
And every place seemed holier where she came,

Ah me, ah me! I would this life were past!

Stay, love, watch o'er me; I will join thee soon.

So quickly gone! And ere I said farewell!

[*Exit* OLIVER.] [*Rushes to the door.*]

Oliver. My lord—

Calaynos. Yes, yes, she's dead—I will go in.

Oliver. O, dreadful ending to a fearful night!
This shock has shattered to the very root
The strength of his great spirit. Mournful night!
And what will day bring forth?—but wo on wo.
Ah, death may rest awhile, and hold his hand,

Having destroyed this wondrous paragon,
And sapped a mind, whose lightest thought was
worth

The concentrated being of a herd.

Yet shall the villain live who wrought this wo!

By heaven I swear, if my lord kill him not,

I, though a scholar and unused to arms,

Will hunt him down—ay, should he course the
earth,

And slay him like a felon!

If this is sin, let fiends snap at my soul,

But I will do it! Lo, where comes my lord,

Bent down and withered, like a broken tree,

Prostrate with too much bearing.

(Re-enter CALAYNOS.)

Calaynos.

Oliver,

I stole to see her; not a soul was there,

Save an old crone that hummed a doleful tune,

And winked her purblind eyes, o'errun with tears.

O, boy, I never knew I loved her so!

I held my breath, and gazed into her face—

Ah, she was wondrous fair. She seemed to me,

Just as I've often seen her, fast asleep.

When from my studies cautiously I've stole,

And bent above her, and drank up her breath,

Sweet as a sleeping infant's,—Then perchance,

Yet in her sleep, her starry eyes would ope,

To close again behind their fringing clouds,

Ere I caught half their glory. There's no breath,

There's not a perfume on her withered lips,

Her eyes ope not, nor ever will again.—

But tell me how she died.—She suffered not?

Oliver. She scarcely woke from her first fainting
here;

Or if she did, she gave no sign nor word.

Awhile she muttered, as if lost in prayer;

Some who stood close thought once they caught
thy name;

But grief had dulled my sense, I could not hear.

Then she slid gently to a lethargy;

And so she died—we knew not when she went.

Calaynos. Here is the paper which contains her
story:

I fain would clear her name, fain think her wronged.

(Reads.)

O, double-dealing villain!—Moor—bought her!

Impious monster—false beyond belief!

But she is guiltless—hear'st thou, Oliver?

Nay, read; I cannot move thee as she can.

(OLIVER reads.)

He called me Moor.—True, true, I did her wrong:

The sin is mine; I should have told her that.

I only kept it back to save her pain;

I feared to lose respect by telling her.

I see how he could heighten that grave wrong,

And spur her nigh to madness with his taunts.

She fell, was senseless, without life or reason—

Why tigers spare inanimated forms—

So bore her off. Then lie on lie—O base!

The guilt all mine. Why did I hide my birth?

Ah, who can tell how soon one seed of sin,

Which we short-sighted mortals think destroyed,

May sprout and bear, and shake its noxious fruit

Upon our heads, when we ne'er dream of ill;

For nought that is can ever pass away!

Oliver. And shall this villain live?

Calaynos. No, no, by heaven!

Those fellows on the wall would haunt me then.—

I hear your voices, men of crime and blood,

Ring in mine ears, and I obey the call.

(Snatches a sword from the wall.)

How precious is the blade which justice wields,

To chasten wrong, or set a wrong to right!

(Draws.)

Come forth, thou minister of bloody deeds,

That blazed a comet in the van of war,

Presaging death to man, and tears to earth.—

Pale, gleaming tempter, when I clutch thee thus,

Thou, of thyself, dost plead that murder's right,

And mak'st me half believe it luxury.

Thy horrid edge is thirsting for man's gore,

And thou shalt drink it from the point to hilt.—

To horse, to horse! the warrior blood is up;

The tiger spirit of my warlike race

Burns in my heart, and floods my kindling veins.—

Mount, Oliver, ere pity's hand can hide

The bloody mist that floats before mine eyes—

To horse, to horse! the Moor rides forth to slay!

(Exeunt.)

** Mr. Boker collected his *Plays and Poems* into two volumes in 1856. Besides those already mentioned, these contained: Francesca Da Rimini, a Tragedy; The Widow's Marriage, a Comedy; also, A Ballad of Sir John Franklin, Sonnets, etc. From 1861 to 1871 Mr. Boker was Secretary of the Union League, Philadelphia, and did much by his pen, in prose and verse, to uphold the cause of the Union. In 1864 he published *Poems of the War*, among whose pieces were: On Board the Cumberland; Battle of Lookout Mountain; The Black Regiment; and The Soldier's Dirge, for Gen. Kearney. *Königsmark, the Legend of the Hounds, and Other Poems*, appeared in 1869, including Our Heroic Themes, a poem read before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard University, in July, 1865.

Mr. Boker was appointed Minister to Constantinople in 1872. On his arrival in that city, he was made an honorary member of the Greek Syllagos, a literary society that bestows its distinctions only on foreigners of high reputation in literature.

*** THE BALLAD OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around.—COLERIDGE.

O, whither sail you, Sir John Franklin?

Cried a whaler in Baffin's Bay.

To know if between the land and the pole

I may find a broad sea-way.

I charge you back, Sir John Franklin,

As you would live and thrive;

For between the land and the frozen pole

No man may sail alive.

But lightly laughed the stout Sir John,

And spoke unto his men:

Half England is wrong, if he be right;

Bear off to westward then.

O, whither sail you, brave Englishman?

Cried the little Esquimaux.

Between your land and the polar star

My goodly vessels go.

Come down, if you would journey there,

The little Indian said;

And change your cloth for fur clothing,

Your vessel for a sled.

But lightly laughed the stout Sir John,

And the crew laughed with him too:—

A sailor to change from ship to sled,

I ween, were something new!

All through the long, long polar day,

The vessels westward sped;

And wherever the sail of Sir John was blown,

The ice gave way and fled.

Gave way with many a hollow groan,
And with many a surly roar,
But it murmured and threatened on every side,
And closed where he sailed before.

Ho! see ye not, my merry men,
The broad and open sea?
Bethink ye what the whaler said,
Think of the little Indian's sled!
The crew laughed out in glee.

Sir John, Sir John, 'tis bitter cold,
The scud drives on the breeze,
The ice comes looming from the north,
The very sunbeams freeze.

Bright summer goes, dark winter comes —
We cannot rule the year;
But long ere summer's sun goes down,
On yonder sea we'll steer.

The dripping icebergs dipped and rose,
And floundered down the gale;
The ships were staid, the yards were manned,
And furled the useless sail.

The summer's gone, the winter's come —
We sail not on yonder sea:
Why sail we not, Sir John Franklin? —
A silent man was he.

The summer goes, the winter comes —
We cannot rule the year:
I ween, we cannot rule the ways,
Sir John, wherein we'd steer.

The cruel ice came floating on,
And closed beneath the lee,
Till the thickening waters dashed no more;
'Twas ice around, behind, before —
My God! there is no sea!

What think you of the whaler now?
What of the Esquimaux?
A sled were better than a ship,
To cruise through ice and snow.

Down sank the baleful crimson sun,
The northern light came out,
And glared upon the ice-bound ships,
And shook its spears about.

The snow came down, storm breeding storm,
And on the decks was laid,
Till the weary sailor, sick at heart,
Sank down beside his spade.

Sir John, the night is black and long,
The hissing wind is bleak,
The hard, green ice as strong as death: —
I prithee, Captain, speak!

The night is neither bright nor short,
The singing breeze is cold,
The ice is not so strong as hope —
The heart of man is bold!

What hope can scale this icy wall,
High over the main flag-staff?
Above the ridges the wolf and bear
Look down, with a patient, settled stare,
Look down on us and laugh.

The summer went, the winter came —
We could not rule the year;
But summer will melt the ice again,
And open a path to the sunny main,
Whereon our ships shall steer.

The winter went, the summer went,
The winter came around;

But the hard, green ice was strong as death,
And the voice of hope sank to a breath,
Yet caught at every sound.

Hark! heard you not the noise of guns? —
And there, and there, again?
'Tis some uneasy iceberg's roar,
As he turns in the frozen main.

Hurra! hurra! the Esquimaux
Across the ice-fields steal:
God give them grace for their charity! —
Ye pray for the silly seal.

Sir John, where are the English fields,
And where are the English trees,
And where are the little English flowers
That open in the breeze?

Be still, be still, my brave sailors!
You shall see the fields again,
And smell the scent of the opening flowers,
The grass, and the waving grain.

O! when shall I see my orphan child?
My Mary waits for me.
O! when shall I see my old mother,
And pray at her trembling knee?

Be still, be still, my brave sailors!
Think not such thoughts again.
But a tear froze slowly on his cheek;
He thought of Lady Jane.

Ah! bitter, bitter grows the cold,
The ice grows more and more;
More settled stare the wolf and bear,
More patient than before.

O! think you, good Sir John Franklin,
We'll ever see the land?
'Twas cruel to send us here to starve,
Without a helping hand.

'Twas cruel, Sir John, to send us here,
So far from help or home,
To starve and freeze on this lonely sea:
I ween, the Lords of the Admiralty
Would rather send than come.

O! whether we starve to death alone,
Or sail to our own country,
We have done what man has never done —
The truth is founded, the secret won —
We passed the Northern Sea!

** THE BLACK REGIMENT.

Port Hudson, May 27, 1863.

Dark as the clouds of even,
Ranked in the western heaven,
Waiting the breath that lifts
All the dread mass, and drifts
Tempest and falling brand
Over a ruined land; —
So still and orderly,
Arm to arm, knee to knee,
Waiting the great event,
Stands the black regiment.

Down the long dusky line
Teeth gleam and eyeballs shine;
And the bright bayonet,
Bristling and firmly set,
Flashed with a purpose grand,
Long ere the sharp command
Of the fierce rolling drum
Told them their time had come,
Told them what work was sent
For the black regiment.

"Now," the flag-sergeant cried,
 "Though death and hell betide,
 Let the whole nation see
 If we are fit to be
 Free in this land; or bound
 Down, like the whining hound,—
 Bound with red stripes of pain
 In our old chains again!"
 O, what a shout there went
 From the black regiment!

"Charge!" Trump and drum awoke,
 Onward the bondmen broke;
 Bayonet and sabre-stroke
 Vainly opposed their rush.
 Through the wild battle's crush,
 With but one thought afish,
 Driving their lords like chaff,
 In the gun's mouths they laugh;
 Or at the slippery brands
 Leaping with open hands,
 Down they tear man and horse,
 Down in their awful course;
 Trampling with bloody heel
 Over the crashing steel,
 All their eyes forward bent,
 Rushed the black regiment.

"Freedom!" their battle-cry,—
 "Freedom! or leave to die!"
 Ah! and they meant the word,
 Not as with us 'tis heard,
 Not a mere party shout:
 They gave their spirits out;
 Trusted the end to God,
 And on the gory sod
 Rolled in triumphant blood.
 Glad to strike one free blow,
 Whether for weal or woe;
 Glad to breathe one free breath,
 Though on the lips of death.
 Praying—alas! in vain!—
 That they might fall again,
 So they could once more see
 That burst to liberty!
 This was what "freedom" lent
 To the black regiment.

Hundreds on hundreds fell;
 But they are resting well;
 Scourges and shackles strong
 Never shall do them wrong.
 O, to the living few,
 Soldiers, be just and true!
 Hail them as comrades tried;
 Fight with them side by side;
 Never, in field or tent,
 Scorn the black regiment!

**** DIRGE FOR A SOLDIER.**

In Memory of General Philip Kearney.

Killed September 1, 1862.

Close his eyes; his work is done!
 What to him is friend or foe-man,
 Rise of moon, or set of sun,
 Hand of man, or kiss of woman?
 Lay him low, lay him low,
 In the clover or the snow!
 What cares he? he cannot know:
 Lay him low!

As man may, he fought his fight,
 Proved his truth by his endeavor;
 Let him sleep in solemn night,
 Sleep forever and forever.

Lay him low, lay him low,
 In the clover or the snow!
 What cares he? he cannot know:
 Lay him low!

Fold him in his country's stars,
 Roll the drum and fire the volley!
 What to him are all our wars,
 What but death bemocking folly?
 Lay him low, lay him low,
 In the clover or the snow!
 What cares he? he cannot know:
 Lay him low!

Leave him to God's watching eye,
 Trust him to the hand that made him.
 Mortal love weeps idly by:
 God alone has power to aid him.
 Lay him low, lay him low,
 In the clover or the snow!
 What cares he? he cannot know:
 Lay him low!

**** IDLENESS.**

If I do no more than this,
 I do something grand, I wis.
 If I do no more than slumber
 Where these locust-blossoms cumber
 The young grass, while in and out
 Voyage the humming bees about;
 And the fields of new-turned land,
 In long brown waves on every hand,
 Mix their strong life-giving smell
 With the violets of the dell,
 Till I, half-drunk with country gladness,
 Forget the moody city-sadness;—

If I do no more than gaze,
 Through the flimsy spring-tide haze,
 Far into the sapphire deeps,
 Where white cloud after white cloud creeps;
 Or watch the triumph of the sun,
 When his western stand is won,
 And crimson stain and golden bar
 Are drawn across the evening-star;
 And slowly broaden on my sight
 The glories of the deeper night,
 Till I, o'ertaken with boding sorrow,
 Shrink from inevitable to-morrow;

If I do no more than look
 Into that dark and awful book
 Which, like a prophet's fatal scroll,
 Lies open in my deathless soul;
 Whose pictured joy and pictured woe
 Mean more than any man may know;
 Close secret, hidden in death and birth,
 Reflex and prophecy of earth;
 With earth's sweet sounds and scented blooms,
 Its splendors and its solemn glooms,
 All things the senses care about,
 As clear within us as without;
 As if from us creation grew
 In some strange way, we one time knew:—
 If I do no more than this,
 I do something grand, I wis.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

BAYARD TAYLOR is the son of a Pennsylvania farmer, a descendant of the first emigration with Penn., and was born January 11, 1825, in the village of Kennett Square, Chester county, in that state. He received a country education, and at the age of seventeen became an apprentice in a

printing-office in Westchester. He employed his limited leisure in learning Latin and French, and writing verses, which were cordially received by Willis and Griswold, then conducting the New York Mirror and Graham's Magazine. The success of these led him to collect the poems in a volume in 1844, entitled *Ximena*, with the object of gaining reputation enough to secure employment as a contributor to some of the leading newspapers, while he was making a tour in Europe which he projected. He succeeded in his object, procuring from Mr. Chandler of the Philadelphia United States Gazette, and from Mr. Patterson of the Saturday Evening Post, an advance of a hundred dollars for letters to be written abroad, and with this, in addition to forty dollars for some poems in Graham's Magazine, he started on



Bayard Taylor

his European tour. With some further remittances from home he was enabled to make the tour of England, Scotland, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, and France, during a journey of two years, his expenses for the time being but five hundred dollars. How this was accomplished by the frugal pedestrian was told in his account of the tour on his return in 1846, when he published his *Views-a-Foot*. He next engaged in the editing and publication of a newspaper at Phoenixville, Pa., to which he gave his labors for a year with an unprofitable pecuniary result. At the close of 1847 he came to New York to prosecute his career of authorship, wrote for the Literary World, and in February, 1848, secured a position as a permanent writer for the Tribune, shortly after publishing his volume of poems, *Rhymes of Travel*. The next year he became proprietor of a share of the paper and one of its associate editors. His literary labors have been since connected with that journal. He visited California in 1849, and returned by way of Mexico in 1850, writing letters for the Tribune, which he revised and collected in the volumes, *El Dorado, or Adventures in the Path of Empire*. In the summer of 1851 he set out on a protracted tour in the East, leaving a third volume of poems with his publisher, *A Book of Romances, Lyrics, and Songs*.

In this new journey he proceeded to Egypt by way of England, the Rhine, Vienna, and Trieste, reaching Cairo early in November. He immediately proceeded to Central Africa, and after passing through Egypt, Nubia, Ethiopia, and Soudan, to the kingdom of the Shillook negroes on the White Nile, reached Cairo again in April, 1852, having made a journey of about four thousand miles in the interior of Africa. He then made the tour of Palestine and Syria, extending his journey northwards to Antioch and Aleppo, and thence by way of Tarsus, the defiles of the Taurus, Konieh (Iconium), the forests of Phrygia, and the Bithynian Olympus to Constantinople, where he arrived about the middle of July. After a month's stay he sailed for Malta and Sicily, reaching the foot of Mount Ætna in time to witness the first outbreak of the eruption of 1852. Thence he passed to Italy, the Tyrol, Germany, and England. In October he took a new departure from England for Gibraltar, spent a month in the south of Spain, and proceeded by the overland route to Bombay. He set out on the 4th of January, 1853, and after a tour of twenty-two hundred miles in the interior of India, reached Calcutta on the 22d of February. He there embarked for Hong Kong, by way of Penang and Singapore. Soon after his arrival in China he was attached to the American legation, and accompanied the minister, Colonel Marshall, to Shanghai, where he remained two months. On the arrival of Commodore Perry's squadron he entered the naval service for the purpose of accompanying it to Japan. He left on the 17th of May, and after visiting and exploring the Loo Choo and Bonin Islands, arrived in the bay of Yedo on the 8th of July. The expedition to which he was attached, remained there nine days, engaged with the ceremonials of delivering the President's letter, and then returned to Loo Choo and China. Taylor then spent a month in Macao and Canton, and sailed for New York on the 9th of September. After a voyage of one hundred and one days, during which the vessel touched at Angier in Java, and St. Helena, he reached New York on the 20th of December, 1853, after an absence of two years and four months, having accomplished upwards of fifty thousand miles of travel. His letters, describing the journey, were all this while published in the Tribune. In their enlarged and improved form they furnish material for several series of volumes.

The characteristics of Mr. Taylor's writings are, in his poems, ease of expression, with a careful selection of poetic capabilities, a full, animated style, with a growing attention to art and condensation. His prose is equable and clear, in the flowing style; the narrative of a genial, healthy observer of the many manners of the world which he has seen in the most remarkable portions of its four quarters.

In person he is above the ordinary height, manly and robust, with a quick, resolute way of carrying out his plans with courage and independence; and with great energy and perseverance, he combines a happy natural temperament and benevolence.

BEDOUIN SONG.

From the Desert I come to thee
On a stallion shod with fire;

And the winds are left behind
 In the speed of my desire.
 Under thy window I stand,
 And the midnight hears my cry:
 I love thee, I love but thee,
 With a love that shall not die
 Till the sun grows cold,
 And the stars are old,
 And the leaves of the Judgment
 Book unfold!

Look from thy window and see
 My passion and my pain;
 I lie on the sands below,
 And I faint in thy disdain.
 Let the night-winds touch thy brow
 With the heat of my burning sigh,
 And melt thee to hear the vow
 Of a love that shall not die
 Till the sun grows cold,
 And the stars are old,
 And the leaves of the Judgment
 Book unfold!

My steps are nightly driven,
 By the fever in my breast,
 To hear from thy lattice breathed
 The word that shall give me rest.
 Open the door of thy heart,
 And open thy chamber door,
 And my kisses shall teach thy lips
 The love that shall fade no more
 Till the sun grows cold,
 And the stars are old,
 And the leaves of the Judgment
 Book unfold!

KILIMANDJARO.

Hail to thee, monarch of African mountains,
 Remote, inaccessible, silent, and lone—
 Who, from the heart of the tropical fervors,
 Lifest to heaven thine alien snows,
 Feeding for ever the fountains that make thee
 Father of Nile and Creator of Egypt!

The years of the world are engraved on thy forehead;
 Time's morning blushed red on thy first-fallen snows—
 Yet lost in the wilderness, nameless, unnoted,
 Of man un beholden, thou wert not till now.
 Knowledge alone is the being of Nature,
 Giving a soul to her manifold features,
 Lighting through paths of the primitive darkness
 The footsteps of Truth and the vision of Song.
 Knowledge has born thee anew to Creation,
 And long-baffled Time at thy baptism rejoices.
 Take, then, a name, and be filled with existence,
 Yea, be exultant in sovereign glory,
 While from the hand of the wandering poet
 Drops the first garland of song at thy feet.

Floating alone, on the flood of thy making,
 Through Africa's mystery, silence, and fire,
 Lo! in my palm, like the Eastern enchanter,
 I dip from the waters a magical mirror,
 And thou art revealed to my purified vision.
 I see thee, supreme in the midst of thy co-mates,
 Standing alone 'twixt the Earth and the Heavens,
 Heir of the Sunset and Herald of Morn.
 Zone above zone, to thy shoulders of granite,
 The climates of Earth are displayed, as an index,
 Giving the scope of the Book of Creation.
 There, in the gorges that widen, descending
 From cloud and from cold into summer eternal,
 Gather the threads of the ice-generated fountains—
 Gather to riotous torrents of crystal,
 And, giving each shelvy recess where they dally
 The blooms of the North and its evergreen turfage,
 Leap to the land of the lion and lotus!

There, in the wondering airs of the Tropics
 Shivers the Aspen, still dreaming of cold:
 There stretches the Oak, from the loftiest ledges,
 His arms to the far-away lands of his brothers,
 And the Pine-tree looks down on his rival, the Palm.

Bathed in the tenderest purple of distance,
 Tinted and shadowed by pencils of air,
 Thy battlements hang o'er the slopes and the forests,
 Seats of the Gods in the limitless ether,
 Looming sublimely aloft and afar.
 Above them, like folds of imperial ermine,
 Sparkle the snow-fields that furrow thy forehead—
 Desolate realms, inaccessible, silent,
 Chasms and caverns where Day is a stranger,
 Garners where storeth his treasures the Thunder,
 The Lightning his falchion, his arrows the Hail!

Sovereign Mountain, thy brothers give welcome:
 They, the baptized and the crowned of ages,
 Watch-towers of Continents, altars of Earth,
 Welcome thee now to their mighty assembly.
 Mont Blanc, in the roar of his mad avalanches,
 Hails thy accession; superb Orizaba,
 Belted with beech and ensandalled with palm;
 Chimborazo, the lord of the regions of noonday;—
 Mingle their sounds in magnificent chorus
 With greeting august from the Pillars of Heaven
 Who, in the urns of the Indian Ganges
 Filters the snows of their sacred dominions,
 Unmarked with a footprint, unseen but of God.

Lo, unto each is the seal of his lordship,
 Nor questioned the right that his majesty giveth:
 Each in his awful supremacy forces
 Worship and reverence, wonder and joy.
 Absolute all, yet in dignity varied,
 None has a claim to the honors of story,
 Or the superior splendors of song,
 Greater than thou, in thy mystery mantled—
 Thou, the sole monarch of African mountains,
 Father of Nile and Creator of Egypt!

Mr. Taylor's journeys in the East, previously noticed, furnished the material for several books of travel, published on his return: *A Journey to Central Africa*; *The Lands of the Saracen, or Pictures of Palestine, Asia Minor, Sicily, and Spain*; and *A Visit to India, China, and Japan*. These volumes were succeeded, in 1858, by *Northern Travel, Summer and Winter Pictures of Sweden, Denmark, and Lapland*, a narrative of a journey in the countries named, performed in the winter of 1856-7. Mr. Taylor has also published *Travels in Greece and Russia, with an Excursion to Crete*. The success of these works was immediate. The writer's talent at description, the ease and cultivation of his style, his manly views, and a certain disposition to be pleased, which rendered him an unprejudiced observer of what he saw, received the favor of the public, and edition after edition was called for of the works we have enumerated. As a consequence of his popularity in this department of writing, Mr. Taylor was, in 1856, called upon to edit a *Cyclopædia of Modern Travel*, an octavo volume, published in Cincinnati, and which has had a wide circulation. In 1862, Mr. Taylor was appointed Secretary of Legation to Russia, while Mr. Cameron was Minister in that country. On his retirement from the office, the ensuing year, he published *Hannah Thurston, a Story of American Life*, which was succeeded,

in 1865, by *John Godfrey's Fortunes, related by Himself*. These works are original in their material and treatment; the characters and incidents are drawn from the writer's observation and experience; they exhibit town and country life in America, with the opinions and ideas of the day, and are pervaded by a healthy natural sentiment. Mr. Taylor has also published several new volumes of poetry: *Poems of the Orient*; *Poems of Home and Travel*; and *The Poet's Journal* (1863). A general collection of his *Poetical Works* was published in 1865.

** Mr. Taylor has since added the tenth and eleventh volumes to his books of travel; *Colorado, a Summer Trip*, 1867; and *By-Ways of Europe*, 1869, a series of observations and experiences in remote districts not usually visited by tourists. In the preface to the latter he gives an interesting sketch of the manner in which his prolonged wanderings gradually developed their claims on his time, in the line of journalistic duties, and declares that, as he finds his active interest in new scenes abating, and other departments of literature demanding attention, he does not expect to add another to their number. *The Story of Kennett*; a *Tale of American Life* in the post-revolutionary days, a novel which some critics regard as his best picture of rural scenes, appeared in 1866. It was followed, in 1870, by *Joseph and his Friend: a Story of Pennsylvania*; and two years later by *Beauty and the Beast*, a series of magazine stories.

Four volumes of poems were also published: *The Picture of St. John*, a poem of artist life, dedicated to the brethren with whom its author had once hoped to be accorded brotherhood, 1866; *The Ballad of Abraham Lincoln*, 1869; *The Masque of the Gods*, 1872—the latter, to quote a friendly critic, “an attempt to illustrate the problem of primeval Being, to explore the secrets of the Infinite and Absolute, to sound the fathomless depths of the universe and of God”—and *Lars: A Pastoral of Norway*, in 1873, dedicated to the poet Whittier.

Perhaps, however, the single work that will best perpetuate the literary reputation of Mr. Taylor appeared in 1871: *Faust, a Tragedy by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe*; *The First Part Translated, in the Original Metres*, Vol. I., 1871; *The Second Part*, Vol. II., 1871. A version of *Faust* in the original metres, had been a cherished design with him years before the appearance of the First Part translated by that poetic scholar, Rev. Charles T. Brooks, in 1856; and the excellence of the latter merely postponed its achievement. The work as completed has been accepted as the best representation of the German master in the English tongue. “The tones of Goethe's lyre are echoed in the same sweet and sublime music which he drew from its harmonious chords. Not only the mighty thoughts of the inspired artist, but the subtle melodies of his verse are clothed in forms that correspond to the rhythmical proportions in which they took shape in the spontaneous outflowings of his genius. . . . Apart from the merit of this translation as an exhibition of the original, it may be said to add to the poetical treasures of

English literature as a poem of singular beauty and power of versification.”*

In the year following Mr. Taylor assumed the editorship of the *Illustrated Library of Travel, Exploration, and Adventure*, a series of duodecimo volumes containing a connected compilation of what is known of the various lands and races. *Japan in our Day*, *Travels in Arabia*, *Travels in South Africa*, and *Travels in the Lake Region of Central Africa*, have already appeared.

***THE FIRST LITERARY WORK—FROM JOHN GODFREY'S FORTUNES.

On reaching the attic I went into Swansford's room for a little chat, before going to bed. He was highly excited. He looked up at the lithographs of Mendelssohn and Beethoven, shook his fist, and cried, “Oh, you grand old Trojans, did you ever have to endure what I have? I don't believe it! You had those around who knew what you were, and what your art is, but I,—see here, Godfrey! This is the insane, idiotic stuff that people go into ecstasies about.”

He sat down to the piano, played a hideous, flashy accompaniment, and sang, with extravagant voice and gesture, one of the sentimental songs to which we had been treated. I threw myself back on his bed, in convulsions of laughter.

“My words are poor enough,” he continued, “but what do you say to these:—

“When ho-hollow hearts shall wear a mask,
‘Twill break your own to see-he-hee,
In such a mo-moment, I but ask
That you'll remember—that you'll re-MEM-ber
—you'll re-ME-HE-HEM—be-e-e-r me!”

—oh, and the young ladies turn up their eyes like ducks in a thunder-storm at *that*, and have no ear for the splendid passion of ‘Adelaida’! It's enough to make one despise the human race. I could grind out such stuff by the bushel; why not take my revenge on the fools in this way? Why not give them the absurdest satire, which they shall suck down as pure sentiment? I'll laugh at them, and they'll pay me for it! Come Godfrey, give me some nonsense which will pass for a fashionable song; I'm in the humor for a bit of dillivry to-night.”

“Agreed!” I cried, springing from the bed. I eagerly caught at the idea, for it seemed like a personal discharge of my petty spite against Miss Levi. I took a pencil and the back of a music-sheet, and, as sense was not material to the composition, in a short time produced the following:—

“Away, my soul! This withered hand
No more may sing of joy:
The roses redden o'er the land
Which autumn gales destroy;
But when my hopes shall shine as fair
As bowers beneath the bill,
I'll bid the tempest hear my prayer,
And dream you love me still!”

“The sky is dark: no stars intrude
To bind the brow of day.
Oh, why should love, so wildly wooed
Refuse to turn away?
The lark is loud, the wind is high,
And Fate must have her will:
Ah, nought is left me but to die,
And dream you love me still!”

“The very thing!” exclaimed Swansford, wiping away tears of the laughter which had twice interrupted my reading. “I've got the melody; give

*New York Weekly Tribune, June 7, 1871. See also *The Nation*, March 23, 1871.

me the candle, and we'll have the whole performance."

He sang it over and over with the purest, most rollicking relish, introducing each time new and fantastic ornaments, until the force of burlesque could no farther go. My intense enjoyment of the fun kept up his inspiration, and the melody, with its preposterous accompaniment, was fairly written before our merry mood began to decline. The piece was entitled "A Fashionable Song," and we decided that it should be offered to a publisher the very next day.

It was late when I awoke, and in the practical reaction from the night's excitement I thought very little of the matter until the sound of Swansford's piano recalled it. He met me, smiling, as he said, "Our song is really not a bad thing of its kind, though the kind is low enough. But, of course, we need never be known as the authors."

He put on his hat, and went out, with the manuscript in his hand. I accompanied him as far as the Park, in order to make a call, to which I did not attach any particular hope, (I had been too often disappointed for that!) but in fulfilment of a promise. Among the new acquaintances I had made at the Winch ball, was a Mr. Lettsom, who was acting as a law reporter for various daily papers. In the course of a little conversation which I had with him, I mentioned my wish to obtain literary employment of some kind, and asked whether he knew of any vacancy. He informed me that reporting was the surest resource for a young man who was obliged to earn his living by his pen. Most of the prominent editors, he said, had begun life either as reporters or printers, and there could be no better school in which to make one's talent ready and available.

Something in Mr. Lettsom's plainness, both of face and manner, inspired me with confidence in his judgment, and I eagerly accepted his invitation to call upon him at the office of the *Daily Wonder*, where I hoped at least to hear something that would put me on the right track.

I found him in the fourth story of the building, at a little desk in one corner of a room filled with similar desks, at which other gentlemen were either writing or inspecting enormous files of newspapers. A large table in the centre of the room was covered with maps, dictionaries, and books of reference. There was not much conversation, except when a man with smutty hands, a paper cap on his head, and a newspaper tied around his waist, came in and said, "Hurry up with that foreign news copy! It's time the Extra was out!" To me the scene was both strange and imposing. This was the Delphic cave whence was uttered the daily oracular Voice, which guided so many thousands of believing brains; these were the attendant priests, who sat in the very adytum of the temple and perhaps assisted in the construction of the sentences of power.

There was nothing oracular about Mr. Lettsom. With his thin face, sandy eyebrows, and quiet voice, he was as ordinary a man in appearance as one will meet in a day's travel. He seemed, and no doubt was, incapable of enthusiasm; but there was a mixture of frankness, kindness, and simple good-sense in him which atoned for the absence of any loftier faculty. I had no claim whatever upon his good offices; he scarcely knew more of me than my name, and had only asked me to step in to him at an hour when he should have a little leisure for talk. I was, therefore, quite overcome, when, after the first greetings, he said, —

"I have been making inquiries this morning, at the newspaper offices. It is a pity I did not meet you sooner, as the Anniversaries, when extra work is always needed, are nearly over; but there may be a chance for you here. It depends upon yourself, if Mr. Clarendon, the chief editor of the *Wonder*, is satisfied to try you. An insignificant post, and poorly paid, at first, — but so are all beginnings. So many young men come to the city with high expectations, that there would be no difficulty in getting any number of full-grown editors and critics, while the apprentices' places are rarely in demand. I tell you this beforehand. We will now call on Mr. Clarendon."

Before I could recover my breath, we were in the sacred presence, in a small adjoining room. Mr. Clarendon sat at a library table, which rested on a countless array of drawers. He was writing rapidly on long, narrow slips of paper, which he numbered and transferred from his right to his left hand as they were finished. He must have heard our entrance, but neither lifted his head nor noticed us in any way until Mr. Lettsom announced, —

"This is Mr. Godfrey, the young gentleman about whom I spoke to you this morning."

"Very well, Lettsom," — and the latter left the room. Mr. Clarendon bowed in an abstracted way, pointed with the top of his quill to a chair on the other side of the table, and resumed his writing.

He was a man of middle age, good presence, and with an expression of penetration, shrewdness, and decision in his distinctly moulded features. His head was massive and finely formed; the hair, once light-brown, was now almost wholly gray, and the eyes of that rich golden-bronze tint which is as beautiful as it is rare. Although his frame was large, I was struck by the smallness, whiteness, and symmetry of his hand.

I took the seat indicated, and waited for him to speak. He wrote half of one of his slips, and then, having apparently finished a paragraph, said, without looking up, —

"So, you want to try your hand at newspaper work?"

I assented, stating that I was willing to perform any kind of literary labor of which I might be capable.

"You have never done anything of the sort, I suppose. Have you ever written for publication?"

"Yes."

"What?"

The few poems and the accepted story seemed very insignificant now, — but they were all I had. I mentioned them.

"That is hardly a recommendation," he said, resuming his writing; "rather the reverse. We want a plain style, exact adherence to facts, and above all — quickness. You may have these qualities, nevertheless. Let us see."

He turned over a pile of newspapers at his right hand, selected, almost at random, the *Baltimore American*, and handed it to me, saying, "You will find the city-news on the third page. Look over it and tell me if you see anything of sufficient importance to copy."

"Nothing, unless it is this — 'Conflagration at Fell's Point,'" I answered, after rapidly running my eye up and down the columns.

"Now go to yonder table — you will find pen and paper there — and condense this half-column account into fifteen lines, giving all the material facts."

How lucky it is, I thought, as I prepared to obey, that I went through such a thorough course of amplification and condensation at the Honeybrook Academy! My mind instantly reverted to the old drill, and resumed something of its mechanical dexterity. In fifteen or twenty minutes I had performed the work, Mr. Clarendon, in the meantime, writing steadily and silently on his narrow slips.

"It is done, sir," I said, venturing to interrupt him.

"Bring it here."

I handed him both the original article and my abbreviated statement. He compared them, as it seemed to me, by a single glance of the eye. Such rapidity of mental action was little short of the miraculous.

"Fairly done for a beginner," he then remarked.

"I will try you, Mr. Godfrey. This will be the kind of work I shall first give you. You will make blunders and omissions, until you are better broken to the business. Six dollars a week is all you are worth now; will that satisfy you?"

Satisfy? It was deliverance! It was a branch of Pactolus, bursting at my feet, to bear me onward to all golden possibilities! I blundered forth both my assent and gratitude, which Mr. Clarendon, having completed his article, cut short by conducting me to the larger room, where he presented me to one of the gentlemen whom he addressed as Mr. Severn, saying, "Mr. Godfrey is to be set at condensing the miscellaneous. He will come here at ten o'clock to-morrow morning. Have an eye to him now and then."

Mr. Severn, who had a worn and haggard look, was evidently glad to learn that I was to relieve him of some of his duties. His reception was mildly cordial, and I was a little surprised that he betrayed no more curiosity to know who or what I was.

Overflowing with joy at my unexpected good fortune, I hastened back to Mrs. Very's to communicate the happy news to Swansford. But I was obliged to control my impatience until late in the afternoon. When at last I heard his step coming up the stairs, I threw open my door and beckoned him in. He, too, seemed no less excited than myself. Flinging his hat upon my bed, he cried out, "Godfrey!" at the same instant that I cried—

"Swansford! such news! hurrah!"

"Hurrah!" he echoed, but his face fell. "Why, who told you?"

"Who told me?" I asked, in surprise; "why, it happened to me!"

"What happened to you? Good God!" he exclaimed in sudden alarm, "you have not gone and sold the song to somebody else?"

In the tumult of my thoughts, I had forgotten all about the song. With a hearty laugh at the comical expression on Swansford's face, I pushed him into a chair and triumphantly told him my story.

"I congratulate you, Godfrey," he said, giving me his hand. "This is a lucky day for both of us. I thought I should astonish you, but there's not much chance of that, now, and I'm heartily glad of it."

"What do you mean?"

"Let me tell my story. When I left you at the Park Gate, I started to go down to Kettlewell's, but, by the time I had reached the Astor House, it occurred to me, that, as he deals in just such sentimental songs as we have burlesqued, I should

have but a small chance of doing anything with him. Besides, I dislike the man, although he published my compositions when no one else would. So I turned about and went up street to Mackintosh, who's at least a gentlemanly fellow. I produced the song, first told him what it was, saw that he thought the idea a good one, and then sang it as well as I could. There was another gentleman in the store, and they both laughed like the deuce when I wound up with the grand final cadenza. Mackintosh, I think, would have taken the song, but the other gentleman came up, clapped his hand on my shoulder, and said, 'I must have that. I'll buy it, out and out. Joe shall sing it this very night!' I did n't know who he was, but Mackintosh then introduced him to me as Bridger, of Bridger's Minstrels. 'What's your price, copy-right and all?' he asked. Thinking it was a joke, I retorted with, 'A hundred dollars.' 'Fifty,' said he. 'No, a hundred,' I answered, keeping up the fun. 'Well—split the difference. Say the word, and here's your money.' 'Seeing it's you'—I began to say, but before I had finished there were seventy-five dollars in my hand,—here they are!—and Bridger was writing a bill of sale, including the copyright. Mackintosh opened his eyes, but I pretended to take the matter coolly, though I hardly knew whether I was standing on my head or heels. But what a shame and humiliation! Seventy-five dollars for a burlesque to be sung by Ethiopian Minstrels!"

"There's neither shame nor humiliation about it!" I protested. "It's grand and glorious! Only think, Swansford,—ten weeks' board each for an hour's work!"

"I think of years of work, and not an hour of appreciative recognition," said he, relapsing into sudden gloom.

But my sunshine was too powerful for his shadow. I insisted on crowning this *dies mirabilis* with an Olympian banquet in the best oyster cellar of the Bowery, and carried my point. We had broiled oysters, a little out of season, and a bottle of champagne, though Swansford would have preferred ale, as being so much cheaper. I was in a splendid mood, and again carried my point.

This ravishing dawn of prosperity melted my soul, and there, in the little stall, scarcely separated from roystering and swearing bullies on either side, I whispered to Swansford my love for Amanda and my dreams of the future which we should share.

He bent down his head and said nothing, but I saw a tear drop into his wine.

We rose and walked silently homewards, arm in arm.

** THE BRANDYWINE FORD—FROM THE STORY OF KENNETH.

The black, dreary night seemed interminable. He could only guess, here and there, at a landmark, and was forced to rely more upon Roger's instinct of the road than upon the guidance of his senses. Towards midnight, as he judged, by the solitary crow of a cock, the rain almost entirely ceased. The wind began to blow sharp and keen, and the hard vault of the sky to lift a little. He fancied that the hills on his right had fallen away, and that the horizon was suddenly depressed towards the north. Roger's feet began to splash in constantly deepening water, and presently a roar, distinct from that of the wind, filled the air.

It was the Brandywine. The stream had overflowed its broad meadow-bottoms, and was run-

ning high and fierce beyond its main channel. The turbid waters made a dim, dusky gleam around him; soon the fences disappeared, and the flood reached to his horse's belly. But he knew that the ford could be distinguished by the break in the fringe of timber; moreover, that the creek-bank was a little higher than the meadows behind it, and so far, at least, he might venture. The ford was not more than twenty yards across, and he could trust Roger to swim that distance.

The faithful animal pressed bravely on, but Gilbert soon noticed that he seemed at fault. The swift water had forced him out of the road, and he stopped from time to time, as if anxious and uneasy. The timber could now be discerned, only a short distance in advance, and in a few minutes they would gain the bank.

What was that? A strange rustling, hissing sound, as of cattle trampling through dry reeds, — a sound which quivered and shook, even in the breath of the hurrying wind! Roger snorted, stood still, and trembled in every limb; and a sensation of awe and terror struck a chill through Gilbert's heart. The sound drew swiftly nearer, and became a wild, seething roar, filling the whole breadth of the valley.

"Great God!" cried Gilbert, "the dam! — the dam has given way!" He turned Roger's head, gave him the rein, struck, spurred, cheered, and shouted. The brave beast struggled through the impending flood, but the advance wave of the coming inundation already touched his side. He staggered; a line of churning foam bore down upon them, the terrible roar was all around and over them, and horse and rider were whirled away.

What happened during the first few seconds, Gilbert could never distinctly recall. Now they were whelmed in the water, now riding its careering tide, torn through the tops of brushwood, jostled by floating logs and timbers of the dam-breast, but always, as it seemed, remorselessly held in the heart of the tumult and the ruin.

He saw, at last, that they had fallen behind the furious onset of the flood, but Roger was still swimming with it, desperately throwing up his head from time to time, and snorting the water from his nostrils. All his efforts to gain a foothold failed; his strength was nearly spent, and unless some help should come in a few minutes, it would come in vain. And in the darkness, and the rapidity with which they were borne along, how should help come?

All at once, Roger's course stopped. He became an obstacle to the flood, which pressed him against some other obstacle below, and rushed over horse and rider. Thrusting out his hand, Gilbert felt the rough bark of a tree. Leaning towards it and clasping the log in his arms, he drew himself from the saddle, while Roger, freed from his burden, struggled into the current and instantly disappeared.

As nearly as Gilbert could ascertain, several timbers, thrown over each other, had lodged, probably upon a rocky islet in the stream, the uppermost one projecting slantingly out of the flood. It required all his strength to resist the current which sucked, and whirled, and tugged at his body, and to climb high enough to escape its force, without overbalancing his support. At last, though still half immersed, he found himself comparatively safe for a time, yet as far as ever from a final rescue.

He must await the dawn, and an eternity of endurance lay in those few hours. Meantime,

perhaps, the creek would fall, for the rain had ceased, and there were outlines of moving cloud in the sky. It was the night which made his situation so terrible, by concealing the chances of escape. At first, he thought most of Roger. Was his brave horse drowned, or had he safely gained the bank below? Then, as the desperate moments went by, and the chill of exposure and the fatigue of exertion began to creep over him, his mind reverted, with a bitter sweetness, a mixture of bliss and agony, to the two beloved women to whom his life belonged, — the life which, alas! he could not now call his own, to give.

He tried to fix his thoughts on Death, to commend his soul to Divine Mercy; but every prayer shaped itself into an appeal that he might once more see the dear faces and hear the dear voices. In the great shadow of the fate which hung over him, the loss of his property became as dust in the balance, and his recent despair smote him with shame. He no longer fiercely protested against the injuries of fortune, but entreated pardon and pity for the sake of his love.

The clouds rolled into distincter masses, and the northwest wind still hunted them across the sky, until there came, first a tiny rift for a star, then a gap for a whole constellation, and finally a broad burst of moonlight. Gilbert now saw that the timber to which he clung was lodged nearly in the centre of the channel, as the water swept with equal force on either side of him. Beyond the banks there was a wooded hill on the left; on the right an overflowed meadow. He was too weak and benumbed to trust himself to the flood, but he imagined that it was beginning to subside, and therein lay his only hope.

Yet a new danger now assailed him, from the increasing cold. There was already a sting of frost, a breath of ice, in the wind. In another hour the sky was nearly swept bare of clouds, and he could note the lapse of the night by the sinking of the moon. But he was by this time hardly in a condition to note anything more. He had thrown himself, face downwards, on the top of the log, his arms mechanically clasping it, while his mind sank into a state of torpid, passive suffering, growing nearer to the dreamy indifference which precedes death. His cloak had been torn away in the first rush of the inundation, and the wet coat began to stiffen in the wind, from the ice gathering over it.

The moon was low in the west, and there was a pale glimmer of the coming dawn in the sky, when Gilbert Potter suddenly raised his head. Above the noise of the water and the whistle of the wind, he heard a familiar sound, — the shrill, sharp neigh of a horse. Lifting himself, with great exertion, to a sitting posture, he saw two men, on horseback, in the flooded meadow, a little below him. They stopped, seemed to consult, and presently drew nearer.

Gilbert tried to shout, but the muscles of his throat were stiff, and his lungs refused to act. The horse neighed again. This time there was no mistake; it was Roger that he heard! Voice came to him, and he cried aloud, — a hoarse, strange, unnatural cry.

The horsemen heard it, and rapidly pushed up the bank, until they reached a point directly opposite to him. The prospect of escape brought a thrill of life to his frame; he looked around and saw that the flood had indeed fallen.

"We have no rope," he heard one of the men say. "How shall we reach him?"

"There is no time to get one, now," the other answered. "My horse is stronger than yours. I'll go into the creek just below, where it's broader and not so deep, and work my way up to him."

"But one horse can't carry both."

"His will follow, be sure, when it sees me."

As the last speaker moved away, Gilbert saw a led horse plunging through the water, beside the other. It was a difficult and dangerous undertaking. The horseman and the loose horse entered the main stream below, where its divided channel met and broadened, but it was still above the saddle-girths, and very swift. Sometimes the animals plunged, losing their foothold; nevertheless, they gallantly breasted the current, and inch by inch worked their way to a point about six feet below Gilbert. It seemed impossible to approach nearer.

"Can you swim?" asked the man.

Gilbert shook his head. "Throw me the end of Roger's bridle!" he then cried.

The man unbuckled the bridle and threw it, keeping the end of the rein in his hand. Gilbert tried to grasp it, but his hands were too numb. He managed, however, to get one arm and his head through the opening, and relaxed his hold on the log.

A plunge, and the man had him by the collar. He felt himself lifted by a strong arm and laid across Roger's saddle. With his failing strength and stiff limbs, it was no slight task to get into place, and the return, though less laborious to the horses, was equally dangerous, because Gilbert was scarcely able to support himself without help. "You're safe now," said the man, when they reached the bank, "but it's a downright mercy of God that you're alive!"

The other horseman joined them, and they rode slowly across the flooded meadow. They had both thrown their cloaks around Gilbert, and carefully steadied him in the saddle, one on each side. He was too much exhausted to ask how they had found him, or whether they were taking him,—too numb for curiosity, almost for gratitude.

"Here's your savior!" said one of the men, patting Roger's shoulder. "It was all along of him that we found you. Want to know how? Well—about three o'clock it was, maybe a little earlier, maybe a little later, my wife woke me up. 'Do you hear that?' she says. I listened and heard a horse in the lane before the door, neighing,—I can't tell you exactly how it was,—like as if he'd call up the house. 'T was rather queer, I thought, so I got up and looked out of the window, and it seemed to me he had a saddle on. He stamped, and pawed, and then he gave another yell, and stamped again. Says I to my wife, 'There's something wrong here,' and I dressed and went out. When he saw me, he acted the strangest you ever saw; thinks I, if ever an animal wanted to speak, that animal does. When I tried to catch him, he shot off, run down the lane a bit, and then came back as strangely acting as ever. I went into the house and woke up my brother, here, and we saddled our horses and started. Away went yours ahead, stopping every minute to look round and see if we followed. When we came to the water, I kind o' hesitated, but 't was no use; the horse would have us go on, and on, till we found you. I never heard tell of the like of it, in my born days!"

Gilbert did not speak, but two large tears slowly

gathered in his eyes, and rolled down his cheeks. The men saw his emotion, and respected it.

In the light of the cold, keen dawn, they reached a snug farm-house, a mile from the Brandywine. The men lifted Gilbert from the saddle, and would have carried him immediately into the house, but he first leaned upon Roger's neck, took the faithful creature's head in his arms, and kissed it.

The good housewife was already up, and anxiously awaiting the return of her husband and his brother. A cheery fire crackled on the hearth, and the coffee-pot was simmering beside it. When Gilbert had been partially revived by the warmth, the men conducted him into an adjoining bedroom, undressed him, and rubbed his limbs with whiskey. Then, a large bowl of coffee having been administered, he was placed in bed, covered with half a dozen blankets, and the curtains were drawn over the windows. In a few moments he was plunged in a slumber almost as profound as that of the death from which he had been so miraculously delivered.

** EXTRACTS FROM FAUST.

DONJON — FROM THE FIRST PART.

(In a niche of the wall a shrine, with an image of the Mater Dolorosa. Pots of flowers before it.)

MARGARET.

Incline, O Maiden,
Thou sorrow-laden,
Thy gracious countenance upon my pain!

The sword thy heart in,
With anguish smarting,
Thou lookest up to where Thy Son is slain!

Thou seest the Father;
Thy sad sighs gather,
And bear aloft Thy sorrow and His pain!

Ah, past guessing,
Beyond expressing,
The pangs that wring my flesh and bone!
Why this anxious heart so burneth,
Why it trembleth, why it yearneth,
Knowest Thou, and Thou alone!

Where'er I go, what sorrow,
What woe, what woe and sorrow
Within my bosom aches!
Alone, and ah! unsleeping,
I'm weeping, weeping, weeping,
The heart within me breaks.

The pots before my window,
Alas! my tears did wet,
As in the early morning
For thee these flowers I set.

Within my lonely chamber
The morning sun shone red:
I sat, in utter sorrow,
Already on my bed.

Help! rescue me from death and stain!
O Maiden!
Thou sorrow-laden,
Incline thy countenance upon my pain!

IN MARGARET'S DUNGEON — FROM THE FIRST PART.

FAUST.

Come, follow me! My darling, be more bold:
I'll clasp thee, soon, with warmth a thousand-fold;
But follow now! 'Tis all I beg of thee.

MARGARET (*turning to him*).

And is it thou? Thou, surely, certainly?

FAUST.

'Tis I! Come on!

MARGARET.

Thou wilt unloose my chain,

And in thy lap will take me once again?

How comes it that thou dost not shrink from me?

Say, dost thou know, my friend, whom thou mak'st free?

FAUST.

Come! come! The night already vanisheth.

MARGARET.

My mother have I put to death;

I've drowned the baby born to thee.

Was it not given to thee and me?

There, too!—'Tis thou! It scarcely true doth seem—

Give me thy hand! 'Tis not a dream!

Thy dear, dear hand!—But, ah, 'tis wet!

Why, wipe it off! Methinks that yet

There's blood thereon.

Ah, God! what hast thou done?

Nay, sheathe thy sword at last!

Do not affray me!

FAUST.

O, let the past be past!

Thy words will slay me!

MARGARET.

No, no! Thou must outlive us.

Now I'll tell thee the graves to give us:

Thou must begin to-morrow

The work of sorrow!

The best place give to my mother,

Then close at her side my brother

And me a little away,

But not too very far, I pray!

And here, on my right breast, my baby lay!

Nobody else will lie beside me!—

Ah, within thine arms to hide me,

That was a sweet and a gracious bliss,

But no more, no more can I attain it!

I would force myself on thee and constrain it,

And it seems thou repell'st my kiss:

And yet 'tis thou, so good, so kind to see!

FAUST.

If thou feel'st it is I, then come with me!

MARGARET.

Out yonder?

FAUST.

To freedom.

MARGARET.

If the grave is there,
Death lying in wait, then come!

From here to eternal rest:

No further step—no, no!

Thou goest away! O, Henry, if I could go!

FAUST.

Thou canst! Just will it. Open stands the door.

MARGARET.

I dare not go: there's no hope any more.

Why should I fly? They'll still my steps waylay.

It is so wretched, forced to beg my living,

And a bad conscience sharper misery giving!

It is so wretched, to be strange, forsaken,

And I'd still be followed and taken!

FAUST.

I'll stay with thee.

MARGARET.

Be quick! Be quick!

Save thy perishing child!

Away! Follow the ridge

Up by the brook,

Over the bridge,

Into the wood,

To the left, where the plank is placed

In the pool!

Seize it in haste!

'Tis trying to rise,

'Tis struggling still!

Save it! Save it!

FAUST.

Recall thy wandering will!

One step, and thou art free at last!

MARGARET.

If the mountain we had only passed!

There sits my mother upon a stone,—

I feel an icy shiver!

There sits my mother upon a stone,

And her head is wagging ever.

She beckons, she nods not, her heavy head falls o'er;

She slept so long that she awakes no more.

She slept while we were caressing:

Ah, those were the days of blessing!

FAUST.

Here words and prayers are nothing worth;

I'll venture, then, to bear thee forth.

MARGARET.

No—let me go! I'll suffer no force!

Grasp me not so murderously!

I've done, else, all things for the love of thee.

FAUST.

The day dawns: Dearest! Dearest!

MARGARET.

Day? Yes, the day comes,—the last day breaks for me!

My wedding-day it was to be!

Tell no one thou has been with Margaret!

Woe for my garland! The chances

Are over—'tis all in vain!

We shall meet once again,

But not at the dances!

The crowd is thronging, no word is spoken:

The square below

And the streets overflow:

The death-bell tolls, the wand is broken.

I am seized, and bound, and delivered—

Shoved to the block—they give the sign!

Now over each neck has quivered

The blade that is quivering over mine.

Dumb lies the world like the grave!

FAUST.

O had I ne'er been born!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*appears outside*).

Off! or you're lost ere morn.

Useless talking, delaying and praying!

My horses are neighing:

The morning twilight is near.

MARGARET.

What rises up from the threshold here?

He! he! suffer him not!

What does he want in this holy spot?

He seeks me!

FAUST.

Thou shalt live.

MARGARET.

Judgment of God! myself to thee I give.

MEPHISTOPHELES (to FAUST).

Come! or I'll leave her in the lurch, and thee!

MARGARET.

Thine am I, Father! rescue me!

Ye angels, holy cohorts, guard me,

Camp around, and from evil ward me!

Henry! I shudder to think of thee.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

She is judged!

VOICE (from above).

She is saved!

MEPHISTOPHELES (to FAUST).

Hither to me!

VOICE (from within, dying away).

Henry! Henry!

MIDNIGHT — FROM THE SECOND PART.

Four Gray Women Enter.

FIRST.

My name, it is Want.

SECOND.

And mine, it is Guilt.

THIRD.

And mine, it is Care.

FOURTH.

Necessity, mine.

THREE TOGETHER.

The portal is bolted, we cannot get in:

The owner is rich, we've no business within.

WANT.

I shrink to a shadow.

GUILT.

I shrink unto naught.

NECESSITY.

The pampered from me turn the face and the thought.

CARE.

Ye Sisters, ye neither can enter, nor dare;
But the keyhole is free to the entrance of Care.

(CARE disappears.)

WANT.

Ye, grisly old Sisters, be banished from here!

GUILT.

Beside thee, and bound to thee, I shall appear!

NECESSITY.

At your heels is Necessity, blight in her breath.

THE THREE.

The clouds are in motion, and cover each star!

Behind there, behind! from afar, from afar,

He cometh, our Brother, he comes, he is — Death!

FAUST (in the Palace).

Four saw I come, but those that went were three;

The sense of what they said was hid from me,

But something like "Necessity" I heard;

Thereafter, "Death," a gloomy, threatening word!

It sounded hollow, spectrally subdued:

Nor yet have I my liberty made good:

If I could banish Magic's fell creations,

And totally unlearn the incantations, —

Stood I, O Nature! Man alone in thee,
Then were it worth one's while a man to be!

Ere in the Obscure I sought, such was I, —

Ere I had cursed the world so wickedly.

Now fills the air so many a haunting shape,

That no one knows how best he may escape.

What though One Day with rational brightness
beams,

The Night entangles us in webs of dreams.

From our young fields of life we come, elate:

There croaks a bird: what croaks he? Evil fate!

By Superstition constantly insnared,

It grows to us, and warns, and is declared.

Intimidated thus, we stand alone. —

The portals jar, yet entrance is there none.

Agitated.

Is any one here?

CARE.

Yes! must be my reply.

FAUST.

And thou, who art thou, then?

CARE.

Well — here am I.

FAUST.

Avaunt!

CARE.

I am where I should be.

FAUST.

(First angry, then composed, addressing himself.)

Take care, and speak no word of sorcery!

CARE.

Though no ear should choose to hear me,

Yet the shrinking heart must fear me:

Though transformed to mortal eyes,

Grimmest power I exercise.

On the land, or ocean yonder,

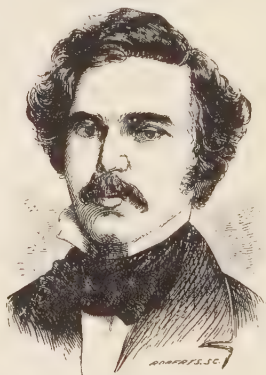
I, a dread companion, wander,

Always found, yet never sought,

Praised or cursed as I have wrought!

Hast thou not Care already known?

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD

Was born at Hingham, Massachusetts. He has
of late resided in New York, where, having pre-*R. H. Stoddard.*viously been a contributor to the Knickerbocker
and other magazines, he published in 1849 a first

collection of poems, entitled *Foot Prints*. In 1852 a collection of the author's maturer *Poems* appeared from the press of Ticknor and Co. The verses of Mr. Stoddard are composed with skill in a poetic school of which Keats may be placed at the head. He has a fondness for poetic luxuries, and his reader frequently participates in his enjoyment. He has achieved some success in the difficult province of the Ode, and has—an equally rare accomplishment—touched several delicate themes in song with graceful simplicity.

AUTUMN.

Divinest Autumn! who may sketch thee best,
For ever changeful o'er the changeful globe!
Who guess thy certain crown, thy favorite crest,
The fashion of thy many-colored robe?
Sometimes we see thee stretched upon the ground,
In fading woods where acorns patter fast.
Dropping to feed thy tusked boars around,
Crunching among the leaves the ripened mast;
Sometimes at work where ancient granary-floors
Are open wide, a thresher stout and hale,
Whitened with chaff upwasted from thy flail,
While south winds sweep along the dusty floors;
And sometimes fast asleep at noontide hours,
Pillowed on sheaves, and shaded from the heat,
With Plenty at thy feet,
Braiding a coronet of oaten straw and flowers!
What time, emerging from a low hung cloud,
The shining chariot of the Sun was driven
Slope to its goal, and Day in reverence bowed
His burning forehead at the gate of Heaven;—
Then I beheld thy presence full revealed,
Slow trudging homeward o'er a stubble-field;
Around thy brow, to shade it from the west,
A wisp of straw entwisted in a crown;
A golden wheat-sheaf, slipping slowly down,
Hugged tight against thy waist, and on thy breast,
Linked to a belt, an earthen flagon swung;
And o'er thy shoulder flung,
Tied by their stems, a bundle of great ears,
Bell shaped and streaky, some rich orchard's pride;
A heavy bunch of grapes on either side,
Across each arm, tugged downward by the load,
Their glossy leaves blown off by wandering airs;
A yellow-rinded lemon in thy right,
In thy left hand a sickle caught the light,
Keen as the moon which glowed
Along the fields of night:

One moment seen, the shadowy masque was flown,
And I was left, as now, to meditate alone.

Hark! hark!—I hear the reapers in a row,
Shouting their harvest carols blithe and loud,
Cutting the rustled maize whose crests are bowed
With ears o'ertasselled, soon to be laid low;
Crooked earthward now, the orchards droop their boughs

With red-cheek fruits, while far along the wall,
Full in the south, ripe plums and peaches fall
In tufted grass where laughing lads carouse;
And down the pastures, where the horse goes round
His ring of tan, beneath the mossy shed,
Old cider-presses work with creaky din,
Oozing in vats, and apples heap the ground;
And hour by hour, a basket on his head,
Up-clambering to the spout, the ploughman pours
them in!

Sweet-scented winds from meadows newly mown
Blow eastward now; and now for many a day
The fields will be alive with wains of hay
And stacks not all unmeet for Autumn's throne!
The granges will be crowded, and the men
Half-smothered, as they tread it from the top;

And then the wains will go, and come again,

And go and come until they end the crop.
And where the melons stud the garden vine,
Crook-necked or globy, smaller carts will wait,
Soon to be urged o'erloaded to the gate
Where apples drying on the stages shine;
And children soon will go at eve and morn
And set their snares for quails with baits of corn;
And when the house-dog snuffs a distant hare,
O'erun the gorgeous woods with noisy glee;
And when the walnuts ripen, climb a tree,
And shake the branches bare!
And by and by, when northern winds are out,
Great fires will roar in chimneys huge at night,
While chairs draw round, and pleasant tales are told:

And nuts and apples will be passed about,
Until the household, drowsy with delight,
Creep off to bed a-cold!

Sovereign of Seasons! Monarch of the Earth!
Steward of bounteous Nature, whose rich alms
Are showered upon us from thy liberal palms,
Until our spirits overflow with mirth!
Divinest Autumn! while our garners burst
With plenteous harvesting, and heaped increase,
We lift our eyes to thee through grateful tears.
World-wide in boons, vouchsafe to visit first,
And linger last long o'er our realm of Peace,
Where freedom calmly sits, and beckons on the Years!

THE TWO BRIDES.

I saw two maidens at the kirk,
And both were fair and sweet:
One in her wedding robe,
And one in her winding sheet.

The choristers sang the hymn,
The sacred rites were read,
And one for life to Life,
And one to Death was wed.

They were borne to their bridal beds,
In loveliness and bloom;
One in a merry castle,
The other a solemn tomb.

One on the morrow woke
In a world of sin and pain;
But the other was happier far,
And never woke again!

Mr. Stoddard has published, since the previous notice, *Songs of Summer* (Ticknor & Fields, 1857); *Town and Country*, and the *Voices in the Shells* (Dix & Edwards, 1857); *The King's Bell* (New York, 1863). The last is a narrative poem in rhyme, exhibiting with much felicity, in a series of picturesque illustrations, the search after happiness of a monarch of the Middle Ages, in whose palace a bell was raised, to be rung only when he was perfectly happy. The usual pursuits of a sovereign are depicted in love, and war, and affairs of state; but the bell, pointing the moral of the insufficiency of life, is rung only at the last, or the hour of death. "Thus," in the words of one of the poet's critics, "the pursuit of pleasure—the inward history of almost every mortal—is allegorically expressed in this poem; and not only does the author depict in this guise the aspirations and hopes of the future, but also the memory of past joys. To our mind, there is nothing in the work more touching than the

king's fond remembrance of his young queen, whom, while living, he endured, but whom, when dead, he loved. Mr. Stoddard has given to the public, in the *King's Bell*, a series of most delicate suggestive pictures, which will cause the reader to often pause and wonder whether, after all, he, like King Felix, is not also awaiting the blissful moment when he can bid his 'happy bell' to sound, and whether he too will only hear its tones upon his death-bed." Mr. Stoddard has also published *The Life, Travels, and Books of Alexander Von Humboldt* (New York, Rudd & Carleton, 1859), published anonymously, with an introduction by Bayard Taylor; *The Loves and Heroines of the Poets* (New York, Derby & Jackson, royal 8vo, 1861), an illustrated holiday book, biographical, critical, and descriptive, written with a poet's appreciation of the subject; and *Adventures in Fairy Land, a Book for Young People*. Mr. Stoddard's next publication was a felicitous poem in memory of President Lincoln.

** In later years Mr. Stoddard has edited four volumes of poetic selections: *Melodies and Madrigals, Mostly from the Old English Poets*, 1865; *The Late English Poets*, 1865, a collection of the minor British poets from Matthew Arnold and Alexander Smith to Jean Ingelow and Algernon Charles Swinburne; a new edition of *Griswold's Poets and Poetry of America*, 1872, which inserts poems from twenty-three additional authors, but does not attempt to represent, or even mention, the many works of the older poets issued since the former edition; and *Griswold's Female Poets of America*, 1873. His minor writings comprise, in two quarto volumes, *The Story of Little Red Riding Hood*, and *The Children in the Wood*, both told in verse, 1865; and the story of *Putnam the Bold*, 1870. In the following year appeared *The Book of the East, and Other Poems*, containing the riper fruits of his poetic genius, as *The Children of Isis*; *Adsum*, a poem to the memory of Thackeray; *The Country Life*, etc. He edited *The Aldine* for several years. *The King's Bell* has been acceptably translated into German by Adolph Strodtmann.

Mrs. Elizabeth Stoddard is the author of numerous contributions to the magazines, and of several novels: *The Morgesons*, 1862; *Two Men*, 1865; and *Temple House*, 1867. She also assisted her husband in the preparation of an annual for 1869, *The Keepsake*; and has contributed some pleasing poems to the leading magazines.

** THE KING'S BELL.

Prince Felix at his father's death was king.
So he commanded all the bells to ring
A jubilant peal, and bade his heralds say,
From that time forward every happy day
Should so be honored. "Not an hour will pass,
Nay, scarce the turning of the smallest glass,
Without the merry clamour of my bells,
In sooth I fear they'll banish funeral knells,
And set the mourners dancing! I shall be
So happy the whole world will envy me."

Thus spake the new-made monarch, and indeed
He had some grounds to justify his creed.
Imprimis, he was young; and youth, we know,
Cannot be wretched, if it would be so,
For grant it sometimes weeps, and seems to pine,
It feels through all its royal self, like wine.

Then he was rich as Cræsus; bags of gold
Heaped up his treasury, and wealth untold
Smouldered in guarded chests of precious stones,
And blazed like stars in sceptres, crowns, and thrones.

Powerful, and rich, and young—in short a King,
O happy man! why should the bells not ring?

He built himself a palace, like his state,
Magnificent, with many a marble gate;
A great dome in the centre, and thereon
A gilded belfry, shining like the sun,
And in it hung a bell of wondrous tone,
From which a silken cord ran to his throne:
Nor only there, but o'er his royal bed.
(O how unlike the sword above the head
Of that unhappy king of olden time!)

"My people will be deafened by its chime,"
Quoth he, when all was done. And now began
That perfect life, not yet vouchsafed to man.
He chose his ministers as monarchs should,
Among the oldest men, the great and good,
And, placing in their hands the reins of State,
Charged them to make his people good and great.
'For me,' he thought, 'an idle life is best;
They love to bustle—let them, I shall rest.'
He lolled upon his couch with dreamy eyes,
Watching he cared not what—the summer skies,
The nest of swans, the fountain's rise and fall,
Or even the sunlight shifting on the wall.
Peregrance he ordered music; at the word
His fancy, flattered from its trance, was stirred
And quickened with sweet sounds, from harp and lute,

Or some sweet voice that chid the music mute.
Ten times a day he stretched his hand to ring
The bell, he felt so glad, but some slight thing—
A buzzing gnat—the wind too cold or hot—
Deterred him till the impulse was forgot.
'Have you been happy?' something seemed to say
At night: 'I see you have not rung to-day.'
"I must have been too idle," he replied;
And then, at dawn: "I will arise and ride
A league or two in the dew and morning wind,
'Twill freshen and revive my drowsy mind."
He called a sleeping groom, who cursed his fate,
And bade him take his courser to the gate,
That he might mount unseen, and ride away,
Before the court was stirring for the day.
The courser soon was saddled, and the groom
Returned, still yawning, to the monarch's room,
But found him fast asleep, so back he crept,
And late that day both groom and monarch slept.

* * * * *

'Twas known next morning that the king was ill.

The people caught the whisper, as they will,
But caring little for the affairs of kings,
Soon went their ways, and thought of other things.

In his still chamber, darkened from the day,
Low in his bed of state the sick man lay;
A grave physician stood beside his bed,
(He who first told him that the queen was dead,
The prince was born,) the prince, too, pale, distressed,

But hoping, as youth always does, the best.
"You took the prize, I hear." His father spoke.
"Ay, sir, but rather by a lucky stroke,
Than any skill or prowess of my own."
"You'll have another soon—I mean the throne."
"May Heaven preserve you long!" He quickly chid

The foolish, loving prayer: "May Heaven forbid!"
Next day "The king is worse," the rumour ran;
And now it touched the people, who began

To ask his ailment. Would he soon be well?
What did the doctor think? but none could tell.
He knew not what to think, with all his skill
He only knew with them — the king was ill,
The cause whereof, the cure, he could not reach,
Though in his day a very famous leech;
So to his books he went, what Galen thought
To see, and what great Avicenna taught,
Cardanus, Paracelsus learned by heart,
All mighty powers of the Healing Art,
Compounding drugs, pills, powders with long
names,
And sweltering like a smith above his chemic
flames!

The third day's rumour was, "The king will die."
It passed from mouth to mouth with many a sigh;
Each had some tale to tell, some proof to bring,
How happy all had been since he was king.
"Do you remember now seven years ago,
The famine-winter when we suffered so,
He melted up his plate to buy us bread,
And sold the golden crown from off his head
To keep life in us, who must else have died?"
"God bless him, yes!" his earnest listener cried;
"And, later, when the Pestilence was here,
(I never shall forget that fatal year,
My wife died then, God rest her soul above!)
There never was such courage, so much love
As his, for us his people, when we lay
Crowding with deaths each minute of the day!
Fear made all selfish, flying for their lives,
Wives from their husbands, husbands from their
wives,
The mother from her child, despite its moan;
The dying and the dead were left alone!
But he — was ever such a king before? —
He went from street to street, from door to door,
Physician, nurse, and friend; no wretched den
Passed by, nor shrank from the most desperate
men;
Moistened their lips with water; brought them
wine;

And talked — the Bishop never talked so fine
In his long robe at Easter, when he stands
Blessing the world with much-bejewelled hands!
Don't tell me, sirs, — he is the best of kings."
From this the gossip passed to other things;
One of the youth of Felix strove to tell,
Another babbled of his famous bell,
(All knew, alas! that folly of their king.)
How strange it was they never heard it ring,
Not even when the victory was won,
Nor on his marriage, — no, nor birthday of his son!
And now their thoughts the prince and queen
divide;

How fair and good she was, how young she died:
How valiant he, — no knight could ride him down,
So handsome, too, his golden hair his crown.
"What better king than he can we desire?
May he be happy — happy as his sire!"

* * * * *

"Give over, sir," the sick man said at last;
"The hour when drugs would do me good is past,
You know not my disease, — and yet 'tis rife."
To which the leech: "What is it, sire?" "Tis
Life."

"There is no cure for that," "There is but one."
"Dear Father! say not so," exclaimed his son,
His sorrow fainting in a storm of sighs,
The wild tears raining from his clouded eyes.
"There's nothing, boy, to weep for; if there be,
'Tis Life, not Death; weep for yourself, not me.
That I must die, is but a little thing,
Not so that you must live, and be a King!"

Here some one entered with a smirking face,
To say the Bishop waited. "Tell his Grace —
With all the reverence that befits his state,
The great, good man! — he comes too soon, or late:
Too soon — to bury me, too late — to save:
But bid him come to-morrow — to my grave!
Enough of him. — Who'll lift me up in bed!
I'm troublesome I know." He raised his head —
The weeping prince — with more than woman's
care,

Kissing with loving lips his silver hair!
And there he sat — a piteous sight to see,
Propped up beneath his gilded canopy,
Whose purple shadow o'er his features fell,
And near him hung the cord to ring the happy
bell!

"Look up, my son," the dying king began:
"Weep not, but take what's coming like a man.
I do and have: you do not hear me sigh,
I know too much of life — to fear to die;
Enough to say some bitter things — all true;
But wherefore should I say them, and to you?
You could not look at life through my old eyes,
Nor would my early follies make you wise.
Youth will be youth, however age may prate;
'Twill learn like age, perchance, but learn too
late!

Besides, I love you so I can not bear
To darken your young days with future care.
No, keep the dew, the freshness of your heart,
As something precious, which must soon depart;
Be — happy, if you are so, while you may:
For me, I have not seen one happy day!
Start not, nor ask the solemn reasons why —
Time flies too fast — you'll know them by and by.
This I will say, — I must, for it is true, —
Could I have happy been, it were with you,
Whom I have loved — you never guessed how
well! —

Almost enough to ring my silent bell!
You'll wear my crown to-morrow — Take it now,
O may it sit less heavy on your brow
Than mine! (See, feel how thin my hair is worn!)
Why every jewel in it is a thorn!
Remember what I've taught in my poor way —
(Would I had strength, I have so much to say!)
The office of a king — what must he be —
How good and wise a man, how — unlike me!"
"Dear Father!" cried the prince, up-looking then
With reverent eyes, "you are the best of men.
May I be half so good!" "Be better, sir.
Follow — but hark, what's that? I hear a stir,
A sound like summer rain of many feet,
And the low hum of voices in the street."

"It is your people, sire, who gather there,
(Throw up the casemate, you, and give him air,)
Knowing how ill you — were, (the news would fly,)
To show their love — they say, before you die."
"My people love me then?" "Ah Father! yes."
"Well, that is something, if not happiness."
He closed his eyes a moment, bowed his head,
And moved his silent lips: at last he said:
"Sit by my side — just there, and now your hand;
When one is going to a distant land —
As I am now — he loves to have a friend —
A son, say, — as he starts, to cheer him to the end.
Speak kindly of me after I am gone,
And see my name be graven on the stone,
'INFELIX,' mind, not 'FELIX,' — that would be
A cruel, lying epitaph for me.
And yet I know not, for methinks I seem
Slowly awaking from the strangest dream;
The mystery of my life is growing clear;
Something — it may be Happiness — is near.

I hear such heavenly music! . . Did you speak?
 Who's shining yonder? Look!" His voice grew
 weak,
 Died to a whisper, while his swimming sight
 Strained through the darkness to a shape of light,
 Floating across the chamber to his bed,
 "Agnes!"—he clutched the cord, and fell back—
 dead.

Striking in death the first stroke of his knell.
 Thus Felix rang at last the happy bell.

** THE CHILDREN OF ISIS — FROM THE BOOK OF THE EAST.

Typhon and Osiris
 Children were of Isis,
 Brothers and gods, twin-born, the rulers of her
 land,

Which prospered, nothing loath,
 Under both,
 For each the sceptre held with equal hand.

Now Typhon and Osiris
 With their great mother Isis
 Dwelt: in the cities one, and one in the broad
 plains

Whereon a subject race,
 Dusk of face,
 Was bondsman unto him in ancient chains.

Said Typhon once to Isis:
 "This brother mine, Osiris,
 Does wrong to keep this people so long beneath
 his yoke.

They fetch him corn and oil,
 For him they toil,
 While idle all the year he sits." So Typhon spoke.

To Typhon then spake Isis:
 "My son he is, Osiris,
 As thou my son,—both loved, but neither less
 nor more.

If his these bondsmen born,
 Their oil and corn,—
 Who built your palaces that line the shore?

"If not the tribe," said Isis,
 "That labors for Osiris,
 Barbaric,—a much better, as nearer Us than these.

All day they turn your wheels,
 And your proud keels
 They lay, and plough for you the dangerous seas!

"Typhon and Osiris!"
 Said the sad goddess Isis,
 "Children of mine, unnatural, unwise as men, no
 more!

Let each still fill his throne,
 And rule his own:
 There must be peace between you as before."

To Typhon and Osiris
 The solemn voice of Isis
 Was as a wind unheeded,—no sooner come than
 gone!

Speaking their own rash words,
 They drew their swords,
 And, calling each his millions, led them on.

"O Typhon! O Osiris!"
 Cried out their mother Isis;
 But neither heard her warning, for each with
 desperate hand

Struck at the other's heart,—
 No one could part;
 So war and waste and want were in the land.

In all the years of Isis
 And Typhon and Osiris,
 Never such dreadful battle, such courage, such
 despair;

Brothers with brothers fighting,
 In blood delighting,—
 Razed cities, temples sacked, death everywhere!

So Typhon and Osiris
 Before the troubled Isis
 Fought four dark years together, each bloodier
 than the last;

Till stronger Typhon's swords
 And cunning words
 Prevailed, and pale Osiris fell aghost!

Then Typhon slew Osiris
 Before the weeping Isis,
 And after he was dead by night the body stole;;
 Whereat who followed him
 Limb from limb

Dismembered,—hoping so to slay the soul.

Thus Typhon rent Osiris,
 To the great grief of Isis,
 And thus his mangled body was scattered through
 the land:

One had his crowned head,
 And one instead
 His swordless hand,—but rings were on the hand!

So Typhon hid Osiris
 Away from sorrowing Isis,
 Who straight began her journeys,—North, South,
 and East, and West.

O mother most undone!
 Where is thy son?
 Where the dead one whose tomb is in thy breast?

Up and down went Isis
 Where Typhon and Osiris
 Had dwelt before their trouble,—the cities and
 the plains;

But in no pyramid
 His bones were hid,
 Nor where his bondsmen wept, without their
 chains!

To and fro went Isis
 To find the dead Osiris,
 Along her one great river, and over all the land.
 She could not find his head,
 Nor crown instead,
 His hand, nor the rich rings were on his hand!

The spirit of Osiris
 Came in a dream to Isis,
 Saying, "O mighty goddess! why is your heart
 so sore?

Why do you weep so, mother?
 Because my brother,
 Typhon, has hid my body? Weep no more.

"Immortal mother, Isis,
 I am thy son Osiris,
 Twin-born,—the king with Typhon, who rules
 the land alone.

His men have statues made
 Where I am laid,—
 A piece of me in each,—one by his throne."

She woke, the wiser Isis,
 To seek and find Osiris,
 And found, as he had promised, the idols tall and
 grim,—

His shape in every place,—
 With Typhon's face!
 But was Osiris there?—A piece of him.

After her dear Osiris
 The stern and wrathful Isis
 Before the men of Typhon, who trembled at her
 ire,

Strode up and down the lands;
 With her strong hands
 Their idols brake, and cast them in the fire!

And now his mother, Isis,
 The limbs of lost Osiris
 Found, — in every statue of him some precious
 part;
 His head by Typhon's throne;
 Beneath a stone
 His hand; elsewhere, and last of all, his heart!

The body of Osiris
 His goddess-mother, Isis,
 Laid reverent on her altar, and bowed her sacred
 head;
 Prayed to some Power unknown, —
 Some awful Throne, —
 Then rose and kissed the cold lips of her dead.

The soul of great Osiris
 Came back again to Isis;
 The mouth with breath is warm, and dares to
 touch her own;
 He stretches out his hands;
 He stands — stands!
 He is himself once more and on his throne.

"Eternal mother Isis,"
 Began the god Osiris,
 "Where is my brother Typhon?" And Typhon,
 "I am here."

He wept, — "O brother! brother!
 O mother! mother!"
 And Isis wept, — Osiris not a tear!

"Typhon," said Osiris,
 "And thou, our mother Isis,
 What was the wrong among us? — but righted if
 it be,
 (It must be,) name it not, —
 It is forgot
 By Typhon and Osiris, and, mightiest Isis, thee!"

** ADSUM.

(December 23-24, 1863.)

I.

The Angel came by night,
 (Such angels still come down!)
 And like a winter cloud
 Passed over London town;
 Along its lonesome streets,
 Where Want had ceased to weep,
 Until it reached a house
 Where a great man lay asleep; —
 The man of all his time
 Who knew the most of men, —
 The soundest head and heart,
 The sharpest, kindest pen.
 It paused beside his bed,
 And whispered in his ear;
 He never turned his head,
 But answered, "I am here."

II.

Into the night they went.
 At morning, side by side,
 They gained the sacred Place
 Where the greatest Dead abide;
 Where grand old Homer sits
 In godlike state benign;
 Where broods in endless thought
 The awful Florentine;
 Where sweet Cervantes walks,
 A smile on his grave face;
 Where gossips quaint Montaigne,
 The wisest of his race;

Where Goethe looks through all
 With that calm eye of his;
 Where — little seen but Light —
 The only Shakespeare is!
 When the new Spirit came,
 They asked him, drawing near,
 "Art thou become like us?"
 He answered, "I am here."

** THE COUNTRY LIFE.

Not what we would, but what we must,
 Makes up the sum of living;
 Heaven is both more and less than just
 In taking and in giving.
 Swords cleave to hands that sought the plough,
 And laurels miss the soldier's brow.

Me, whom the city holds, whose feet
 Have worn its stony highways,
 Familiar with its loneliest street, —
 Its ways were never my ways.
 My cradle was beside the sea,
 And there, I hope, my grave will be.

Old homestead! — in that old, gray town,
 Thy vane is seaward blowing;
 Thy slip of garden stretches down
 To where the tide is flowing:
 Below they lie, their sails all furled,
 The ships that go about the world.

Dearer that little country house,
 Inland, with pines beside it;
 Some peach-trees, with unfruitful boughs,
 A well, with weeds to hide it:
 No flowers, or only such as rise
 Self-sown, — poor things! — which all despise.

Dear country home! can I forget
 The least of thy sweet trifles?
 The window-vines that clamber yet,
 Whose blooms the bee still rifles?
 The roadside blackberries, growing ripe,
 And in the woods the Indian Pipe?

Happy the man who tills his field,
 Content with rustic labor!
 Earth does to him her fulness yield,
 Hap what may to his neighbor.
 Well days, sound nights, — oh! can there be
 A life more rational and free?

Dear country life of child and man!
 For both the best, the strongest,
 That with the earliest race began,
 And hast outlived the longest:
 Their cities perished long ago;
 Who the first farmers were we know.

Perhaps our Babels too will fall;
 If so, no lamentations,
 For Mother Earth will shelter all,
 And feed the unborn nations!
 Yes, and the swords that menace now
 Will then be beaten to the plough.

WILLIAM ALLEN BUTLER

Is the son of the eminent lawyer and politician Benjamin F. Butler, a member of the cabinet of Jackson and Van Buren, to whom, in 1824, in connexion with John Duer and the late John C. Spencer, was intrusted the important work of revising the statutes of the state of New York, and author of several addresses and a few poetical contributions to the Democratic Review, and other periodicals.

William Allen Butler was born in Albany in

1825. After completing his course at the University of the City of New York, and his law studies in the office of his father, he passed a year and a half abroad. Since his return he has been actively engaged in the practice of his profession.

Mr. Butler is the author of a number of poems, and is also a spirited prose writer. He has contributed to the Democratic Review several translations from Uhland; to the Art-Union Bulletin, *The Cities of Art and the Early Artists*, a series of biographical and critical sketches of the Old Masters; and to the Literary World a few pleasant sketches of travel, with the title *Out-of-the-Way Places in Europe*, and several humorous papers in prose and verse, entitled *The Colonel's Club*.

In 1850 he was the author of *Barnum's Par-nassus: being Confidential Disclosures of the Prize Committee on the Jenny Lind Song, with Specimens of leading American Poets in the happiest effulgence of their genius*; a poetical squib, which passed rapidly through several editions.

UHLAND.

It is the Poet Uhland from whose wreathings

Of rarest harmony, I here have drawn,

To lower tones and less melodious breathings,

Some simple strains of truth and passion born.

His is the poetry of sweet expression,

Of clear unfaltering tune, serene and strong;

Where gentlest thoughts and words in soft process-
sion,

Move to the even measures of his song.

Delighting ever in his own calm fancies,

He sees much beauty where most men see naught,

Looking at Nature with familiar glances,

And weaving garlands in the groves of Thought.

He sings of Youth, and Hope, and high Endeavor,

He sings of Love, (oh, crown of Poesie!)

Of Fate, and Sorrow, and the Grave, forever

The end of strife, the goal of Destiny.

He sings of Fatherland, the minstrel's glory,

High theme of memory and hope divine,

Twining its fame with gems of antique story,

In Suabian songs and legends of the Rhine;

In Ballads breathing many a dim tradition,

Nourished in long belief or Minstrel rhymes,

Fruit of the old Romance, whose gentle mission

Passed from the earth before our wiser times.

Well do they know his name amongst the moun-
tains,

And plains and valleys of his native Land;

Part of their nature are the sparkling fountains

Of his clear thought, with rainbow fancies

spanned.

His simple lays oft sings the mother cheerful

Beside the cradle in the dim twilight;

His plaintive notes low breathes the maiden tearful

With tender murmurs in the ear of Night.

The hill-side swain, the reaper in the meadows,

Carol his ditties through the toilsome day;

And the lone hunter in the Alpine shadows,

Recalls his ballads by some ruin gray.

Oh precious gift! oh wondrous inspiration!

Of all high deeds, of all harmonious things,

To be the Oracle, while a whole Nation

Catches the echo from the sounding strings.

Out of the depths of feeling and emotion

Rises the orb of Song, serenely bright,

As who beholds across the tracts of ocean,
The golden sunrise bursting into light.

Wide is its magic World—divided neither

By continent, nor sea, nor narrow zone;

Who would not wish sometimes to travel thither,

In fancied fortunes to forget his own?

Since 1855, Mr. Butler has been actively engaged in the practice of his profession of the law, in New York, especially in connection with the more important mercantile interests of the city. Though almost wholly engrossed by these duties, he has yet found time, however, occasionally to contribute to the literature of the day, and always with marked success. The poem by which he is most widely known as an author, *Nothing to Wear*, originally published, anonymously, in *Harper's Weekly*, in February, 1857, achieved a remarkable popularity. It passed through the usual ordeal of successful anonymous works. Like Mackenzie's "Man of Feeling," the production of a lawyer in active practice, whose literary efforts were aside from his ordinary pursuits, it was made the subject of a claim which compelled the poet to the course adopted by the English novelist, the avowal of his authorship in self-defence, to prevent the appropriation by others of the productions of his pen. It was followed by numerous kindred efforts, imitating, if not adopting, its new style of versification and poetical treatment of current topics and popular ideas. The editions of the poem were more numerous in England than in the United States. Besides the handsomely printed edition of Sampson & Co., a cheap issue had an immense circulation there, and a broad sheet, with colored cuts exhibiting the salient points of the satire, was first issued in London, and afterward reproduced in Philadelphia. It was translated into French prose by one of the Paris feuilletonists, and into German verse, somewhat paraphrased, and with adaptations to the meridian of the translator.

"Nothing to Wear" was followed by a poem of similar character, entitled *Two Millions*. As the former had exhibited the fashionable extravagance of the day, and its moral had been accepted by the public with the interest with which it listened to Hood's plea in "The Song of the Shirt,"* so the latter was directed against the social immoralities attendant upon the accumulation of wealth in the prevalent rapid development of material interests. "Two Millions" was written at the request of the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Yale College, and delivered before them, July 28, 1858. In 1859, Mr. Butler delivered an address before the New York Bible Society, *The Bible by Itself*, which was published at the request of the society (New York, Carter & Brothers, 1860, 18mo, pp. 32). In 1860, and subsequently, he published a series of papers, *Real Life in New York*, and other sketches, in the *New York Independent*. One of his articles, printed in this journal, written on the decease of President Van Buren, with whom he had been intimately acquainted, was publish-

* In London, "Nothing to Wear" was published with a statement of fashionable extravagance, taken from the proceedings of a Bankruptcy Court, and advertised with humanitarian tracts on the "Evils of the Dress-Making System."

ed separately, with the title, *Martin Van Buren: Lawyer, Statesman, and Man* (New York, Appleton & Co., 18mo, pp. 47).

**Mr. Butler published in 1871 *Lawyer and Client: Their Relation, Rights, and Duties. Substance of a Lecture delivered February 3, 1871, before the Law School of the University of the City of New York*,—a wise and practical exposition of a much-entangled ethical subject. In the same year appeared a volume of *Poems*, having his autograph on its cover. As its dedicatory preface first brings this gifted author face to face with the great public, and is withal a merited tribute to a pure-minded and modest scholar, one kindly helpful to the youngest of the literary craft,—the original Editor of this work,—it is appended:

“TO EVERT A. DUYCKINCK. I inscribe to you, in token of my sincere personal regard, this volume of poems. Many of them were written, or their material gathered, in scenes visited long since in company with your lamented brother, my cherished friend, George L. Duyckinck. His name, honorably linked with your own in our American literature, I desire affectionately to associate with yours on this introductory page. Others of them were first produced in connection with the editorial labors in which you were both united. The story of ‘The Sexton and the Thermometer’ you told me in 1849, as you had gathered it in that circle of refined good-humor of which the late Dr. John W. Francis was the genial centre, and I versified it at your request. ‘Nothing to Wear,’ before its appearance in print, was submitted to your friendly criticism, with an honest doubt on my part whether, in attempting to ‘shoot folly as it flies,’ the shaft I was aiming might not prove wanting in weight, polish, or momentum; and your kindly suggestions in aid of my intervention on behalf of our earliest American heroine, in ‘Virginia’s Virgin,’ encourage my perhaps forlorn hope that her almost thread-bare school-day story, simply told, may yet find listeners. Knowing, as you do, that, so far from cultivating poetry as an art, or authorship as a pursuit, I have diverted my pen from the strict routine of professional labor only at rare intervals or by way of mental recreation, you will take my volume as it is, a collection of verses, prompted mainly by occasional impulses to exhibit, as faithfully as I could, objects or ideas for whose most effective representation poetry seemed to be the fittest vehicle, whether the motive was narrative, sentiment, or satire.”

Besides the introductory ballad of Virginia’s Virgin,

“So dear to boyhood’s honest trust,
To girlhood’s tender heart!”

and the closing poem of The Two Cities—New York and Chicago—this volume consists of four collections: Poems of Travel, dated 1846–7; Miscellaneous Poems, containing among others at Richmond (in 1858), and The Busts of Goethe and Schiller; Uhland (1846), with Translations; and Poems of the City. In the latter are Nothing to Wear, Two Millions, and a companion piece, recently published in Harper’s Magazine, and entitled “General Average: A South Street Eclogue.” It is a tale of mercantile life, wherein the unscrupulous wits of a Yankee merchant and a Jew trader come in collision, to the discom-

fiture of the latter. The occasion of contention is the value of several cases rescued by the former from the wreck of a steamer, but believed by their Jewish owner to be lost. As he therefore demands tenfold their value, he exposes himself to the exaction of forty per cent. as his proportionate contribution for the burden of their rescue, known as “general average.” It is a tale with a stinging moral in its humor, for the overreaching spirit of buyer and seller.

The other published works of Mr. Butler are: *The Bible by Itself*, an address before the New York Bible Society, 1860; *Martin Van Buren, Lawyer, Statesman, and Man*, 1862,—the only biography, thus far, of that eminent statesman, and giving a comprehensive, though brief, view of his character and career. Mr. Butler has made many contributions to the periodical press, yet of late years has confined himself very closely to the practice of his profession in the city of New York.

**NOTHING TO WEAR.

Miss Flora M’Flimsey, of Madison Square,
Has made three separate journeys to Paris,
And her father assures me, each time she was there,
That she and her friend Mrs. Harris
(Not the lady whose name is so famous in history,
But plain Mrs. H., without romance or mystery)
Spent six consecutive weeks, without stopping,
In one continuous round of shopping,—
Shopping alone, and shopping together,
At all hours of the day, and in all sorts of weather,
For all manner of things that a woman can put
On the crown of her head, or the sole of her foot,
Or wrap round her shoulders, or fit round her
waist,
Or that can be sewed on, or pinned on, or laced,
Or tied on with a string, or stitched on with a bow,
In front or behind, above or below;
For bonnets, mantillas, capes, collars, and shawls;
Dresses for breakfasts, and dinners, and balls;
Dresses to sit in, and stand in, and walk in;
Dresses to dance in, and flirt in, and talk in;
Dresses in which to do nothing at all;
Dresses for Winter, Spring, Summer, and Fall;—
All of them different in color and shape,
Silk, muslin, and lace, velvet, satin, and crape,
Brocade and broadcloth, and other material,
Quite as expensive and much more ethereal;
In short, for all things that could ever be thought
of,
Or milliner, *modiste*, or tradesman be bought of,
From ten-thousand-franc robes to twenty-sous
frills;
In all quarters of Paris, and to every store,
While M’Flimsey in vain stormed, scolded, and
swore,
They footed the streets, and he footed the bills!
The last trip, their goods shipped by the steamer
Arago,
Formed, M’Flimsey declares, the bulk of her
cargo,
Not to mention a quantity kept from the rest,
Sufficient to fill the largest-sized chest,
Which did not appear on the ship’s manifest,
But for which the ladies themselves manifested
Such particular interest, that they invested
Their own proper persons in layers and rows
Of muslins, embroideries, worked under-clothes,
Gloves, handkerchiefs, scarfs, and such trifles as
those;

Then, wrapped in great shawls, like Circassian beauties,

Gave *good by* to the ship, and *go by* to the duties.
Her relations at home all marvelled, no doubt,
Miss Flora had grown so enormously stout

For an actual belle and a possible bride;
But the miracle ceased when she turned inside out,

And the truth came to light, and the dry-goods beside,

Which, in spite of Collector and Custom-House sentry,

Had gained the port without any entry.

And yet, though scarce three months have passed since the day

This merchandise went, on twelve carts, up Broadway,

This same Miss M'Flimsey of Madison Square,

The last time we met was in utter despair,
Because she had nothing whatever to wear!

NOTHING TO WEAR! Now, as this is a true ditty,
I do not assert—this, you know, is between us—

That she's in a state of absolute nudity,

Like Powers' Greek Slave or the Medici Venus;

But I do mean to say, I have heard her declare,

When at the same moment she had on a dress
Which cost five hundred dollars, and not a cent less,

And jewelry worth ten times more, I should guess,

That she had not a thing in the wide world to wear!

I should mention just here, that out of Miss Flora's
Two hundred and fifty or sixty adorners,
I had just been selected as he who should throw all

The rest in the shade, by the gracious bestowal
On myself, after twenty or thirty rejections,
Of those fossil remains which she called her
"affections,"

And that rather decayed, but well-known work of art,

Which Miss Flora persisted in styling her "heart."
So we were engaged. Our troth had been plighted,
Not by moonbeam or starbeam, by fountain or grove,

But in a front parlor, most brilliantly lighted,
Beneath the gas-fixtures, we whispered our love.
Without any romance, or raptures, or sighs,
Without any tears in Miss Flora's blue eyes,
Or blushes, or transports, or such silly actions,
It was one of the quietest business transactions,
With a very small sprinkling of sentiment, if any,
And a very large diamond imported by Tiffany.
On her virginal lips while I printed a kiss,
She exclaimed, as a sort of parenthesis,
And by way of putting me quite at my ease,
"You know I'm to polka as much as I please,
And flirt when I like—now, stop, don't you speak—

And you must not come here more than twice in the week,

Or talk to me either at party or ball,
But always be ready to come when I call;
So don't prose to me about duty and stuff,
If we don't break this off, there will be time enough
For that sort of thing; but the bargain must be
That, as long as I choose, I am perfectly free,—
For this is a kind of engagement, you see,
Which is binding on you, but not binding on me."

Well, having thus wooed Miss M'Flimsey and gained her,

With the silks, crinolines, and hoops that contained her,

I had, as I thought, a contingent remainder
At least in the property, and the best right
To appear as its escort by day and by night;
And it being the week of the Stuckup's grand ball,—

Their cards had been out a fortnight or so,
And set all the Avenue on the tiptoe,—
I considered it only my duty to call,
And see if Miss Flora intended to go.

I found her—as ladies are apt to be found,
When the time intervening between the first sound
Of the bell and the visitor's entry is shorter
Than usual—I found; I won't say—I caught her,
Intent on the pier-glass, undoubtedly meaning
To see if perhaps it didn't need cleaning.

She turned as I entered,—“Why, Harry, you sinner,

I thought that you went to the Flashers' to dinner!”

“So I did,” I replied, “but the dinner is swallowed,

And digested, I trust, for 'tis now nine and more,

So, being relieved from that duty, I followed
Inclination, which led me, you see, to your door;
And now will your ladyship so condescend

As just to inform me if you intend
Your beauty, and graces, and presence to lend
(All of which, when I own, I hope no one will borrow)

To the STUCKUP's, whose party, you know, is to-morrow?”

The fair Flora looked up, with a pitiful air,
And answered quite promptly, “Why, Harry, *mon cher*,

I should like above all things to go with you there,
But really and truly—I've nothing to wear.”

“Nothing to wear! go just as you are;
Wear the dress you have on, and you'll be by far,
I engage, the most bright and particular star

On the Stuckup horizon—” I stopped, for her eye,

Notwithstanding this delicate onset of flattery,
Opened on me at once a most terrible battery

Of scorn and amazement. She made no reply,
But gave a slight turn to the end of her nose,

(That pure Grecian feature,) as much to say,
“How absurd that any sane man should suppose
That a lady would go to a ball in the clothes,

No matter how fine, that she wears every day!”

So I ventured again: “Wear your crimson brocade;”

(Second turn up of nose)—“That's too dark by a shade.”

“Your blue silk”—“That's too heavy.” “Your pink”—“That's too light.”

“Wear tulle over satin”—“I can't endure white.”

“Your rose-colored, then, the best of the batch”—
“I haven't a thread of point-lace to match.”

“Your brown *moire antique*”—“Yes, and look like a Quaker;”

“The pearl-colored”—“I would, but that plaguy dress-maker

Has had it a week.” “Then that exquisite lilac,
In which you would melt the heart of a Shylock;”

(Here the nose took again the same elevation)—
“I wouldn't wear that for the whole of creation.”

“Why not? It's my fancy, there's nothing could strike it

As more *comme il faut*”—“Yes, but, dear me, that lean

Sophronia Stuckup has got one just like it,

And I won't appear dressed like a chit of sixteen."
 "Then that splendid purple, that sweet Mazarine;
 That superb *point d'aiguille*, that imperial green,
 That zephyr-like tarlatan, that rich *grenadine*" —
 "Not one of all which is fit to be seen,"
 Said the lady, becoming excited and flushed.

"Then wear," I exclaimed, in a tone which quite crushed
 Opposition, "that gorgeous *toilette* which you
 sported

In Paris last spring, at the grand presentation,
 When you quite turned the head of the head of
 the nation,

And by all the grand court were so very much
 courted."

The end of the nose was portentously tipped up,
 And both the bright eyes shot forth indignation,
 As she burst upon me with the fierce exclamation,
 "I have worn it three times, at the least calcula-
 tion,

And that and most of my dresses are ripped
 up!"

Here I *ripped* out something, perhaps rather rash,
 Quite innocent, though; but, to use an expres-
 sion

More striking than classic, it "settled my hash,"

And proved very soon the last act of our session.

"Fiddlesticks, is it, sir? I wonder the ceiling
 Doesn't fall down and crush you, — you men have
 no feeling;

You selfish, unnatural, illiberal creatures,
 Who set yourselves up as patterns and preachers,
 Your silly pretence, — why, what a mere guess it
 is!

Pray, what do you know of a woman's necessities?
 I have told you and shown you I've nothing to
 wear,

And it's perfectly plain you not only don't care,
 But you do not believe me," (here the nose went
 still higher.)

"I suppose, if you dared, you would call me a liar.
 Our engagement is ended, Sir, — yes, on the spot;
 You're a brute, and a monster, and — I don't
 know what."

I mildly suggested the words Hottentot,
 Pickpocket, and cannibal, Tartar, and thief,
 As gentle expletives which might give relief;
 But this only proved as a spark to the powder,
 And the storm I had raised came faster and louder;
 It blew and it rained, thundered, lightened, and
 hailed

Interjections, verbs, pronouns, till language quite
 failed

To express the abusive, and then its arrears
 Were brought up all at once by a torrent of tears,
 And my last faint, despairing attempt at an obs-
 ervation was lost in a tempest of sobs.

Well, I felt for the lady, and felt for my hat, too,
 Improvised on the crown of the latter a tattoo,
 In lieu of expressing the feelings which lay
 Quite too deep for words, as Wordsworth would
 say;

Then, without going through the form of a bow,
 Found myself in the entry, — I hardly knew how,
 On doorstep and sidewalk, past lamp-post and
 square,

At home and up stairs, in my own easy-chair;
 Poked my feet into slippers, my fire into blaze,
 And said to myself, as I lit my cigar,
 "Supposing a man had the wealth of the Czar

Of the Russias to boot, for the rest of his days,
 On the whole, do you think he would have much
 to spare,

If he married a woman with nothing to wear?"

Since that night, taking pains that it should not
 be bruited

Abroad in society, I've instituted

A course of inquiry, extensive and thorough,
 On this vital subject, and find, to my horror,
 That the fair Flora's case is by no means surpris-
 ing,

But that there exists the greatest distress
 In our female community, solely arising

From this unsupplied destitution of dress,
 Whose unfortunate victims are filling the air
 With the pitiful wail of "Nothing to wear."
 Researches in some of the "Upper Ten" districts
 Reveal the most painful and startling statistics,
 Of which let me mention only a few:

In one single house, on the Fifth Avenue,
 Three young ladies were found, all below twenty-
 two,

Who have been three whole weeks without any-
 thing new

In the way of flounced silks, and thus left in the
 lurch

Are unable to go to ball, concert, or church.

In another large mansion, near the same place,
 Was found a deplorable, heart-rending case
 Of entire destitution of Brussels point-lace.

In a neighboring block there was found, in three
 calls,

Total want, long continued, of camel's-hair shawls;
 And a suffering family, whose case exhibits
 The most pressing need of real ermine tippets;

One deserving young lady almost unable
 To survive for the want of a new Russian sable;
 Still another, whose tortures have been most ter-
 rific

Ever since the sad loss of the steamer Pacific,
 In which were ingulfed, not friend or relation,
 (For whose fate she perhaps might have found
 consolation,

Or borne it, at least, with serene resignation.)
 But the choicest assortment of French sleeves and
 collars

Ever sent out from Paris, worth thousands of
 dollars,

And all as to style most *recherché* and rare,
 The want of which leaves her with nothing to
 wear,

And renders her life so drear and dyspeptic
 That she's quite a recluse, and almost a sceptic,
 For she touchingly says, that this sort of grief
 Cannot find in religion the slightest relief,

And philosophy has not a maxim to spare
 For the victims of such overwhelming despair.
 But the saddest, by far, of all these sad features
 Is the cruelty practised upon the poor creatures

By husbands and fathers, real Bluebeards and
 Timons,

Who resist the most touching appeals made for
 diamonds

By their wives and their daughters, and leave
 them for days

Unsupplied with new jewelry, fans, or bouquets,
 Even laugh at their miseries whenever they have
 a chance,

And deride their demands as useless extrava-
 gance;

One case of a bride was brought to my view,
 Too sad for belief, but, alas! 't was too true,

Whose husband refused, as savage as Charon,
 To permit her to take more than ten trunks to

Sharon.

The consequence was, that when she got there,
 At the end of three weeks she had nothing to wear,

And when she proposed to finish the season
 At Newport, the monster refused, out and out,

For his infamous conduct alleging no reason,
Except that the waters were good for his gout;
Such treatment as this was too shocking, of course,
And proceedings are now going on for divorce.

But why harrow the feelings by lifting the curtain
From these scenes of woe? Enough, it is certain,
Has here been disclosed to stir up the pity
Of every benevolent heart in the city,
And spur up humanity into a canter
To rush and relieve these sad cases instant.

Won't somebody, moved by this touching description,
Come forward to-morrow and head a subscription?
Won't some kind philanthropist, seeing that aid is
So needed at once by these indigent ladies,
Take charge of the matter? Or won't Peter
Cooper

The corner-stone lay of some new splendid super-
Structure, like that which to-day links his name
In the Union unending of Honor and Fame,
And found a new charity just for the care
Of these unhappy women with nothing to wear,
Which, in view of the cash which would daily be
claimed,

The *Laying-out* Hospital well might be named?
Won't Stewart, or some of our dry-goods import-
ers,

Take a contract for clothing our wives and our
daughters?

Or, to furnish the cash to supply these distresses,
And life's pathway strew with shawls, collars,
and dresses,

Ere the want of them makes it much rougher and
thornier,

Won't some one discover a new California?

O ladies, dear ladies, the next sunny day
Please trundle your hoops just out of Broadway,
From its whirl and its bustle, its fashion and pride,
And the temples of trade which tower on each side,
To the alleys and lanes, where Misfortune and
Guilt

Their children have gathered, their city have
built;

Where Hunger and Vice, like twin beasts of prey,
Have hunted their victims to gloom and despair;
Raise the rich, dainty dress, and the fine broid-
ered skirt,

Pick your delicate way through the dampness
and dirt,

Grope through the dark dens, climb the rickety
stair

To the garret, where wretches, the young and the
old,

Half-starved and half-naked, lie crouched from
the cold;

See those skeleton limbs, those frost-bitten feet,
All bleeding and bruised by the stones of the
street;

Hear the sharp cry of childhood, the deep groans
that swell

From the poor dying creature who writhes on
the floor;

Hear the curses that sound like the echoes of hell,
As you sicken and shudder and fly from the
door;

Then home to your wardrobes, and say, if you
dare,—

Spoiled children of fashion,—you've nothing to
wear!

And O, if perchance there should be a sphere
Where all is made right which so puzzles us here,
Where the glare and the glitter and tinsel of time
Fade and die in the light of that region sublime,

Where the soul, disenchanted of flesh and of sense,
Unscreened by its trappings and shows and pre-
tence,

Must be clothed for the life and the service above,
With purity, truth, faith, meekness, and love,
O daughters of earth! foolish virgins, beware!
Lest in that upper realm you have nothing to wear!

**TWO CITIES.

I.

Girt with the river's silver zone,
Her feet the ocean woos and clasps,
An Empress on her island throne,
The crown she wears, the sceptre grasps.

The light that floods her face is shed
On countless roofs and thronging spires;
The cloud-wreath, hovering overhead,
Is woven from her ceaseless fires.

Her lap with wealth the wide world fills,
O'er the wide world her wealth she casts;
The forests of a thousand hills
Have grown to shape her clustered masts.

With boundless life her senses thrill,
It throbs through her resounding streets;
A mighty nation's tireless will
In all her million pulses beats.

But now, heart-sick, sore tried, and faint,
Upon her cheek the blush of shame,
She wears, within, the leprous taint
That blights and blasts her civic fame.

Yet, with firm hand, aside she tears
The folds of her imperial robe,
And, fearless, in the sunlight, dares
The festering sore to search and probe.

Plunge deeper yet the cleansing knife!
The heart still pours its vital flood,
The canker has not touched the life,
The poison is not in the blood!

II.

Some swift enchantment surely fed
Her virgin grace, her giant might,
As on her upward way she sped,
With girded loins and footsteps light;

In living lines, her strange, new name
Carved on the inland ocean's brim,
And with her lofty beacon flame
Fringed the broad prairie's verdant rim.

Past lakes and forests, hills and plains,
She pushed her iron pathways through,
Along whose tracks the freighted trains,
Like fire-winged serpents, flashed and flew.

With the heaped grain her rafters bent,
The native sheaf her golden crest,
And through her open gates she sent
The garnered harvests of the West.

Who now shall blame the glow of pride
That kindled on her fevered face,
Restless with thought and eager-eyed,
Fit type of our impetuous race?

To-night her widowed watch she keeps;
In sackcloth, by a funeral pyre,
She sits beside the shapeless heaps
Where swept the wind-tossed waves of fire.

Not lifeless yet, though maimed and scarred;
The gulf of flame is not her grave;
Above these ruins, black and charred,
Once more the enchanter's wand shall wave.

The magic of the fearless will

That wrought and won, in earlier years,
Still weds to all her strength and skill
The patience of the pioneers.

While from all hearts and hands and homes,
From kindred hearths, from alien shores,
One world-wide benediction comes,
One tidal wave of pity pours;

Still, as of old, the furnace proves
The path divinest love has trod;
Still, in the midst, a presence moves
Whose form is like the Son of God!

So far apart, yet side by side;
Her brand of fire, our badge of shame,
Write the same doom of human pride
Their call to duty is the same.

Though deep the vengeful firebolt cleft,
And deep the foul corruption's stain,
Courage and hope and faith are left,
Manhood and truth and right remain.

The skies are clear, the fresh winds blow,
With trumpet calls the air is filled;
Sweep off the wrecks, and far below,
Upon the old foundations, build!

October, 1871.

JOHN L. McCONNEL

Mr. McCONNEL was born in Illinois, November 11, 1826. After studying law with his father, Murray McConnel, a distinguished lawyer and politician of the West, he entered and was graduated at the Transylvania Law School, Lexington, Ky.

On the sixth of June, 1846, he entered the regiment of Col. Harding, as a volunteer in the ranks. Before leaving the rendezvous at Alton, he was made first lieutenant of his company, and promoted to a captaincy at the battle of Buena Vista, where he was twice wounded. After serving out his term he returned home, and commenced the practice of the law at Jacksonville, Illinois, where he has since re-ided.

In the spring of 1850 Mr. McConnel published *Talbot and Vernon*; in the autumn of the same year *Graham, or Youth and Manhood*; and in 1851 *The Glenss*. The scene of these novels is laid in the West; and the author has drawn on his experiences of the Mexican War and his skill as a lawyer in the construction of his plots.

These were followed in 1853 by *Western Characters*, a collection of sketches of the prominent classes in the formative period of western society. It is one of the author's most successful volumes.

Mr. McConnel was in 1855 engaged upon a continuation of this work, and also upon a *History of Early Explorations in America*, having especial reference to the labors of the early Roman Catholic missionaries. He died before completing the latter, from disease contracted in his Mexican campaign, January 17, 1862.

A WESTERN POLITICIAN OF THE FIRST GROWTH.

A description of his personal appearance, like that of any other man, will convey no indistinct impression of his internal character.

Such a description probably combined more characteristic adjectives than that of any other person-

age of his time—adjectives, some of which were applicable to many of his neighbors, respectively, but all of which might be bestowed upon him *only*. He was tall, gaunt, angular, swarthy, active, and athletic. His hair was, invariably, black as the wing of the raven; even in that small portion which the cap of racoon-skin left exposed to the action of sun and rain, the gray was but thinly scattered; imparting to the monotonous darkness only a more iron character. As late as the present day, though we have changed in many things, light-haired men seldom attain eminence among the western people; many of our legislators are *young* enough, but none of them are *beardless*. They have a bilious look, as if, in case of illness, their only hope would lie in calomel and jalap. One might understand, at the first glance, that they are men of *talent*, not of *genius*; and that physical energy, the enduring vitality of the body, has no inconsiderable share in the power of the mind.

Corresponding to the sable of the hair, the politician's eye was usually small, and intensely black—not the dead, inexpressive jet, which gives the idea of a hole through white paper, or of a cavernous socket in a death's head; but the keen, midnight darkness, in whose depths you can see a twinkle of starlight—where you feel that there is meaning as well as color. There might be an expression of cunning along with that of penetration—but, in a much higher degree, the blaze of irascibility. There could be no doubt, from its glance, that its possessor was an excellent hater; you might be assured that he would never forget an injury or betray a friend.

A stoop in the shoulders indicated that, in times past, he had been in the habit of carrying a heavy rifle, and of closely examining the ground over which he walked; but what the chest thus lost in depth it gained in breadth. His lungs had ample space in which to play—there was nothing pulmonary even in the drooping shoulders. Few of his class have ever lived to a very advanced age, but it was not for want of iron constitutions, that they went early to the grave. The same services to his country, which gave the politician his prominence, also shortened his life.

From shoulders thus bowed, hung long, muscular arms—sometimes, perhaps, dangling a little ungracefully, but always under the command of their owner, and ready for any effort, however violent. These were terminated by broad, bony hands, which looked like grapnels—their grasp, indeed, bore no faint resemblance to the hold of those symmetrical instruments. Large feet, whose toes were usually turned in, like those of the Indian, were wielded by limbs whose vigor and activity were in keeping with the figure they supported. Imagine, with these peculiarities, a free, bold, rather swaggering gait, a swarthy complexion, and conformable features and tones of voice; and—excepting his costume—you have before you fancy a complete picture of the early western politician.

ICHABOD CRANE BEYOND THE ALLEGHANIES.

A genuine specimen of the class to which most of the early schoolmasters belonged, never felt any misgivings about his own success, and never hesitated to assume any position in life. Neither pride nor modesty was ever suffered to interfere with his action. He would take charge of a numerous school, when he could do little more than write his own name, just as he would have undertaken to run a steamboat, or command an army, when he had never studied engineering or heard of strategy.

Nor would he have failed in either capacity: a week's application would make him master of a steam-engine, or a proficient (after the *present manner* of proficiency) in tactics; and as for his school, he could himself learn at night what he was to teach others on the following day! Nor was this mere "conceit"—though, in some other respects, that word, in its limited sense, was not inapplicable—neither was it altogether ignorant presumption; for one of these men was seldom known to fail in anything he undertook: or, if he did fail, he was never found to be cast down by defeat, and the resiliency of his nature justified his confidence.

Properly to represent his lineage, therefore, the schoolmaster could be neither dandy nor dancing-master; and, as if to hold him to his integrity, nature had omitted to give him any temptation, in his own person, to assume either of these respectable characters. The tailor that could shape a coat to fit his shoulders, never yet handled shears; and he would have been as ill at ease in a pair of fashionable pantaloons, as if they had been lined with chestnut-burrs. He was generally above the medium height, with a very decided stoop, as if in the habit of carrying burthens: and a long, high nose, with light blue eyes, and coarse, uneven hair, of a faded weather-stain color, gave his face the expression answering to this lathy outline. Though never very slender, he was always thin: as if he had been flattened out in a rolling-mill; and rotundity of corporation was a mode of development not at all characteristic. His complexion was seldom florid, and not often decidedly pale; a sort of sallow discoloration was its prevailing hue, like that which marks the countenance of a consumer of "coarse" whiskey and strong tobacco. But these failings were not the cause of his cadaverous look—for a faithful representative of the class held them both in commendable abhorrence—they were not the vices of his nature.

There was a subdivision of the class, a secondary type, not so often observed, but common enough to entitle it to a brief notice. He was, generally, short, squat, and thick—the latitude bearing a better proportion to the longitude than in his lank brother—but never approaching anything like roundness. With this attractive figure he had a complexion of decidedly bilious darkness, and what is commonly called a "dish-face." His nose was depressed between the eyes, an arrangement which dragged the point upward in the most cruel manner, but gave it an expression equally ludicrous and impertinent. A pair of small, round, black eyes, encompassed—like two little feudal fortresses, each by its moat—with a circle of yellowish white, peered out from under brows like battlements. Coarse, black hair, always cut short, and standing erect, so as to present something the appearance of a *cheveux de frise*, protected a hard, round head—a shape most appropriate to his lineage—while, with equal propriety, ears of corresponding magnitude stood boldly forth to assert their claim to notice.

Both these types were distinguished for large feet, which no boot could enclose, and hands broad beyond the compass of any glove. Neither was ever known to get drunk, to grow fat, to engage in a game of chance, or to lose his appetite: it became the teacher of "ingenuous youth" to preserve an exemplary bearing before those whom he was endeavoring to benefit; while respectable "appearances," and proper appreciation of the good things of life, were the *alpha* and *omega* of his system of morality.

J. M. LEGARÉ,

A POET of South Carolina, and a resident, we believe, of Charleston, and a relative of the late Hugh S. Legaré, is the author of a volume, *Orta-Undis and Other Poems*, published in 1848. They are marked by their delicacy of sentiment and a certain scholastic refinement.

AMY.

This is the pathway where she walked,
The tender grass pressed by her feet.
The laurel boughs laced overhead,
Shut out the noonday heat.

The sunshine gladly stole between
The softly undulating limbs.
From every blade and leaf arose
The myriad insect hymns.

A brook ran murmuring beneath
The grateful twilight of the trees,
Where from the dripping pebbles swelled
A beech's mossy knees.

And there her robe of spotless white,
(Pure white such purity beseeemed!)
Her angel face and tresses bright
Within the basin gleamed.

The coy sweetbriars half detained
Her light hem as we moved along!
To hear the music of her voice
The mockbird hushed his song.

But now her little feet are still,
Her lips the EVERLASTING seal;
The hideous secrets of the grave
The weeping eyes reveal.

The path still winds, the brook descends,
The skies are bright as then they were.
My Amy is the only leaf
In all that forest sear.

AUGUSTUS JULIAN REQUIER

Was born at Charleston, South Carolina, May 27, 1825. He was educated in that city, and having selected the law as his profession, was called to



the bar in 1844. From a very early age Mr. Requier was a regular contributor to the newspapers and periodicals, and in his seventeenth year published *The Spanish Exile*, a play in blank verse, which was acted with success. A year or two after he published *The Old Sanctuary*, a romance, the scene of which is laid in Carolina before the Revolution. He soon after removed to Marion, South Carolina, where, during the leisure intervals which occur in the life of a country barrister, many of his more mature and elaborate pieces in prose and verse were composed. These *Poems* were collected in book form in 1860. The most prominent of them are "The Phantasmagoria," "Marco Bozzaris," a tragedy; "The Dial Plate," "Treasure Trove," "To Mary on Earth," "The Thornless Rose," "The Charm," "The Image," "The Blackbeard," "The three Misses Grimbail,"

a sketch; the Farewell Address to the Palmetto Regiment, delivered at the Charleston Theatre by Mrs. Mowatt, and mentioned in her "Autobiography;" the "Welcome" to the same regiment on its return from Mexico; an "Ode to Shakespeare," and "Crystalline."

Mr. Requier subsequently removed to Mobile, Alabama, where he attained distinction in his professional pursuits. He was Attorney of the United States for the southern district of Alabama for eight years, and held a similar office under the "Confederate States." After the end of the war, he removed to New York city. His later poems have not been gathered into a volume.

ODE TO SHAKESPEARE.

He went forth into Nature and he sung,
Her first-born of imperial sway—the lord
Of sea and continent and clime and tongue;
Striking the Harp with whose sublime accord
The whole creation rung!

He went forth into Nature and he sung,
Her grandest terrors and her simplest themes,
The torrent by the beetling crag o'erhung,
And the wild-daisy on its brink that gleams
Unharm'd, and lifts a dew-drop to the sun!
The muttering of the tempest in its halls
Of darkness turreted; beheld alone
By an o'erwhelming brilliance which appals—
The turbulence of Ocean—the soft calm
Of the sequestered vale—the bride-like day,
Or sainted eve, dispensing holy balm
From her lone lamp of silver thro' the grey
That leads the star-crowned Night adown the moun-
tain way!

These were his themes and more—no little bird
Lit in the April forest but he drew
From its wild notes a meditative word—
A gospel that no other mortal knew:
Bard, priest, evangelist! from rarest cells
Of riches inexhaustible he took
The potent ring of her profoundest spells,
And wrote great Nature's Book!

They people earth and sea and air,
The dim, tumultuous band,
Called into being everywhere
By his creative wand;
In kingly court and savage lair,
Prince, Peasant, Priest, and Sage and Peer,
And midnight hag and ladye fair,
Pure as the white rose in her hair,
And warriors that, on barbed steed,
Burn to do the crested deed,
And lovers that delighted rove
When moonlight marries with the grove,
Glide forth—appear!
To breathe or love or hate or fear;
And with most unexampled wile,
To win a soul-enraptured smile,
Or blot it in a tear.

Hark! a horn,
That with repeated winding shakes,
O'er hill and glen and far responsive lakes,
The mantle of the morn!
Now, on the mimic scene,
The simplest of all simple pairs
That ever drew from laughter tears,
Touchstone and Audrey, hand in hand,
Come hobbling o'er the green;
While Rosalind, in strange disguise,
With manly dress but maiden eyes,
Which, spite herself, will look sidewise,
E'en in this savage land;

And her companion like the flower,
That beaten by the morning shower
Still in resplendent beauty stoops,
Looking loveliest whilst it droops,
Step faintly forth from weariness,
All snowy in their maidenhood;
Twin-lilies of the wilderness—
A shepherd and his shepherdess,
In Arden's gloomy wood!

But comes anon, with halting step and pause,
A miserable man!
Revolving in each lengthened breath he draws,
The deep, dark problem of material laws,
That life is but a span.

Secluded, silent, solitary, still,
Lone in the vale and last upon the hill,
Companionless beside the haunted stream,
Walking the stars in the meridian beam,
Himself the shade of an o'ershadowing dream;
Blighting the rose
With his imaginary woes,
And weaving bird and tree and fruit and flower
Into a charm of such mysterious power,
Such plaintive tale
The beauteous skies grow pale,
And the rejoicing earth looks wan,
Like Jacques—her lonely, melancholy man!

Ring silver-sprinkling, gushing bells—
Blow clamorous pipes replying,
In tipsy merriment that swells
For ever multiplying!
He comes! with great sunshiny face
And chuckle deep and glances warm,
Sly nods and strange attempts at grace,
A matron on each arm;
He comes! of wit the soul and pith,
Olympian bottle-rinser!
Room for him! Sir John Falstaff with
The merry Wives of Windsor.

Lo! on a blasted heath,
Lit by a flashing storm,
The threatening darkness underneath,
Three of the weird form!
Chanting, dancing all together,
For a charm upon the heather,
Filthy hags in the foul weather!

The spell works, and behold;
A castle in the midnight hour,
Muffled 'mid battlement and tower,
Whereon the crystal moon doth lower
Antarctically cold!
A blackbird's note hath drilled the air
And left the stillness still more drear;
Twice hath the horned owl around
The Chapel flown, nor uttered sound;
The night-breeze now doth scarcely blow.
And now, 'tis past and gone;
But the pale moon that like the snow
Erewhile descending shone.

En crimsoned as the torch of Mars,
While cloud on cloud obscures the stars
And rolls above the trees,
Cleaves the dark billows of the Night
Like a shot-smitten sail in flight
Over the howling seas—
God! what a piercing shriek was there,
So deep and loud and wild and drear
It bristles up the moistened hair
And bids the blood to freeze!
Again—again—
Athwart the brain,
That lengthened shriek of life-extorted pain!
And now, 'tis given o'er:

But from that pile despairingly doth soar
A voice which cries like the uplifted main,
"Glamis hath murdered sleep—Macbeth shall sleep
no more!"

Thick and faster now they come,
In procession moving on,
Neath the world-embracing dome
Of the unexhausted one;

Mark them, while the cauldron bubbles,

Throwing spells upon the sight,

And the wizard flame redoubles

In intensity of light:

Here is one—a rustic maiden

Of the witching age;

Cheeks with beauty overladen,

Blushing like a sunset Aiden,

Mistress Anne Page!

Here another that doth follow,

Full of starch decorum:

A wise man this Cousin Shallow,

Justice of the Quorum;

A third is timid, slight, and tender,

Showing harmless Master Slender;

A fourth, doth frowningly reveal,

His princely mantle jewelled o'er,

By knightly spurs upon his heel

And clanging sound of martial steel,

The dark, Venetian Moor!

The fifth advances with a start,

His eye transfixing like a dart,

Black Richard of the iron-heart!

And now they rush along the scene,

In crowds with scarce a pause between,

Prelates high, in church and state,

Speakers dexterous in debate,

Courtiers gay in satin hose,

Clowns fantastic and jocose,

Soldiers brave and virgins fair,

Nymphs with golden flowing hair

And spirits of the azure air,

Pass, with solemn step and slow,

Pass, but linger as they go,

Like images that haunt the shade,

Or visions of the white cascade,

Or sunset on the snow.

Then, then, at length, the crowning glory comes,

Loud trumpets speak unto the sky, and drums

Unroll the military chain!

From pole to pole,

Greet wide the wonder of the poet's soul:

With raven plume,

And posture rapt in high, prophetic gloom—

Hamlet, the Dane!

Bright shall thine altars be,

First of the holy minstrel band,

Green as the vine-encircled land

And vocal as the sea!

Thy name is writ

Where stars are lit,

And thine immortal shade,

'Mid archangelic clouds displayed

On Fame's empyreal seat,

Sees the inseparable Nine

In its reflected glory shine,

And Nature at its feet.

PAUL H. HAYNE

Is a son of Lieut. Hayne of the United States Navy, and nephew of Robert G. Hayne of senatorial celebrity. He was born in Charleston, South Carolina, in 1831, and has been a frequent contributor to many of the southern magazines, more particularly the *Southern Literary Messen-*

ger. He was editor of the *Charleston Literary Gazette*, and was connected with the editorial department of the *Evening News*, a daily journal also published in Charleston. His poems, collected in a volume in 1855, are spirited, and he has cultivated the music of verse with effect. His longest poem is entitled *The Temptation of Venus, a Monkish Legend*.

SONNET.

The passionate Summer's dead; the sky's aglow
With roseate flushes of matured desire,
The winds at eve are musical and low,
As sweeping chords of a lamenting lyre,
Far up among the pillared clouds of fire,
Whose pomp of grand procession upward rolls
With gorgeous blazonry of pictured folds,
To celebrate the Summer's past renown;
Ah me! how regally the heavens look down,
O'ershadowing beautiful, autumnal woods,
And harvest-fields with hoarded increase brown,
And deep-toned majesty of golden floods,
That lift their solemn dirges to the sky,
To swell the purple pomp that floateth by.

A PORTRAIT.

I.

The laughing Hours before her feet,
Are strewing vernal roses,
And the voices in her soul are sweet,
As music's mellowed closes,
All hopes and passions heavenly-born,
In her have met together,
And Joy diffuses round her morn
A mist of golden weather.

II.

As o'er her cheek of delicate dyes,
The blooms of childhood hover,
So do the tranced and sinless eyes,
All childhood's heart discover,
Full of a dreamy happiness,
With rainbow fancies laden,
Whose arch of promise glows to bless
Her spirit's beauteous Adenn.

III.

She is a being born to raise
Those undefiled emotions,
That link us with our sunniest days,
And most sincere devotions;
In her, we see renewed, and bright,
That phase of earthly story,
Which glimmers in the morning light
Of God's exceeding glory.

IV.

Why in a life of mortal cares,
Appear these heavenly faces,
Why on the verge of darkened years,
These amaranthine graces?
'Tis but to cheer the soul that faints,
With pure and blest evangels,
To prove if Heaven is rich with Saints,
That earth may have her Angels.

V.

Enough! 'tis not for me to pray
That on her life's sweet river,
The calmness of a virgin day,
May rest, and rest for ever;
I know a guardian Genius stands,
Beside those waters lowly,
And labors with immortal hands,
To keep them pure and holy.

**** Mr. Hayne printed a second volume, *Sonnets and Other Poems*, in 1857, and a third in 1859, entitled: *Avolio, a Legend of the Island of Cos, with Poems Lyrical, Miscellaneous, and Dramatic*. He wrote a number of fiery, sensational poems during the late civil contest, some of which were reprinted in Simms' *War Poetry of the South*. *Legends and Lyrics*, a volume which contains some pleasing versifications of ancient myths and tales, appeared in 1872. It was followed by an affectionate tribute to the memory of a gifted friend, in *The Poems of Henry Timrod, Edited, with a Sketch of the Poet's Life*, by Paul H. Hayne, 1873.**

** THE PRESENTIMENT.

Over her face, so tender and meek,
The light of a prophecy lies,
That hath silvered the red of the rose on her cheek
And chastened the thought in her eyes.

Beautiful eyes, with an inward glance
To the spirits' mystical deep;
Lost in the languid gleam of a trance
More solemn and saintly than sleep.

It hints of a world which is alien and dim,
Of a nature that hovers between
The discord of earth and the seraphim's hymn,
On the verge of the spectral — unseen;

And forever and ever she seems to hear
The voice of a charmer implore,
"Come! enter the life that is noble and clear,
Come! grow to my heart once more!"

And forever and ever she mutely turns
From a mortal lover's sighs;
And fainter the red of the rose flush burns,
And deeper the thought in her eyes.

The seeds are warm of the churchyard flowers,
That will blossom above her rest,
And a bird that shall sing by the old church
towers,
Is already fledged in its nest.

And so when a blander summer shall smile,
On some night of soft July,
We will lend to the dust her beauty awhile,
'Neath the hush of a moonless sky.

And later still shall the churchyard flowers
Gleam nigh with a white increase;
And a bird outpour, by the old church towers,
A plaintive poem of peace.

** THE TWO SUMMERS.

There is a golden season in our year
Between October's hale and lusty cheer
And the hoar frost of Winter's empire drear,

Which, like a fairy flood of mystic tides
Whereon divine Tranquillity abides,
The kingdom of the sovereign Months divides:

Then wailing Autumn winds their requiems cease,
Ere Winter's sturdier storms have gained release,
And earth and heaven alike are bright with peace.

O Soul! thou hast thy golden season too!
A blissful interlude of birds, and dew,
Of balmy gales, and skies of deepest blue!

That second Summer when thy work is done,
The harvest hoarded, and the Autumn sun
Gleams on the fruitful fields thy toil hath won;

Which also, like a fair mysterious tide
Whereon calm Thoughts like ships at anchor ride,
Doth the broad Empire of thy years divide.

This passed, what more of life's brief path re-
mains

Winds through unlighted vales, and dismal plains,
The haunt of chilling blights, or fevered pains.

Pray then, ye happy few along whose way
Life's Indian Summer pours its mellow ray,
That ye may die ere dawns the Evil Day;

Sink on that Season's kind and genial breast,
While Peace and Sunshine rule the cloudless West,
The elect of God whom Life and Death have blessed.

** MY SON WILL.

Your face, my boy, when six months old,
We propped you laughing in a chair,—
And the sun-artist caught the gold

Which rippled o'er your waving hair!
And deftly shadowed forth the while
That blooming cheek, that roguish smile,

Those dimples seldom still:
The tiny, wondering, wide-eyed elf!
Now, can you recognize yourself
In that small portrait, Will?

I glance at it, then turn to you,
Where in your healthful ease you stand,
No Beauty,—but a youth as true,
And pure as any in the land!
For Nature, through fair sylvan ways,
Hath led and gladdened all your days,
Kept free from sordid ill;
Hath filled your veins with blissful fire,
And winged your instincts to aspire,
Sunward, and Godward, Will!

Long-limbed and lusty, with a stride
That leaves me many a pace behind,
You roam the woodlands, far and wide,
You quaff great drafts of country wind;
While tree and wildflower, lake and stream,
Deep shadowy nook, and sunshot gleam,
Cool vale and far-off hill,
Each plays its mute mysterious part,
In that strange growth of mind and heart
I joy to witness, Will!

"Can this tall youth," I sometimes say,
"Be mine? my son?" it surely seems
Scarce further backward than a day,
Since watching o'er your feverish dreams
In that child-illness of the brain,
I thought (O Christ, with what keen pain!)
Your pulse would soon be still,—
That all your boyish sports were o'er,
And I, heart-broken, never more
Should call, or clasp you, Will!

But Heaven was kind, Death passed you by;
And now upon your arm I lean,
My second self, of clearer eye,
Of firmer nerve, and sturdier mien;
Through you, methinks, my long-lost youth
Revives, from whose sweet founts of truth,
And joy, I drink my fill:
I feel your every heart-throb, know
What inmost hopes within you glow,—
One soul's between us, Will!

Pray Heaven that this be always so!
That ever on your soul and mine
Though my thin locks grow white as snow,—
The self-same radiant trust may shine;—

Pray that while this, my life, endures,
It aye may sympathize with yours
In thought, aim, action still;
That you, O son (till comes the end),
In me may find your comrade, friend,
And more than father, Will!

HAMILTON COLLEGE, NEW YORK.

THE founding of Hamilton College is due to the far-seeing generosity of the Rev. Samuel Kirkland, who labored more than forty years as a missionary among the Oneida Indians. Mr. Kirkland was born in Norwich, Connecticut, December 1, 1744, and was graduated from Nassau Hall in 1765. He was the father of three sons and three daughters. The eldest daughter, who was married to John H. Lothrop, Esq., of Utica, is the mother of the Rev. Samuel Kirkland Lothrop, D.D., of Boston, whose recently published life of his grandfather is embraced in Sparks's Library of American Biography. The youngest daughter, Eliza, was married in 1818 to the late Rev. Edward Robinson, D.D., a professor in the Union Theological Seminary of New York. One of his sons, Dr. John Thornton Kirkland, was elected in 1810 to the Presidency of Harvard College. He and his brother, George Whitfield, were twins, and were born at General Herkimer's, on the Mohawk, while their mother was journeying on horseback from Oneida to Connecticut. Her return to Oneida was greeted by the Indians with great rejoicing. They adopted the boys into their tribe, calling George La-go-ne-osta, and John Ali-gan-o-wis-ka, which means fair-face.

Mr. Kirkland died of pleurisy, February 28, 1808. He was buried in Clinton, in a private inclosure, near his house. Here on one side rest the remains of his second wife and youngest daughter; on the other side, those of the celebrated Skenandoa. The ownership of the Kirkland mansion has passed out of the family. At a late Annual Meeting of the trustees of the institution which he founded, they voted to remove the coffins from these grounds to the College Cemetery, and to erect over them an appropriate monument.

It was through the influence of Mr. Kirkland that the "Hamilton Oneida Academy" was incorporated in 1793. In the same year he conveyed to its trustees several hundred acres of land. In the preamble to the title-deed, he states that the gift is made "for the support of an Academy in the town of Whitestown, county of Herkimer, contiguous to the Oneida Nation of Indians, for the mutual benefit of the young and flourishing settlements in said county, and the various tribes of confederated Indians, earnestly wishing that the institution may grow and flourish; that the advantages of it may be extensive and lasting; and that, under the smiles of the Lord of wisdom and goodness, it may prove an eminent means of diffusing useful knowledge, enlarging the bounds of human happiness, aiding the reign of virtue, and the kingdom of the blessed Redeemer."

Among the teachers of the academy was Dr. James Murdock, lately a resident of New Haven, and translator of Mosheim's "Historical Commentaries on the State of Christianity."

The academy lived eighteen years, and was

largely patronized. At length its guardians were pressed with a demand from the surrounding community for a higher institution. The charter for Hamilton College was obtained in 1812, and Dr. AZEL BACKUS of Bethlem, Connecticut, was elected its first President. He was born near Norwich, Connecticut, October 13, 1765. In early life his companions were rude, if not dissolute; and his youth was marked with great looseness of opinion on matters of religion. He was graduated from Yale College in 1787. After leaving college he was associated for a time with his class-mate, John H. Lothrop, Esq., in the management of a grammar-school at Weathersfield, Connecticut. He was licensed to preach in 1789, and soon after succeeded Dr. Bellamy as pastor of the church in Bethlem, Connecticut. Dr. Backus died December 9, 1816, of typhus fever. One of his children, Mary Ann, was the first wife of the Hon. Gerrit Smith of Peerton; another, the Hon. F. F. Backus, was a distinguished physician in Rochester, New York.

A volume of Dr. Backus's sermons was published after his death, with a brief sketch of his life. His biography yet remains to be written in a manner worthy of the part which he sustained in caring for the first wants of a college which has since identified itself with the educational interests of Central New York. A careful memoir, written somewhat after the manner of Xenophon's *Memorabilia* or Boswell's *Johnson*, would be welcomed by many readers. In his intercourse with students, Dr. Backus combined affectionate severity with a seasoning of manly eccentricity. The proverb, "who makes a jest makes an enemy," was reversed in his experience. He was out-spoken and fond of a joke. When speaking of that which he disapproved, his thoughts naturally clothed themselves in the language of ridicule. He was quick and pungent at repartee, as is shown by the following anecdote, which is only one out of many which might be given.

During the administration of Jefferson, Dr. Backus preached a Thanksgiving Sermon at Bethlem, in which his abhorrence of the political views of the day was expressed with characteristic freedom and severity. For thus daring to speak the truth, he incurred a civil prosecution, and was summoned by the sheriff to go with him to Hartford, there to await his trial. As a matter of grace, the reverend prisoner was allowed to ride in his own conveyance, while the officer followed behind. The parson's horse happened to be one of the fastest. He picked over the miles with a rapidity that astonished the sheriff, while it kept him at a respectable distance in the rear. At length, with much ado, the latter managed to bring himself within tongue-shot; and leaning forward, exclaimed, "Why, Doctor Backus, you ride as if the very devil were after you!"

"And so he is!" replied the doctor, without turning his head.

The second President of Hamilton College was Dr. HENRY DAVIS, an alumnus of Yale College, who had been a tutor at Williams and Yale, a Professor of Greek at Union, and President of Middlebury. His administration covered a period of sixteen years, during which the College fluctuated between the extremes of prosperity and depression.



Hamilton College.

In the years 1829 and 1830, no students were graduated. This was owing to a long and bitter quarrel between Dr. Davis and a portion of the trustees, growing out of a case of discipline. After his resignation of the presidency in 1833, Dr. Davis published a thick pamphlet entitled, "A Narrative of the Embarrassments and Decline of Hamilton College." This, with one or two occasional discourses, is all that went from his hand to the printer's. Dr. Davis was distinguished for his strength of purpose, his gravity of manners, unyielding integrity, and strong attachment to the pupils whom he had instructed. He died March 7, 1852, at the age of eighty-two.

The third President was Dr. SERENO EDWARDS DWIGHT, a son of Timothy Dwight. He was elected in 1833 and resigned in 1835. The great historical fact of his presidency was a successful effort to raise by subscription fifty thousand dollars, for increasing the productive funds of the college. Dr. Dwight was fitted by nature and acquired gifts for the triumphs of pulpit oratory. The failure of his health at first made him fitful in the happy use of his talents, and finally forced him to give up addressing public bodies or discharging public duties. His death occurred November 30, 1850. The last fifteen years of his life were saddened by his infirmity, and passed in retirement. W. T. Dwight has written his biography.

The fourth president was Dr. JOSEPH PENNEY, a native of Ireland, and educated at one of its higher institutions. The reputation for learning, piety, and executive talent which he had won by his labors in the ministry at Rochester, New York, and Northampton, Massachusetts, led the friends of Hamilton to think that he was the man to preside successfully over its affairs. The fact that he was unacquainted with the internal peculiarities of an American College caused him to make some mistakes, disquieting to himself and

the institution. He chose to resign in 1839. He lived many years; broken in health, yet enjoying the unabated esteem of his friends. His publications are somewhat numerous, yet mostly of a transient form and character.

The fifth President, Dr. SIMEON NORTH, is a native of Berlin, Connecticut, and a graduate of Yale College, of the class of 1825. He served his Alma Mater two years as a tutor, and in 1829 was elected to the chair of Ancient Languages in Hamilton College. When he went to Clinton, the embarrassments of the institution were such as to threaten its life. The war between Dr. Davis and the trustees was raging fiercely. There were but nine students in all the classes. The treasury was empty. Debt and dissension covered the future with gloomy clouds. The Faculty now consisted of the President, Prof. James Hadley, Prof. John H. Lothrop, Prof. North, and Tutor E. D. Maltbie. They engaged zealously and unitedly in efforts to revive the institution, and to regain for it the public confidence. They were successful.

In 1833, when Dr. Davis resigned, the graduating class numbered twenty.

In 1839, Dr. North was elected to the Presidency, as the successor of Dr. Penney, an office which he held till 1857. The friends and pupils of President North have frequently expressed their appreciation of his public efforts, by requesting permission to publish them. If his published discourses and addresses were collected, they would form a large volume. The most important of these are a series of Baccalaureate Sermons; discourses preached at the funerals of Professor Catlin, Treasurer Dwight, and President Davis; an Inaugural Discourse, a sermon before the Oneida County Bible Society, and an oration before the Phi Beta Kappa of Yale College.

To Hamilton College is conceded a high rank in the culture of natural and effective elocution. Much credit is due, in this respect, to the teach-

ings of the Rev. Dr. Mandeville, who filled the chair of Rhetoric and Oratory eight years, commencing in 1841. His class-book entitled "The Elements of Reading and Oratory," first published in 1845, is now widely used in colleges, academies, and high-schools. Dr. Mandeville's system of speaking was taught at Hamilton, with some decided improvements by Professor A. J. Upson, D. D.

Hamilton College has not been forgotten by men of liberality and large means. The Hon. Wm. Hale Maynard, a graduate of Williams College, and a gifted lawyer, who died of the cholera in 1832, bequeathed to the college the bulk of his estate, amounting to twenty thousand dollars, for the founding of a Law Department.

Prof. John H. Lathrop, lately Chancellor of the University of Wisconsin, was the first occupant of this chair. It was long worthily filled by Prof. Theodore W. Dwight, whose able instructions in legal science attracted students from remote sections of the country. The college confers the degree of LL. B. upon those who complete the regular course of legal studies.

Another benefactor of the college, the Hon. S. Newton Dexter, resided at Whitesboro, and enjoyed the satisfaction of seeing a centre of learning made more thrifty and efficient through his liberality. What Mr. Maynard did by testament, Mr. Dexter chose to do by an immediate donation. In 1836, when the college was severely crippled by debt, he came forward with a gift of fifteen thousand dollars for endowing the chair of Classical Literature. This department is supposed to have been chosen as the object of his munificence, not more from its acknowledged importance in a collegiate institution, than on account of his esteem for the character and scholarly attainments of its then incumbent, the Rev. Dr. North, who was afterwards promoted to the Presidency.

The department of Classical Literature is now occupied by Professor Edward North, L. H. D., a highly accomplished scholar and man of letters, to whom we are indebted for the material of this sketch. He succeeded Professor John Finley Smith in 1844. Professor Smith was a musical artist of rare gifts and attainments.

The grounds about the college have been recently enlarged and improved. They now embrace twenty acres, which have been thoroughly drained, hedged, planted with trees and flowering shrubs, and put into lawn, with winding drives and gravelled walks. These improvements have been made under the conviction that no seat of generous culture can be called complete, unless it provides facilities for the study of vegetable growths. Plato's College was a grove of platanus and olives,—philosophy and trees have always been fond of each other's company. The location of the college, on the brow of a hill that slopes to the East, and commands a wide view of the Oriskany Valley, is healthful and inviting. In this valley lies the village of Clinton, with a population of twelve hundred. In the distance, to the left, the city of Utica, the valley of the Mohawk, and the Trenton hills are distinctly visible.

The rural quiet of the place, its elevation, and extended, unbroken horizon, render it most favorable for astronomical observations. An Observa-

tory has been erected, and furnished with a telescope, the largest in this country next to the one at Cambridge. It was made by Messrs. Spencer and Eaton of Canastota, who are alumni of the institution. A large Laboratory has been built, with the new apparatus which the French and German chemists have recently invented. A stone building, originally used as a boarding-hall, has been fitted up for a Cabinet, and now contains ten thousand specimens in Geology, Mineralogy, and Natural History. A Gymnasium has also been built and attractively furnished.

The last twenty years in the history of Hamilton College have been fruitful in evidences of growth, of achieved usefulness, and a vigorous purpose on the part of its officers to make it, in all respects, worthy of its central location and its religious origin.

In 1858, Dr. C. H. F. Peters, a graduate of the University of Berlin, entered upon his duties as director of the observatory. One of his undertakings has been to determine the exact longitude of various places in the State of New York, under the direction of the Regents of the University of which Dr. S. B. Woolworth is secretary. These determinations have been made with great care and accuracy by means of a telegraphic communication with the observatory at Cambridge, Massachusetts. The places whose longitude has been thus far determined are Buffalo, Syracuse, Elmira, and Ogdensburg. Dr. Peters has discovered eighteen asteroids during his connection with the Litchfield Observatory. He also fills the chair of Astronomy, endowed by Edwin C. Litchfield, LL. D., of Brooklyn.

In July, 1858, Rev. Samuel Ware Fisher, D. D., a graduate of Yale College, in the class of 1835, was called to the presidency, as the successor of Dr. Simeon North, who had previously resigned. Dr. Fisher was called from the Second Presbyterian Church of Cincinnati, where he had won a national reputation as a vigorous and versatile writer, an eloquent preacher, and a most successful pastor. His "Three Great Temptations," a volume of lectures to young men, and other occasional addresses, had indicated a special aptitude for the intellectual and religious duties of a college president. In his Inaugural Discourse, delivered November 4th, 1858, President Fisher foreshadowed a new system of biblical study, that was soon after introduced at Hamilton College, and was followed by the founding of the Walcott professorship of the Evidences of Christianity. This fund of \$30,000 was given partly by Benjamin S. Walcott, a great-hearted manufacturer, who died in New York Mills, January 12th, 1862, and partly by William D. Walcott, his son and worthy successor in the largest business interest in Oneida County.

In January, 1859, Dr. N. W. Goertner entered upon his duties as the college commissioner, to which he has since devoted himself, with results equally honorable to himself and the patrons of liberal and Christian culture, who have so freely responded to his appeals in behalf of the college. Among the benefactions recently received, in addition to the Walcott endowment,

are \$20,000 for the Robinson professorship of Greek, subscribed in New York and Brooklyn, and so named in honor of Dr. Edward Robinson, a distinguished alumnus, who died in December, 1863; also \$23,000 for the Albert Barnes professorship of intellectual and moral philosophy, subscribed in Philadelphia, and so named in honor of another distinguished alumnus; and \$20,000 for the Kingsley professorship of logic, rhetoric, and elocution, subscribed in Utica, and so named in honor of the largest donor, Mr. Charles C. Kingsley, a graduate in the class of 1852. Large bequests have also been received from John C. Baldwin, of Orange, N. J.; Samuel F. Pratt, of Buffalo, and Peter B. Porter, of Niagara Falls; as well as donations from Hon. William E. Dodge, of New York, and Samuel A. Muson, Esq., of Utica. Ten thousand dollars were also given by John N. Hungerford, Esq., of Corning, for the improvement of South College.

In other respects, the college has received handsome additions to its material resources and facilities for instruction. The collections in natural history have largely increased under the direction of Professor Oren Root. The most attractive addition in this department, is the Sartwell Herbarium, presented by Hamilton White, Esq., of Syracuse, and well known in scientific circles as a very extensive and valuable exhibition of our North American Flora. It contains eight thousand samples of plants, carefully cured, classified, and labelled by Dr. H. P. Sartwell, of Penn Yan, during fifty years of botanical study, research, and correspondence.

Twelve prize competitions have been endowed by as many individuals, mostly alumni of the college, and have proved highly useful as incentives to industry and thoroughness of intellectual attainment. These prize funds were given by the late Hon. Aaron Clark, of New York; Hon. John V. L. Pruyn, LL. D., of Albany; Horace D. Kellogg, Esq., of Bridgewater; the late Hon. George Underwood, of Auburn; Frank H. Head, Esq., of Kenosha, Wis.; and Martin Hawley, Esq., of Baltimore, Md.

The library of the college has been generously remembered. After the death of Dr. Edward Robinson, the disposition of his private library became a matter of inquiry and interest to many of his friends, who were aware of its great value and richness in apparatus for biblical study. They thought it becoming that the library should go where Dr. Robinson had graduated, where he had served as a tutor, and where he had laid the foundation of his eminence as a biblical scholar. This good thought was quickly translated into generous action, and the Robinson library was purchased, presented to the college, and removed to its permanent home in Clinton. It embraces twelve hundred rare books and maps, such as the biblical scholar delights to be surrounded with. Apart from practical uses, the associations of this unique collection give it an almost sacred character.

After the death of William Curtis Noyes, LL. D., in December, 1864, it was found that he had bequeathed to Hamilton College his large law library, valued at \$60,000, and containing nearly every work which a lawyer can appeal

to in the history or practice of his profession. In making this bequest, Mr. Noyes was influenced by a natural and commendable desire that his name should be honorably associated with a prominent institution in the county where he had spent his boyhood and won his first laurels. The possession of the Noyes library rounds out the plan for a course of legal study in Hamilton College, as it lay in the mind of William H. Maynard, when he endowed the chair of law, history, and political economy, to the end that the "graduates of Hamilton College might become more useful as citizens of this republic." In this connection it may be added that in the year 1860, Ellicott Evans, LL. D., a graduate of Harvard College, was elected to the Maynard professorship, as the successor of Professor T. W. Dwight, LL. D., who had resigned to accept a similar position in the Columbia College Law School.

The Fiftieth Commencement of Hamilton College was celebrated on the 16th of July, 1862, with an address of welcome by Hon. William J. Bacon, an historical discourse by President Fisher, and a Jubilee Poem by Professor A. C. Kendrick, which were preceded and followed by other literary and social festivities.

** In July, 1866, Dr. Fisher resigned the presidency of Hamilton College, and accepted a call to the pastorate of the Westminster Church in Utica. A year later, a worthy successor was installed in the person of Dr. Samuel Gilman Brown, July 17, 1867. His inaugural address was a powerful exposition of the "Real Aim and Purpose of the American College."

Dr. Brown was born in North Yarmouth, Me., in January, 1813. His father, the Rev. Dr. Francis Brown, was president of Dartmouth College, N. H., from 1815 to 1820. The son entered that college in 1827, and graduated in 1831. He studied theology where he completed his course in 1837. He then passed nearly two years in travelling in Europe, extending his tour to Greece, Egypt, and Palestine. While abroad, he was elected professor of oratory and belles-lettres in Dartmouth College, which office he held from 1840 to 1863, when he was transferred to the chair, which he occupied till 1867, of intellectual philosophy and political economy.

Dr. Brown is the author of numerous orations and addresses, review articles, lectures, &c., characterized by their philosophical tone and genuine literary spirit. In the notice of Dartmouth College, we have spoken of his commemorative discourses on Professors Haddock and Putnam. He has also published an interesting address, reviewing the history of the college, delivered before the society of the alumni, in 1855, and several other college addresses, including *The Studies of an Orator*; *A Eulogy on Henry Clay*; *The Spirit of a Scholar*; *The Functions and Privileges of a Scholar in the Crisis of the State*, before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Bowdoin College, in 1863. His review articles, contributed to the *Biblical Repository*, are: "Dr. Chalmers as a Preacher" (1837); "Ancient and Modern Greece" (1842); "John Wesley" (1843); and in the *Bibliotheca Sacra*, "The Ottoman Empire" (1859). He has written for the *North*

American Review, on "Dante" (1846); "Bartlett's Dictionary of Americanisms" (1849); "Winckelman's Ancient Art" (1850); "Dana's Poems and Prose Writings" (1851); "Ruskin's Seven Lamps of Architecture" (1851); "De Quincey's Works" (1852); "Dr. Chalmers's Life" (1852); "Travellers in France" (1853); "Life and Writings of B. B. Edwards" (1853); "Life and Writings of Fisher Ames" (1855); "Sir Walter Scott" (1858).

President Brown is also the author of a volume of *Biography of Self-Taught Men*, published in Boston, in 1847; and of an elaborate *Memoir of the Life of Rufus Choate*, prefixed to the standard edition of his works, also edited by him, published by Messrs. Little & Brown, in 1862.

In addition to these publications, President Brown has written several Courses of Lectures, which are unpublished. One of these embraces "The Earlier English Literature;" another, on "British Orators," was delivered before the Lowell Institute, in Boston, in 1859, and has been repeated in New York and elsewhere.

He was called to be the orator on the occasion of the Dartmouth Centennial, and his able discourse was published in 1870, entitled: *An Historical Discourse delivered before the Alumni of Dartmouth College, July 21, 1869, One Hundred Years after the Founding of that Institution.*

The style of these various productions is full and equable. They are marked by a close analysis, an air of literary refinement, are candid and comprehensive, and are illustrated by the reading of a scholar and gentleman.

Since the accession of President Brown, various changes have occurred in the board of instruction. Rev. William N. McHarg resigned the Latin professorship in 1869. His successor was Prof. Abel G. Hopkins, on the Benjamin-and-Bates foundation. In the same year, Prof. Charles Avery tendered his resignation, after serving the college thirty-five years in the chair of Chemistry and Natural Philosophy. He was released from active duty, but was retained as an honorary member of the Faculty, with the title of Professor Emeritus. In 1868 Prof. Edward W. Root was elected to the chair of Agricultural Chemistry, on the Childs' foundation. His lamented death, two years later, was followed by the election of Prof. Albert H. Chester.

Dr. A. J. Upson in 1870, after a service of twenty-one years, resigned the Kingsley professorship of Logic, Rhetoric, and Elocution. His successor, Prof. Samuel D. Wilcox, retired at the end of two years, owing to ill health. The present incumbent, Prof. Henry A. Frink, was elected in June, 1872.

After the resignation of Dr. Avery, his department was divided, and Prof. Chester Huntington was elected to the chair of Natural Philosophy. In 1871 Dr. John W. Mears of Philadelphia, the late efficient editor of *The American Presbyterian*, was elected Albert Barnes Professor of Intellectual and Moral Philosophy.

In October, 1872, James Knox, LL. D., while a sojourner in Berlin, Germany, presented Hamilton College with \$10,000, for the improvement and permanent endowment of its Hall of Nat-

ural History. A part of this fund will be used for the preservation and enlargement of the collections in Natural History, which, under the fostering care of Prof. Root, have grown to be very valuable.

THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA.*

THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA is situated in the County of Albemarle, Virginia, about one mile and a half west of the village of Charlottesville, and four miles in nearly the same direction from Monticello, which was the residence, and contains the tomb of Thomas Jefferson. It is built on moderately elevated ground, and forms a striking feature in a beautiful landscape. On the south-west it is shut in by little mountains, beyond which, a few miles distant, rise the broken and occasionally steep and rugged, but not elevated ridges, the characteristic feature of which is expressed by their name of Ragged Mountains. To the north-west the Blue Ridge, some twenty miles off, presents its deep-colored outline, stretching to the north-east, and looking down upon the mountain-like hills that here and there rise from the plain without its eastern base. To the east the eye rests upon the low range of mountains that bounds the view as far as the vision can extend north-eastward and south-westward along its slopes, except where it is interrupted directly to the east by a hilly but fertile plain through which the Rivanna, with its discolored stream, flows by the base of Monticello. To the south the view reaches far away until the horizon meets the plain, embracing a region lying between mountains on either hand, and covered with forests interspersed with spots of cultivated land.

This University is a State institution, endowed, and built, and under the control of the state. It owes its origin, its organization, and the plan of its buildings to Mr. Jefferson, who made it the care of his last years to bring it into being, and counted it among his chief claims to the memory of posterity that he was its founder.*

The Act of Assembly establishing the University of Virginia and incorporating the Rector and Board of Visitors, is dated January 25, 1819; and the University was opened for the admission of students March 25, 1825.

It is under the government of the Rector and Board of Visitors, by whom are enacted its laws, and to whom is committed the control of its finances, the appointment and removal of its officers, and the general supervision of its interests. The Visitors, seven in number at first, but afterwards increased to nine, are appointed every fourth year by the governor of the state, and the Rector is chosen by the Visitors from among their own number. The first Rector was Mr. Jefferson, followed in succession by Mr. Madison, Chapman Johnson, Esq., and Joseph C. Cabell, Esq.

* We have pleasure in presenting this view, from the competent pen of the former chairman of the Faculty, Dr. Gessner Harrison, of an institution the peculiar organization of which has been little understood.

* Among Mr. Jefferson's papers was found, after his death, the following epitaph:—

HERE LIES BURIED

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

AUTHOR OF THE DECLARATION OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE,
OF THE STATUTE OF VIRGINIA FOR RELIGIOUS FREEDOM,
AND FATHER OF THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA.

See Tucker's *Life of Jefferson*, ii. 497.



The University of Virginia.

The University of Virginia comprises nine schools, viz. I. Ancient Languages, in which are taught the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew languages, with ancient history and literature. II. Modern Languages, in which are taught the French, Italian, Spanish, and German languages, and the Anglo-Saxon form of the English language, with modern history and literature. III. Mathematics, comprising pure and mixed Mathematics. IV. Natural Philosophy, comprising, besides the usual subjects, Mineralogy and Geology. V. Chemistry and Pharmacy. VI. Medicine, comprising Medical Jurisprudence, Obstetrics, and the Principles and Practice of Medicine. VII. Comparative Anatomy, Physiology, and Surgery. VIII. Moral Philosophy, comprising Rhetoric and Belles Lettres, Ethics, Mental Philosophy, and Political Economy. IX. Law, comprising also Government and International Law.

To each school is assigned one professor, except the school of Law, which has two. In the school of Ancient Languages, the professor is aided by two assistant instructors, and in Modern Languages and Mathematics by one each. In the Medical department there is a lecturer on Anatomy and Materia Medica, and a demonstrator of Anatomy.

The administration of the laws of the University, and their interpretation, is committed to the Faculty, consisting of the professors of the several schools and the chairman of the Faculty. The professors are appointed by the Board of Visitors. The chairman, who has little power beyond the general supervision of the execution of the laws, none over the schools, is chosen annually by the Board of Visitors from among the members of the Faculty, and receives as such a salary of five hundred dollars. The professors are responsible to the Board of Visitors alone for the proper discharge of their duties, and have intrusted to them, each in his own school, the conduct of its studies, subject only to the laws prescribing the subjects to be taught, the hours of lecture, and the method of instruction generally by lectures, examinations, and exercises, according to the nature of the subject.

The income of the University is derived chiefly from an annuity from the state of fifteen thousand dollars, subject of late years to a charge of about four thousand five hundred dollars for the benefit of thirty-two state students, who receive gratuitous instruction, together with board and room rent free; from rents of dormitories and hotels; from matriculation fees; and from surplus fees of tuition in the several schools, accruing to the University after the professor shall have received a maximum of two thousand dollars.

Each professor is paid a fixed salary of one thousand dollars a year, and receives the tuition fees paid by students for attending his lectures up to the maximum of two thousand dollars. Any excess of fees above this sum is paid into the treasury of the University. The fee paid by students for tuition is ordinarily twenty-five dollars to each professor attended. This mode of compensation, making the income of the professor to depend so largely upon tuition fees, was designed to act as an incentive to activity and faithfulness on the part of the professor, his own and the prosperity of the school being identified in the matter of emolument as well as of reputation. The maximum limit of income from fees received by the professor is a thing of late adoption, introduced since the number of students attending some of the schools has become very large. It remains to be seen whether this invasion of the principle is the wisest mode of disposing of the question of excessive fees; especially when no provision is made for a minimum income, and none, for the most part, for excess of labor from large numbers frequenting a school.

The method of instruction is by lectures and examinations, with the use of text-books selected by the professor. The professor is expected, so far as the nature of the subject allows it, to deliver lectures on the subjects of instruction, setting forth and explaining the doctrines to be taught, so that by the help of the lectures and of the text-book, the student may not only have the opportunity of understanding these doctrines but of having them more vividly impressed on his attention

and memory. The examination of the class at each meeting upon the preceding lecture, embraces both the text and the teaching of the professor, and is aimed at once to secure the student's attention to both, and to afford the advantage of a review, and, when needed, of a further clearing up of the subject.

For the purpose of accommodating the lectures to the wants and previous attainments of the students, and of giving a larger course of instruction, most of the schools are divided into classes called junior and senior. In the school of Mathematics there is also an intermediate class, and a class of mixed Mathematics. In the school of Law also there is an intermediate class. The lectures to each class occupy an entire session of nine months. A student is generally allowed, except in law, to attend, without additional fee, all the classes in a school the same session, so as to receive instruction, if he choose and be able, in the whole course in one year.

Two public examinations of all the members of each school are held every session, one about its middle, the other at its close. These examinations are conducted chiefly in writing. A set of questions, with numerical values attached, is proposed to the whole class, and its members are distributed into four divisions, according to the value of their answers. To insure fairness at these examinations, every student is required to attach to his answers a declaration in writing, that he has neither given nor received aid during the examination. This same certificate is attached also to all examination papers written for degrees.

Students are admitted at and above the age of sixteen, and are free to attend the schools of their choice; but they are ordinarily required to attend three schools.

The session is of nine months' duration continuously, and without any holidays except Christmas-day. Lectures are delivered during six days of the week, and a weekly report is made to the chairman of the Faculty by each professor of the subjects of the lectures and examinations in his school, and of the time occupied in each.

Degrees are conferred in each of the schools of the University upon those students who give evidence of having a competent knowledge of the subjects taught in the school. Certificates of proficiency also are bestowed for like knowledge of certain subjects that may be attended separately, as Medical Jurisprudence, Mineralogy, Geology, &c. Examinations are held with a view to these honors towards the end of each session, and are conducted mostly in writing. The extent and difficulty of these examinations, and the strictness used in judging of the value of the answers, secure a standard of attainment much higher than usual, and render the degrees in individual schools objects of ambition to all, and strong incentives to diligence and accuracy in study. A register of each student's answers at the daily examinations, and of his written exercises, is kept by the professor; and, in deciding on his fitness to receive a degree, regard is had to his average standing in his class. The time of his residence as a student is not counted among his qualifications for this distinction. He may obtain a degree, whenever he shall have proved that he is worthy of it by standing satisfactorily the examinations proposed as a test equally for all.

Besides the degrees conferred in individual schools, and certificates of proficiency in certain subjects, the degree of Bachelor of Arts is bestowed on such students as have obtained degrees in any two of the literary schools (viz. Ancient Languages, Modern Languages, and Moral Philosophy), and in any two of the scientific schools (viz. Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, and Chemistry); besides giving evidence of a certain proficiency in the remaining two academical schools, and furnishing an essay or oration to be approved by the Faculty.

The degree of Master of Arts is conferred upon such students as have obtained degrees in all the six academical schools, besides furnishing an essay or oration to be approved by the Faculty, and standing a satisfactory examination in review on all the studies of the course, except those in which he has been admitted to degrees in the current session.

No honorary degrees are conferred by this University.

The University of Virginia has been in operation thirty years, and although it has had to contend with some prejudices, has had a good degree of success, as well in regard to the numbers frequenting it as to the character for scholarship accorded to its alumni. The number of matriculates entered for the session of 1854-5 was five hundred and fourteen; of these three hundred and twenty were exclusively academical, one hundred and fifty-six exclusively professional, and thirty-eight partly academical and partly professional.

The University of Virginia has introduced into its constitution and into its practical working some marked peculiarities; and as its apparent success has called attention to these, it may be well to notice some of them briefly, and to state summarily the chief grounds upon which they are approved and justified.

1. The first and most striking peculiarity is the allowing every student to attend the schools or studies of his choice, only requiring ordinarily that he shall attend three; the conferring degrees in individual schools; the suffering candidates to stand the examinations held for degrees without regard to the time of residence; and the bestowing no degrees as honorary distinctions, but only upon adequate proof made by strict examination, that they are deserved.

This at once sets aside the usual college curriculum, with the attendant division into Freshmen, Sophomore, &c., classes, and, in the opinion of some, is followed as a necessary consequence by the loss to the student of a regular and complete course of study and of mental discipline, which they assume to be given by the usual plan of our colleges. It is taken for granted by such that the student, being free to choose, will attend such studies alone as may suit his spirit of self-indulgence, avoiding those which are difficult; and that the voluntary system does not admit of a regular course. It is said in answer, that the records of the University of Virginia show that the fact contradicts the assumption that the more difficult studies will be avoided, the schools of Ancient Languages and of Mathematics, for example, having always had a fair proportion of students. And that, although no student is compelled by law to follow a certain defined course, yet in practice, and by the influences of causes easily seen, a very

large proportion do pursue a regular course; and that the University of Virginia holds out inducements to accomplish a complete course by establishing for its higher degrees a standard which makes them objects of very great desire. Further, as to the matter of a complete course of study and of mental discipline, it is said that it is too much to assume that the best way of securing these is by the usual college curriculum and the division into freshmen, &c., classes, this being the very question in issue, and the system of independent schools and free choice of studies having been adopted with the very view of giving what the common plan does not; that the alleged evil effects of the voluntary system do not and ought not to follow; and that, on the contrary, it has decided advantages.

It is not pretended that every one entering the University of Virginia obtains a complete education. For some it is not necessary, however desirable, that they should become conversant with all the branches of a liberal education. And yet it is of great advantage to them and to society if they can be well trained in even a few departments of knowledge—those most suited to their wants or to their tastes. They should not be excluded from partial benefits of education because they cannot derive the highest.

And then, if an examination be made of the names of those who, in our Colleges and Universities generally, enter the Freshman or Sophomore classes, and of those who graduate, or pass through the senior class, it will be found that but few of the former are found among the latter, not more than about a fourth. And this, though it results inevitably from the very practice of admitting to degrees by classes, that of those who obtain the degree, much too large a proportion have really very moderate attainments, and could not possibly stand a strict examination on the whole or any considerable part of the course. So in the University of Virginia, a very small proportion obtain the highest degree, or fully accomplish the regular academic course, and beyond comparison a smaller proportion than on the usually adopted plan; and this because the standard is purposely made high. Admitting that this very small number is properly educated, the question to be answered is, Whether it be true, as alleged by some, that all those who come short of this complete course fail of obtaining an amount of knowledge, and especially a mental discipline, equal to that supplied by the common course?

To reach a satisfactory answer to this question it is to be observed, say the advocates of the voluntary system, first, that for the practical purposes of life, and for a right mental discipline, a small field of knowledge, thoroughly cultivated with a hearty energy, and by methods which set the student to thinking and inquiring for himself, is of incomparably more value than a large field cultivated in a negligent and superficial way. A man may study many things and have little sound knowledge and less vigorous training of the mind. A man may so learn a few things as to be able to direct his faculties with their utmost power to the accomplishment of any task.

Secondly, That to secure this energetic, self-propelling activity of the student, which is indispensably necessary to the best discipline of

mind, and to the acquisition of habits of thorough and accurate investigation, two things mainly contribute. First, the waking up to an earnest spirit of inquiry and of thoroughness of investigation on the part of the student, by exciting and keeping erect his attention, and variously subjecting his powers to the proof by the lectures and by searching oral examinations; and, secondly, a high standard of examinations for honors, these being bestowed only upon satisfactory evidence of good attainments and capacity. Without the former condition the latter would be impossible; without the latter the former would be insufficient.

Thirdly, That the voluntary system offers peculiar advantages for fulfilling these conditions, which, however able the professors, the common system does not. The several schools being wholly independent, the standard of examinations for degrees may be placed as high as the means and mode of instruction, and what is fairly demanded by the true interest of the student, may allow. A person standing his examination for a degree in Latin and Greek will not be passed, though undeserving, for fear he may not secure his degree in the Mathematics, and so on. The honor being conferred upon reaching a comparatively high standard, and without the question of giving or refusing it being complicated by a regard to the regular progression of classes, it is comparatively easy to maintain the standard. It is one thing for a student to fail and be rejected upon the studies of a single school, the effect ceasing here, and quite another to be cast down in all his classes for failure on one study, with the result of postponing the period of his graduation for a whole year. But the common system allows no good alternative. No College, upon this system, can refuse to pass men who ought to be rejected; for then it consents, under multiplied difficulties, to reduce the ranks of the senior class to something like the proportion of those who obtain the Master's degree under the system adopted at the University of Virginia.

To answer, then, the question above proposed, it is alleged by its friends, that in the system adopted at the University of Virginia, the conditions for obtaining a good mental discipline and accurate knowledge are in some good degree, although imperfectly, fulfilled by the means of lectures, rigid examinations conducted chiefly in writing where degrees are concerned, and a comparatively high standard in conferring degrees. That, putting out of view the idle and those wanting capacity, and those who attend a single course of lectures, there remains a class of students, considerable in number, and respectable for talent and industry, who from lack of time and means, or for other cause, succeed in accomplishing only a partial course, obtaining degrees in some two or three schools, and attending lectures profitably in some one or two more in which they do not stand for degrees. And thus the number that go through such a course of study as, with the mode of instruction employed, involves a useful extent of knowledge and a sound discipline of mind, would seem to be in fair proportion to those who succeed in completing the usual College curriculum.

Again, there is a considerable class of students who aim at completing the entire course of lite-

rary and scientific studies, according to the scheme of the University of Virginia, but fail of entire success. But it does not follow, because they fail of obtaining the highest degree under a system with a higher standard for degrees, that they do not obtain as much of knowledge and of sound mental discipline as the same persons would have done if they had succeeded under a system with a lower standard. Under the one system they fail because the standard is high, under the other they would succeed because the standard is low. This on the supposition that the grade of instruction is the same. But it may be assumed that where the standard of examinations for degrees is higher, the grade of instruction also will be higher, and the training more vigorous. There must be some just relation between the teaching and the requirements for degrees. And so it may very well occur that a man shall be a better trained scholar failing under the one system than succeeding under the other.

The advocates of the system introduced at the University of Virginia not only deny that it is followed by the evil effects alleged, but urge, on the other hand, that it avoids, as it was designed to avoid, the obvious and acknowledged evils inherent in the usual course adopted of conferring degrees upon those who complete the curriculum, well nigh as a matter of course, and with but slight examination. They allege that when the standard is reasonably high, and maintained by rigid examinations, without regard to the time of residence, only a few, and those the most diligent and capable, can measure up to it. That to accommodate the standard to the measure of the whole, or nearly the whole of a class, it must be made much too low. That by admitting to the higher degrees those alone who can stand rigid examinations, and show good ability and accurate attainments, real value is given to the degrees, and the best exertions secured of those who seek them. That the use of lectures and oral examinations, in the ordinary course of instruction, affords a better means of disciplining the mind, of begetting habits of active and sustained attention, as well as of thorough investigation. That, as a result, there is obtained, under this system, a better training and a more thorough knowledge on the part of many who fail of success, than the other system ordinarily secures to those who succeed. And that the fact that only a very few obtain the Master's degree at the University of Virginia—some seven in the session of 1854-5 out of 350 exclusively academical students—only shows the extent and rigor of the examinations for this degree, there required by law and enforced in practice.

2. A second peculiarity of the University of Virginia is found in its method of instruction, more especially in the freer use of lectures, followed by oral examinations. Text-books are by no means discarded; but the professor is expected to go before and set in order the truths to be taught, marking their relations, stating their grounds, enlarging upon, explaining, confirming, correcting, and supplementing the text, as the case may require. Every lecture is preceded by an oral examination of the class on the preceding lecture and the corresponding text. And this examination is on the subject itself, whether dis-

cussed in the lecture or the text-book, and is conducted with reference to what ought to be held in regard to it, and not simply to what may have been said about it either in the lecture or in the text-book. This method, it is affirmed, is attended by two most beneficial results. First, it stimulates the professor to greater efforts to make himself wholly master of his subject, and to be qualified to view it on every side. It can hardly do less, seeing he is conscious that it is expected of him to exhibit himself as capable of presenting the doctrines belonging to his subject with clearness and force, and not merely of propounding questions on a text-book. He must needs give himself to his work with zeal and assiduity if he would meet the responsibility which his position imposes, or gain the reputation which it places within his reach. Secondly, it excites and maintains the interest and attention of the student a hundred fold. He not only shares the interest of the lecturer, which is one advantage of oral discourse, but finds it a necessity from which he cannot escape, if he would acquit himself well at the examination to follow, as his own self-respect and a regard for the good opinion of his teacher and fellows oblige him to wish to do, that he should give earnest heed to the words of the professor. Above all he learns to enter, with the professor for his guide, upon the serious and earnest investigation of the subject in hand in all its relations, if not from the simple love of truth, yet still because he knows that he may be required to render answers not furnished by the text, nor yet perhaps directly by the lecture, but involved in the principles set forth in either. Thus he is aroused to a spirit of active and manly inquiry, is kept awake to all that he hears and reads, and is led to consider the proper knowledge of a subject to be bounded, not by the partial, perhaps false teachings of a text-book, but by the limits of the true and real. Under the strong impulse of such a spirit, and of the ambition to meet the demands of a standard of examinations for degrees which more fail than succeed in reaching, it is no wonder that he works, and works with an energy, with a sharpness of attention, and with a perseverance of industry, which bring a double reward in stores of solid knowledge and in invaluable habits of mind.

3. A third peculiarity of the University of Virginia is the system of written examinations for honors. This is claimed to have the advantage of securing greater accuracy and fairness, and is regarded as indispensable for maintaining a high standard for degrees. It was introduced by the first professors from the practice of Cambridge University, England; and when supplemented by some oral examination, as the subject may demand, seems liable only to the objection of its great laboriousness to both student and professor.

In a word, whatever success the University of Virginia has had in giving intellectual culture, whether in the academical or professional departments, is mainly referred by its friends to the laborious industry and zeal in the immediate work of the lecture-room, displayed by professors and students alike. These, again, are very largely owing to the use of lectures, and of strict oral and written examinations, both having reference to a

reasonably high standard for degrees. And for the introduction of these, the independent position of the several schools, and the free choice of studies, if not absolutely necessary, as they can hardly be said to be, are at least most favorable.

4. A fourth peculiarity is the absence of sectarian influence and control in the University. Much prejudice did arise on this point. Although the importance of man's religious duties was acknowledged in a report of the Rector and Board of Visitors, written by Mr. Jefferson, and although the invitation was given by the Board to the various religious denominations in the state, to establish schools of theology on the grounds of the University, yet because, in the anxiety to shut out the control of any particular sect, no provision was made for religious instruction by the University itself, very many believed that it was designed altogether to exclude religious influence from the institution. A plan, however, was adopted early in the history of the University, whereby the services of religion are regularly performed in a chapel furnished by the Board of Visitors, yet without invading the principle of religious equality. By this plan it was provided that a Chaplain should be appointed by the Faculty every year, from the prevailing religious denominations of the state, taken in rotation. Subsequently the appointment was made for two years. The salary of the Chaplain is provided by the voluntary contributions of the professors, students, and other residents. He holds divine service twice every Sabbath, and daily morning prayers in the chapel. These services all the students are invited to attend; but they are not compelled to be present. As many as attend deport themselves with invariable order and reverence. Besides these services, the students have their own public prayer-meeting, and a society for missionary inquiry, and conduct the Sunday school connected with the chapel, and others in the neighborhood. Nowhere, it is said, is more respect paid to the solemn services of the Christian religion, and in no community is more effectually extinguished the spirit of sectarian bigotry.

5. A fifth peculiarity relates to the discipline. Only one point can be noticed, namely the permitting of students to answer or not, as they may choose, in their own case; or the not compelling them to testify against themselves or against each other; and, generally, the assuming that they are incapable of falsehood, and treating them accordingly. The result is, that, as a rule, hardly admitting an exception, no student can venture to speak falsely. He may decline to answer, when charged with an offence against the laws, although he very rarely does; but if he answer, the public sentiment, if not his own sense of moral obligation, will oblige him to speak truly.

For carrying into execution the plan of a University which he had projected, Mr. Jefferson considered it wisest to rely upon men as little as possible wedded to the prevalent system, and not likely to be cramped by its routine. A reform in regard to the extent as well as the mode of instruction, could be had only by seeking men of marked ability in their several departments, and who had either enjoyed the advantages of the

foreign universities of most repute, or won distinction by their talent and attainments. To this view was owing the selection from abroad of a majority of the original corps of professors. This policy, naturally enough, excited some prejudice; and although justified by the necessities of the case, as far at least as a reform in the course of instruction was concerned, was attended by its own difficulties touching the important point of discipline. It was not intended to be continued beyond the present exigency, and has not, in fact, been followed in the subsequent appointments to chairs in the University, although it is admitted to be consistent with the interests of the institution to employ the best talents and attainments, wherever found conjoined with the other necessary qualifications. Of the eight original professors, five were from abroad, one from New York, and two from Virginia.

The first professor of the school of Ancient Languages was Mr. George Long, of England, a Master of Arts and Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. A man of marked ability and attainments, thoroughly trained in the system of his college, having a mind far more than most men's scrupulously demanding accuracy in the results of inquiry, and scouting mere pretension, he aimed and was fitted to introduce something better than what then passed current as classical learning. Although he had as yet little knowledge of comparative philology, and could hardly be said to have cultivated the science of language with the enlarged spirit of philosophy which pervades his writings; his uncompromising exactness, and his masterly knowledge of his subject, inspired his pupils with the highest conceptions of a true scholarship. After three years' service he resigned, in order to accept the professorship of Greek in the London University. His contributions to philology, Roman law, criticism, biography, &c., have been large and valuable.

He was succeeded by the second incumbent of the chair, Gessner Harrison, M.D., one of his pupils, who has published an "Exposition of some of the Laws of the Latin Language."

The first professor of the School of Modern Languages was George Blaettermann, LL.D., a German, at the time of his appointment residing in London, and who came recommended for his extensive knowledge of modern languages, and for his ability. He occupied the chair until 1840, and gave proof of extensive acquirements, and of a mind of uncommon natural vigor and penetration. In connexion more especially with the lessons on German and Anglo-Saxon, he gave to his students much that was interesting and valuable in comparative philology also, a subject in which he found peculiar pleasure. His successors have been Charles Kraitsir, M.D., who has published some curious and learned works on philology, and M. Schele de Vere, LL.D., the author of a work on Comparative Philology; a Spanish Grammar and Exercises; *Stray Leaves from the Book of Nature*, 1856; *Studies in English, or A Glance at the Inner Life of Our Language*, 1867; *Americanisms, or The English of the New World*, 1871; *The Romance of American History*, 1872; and *Modern Magic*, 1873. He has also edited several volumes of the "Illustrated Library of Wonders."

The first professor of Mathematics was Mr. Thomas Hewett Key, of England, a Master of Arts of Trinity College, Cambridge. Besides his ability as a mathematician, he had the advantage of good classical and general attainments; and by his earnest manner, his clearness of illustration, and his rare power of anticipating and removing the learner's difficulties, succeeded to a remarkable degree in gaining the attention and exciting the interest of his hearers. He resigned at the same time with Mr. Long, in order to accept the professorship of Latin in the London University, and has since gained distinction by his labors as a philologist.

He was succeeded by Mr. Charles Bonnycastle, of England, who, upon Mr. Key's resignation, was transferred from the chair of Natural Philosophy to that of Mathematics, which he continued to fill until his death in 1841. He was educated at the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich, of which his father was a professor, and was distinguished by the force and originality of his mind, no less than by his profound knowledge of mathematics. His fine taste, cultivated by much reading, his general knowledge, and his abundant store of anecdote, made him a most agreeable and instructive companion to all; and this, though his really kind feelings were partly hidden by a cold exterior. His only published work bore the title of *Inductive Geometry*, and this did not meet with success. Among his pupils, he left behind him a reputation for ability as high as it was universal.

His successor, Mr. Sylvester, of England also, who remained only part of one year, was followed by Mr. Edward H. Courtenay, LL.D., a native of Maryland, a graduate at West Point, and who had held a professorship in West Point Military Academy, and again in the University of Pennsylvania. He discharged the duties of the chair with eminent ability and faithfulness until his death in 1853. He left behind him a work on the *Differential and Integral Calculus*, which was subsequently published, and adopted as a textbook in the University of Virginia. Mr. Courtenay's clear and sagacious mind, his large and thorough knowledge of his subject, and clearness in communicating it, his laborious devotion to his duties, and not less his unswerving integrity, his retiring modesty, and his amiable condescension, won for him the unbounded confidence and regard of his colleagues and of his pupils.

The chair was filled in 1855 by Albert B. Leeds, a graduate of West Point, formerly a professor in the University of Mississippi, and the author of a work on the *Will*, and of one entitled *A Theodicy*.

Upon the transfer of Mr. Charles Bonnycastle from the chair of Natural Philosophy to that of Mathematics, he was succeeded by Robert M. Patterson, M.D., of Philadelphia, formerly a professor in the University of Pennsylvania, and subsequently director of the U. S. Mint. He filled the chair of Natural Philosophy for several years, and had the reputation of a clear, elegant, and able lecturer, while his refined manners, cultivated tastes, and amiable disposition, won for him the warm regard of all that had the pleasure of knowing him.

He was succeeded by Mr. William B. Rogers,

LL.D., who filled the chair until 1853; a gentleman deservedly eminent for his ability, varied learning and science, for his eloquence as a lecturer, and for his contributions to his favorite science of Geology. He resigned in 1853; and was succeeded by the present incumbent, Mr. Francis H. Smith, A.M., a Virginian, and an alumnus of the University.

The first professor of Chemistry was John P. Emmet, M.D., who was educated at the West Point Military Academy, and took his degree in medicine in the College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York city. He was born in Dublin, Ireland, and was the son of Thomas Addis Emmet, Esq. His striking native genius, his varied science, his brilliant wit, his eloquence, his cultivated and refined taste for art, his modesty, his warm-hearted and cheerful social virtues, won for him the admiration and lasting regard of his colleagues and of his pupils. He occupied the chair of Chemistry and *Materia Medica* until sickness and death closed prematurely, in 1842, a career not less useful than honorable.

He was succeeded by Robert E. Rogers, M.D., of Philadelphia, now professor of chemistry in the University of Pennsylvania, and by J. Lawrence Smith, M.D., of South Carolina, now professor in the Medical School at Louisville, Kentucky. The next incumbent of the chair was Socrates Maupin, M. D., of Virginia, formerly a professor in Hampden Sydney College, Virginia, and in Richmond Medical College, and an alumnus of the University of Virginia. He died in 1871.

The first professor of Medicine was Robley Dunglison, M.D., of England, who as a writer, and by his learning in his profession and generally, as well as by his ability, was pointed out as well fitted to take charge of this school, when it was designed rather to afford the opportunity of cultivation in medical science to the general student than to give a preparation for the practice of the profession. After eight years he resigned, and has gained a wide celebrity by his distinguished ability as a lecturer, and by his varied and valuable contributions to medical literature. He died in 1869.

His successors have been A. T. Magill, M. D., of Virginia, Robert E. Griffith, M. D., of Philadelphia, and a later incumbent, Henry Howard, M.D., of Maryland, formerly a professor in the medical department of the University of Maryland, all men of learning and ability in their profession.

The chair of Anatomy, Physiology, and Surgery (now of Comparative Anatomy, etc.) has been added to the original schools of the university, and is now filled by James L. Cabell, M.D., a Virginian, and an alumnus of the university. He was preceded by Augustus L. Warner, M.D., of Maryland, afterwards a professor in the Richmond Medical College.

Special Anatomy and *Materia Medica* are taught by John S. Davis, M.D., an alumnus of the University.

The chair of Moral Philosophy was first filled by Mr. George Tucker, a native of Bermuda, but educated at William and Mary College, Virginia. He was for many years a member of the legal profession, and for some time a member of Congress from Virginia. Before receiving his ap-

pointment to the chair by Mr. Jefferson, he had published, among other writings, a volume of essays, characterized by the purity and elegance of style, and by the force and clearness of thought, which have marked all his writings. During his residence at the university he published the *Life of Jefferson*, an essay on *Money and Banks*, one on *Rents, Wages, and Profits*, and another on the *Progress of the United States in Population and Wealth during a Period of Fifty Years, as Exhibited by the Decennial Census*, besides contributing to the periodicals of the day, as he has done since his retirement, important articles on questions of political economy, etc. To moral philosophy and the other subjects originally assigned to the chair, he caused rhetoric, belles-lettres, and political economy to be added, and gave them their proper value in the course of study in the school. Bringing to the discharge of his duties a mind remarkable for clearness and accuracy, great industry and thoroughness of research, and an extensive knowledge of men, and of books in almost every department of learning, he allowed no topic to pass under review without investing it with the interest of original and searching investigation. Hence his pupils derived not only profit directly from his instructions, but an impulse in the direction of self-culture of the utmost value.

He was succeeded, upon his resignation in 1845, after a service of twenty years, by the present incumbent, the Rev. William H. McGuffey, D.D., LL.D., a native of Pennsylvania, but for many years a popular professor in different colleges of Ohio.

The first professor of Law, that entered upon the duties of the chair, was John Tayloe Lomax, Esq., of Virginia, who, after some five years, resigned the chair to accept the office of judge of the Circuit Court of Virginia. He is the author of works of much labor and value, entitled a *Digest of the Law of Real Property* and the *Law of Executors and Administrators*.

He was succeeded by John A. G. Davis, Esq., of Virginia, who met an untimely end by the hands of a murderer, in the person of a student, in the year 1840. He was the author of a work on the criminal law, and was distinguished alike by his legal attainments and ability as a lecturer and by his virtues as a man.

The chair of Law was next filled by Judge Henry St. George Tucker of Virginia, who had long occupied with distinguished ability the place of president of the Court of Appeals of the state, and was as remarkable for the elegant graces of his well stored mind as for his learning and acumen in his peculiar province of the law, and for the polish and charm of his life and manners. He was the author of two volumes of *Commentaries on the Laws of Virginia*, etc.

The present incumbents of the two chairs of Law, into which the original school has been divided, are John B. Minor, LL. D., and S. O. Southall, LL. D., both of Virginia, and both alumni of the university.

** The University of Virginia escaped material injury during the late contest, and with the return of peace has recovered most of its former prosperity. During the session of 1871-2, 365 students were in attendance in its various

schools, now nearly twenty in number. Its faculty consisted of fifteen professors, with the professorship of Natural History and Agriculture vacant, besides three instructors. Charles S. Venable, LL. D., professor of Mathematics, was chairman of the Faculty. Its library, originally selected and arranged by Mr. Jefferson, contained 35,000 volumes. A department of Scientific and Practical Agriculture was founded in 1869, by a bequest of \$100,000 from the late Samuel Miller, of Lynchburg. An Experimental Farm was secured, and several scholarships created as prizes for experimental investigations.

** FRANCIS SAMUEL DRAKE.

FRANCIS SAMUEL DRAKE is the eldest son of Samuel G. Drake, the historical writer and antiquarian. He was born at Northwood, New Hampshire, February 22, 1828. His education was received in the public schools of Boston, and at the bookstore of his father in that city. For some years, and until 1870, he was a bookseller and stationer at Leavenworth, Kansas. His leisure moments were occupied in collecting materials for an American biographical dictionary. He was engaged in that task for fifteen years. The completed work appeared in February, 1872, from the press of James R. Osgood & Co., and was entitled, *Dictionary of American Biography, including Men of the Time*. This royal octavo volume of 1020 pages contained nearly ten thousand notices of Americans, of both sexes, who have made their names known in art, science, literature, politics, or history. A thorough examination of its articles in relation to recent literature enables us to certify to its general accuracy and its comprehensiveness. Its style is clear, concise, and unassuming.

After a brief visit to Great Britain, France, Italy, Switzerland, Belgium and Holland, between the months of May and November, 1872, Mr. Drake began the preparation of two works which in the year following were issued from the press: one, a Memorial Volume for the Massachusetts Society of the Cincinnati, containing biographical sketches of its members; the other, a Life of Major General Henry Knox, from the original papers, containing some new historical matter about the men and events of the Revolution.

** SAMUEL ADAMS DRAKE,

A BROTHER of the preceding, was born at Boston, Massachusetts, December 20, 1833. He was educated at the public schools of his native city. In 1858 he removed to Kansas, as the telegraphic agent of the New York Associated Press. He was the regular Kansas correspondent of the *St. Louis Republican*, the *Louisville Journal*, and a newspaper of Memphis. For a short period, during the absence of the editor of the *Leavenworth Times*, he acted as editor of that journal.

On the organization of the militia of Kansas, at the outbreak of the rebellion, Mr. Drake was appointed inspector and adjutant general, with the rank of colonel, on the staff of the

Major General of the Northern Division. He served at various times with the militia on garrison and active duty within the State. He commanded the post of Paola, in southern Kansas, during the invasion of Missouri by Sterling Price, and took part in that campaign. At the close of the war, he had attained the military rank of brigadier-general.

In 1871 Mr. Drake returned to Massachusetts, and he now resides at Melrose. His *Old Landmarks and Historic Personages of Boston*, was published in 1872 (12mo., pp. 484, with illustrations). It has been characterized as one of the most entertaining books of the class to which it belongs, and has had a large sale.

TRINITY COLLEGE.

THE charter of Washington (now Trinity) College, in Connecticut, was obtained in 1823. It was given at the request of members of the Protestant Episcopal Church. At several intervals in the earlier history of the state, application had been made to the Legislature for a charter without success. It was requisite that thirty thousand dollars should be subscribed as an endowment. Fifty thousand were readily obtained, "by offering to the larger towns the privilege of fair and laudable competition for its location, when Hartford, never wanting in public spirit and generous outlays, gained the victory over her sister cities." The college buildings were commenced at Hartford in June, 1824, and recitations were held in the autumn of the same year. The first president of the institution was the Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Connecticut, Dr. Thomas C. Brownell, who held the station for seven years, till 1831. On his retirement he was succeeded by the Rev. Dr. N. S. Wheaton, who presided over its fortunes for five years, till 1837. The Hobart Professorship of Belles-Lettres and Oratory was endowed at this time in the sum of twenty thousand dollars, subscribed by members of the Episcopal Church in New York. In 1835 more than one hundred thousand dollars had been raised for this institution, ninety thousand of which had been given by individuals. The state made a grant of eleven thousand dollars. The next incumbent of the presidency was the Rev. Dr. Silas Totten (later professor of William and Mary), who at the time of his choice was professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in the college. His administration lasted twelve years, during which the endowment of the Seabury Professorship of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy was completed and Brownell Hall erected. In 1845 the title of the college was changed, by an act of the legislature, to Trinity College. In this period statutes were enacted by the trustees, modelled after a feature in the English universities, "committing the superintendence of the course of study and discipline to a Board of Fellows, and empowering specified members of the *Senatus Academicus*, as the House of Convocation, to assemble under their own rules, and to consult and advise for the interests and benefit of the college."* The object of this general external organization was to secure the co-operation and counsel of the alumni

of the institution, all of whom are members of the House of Convocation, which includes the president, fellows, and professors. The Board of Fellows is composed of leading men in the church specially interested in the welfare of the college. They are the official examiners, report on degrees, and propose amendments of the statutes to the trustees. There are also a chancellor and visitor, who superintend the religious interests: an office which has been thus far filled by the bishop of the diocese.

Dr. Totten, on his retirement, was succeeded in 1849 by the Rev. John Williams, a descendant of the family which gave the Rev. Elisha Williams as a president to Yale. Two years after Dr. Williams was elected assistant bishop of the diocese of Connecticut.

In 1854 the Rev. Dr. Daniel Rogers Goodwin, formerly professor of modern languages at Bowdoin, succeeded to the presidency.

Many eminent men have been connected with the institution as professors and lecturers. The Rev. Dr. S. F. Jarvis held a professorship of Oriental Literature; Horatio Potter, now bishop of the diocese of New York, of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy—a professorship held also by Mr. Charles Davies, author of the extensive series of mathematical text-books generally in use throughout the country. The Rev. Dr. Thomas W. Coit, the learned author of *Puritanism, or a Churchman's Defence against its Aspersions by an Appeal to its Own History*, has been professor of Ecclesiastical History; and the Hon. W. W. Ellsworth, professor of Law.*

**In 1860, Dr. Goodwin resigned the presidency to become provost of the University of Pennsylvania. He was succeeded by Samuel Eliot, LL.D., author of the *History of Liberty*. Four years later the latter was followed by Dr. John Barrett Kerfoot, who was consecrated Bishop of Pittsburgh in 1866. Rev. Abner Jackson, LL.D., was inaugurated president in June, 1867.

The trustees of Trinity College recently sold its present site of thirteen acres—originally in the country, but now within the limits of the city of Hartford—to the city authorities, for the erection of a State House. The price paid was six hundred thousand dollars in cash, with the privilege of continuing to occupy the main buildings for a term of five years. The trustees, who do not expect to build for several years, have several appropriate locations under consideration, and intend to purchase from forty-two to ninety-five acres. It is designed to place the new college buildings within an ornamental park; and President Jackson has lately devoted several months in Europe to the study of collegiate architecture, that the authorities may be aided in the erection of a group of buildings that shall, in convenience and beauty, be unsurpassed by other structures.

In all respects, Trinity College is flourishing.

* We are indebted for the materials of this notice of Trinity College to the excellent Historical Address pronounced before the House of Convocation of Trinity College, in Christ Church, Hartford, in 1851, by the Rev. E. E. Beardsley, rector of St. Thomas's Church, New Haven, and from time to time in the *Churchman's Almanac*.

* Beardsley's Historical Address, p. 17.

Its faculty* embraces a corps of fourteen professors and four lecturers. Its library contains about ten thousand volumes, and has for its steady increase the income from an aggregate fund of twenty-seven thousand dollars. A number of scholarships exist for the benefit of indigent students, besides numerous prizes open to general competition. The triennial catalogue of 1872 states the whole number who have received degrees at 967, of whom 758 are living. Its alumni reach 649, with 518 survivors, and 226 of its graduates have entered the ministry.

THE UNIVERSITY OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

This institution owes its origin to the exertions of a few gentlemen of the city of New York, among whom were the Rev. J. M. Mathews, afterwards Chancellor of the University, and the Rev. Jonathan M. Wainwright, of whom we have already spoken. A pamphlet was prepared after several conversational discussions of the plan, which was printed with the title, "Considerations upon the Expediency and the Means of Establishing a University in the City of New York." This was read at a meeting of the friends of education, held on the sixth of January, 1830, in the building since known as the New City Hall, and adopted as an expression of the views of the assembly. A charter of incorporation was obtained in 1831, by which the government of the University was confided to a Council of thirty-two members, chosen by the stockholders of the institution, with the addition of the Mayor and four members of the Common Council of the city.



The University of the City of New York.

The University commenced its instructions in October, 1832, with seven professors and forty-two students, in rooms hired for the purpose in Clinton Hall. The first class, consisting of three students, was graduated in 1833, and the first public commencement held in 1834 in the Middle Dutch Church in Nassau street.

Steps were immediately taken for the erection of a suitable edifice, and the edifice was commenced

in July, 1833, and so far completed as to be occupied in 1836. It was formally dedicated "to the purposes of Science, Literature, and Religion," on the twentieth of May, 1837. The building occupies the front of an entire block of ground, facing the Washington Parade Ground, and was the first introduction, on any considerable scale, of the English collegiate style of architecture. It contains, in addition to a large and elaborately decorated chapel, and spacious lecture halls, a number of apartments not at present required for the purposes of education, a portion of which are now occupied by the valuable library of the New York Historical Society and the American Geographical Society. The erection of this building, and the period of commercial depression which followed its commencement, weighed heavily on the fortunes of the young institution. By the devotion of its professors, however, who continued to occupy their respective chairs at reduced salaries, its instructions have been steadily maintained. Various appeals to the public for pecuniary aid have been liberally responded to, and by a vigorous effort on the part of the active Chancellor, the Rev. Isaac Ferris, the long pressing incubus of debt has been entirely removed.

The foundations of the institution were laid on a broad and liberal basis, contemplating instruction in every department of learning, with the exception of a school of theology, this omission being made to avoid any charge of sectarianism. A large number of professors were appointed, among whom the institution had the honor of numbering S. F. B. Morse, whose early experiments in the departments of science which have since given him a fame as enduring and extended as the elements he has subjected to the service of his fellow men, were made during his connexion with the University. The course of instruction has, however, thus far, with the exception of a Medical School, been confined to the usual undergraduate collegiate course.

The first Chancellor of the University was the Rev. JAMES M. MATHEWS, D.D., who, for many years preceding his appointment, had occupied a prominent position among the clergy of the Dutch Reformed Church in the city of New York. He rendered good service to the institution by his unwearied labors in the presentation of its claims to public attention, and bore his full share of the difficulties attending its early years. He was succeeded by the Hon. THEODORE FRELINGHUYSEN, late president of Rutgers College, in which connexion he has already been spoken of in these pages. After his removal from the University to Rutgers in 1850, the office he had filled remained vacant until 1853, when the highly efficient and respected incumbent, the Rev. ISAAC FERRIS, a clergyman of the Dutch Reformed Church, and at the head of the Rutgers Female Institute, was appointed.

In the list of the first professors we meet the names of the Rev. Charles P. McIlvaine, afterwards Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church of Ohio, Henry Vethake, and the Rev. Henry P. Tappan, both of whom have been at the head of important seats of learning, and the Rev. George Bush, all of whom have received notices at an earlier period of our work. With these were

* Dr. Jackson published in 1871 a Baccalaureate Sermon on The Holy Scriptures, the Teacher of Wisdom. Prof. John Brocklesby, J.L.D., is the author of Elements of Physical Geography, 1868, and Elements of Astronomy, revised edition, 1870. Prof. Thomas R. Pynchon, D.D., has issued An Introduction to Chemical Physics, 1872.

associated for a short time, the distinguished mathematician, David B. Douglas, LL.D., and Dr. John Torrey, one of the most eminent botanists of the country, and a leading member of the Lyceum of Natural History of New York, the American Association of Science, etc. Dr. Torrey died in New York city, March 10, 1873.

Lorenzo L. Da Ponte was at the same time appointed Professor of the Italian Language and Literature, and retained the office until his death in 1840. He was the son of Lorenzo Da Ponte, an Italian scholar, forced from his native country on account of his liberal political opinions, and author of an agreeable autobiography, *Memorie di Lorenzo Da Ponte Da Ceneda*, published in New York in three small volumes in 1823. Professor Da Ponte was a man of liberal culture and great amiability of character, and author of a history of Florence and of several elementary works of instruction on the Italian language.

In 1836, Isaac Nordheimer was appointed Professor of the Hebrew and German languages. He was a man of great learning, and author of a History of Florence and of a Hebrew Grammar, in use as a text-book in our theological Seminaries. He continued his connexion with the institution until his death in 1842.

The Rev. Cyrus Mason was appointed Professor of the Evidences of Christianity in 1836, and occupied a prominent position in the Faculty and business relations of the Institution until his retirement in 1850.

In 1838 Tayler Lewis was appointed Professor of the Greek Language and Literature, and the Rev. C. S. Henry of Moral Philosophy. The first of these gentlemen has already been noticed in relation to his present sphere of labor at Union College.

Caleb Sprague Henry was born at Rutland, Massachusetts, and graduated at Dartmouth College, in 1825. After a course of theological study at Andover, he was settled as a Congregational minister at Greenfield, Mass., and subsequently at Hartford, Conn., until 1835, when he took orders in the Protestant Episcopal Church. He was appointed in the same year Professor of Intellectual and Moral Philosophy in Bristol College, Pa., and remained in that Institution until 1837, when he removed to New York, and established the New York Review, the first number of which appeared in March, 1837. He conducted this periodical until 1840, when it passed into the hands of Dr. J. G. Cogswell, who had been associated in its conduct during the previous twelvemonth.

Professor Henry remained at the University until 1852. During this period, in addition to the active discharge of the duties of his chair, he published in 1845 an *Epitome of the History of Philosophy, being the work adopted by the University of France for instruction in the colleges and high schools. Translated from the French, with additions, and a continuation of the history from the time of Reid to the present day.**

The original portion of this work is equal in extent to one fourth of the whole, and con-

sists, on the plan of the previous portions, of concise biographies of the leading philosophical writers of modern Europe, with a brief exposition of their doctrines. Professor Henry has executed this difficult task with research and exactness. His work is a standard authority on the subject, and has received the commendation of Sir William Hamilton and other leading philosophers.

Professor Henry is also the author of *The Elements of Psychology*, a translation of Cousin's examination of Locke's Essay on the Understanding, with an introduction, notes, and appendix, published at Hartford in 1834, and New York in 1839; of a *Compendium of Christian Antiquities*,* and of a volume of *Moral and Philosophical Essays*.† He has also published a number of college addresses,‡ mostly devoted to the discussion of his favorite subject of university education. The style of these writings, like that of his instructions, is distinguished by energy, directness, and familiar illustration.

During the years 1847-1850 Dr. Henry officiated as rector of St. Clement's Church, New York. Since his retirement from the University, he has resided in the vicinity of the city, and has been a frequent contributor to the Church Review and other periodicals of the day.

In 1860, a work was published anonymously by the Messrs. Appleton, the authorship of which, after some little discussion of the subject in the newspapers, was admitted to rest with the Rev. Dr. Henry. It was a genial book of home humors and out-of-door opinions, *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*, much after the manner of Southey's "Doctor," and was entitled, *Doctor Oldham at Greystone's, and His Talk There*. The book was lively, impulsive, and amusing in its discussion of social and political topics of the day, and brought the public in a conversational relation with the author, previously shared only by his most intimate friends. The humors of Dr. Oldham are kindly, and his thoughts suggestive and profitable.

In 1861, this production was followed by a collection of the author's graver philosophical essays, in a volume bearing the title, *Considerations on Some of the Elements and Conditions of Social Welfare and Human Progress, being Academic and Occasional Discourses and other Pieces*. The topics treated of are the importance of elevating the intellectual spirit of the nation; the position and duties of the educated men of the country; the true idea of the university; the historical significance of the acquisition of California; the Providence of God; the genius of human history; Young America and the true idea of progress; the

* Phila. 1837.

† New York, 1839.

‡ Principles and Prospects of the Friends of Peace, a discourse delivered in Hartford in 1834.

The Advocate of Peace. A Quarterly Journal, vol. 1, 1834-5. Importance of Exalting the Intellectual Spirit of the Nation; and the Need of a Learned Class. 2d Edition. New York: 1787. Delivered before the Phi Sigma Nu Society of the University of Vermont, August, 1836.

Position and Duties of the Educated Men of the Country. New York: 1840.

The Gospel a Formal and Sacramental Religion. A Sermon. 2d Edition. New York: 1846.

The True Idea of the University, and its Relation to a Complete System of Public Instruction. New York: 1858.

destination of the human race; President-making, in three letters to the Hon. Josiah Quincy, and the relations of politics and the pulpit. The temper of this volume is conservative, but it is a conservatism free from pedantry, and allied with progress in the future, according to the Divine government of the world, which is constantly bringing order out of confusion, and leading the race onward to a higher destiny. In the letters on "President Making," Dr. Henry points out the frustration of the plan under the Constitution of choosing the President, by the substitution of the direct vote of the people in place of the unfettered selection of a proper person by the body of electors; exhibits some of the prominent evils of this departure, and suggests as a remedy a diminution of the Government patronage, and the choice of the President by lot from the list of senators of the United States, under the direction of the Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court and his associates. In the essay on "Politics and the Pulpit," he asserts the duty of the Christian ministry to instruct the people in those higher principles, and their application, which affect "the just exercise of their political rights." "It is infinitely important," he maintains, "that the sacred duties and the immense responsibilities inseparable from the possession of those rights, should be taught and practically enforced from the highest moral and Christian point of view," and the pulpit he finds the only adequate means of popular instruction in this light.

Dr. Henry is at present rector of an Episcopal congregation at Newburgh, on the Hudson. In 1868 he delivered an Address on *History and its Philosophy*, before the New York Historical Society, which was subsequently printed by the Society.

Benjamin F. Joslin, M.D., was appointed in 1838 Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy. He resigned his appointment in 1844. He is the author of several valuable papers on philosophical subjects, which have appeared in Silliman's Journal. He has also written frequently on medical topics, and is a prominent advocate of the system of Hahnemann.

In 1839 Dr. John W. Draper was appointed Professor of Chemistry. Dr. Draper is a native of England. He came to the United States in early life, and was graduated as a physician at the University of Pennsylvania in 1836. His inaugural thesis on that occasion was published by the Faculty of the institution, a distinction conferred in very few cases. Dr. Draper soon after became Professor in Hampden Sidney College, Virginia. He still remains connected with the University, and has contributed in an eminent degree to its honor and usefulness, by his distinguished scientific position, and the thoroughness of his instructions. Dr. Draper has devoted much attention to the study of the action of light, and was the inventor of the application of the daguerreotype process to the taking of portraits. He is the author of text-books on Chemistry and Natural Philosophy, of a large quarto work on the Influence of Light on the Growth and Development of Plants, of a large number of addresses delivered in the course of his academic

career, and of numerous articles on physiological, medical, optical, and chemical subjects, which have appeared in the medical journals of this country and in the London and Edinburgh Philosophical Magazine. These papers, it is estimated, would, if collected, fill an octavo volume of one thousand pages. Several have been translated in France, Germany, and Italy. He is entitled from these productions to high literary as well as scientific rank, from the purity of style which characterizes their composition, and the frequent passages of eloquence and of genuine humor to be found at no long intervals in their pages.

Dr. Draper has been a member of the Medical Faculty of the University since its formation, and was appointed by the unanimous voice of his associates president of that body in 1851.

Mr. Elias Loomis, the author of several important scientific text-books, was in 1844 appointed Professor of Mathematics.

Professor Loomis is a graduate of Yale College, and was appointed Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in the University in 1844, having previously filled the same professorship in Western Reserve College, Ohio. He is the author of several volumes and papers on mathematics and astronomy.*

In 1846 Mr. George J. Adler was appointed Professor of the German language. Professor Adler was born in Germany in 1821, came to the United States in 1833, and was graduated at the University in 1844. He is the author of a German Grammar published in 1846, a German Reader in 1847, and a German and English Dictionary, in a volume of large size, in 1848. He has since, in 1851, published an abridgment of this work, and in 1853, a *Manual of German Literature*, with elaborate critical prefaces on the authors from whom the specimens contained in the volume have been taken.

In 1850 Professor Adler published an able metrical translation of the Iphigenia of Goethe. He is also the author of several articles on German and classical literature in the Literary World.

Since the retirement of Professor Adler from the New York University, in 1854, he was actively engaged as a classical instructor and author till his death at the Bloomingdale Insane Asylum, N. J., August 24, 1868. In 1858, he published at Boston *A Practical Grammar of the Latin Language, with Perpetual Exercises in Speaking and Writing, for the use of Schools, Colleges, and Private Learners*. In this work, which was well received and passed to a second edition the following year, the author has applied the principles and method of his edition of Ollendorff's German Grammar to

* Elements of Algebra, 12mo., pp. 260. A Treatise on Algebra, 8vo., pp. 386. Elements of Geometry and Conic Sections, 8vo., pp. 226. Trigonometry and Tables, 8vo., pp. 344. Elements of Analytical Geometry, and of the Differential and Integral Calculus, 8vo., pp. 278. An Introduction to Practical Astronomy, with a Collection of Astronomical Tables, 8vo., pp. 497. Recent Progress of Astronomy, especially in the United States.—He has contributed to the Transactions of the American Philosophical Society, nine memoirs relating to Astronomy, Magnetism, and Meteorology; and to the American Journal of Science and Arts from twenty to thirty papers on various questions of science. The Proceedings of the American Association for the Advancement of Science also contain a number of his papers, and several have appeared in other periodicals.

instruction in the Latin tongue, by a progressive series of oral exercises, supplying an ample vocabulary, and educating the student at once in the speaking, writing, and construction of the language. With the advantages of the new method, the work combines instruction in the old analytical rules. In 1860, Professor Adler published in New York, by subscription, in an octavo volume, a translation from the French, *The History of Provençal Poetry, by C. C. Fauriel, late Member of the Institute of France*. This was prefaced by an original critical introduction, from the pen of Professor Adler, with the addition of various learned notes. It was an attractive subject to the editor, this study of mediæval romance, and he was happily enabled to pursue it to advantage, amid the recently acquired European stores of the Astor Library in New York. In 1861, Professor Adler published, in pamphlet form, *A Fragment of Text Notes on the Agamemnon of Æschylus*, and in 1862 delivered in New York a course of biographical and critical *Lectures on Roman Literature*, including a survey of the origin of the language, and a general review of the several departments of authorship. During the last few years, Professor Adler had, among other studies, devoted himself to a critical study of Goethe's life-long work, his great poem of *Faust*, investigating its literary history, and elucidating, particularly in the second part, its learned and philosophical difficulties. In 1864, he delivered a series of lectures on this subject in New York, which would form, if published, an interesting contribution to the already considerable stores of *Faust* literature. In 1866-8 he published two pamphlets: *Wilhelm von Humboldt's Linguistical Studies*, and *Poetry of the Arabs of Spain: A Lecture*.

In 1852 Mr. Howard Crosby was appointed Professor of Greek. Mr. Crosby was born in the city of New York and was graduated at the University in 1844. Visiting Europe a few years after, he made an extensive tour in the Levant, the results of which were given to the public in a pleasant and scholarly volume, in 1851.* In the following year he published an edition of the *Œdipus Tyrannus* of Sophocles.

Dr. Ferris, the late Chancellor, had the pleasure of making the last payment on the debt of this institution, which amounted to seventy thousand two hundred and fifty dollars, on the 14th June, 1854.

Immediately after, the council proceeded to carry out the great aim of the institution, by measures for organizing the school of art, the school of civil engineering, and the school of analytical and practical chemistry. The first was placed in charge of Prof. Thos. S. Cummings, N. A., well known among us as first in his department of art; the second of Prof. Rich. H. Ball, A. M., an alumnus; and the third of Dr. John W. Draper, whose reputation is world-wide, and who has since given to the scientific world another great work, prepared with great labor and care, entitled *History of the Intellectual Development of Europe*, and which has

already been translated into several European languages. This work, of rare philosophical acumen and singular felicity of style, has been followed by another of similar character, entitled *Thoughts on the Future Civil Policy of America*, in which the author develops and illustrates his theories of national growth and progression. Subsequently, Dr. John C. Draper and Dr. Henry Draper, the sons of Dr. John W. Draper,* have been associated with him, and the work of the school is conducted according to the best foreign modes of similar schools. The sons brought with them from a careful visitation and examination of foreign laboratories, made in 1856, all that could be of value here, and they have accordingly secured as the result unusual facilities for their students. Dr. Henry Draper has at once secured a high position by his photography of the moon, which has called out the admiration of the scientific. The Smithsonian Institution has honored him by the publication of an exposition of his work in the volume of its proceedings for 1864.

Rev. Henry M. Baird, A. M., son of the late Dr. Robert Baird, an alumnus, has succeeded to the Greek chair. Having spent some time in Greece, he is peculiarly qualified for his department, and is enabled to illustrate the archæology and topography of Greece from his stores of original information. He spent several years in the department of Greek instruction in the College of New Jersey with eminent success. He has published *Modern Greece; a Narrative of a Residence and Travels in that Country, with Observations on its Antiquities, Literature, Language, Politics, Religion* (New York, 1856).

** In 1870 Dr. Ferris, at his own request, was relieved of the duties of office and constituted Emeritus Chancellor, while Professor Howard Crosby, D. D., LL. D., was elected Chancellor. Besides the works previously enumerated, Dr. Crosby has of late years written various scholarly books. These comprise: *The New Testament, with Brief Explanatory Notes or Scholia*, 1863; *Bible Manual*, 1870; *Jesus, His Life and Work as Narrated by the Evangelists*, 1870; *The Healthy Christian*, 1871, a series of bracing essays treating of the vital duties of the Christian life; *Thoughts on the Decalogue*, 1873.

A distinct scientific department was created in 1871, thus making four departments in all in the University—Arts, Science, Medicine, and Law. In the first two of these tuition fees were abolished, and instruction made free to all worthy of admission. These notable changes doubled the number of students in the departments of Science and Arts. The salaries of the professors were also increased, by the liberality of its friends; and its council in 1872-3 was engaged in raising a new endowment of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, for the permanent enlargement of the course of study. The law school was reorgan-

* Land of the Moslem, a Narrative of Oriental Travel, by El Mukattem.

* In 1867-8 appeared Dr. J. W. Draper's *History of the American Civil War*, in three volumes. In this able work he discussed, in an impartial spirit, the leading political questions which had agitated the country for half a century, and thus presented a philosophical history of the late Rebellion. His philosophical works have been lately translated into the French, Italian, German, and Russian languages.

ized in 1870, with a new faculty of five professors, having Judge Henry E. Davies, LL. D., at its head.

Independent of the Chancellor, the faculty of the University contained twenty-seven professors in 1872. Samuel Finley Breese Morse, LL. D., the world-famed inventor of the electric telegraph, and professor of Literature of Arts of Design, died in that year, still attached to the institution which only stood second in the labors of his life—April 2, 1872.

Three fellowships, of three hundred, two hundred, and one hundred dollars respectively, to be enjoyed for one year after graduation by the most meritorious students in the department of Arts, have been established, the use of which is conditioned on examinations during the fellowship year.

THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN.

THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN owes its foundation to an act of Congress of 1826, which appropriated two entire townships, including more than forty-six thousand acres of land, within what was then a territory, "for the use and support of a university, and for no other use or purpose whatever." When Michigan became a state the subject engaged the earnest attention of its legislators. An organization was recommended in 1837 in the report of the Rev. J. D. Pierce, the first superintendent of public instruction, and the first law under the state legislation establishing "The University of Michigan" was approved March 18th of that year. In this act the objects were stated to be "to provide the inhabitants of the state with the means of acquiring a thorough knowledge of the various branches of literature, science, and the arts." A body of regents was to be appointed by the governor of the state, with the advice and consent of the Senate. The governor, lieutenant-governor, judges of the Supreme Court, and chancellor of the state, were ex-officio members. Three departments were provided: of literature, science, and the arts; of law, and of medicine. Fifteen professorships were liberally mapped out in the first of these; three in the second, and six in the third. The institution was to be presided over by a chancellor. An additional act located the University in or near the village of Ann Arbor, on a site to be conveyed to the regents free of cost, and to include not less than forty acres.

An important question soon arose with the legislature in determining the policy of granting charters for private colleges in the state. Opinions on the subject were obtained from Dr. Wayland, Edward Everett, and others, who agreed in stating the advantage of forming one well endowed institution, in preference to the division of means and influence among many. The legislature did not adopt any exclusive system, though the obvious policy of concentrating the state support upon the University has been virtually embraced.

A system of branches or subsidiary schools in the state, intermediate between the primary school and the college, was early organized. They were to supply pupils to the University.

The first professor chosen, in 1838, was Dr. Asa Gray, now of Cambridge, in the department

of botany and zoology. Five thousand dollars were placed at his disposal for the purchase of books in Europe as the commencement of the University library. This secured a collection of nearly four thousand volumes.

Dr. Houghton was also appointed professor of geology and mineralogy. The mineralogical collection of Baron Lederer of Austria was purchased, and added to the collections in geology, mineralogy, botany, and zoology, made within the geographical area of Michigan by the state geologist and his corps.

The income of the University, partaking of the embarrassments of the times, scanty and uncertain, and mainly absorbed in the erection of the buildings and the support of the branches, was not in 1840 sufficient for the full organization of the main institution. There were two hundred and forty-seven students in that year in the branches. In 1842 a portion of the money expended on these schools was withdrawn, and devoted to the faculty of the still unformed university. Professors of Mathematics and of Latin and Greek were appointed.

In the report of the regents of 1849 it appears that there were thirty-eight students in the department of literature and sciences, under the charge of seven professors. No chancellor had been as yet appointed. Each of the professors presided, on a system of rotation, as president of the faculty.

It was not till December, 1852, that Dr. Henry P. Tappan, eminent as a writer on metaphysical subjects, the author of two treatises on the *Will* and a work on the *Elements of Logic*, and formerly professor of intellectual and moral philosophy in the University of the City of New York, was inaugurated the first chancellor. The subject of university education had long employed his attention, and he studied its practical working in England and Prussia during a foreign tour, of which he gave to the public a record in his volumes entitled *A Step from the New World to the Old*. His inaugural address contained an able programme of the objects to be pursued in a true university course. He has since again visited Europe, further studied the workings of education in Prussia, and secured valuable acquisitions for the literary and scientific resources of the University. Among these were the instruments for a first class observatory, now established at the university by the liberality of the citizens of Detroit, over which an eminent foreign astronomer, Dr. Francis Brunnnow, the associate of Encke at the Royal Observatory at Berlin, is now presiding.

The revision of the course of studies engaged Dr. Tappan's attention. It is now symmetrically arranged to include every object of a liberal education, with provision for expansion as the growing needs and resources of the institution may demand. The liberally endowed primary schools of the state, a system of associated or union schools in districts, the introduction of normal schools lead to the ordinary under-graduate course of the university, which it is proposed to extend by the introduction of lectures for those students who may wish to proceed further. A scientific course may be pursued separately, and the plan embraces instruction on agricultural subjects.

The following passages from Chancellor Tap-

pan's Report to the Board of Regents at the close of 1853 will exhibit the liberal spirit of the scholar which he brought to his work:—

The ideal character of the Prussian system must belong to every genuine system of education. We must always begin with assuming that man is to be educated because he is man, and that the development of his powers is the great end of education, and one which really embraces every other end. Especially is it important to hold this forth among a people like that of the United States, where the industrial arts and commerce are such general and commanding objects. In the immense reach of our material prosperity, we are in danger of forgetting our higher spiritual nature, or, at least, of preserving only a dim and feeble consciousness of it. We are in danger of becoming mere creatures of the earth—earthly, and of reducing all values to the standard of material utility. And yet man is good and happy only as his moral and intellectual nature is developed. He does not fill up the measure of his being by merely building houses for his comfortable accommodation, and by providing for himself abundance of wholesome food. He has capacities for knowledge, truth, beauty, and virtue also: and these, too, must be satisfied.

Besides philosophy, science, poetry, and the fine arts, in general, are no less essential to national existence and character than agriculture, manufactures, and commerce. In the first place, the latter could never exist in a perfect form without the former, since all improvement must be dependent upon knowledge and taste: and, in the second place, great principles widely diffused, and great men for the offices of the state and of society at large, and great deeds to signalize a nation's existence, and works of literature and art to convey the spirit of a people to other nations, and to the following generations, all depend upon the spiritual cultivation of the human being. Nay, farther, there is no country in which national existence and character will so depend upon this higher cultivation as in ours. Here are vast multitudes collected from other nations, as well as of native growth, thrown together in a breadth of territory whose resources dazzle the imagination, and, for the present, defy calculation. And these multitudes constantly increasing, and with so wide a field to act in, are in a state of freedom such as no people has ever before possessed. We are in a state approximating to absolute self-government. It is not the mere force of laws, and the executive authority of the officers of government, which can control and regulate such a people. We ourselves make and alter our constitution and laws. And laws when made become, in effect, null and void unless sustained by popular opinion.

It is the noblest form of government when a people are prepared for it, and a form which implies that they are prepared for it. It is a form which shows less of the outward form of government, because it supposes a people so enlightened and moral that they do not require it. Rational thought, the principles of truth and virtue, and an incorruptible patriotism, supersede a police, standing armies, and courts of justice. In such a state, it is at least demanded that the enlightened and the good shall predominate. As all this is implied in our constitution and laws, so, as wise men and true patriots, we must try to make it good. And to this end we require a higher education of the people than obtains in any other country. And on the same principle, we ought to have more philosophers, men of science, artists, and authors, and eminent statesmen—in fine, more great men than any other people. We want the highest forms of culture multiplied not merely

for embellishment, but to preserve our very existence as a nation.

If we ever fall to pieces it will be through a people ignorant and besotted by material prosperity, and because cunning demagogues and boastful sciolists shall abound more than men of high intelligence and real worth.

The University is supported by the sale of the lands appropriated by the general government and by grants from the state. Students are admitted from all portions of the country on paying an initiation fee of only ten dollars for permanent membership. Room rent and the services of a janitor are secured by paying annually a sum varying from five to seven dollars and fifty cents—so that the instruction is virtually free.

A medical department is in successful operation.*

The number of under-graduate students in 1855 was two hundred and eighty-eight, including fourteen in the partial course, and one hundred and thirty-three in the medical department. Of these one hundred and forty-two were from Michigan; sixteen other states of the Union were represented; there were five students from Canada West, one from England, and one from the Sandwich Islands.

The University of Michigan, at Ann Arbor, Michigan, has acquired a permanent prosperity, which places it in the front rank of universities, it being now the most numerous attended in the country. In 1863, the Rev. H. P. Tappan retired from the presidency, and the Rev. E. O. Haven, D.D., LL.D., was elected president. He had several years before been a professor in the same university, and was consequently well known to the people of the State, and was at the time of his election a member of the Massachusetts Board of Education, and chairman of the Joint Committee on Education in the Massachusetts Legislature.

In 1863 a new and elegant building for the department of law was erected, costing \$25,000; and in 1865 the building appropriated to the department of medicine and surgery was enlarged, at an expense of \$25,000, of which the city of Ann Arbor contributed \$10,000. These additions to the property of the university have been made without encroaching upon its permanent funds.

The department of science, literature, and the arts, or the literary college, is peculiar in the great variety of courses of study allowed, while equal thoroughness is required in all, and no degrees are given *causa honoris*, but only after examination. The classical course is like that pursued by the oldest New England colleges, and graduates in it receive the degree of bachelor of arts. The scientific course requires more mathematics on admission, and also four years study in college, and substitutes English language, science, and modern languages for Greek and Latin. Those who complete it receive the

* Full information on the entire school system of the state will be found in an octavo volume, entitled *System of Public Instruction and Primary School Law of Michigan*, with Explanatory Notes, Forms, Regulations, and Instructions; a Digest of Decisions; a Detailed History of Public Instruction, etc. Prepared by Francis W. Shearman. Published by the state in 1852.

degree of bachelor of science. Courses of study are prescribed for the degrees of master of arts and master of science. There are also special courses provided for those who wish to graduate as civil engineers and as mining engineers, and graduates and others prepared for it are aided by the professors in any special studies which they may wish to pursue. Many resort to the university to investigate thoroughly chemistry in the excellent laboratory, under the charge of Prof. S. H. Douglass; also mineralogy, geology, astronomy, &c., as great advantages are offered connected with the museums and astronomical observatory.

The department of Greek has been under the charge, since its special establishment in 1852, of Prof. James R. Boise, author of an edition of *Xenophon's Anabasis*, and of a work on *Greek Prose Composition*, and several other works.

Prof. Henry S. Frieze, who has the charge of the department of Latin, is also well known as the author of an edition of *Virgil*, and of *Selections from Quintilian*, an excellent text-book, not only for the study of Latin, but also of rhetoric. Prof. A. Winchell, member of the French Academy of Geology, has published a Report, as State Geologist of Michigan, and many scientific papers. Prof. Andrew White, of Syracuse, N. Y., who, as member of the Senate of New York, so greatly benefited the cause of education by his successful advocacy of the Cornell University, and is also well known for his literary productions, has given to large classes in this university courses of lectures on history, the professorship of which he has held in this university for several years. Prof. James C. Watson, now director of the observatory and professor of astronomy; Prof. De Volsen Wood, who has charge of the school of engineering, and other members of the faculty, are frequent contributors to the periodicals devoted to the sciences in which they are respectively interested.

The department of medicine and surgery in this university has been of late the most largely attended medical college in this country. The provision made for it, in buildings and material, is ample. The faculty are numerous, and four lectures are given daily, with frequent examinations of the students, from the first of October to the last of March. The number of students has for several years ranged from three to four hundred and upward.

The department of law was opened in 1860, and has steadily increased in attendance. The course of study embraces two years (like the medical department), from the first of October to the last of March, and by lectures, examinations, moot-courts, the use of the library, &c., it aims to prepare the students for the practice of law in any part of the country.

****DR. E. O. HAVEN**, who has recently written a manual on *Rhetoric*, resigned the presidency of the University of Michigan in 1869, to accept that of the Northwestern University at Evanstown, Illinois. Prof. Henry S. Frieze served as acting-president till the inauguration, in 1871, of Dr. James Burrill Angell, late president of the University of Vermont.

The most important changes in this institution of recent years, were the establishment of the Pharmaceutical school in 1867, and the admission of women into all departments of the University three years later. The number of the latter in attendance in 1872 was sixty-four. Instruction was given to both sexes in common in all departments but that of Medicine. As the result of the experiment, President Angell reports: "Their presence has not called for the enactment of a single new law, or for the slightest change in our methods of government or grade of work."

In addition to its three departments — Literature, Science, and the Arts; Medicine and Surgery; and Law — another is in contemplation, a School of Technology. The increase of students has led to the erection of a stately University Hall, having a frontage of 347 feet, and crowned by a dome 140 feet in height from the ground.

Its professors have made numerous contributions to educational literature: Hon. Thomas M. Cooley, in Law; Dr. Benjamin F. Cocker in Philosophy, as in his able work on *Christianity and Greek Philosophy*, 1870; Dr. James C. Watson in Astronomy; De Volsen Wood in Engineering; Dr. Henry S. Frieze in Latin; Prof. Moses Coit Tyler in Physical Culture, as in *The Braenville Papers*; and Dr. Alexander Winchell in Geology, as in his popular *Sketches of Creation*, 1870, and *Geological Chart*. The latter became Chancellor of the Syracuse University in 1873.

The whole number of students in the university, in 1872, was twelve hundred and twenty-four, of whom two hundred and seventy-nine were in the department of science, literature, and the arts; three hundred and fifty in the department of medicine and surgery, and three hundred and forty-eight in the department of law.

THE NATIONAL INSTITUTE.

THE NATIONAL INSTITUTE, at the seat of government at Washington, was organized in May, 1840, for the promotion of science and the useful arts, and to establish a National Museum of Natural History. The first directors were the late Joel R. Poinsett, then Secretary of War, the Hon. James K. Paulding, Secretary of the Navy, with whom were associated, as "Councillors," the Hon. John Q. Adams, Col. J. J. Abert, Col. Joseph G. Totten, Dr. Alexander McWilliams, and A. O. Dayton. Francis Markoe, Jr., was the early and efficient Corresponding Secretary. Sections were planned of geology and mineralogy, of chemistry, of the application of science to the arts, of literature and the fine arts, of natural history, of agriculture, of astronomy, of American history and antiquities, of geography and natural philosophy, of natural and political sciences.

Ex-President John Quincy Adams and Peter S. Duponceau, among others, took an active interest in its proceedings. An address was delivered by Mr. Poinsett in 1841, on its object and importance. The Association was incorporated in 1842 by the name of "The National Institute for the Promotion of Science."

Mr. Levi Woodbury, then a member of the Senate, was chosen to succeed Mr. Poinsett as President in 1845.

The first Vice-President of the Society was Mr. Peter Force, whose valuable services to the country, in the preparation of the Documentary History of the Origin and Progress of the United States, will secure him the gratitude of future ages. In 1855 he held the office of President, and the Corresponding Secretary was Mr. Joseph C. G. Kennedy. Mr. William W. Turner, formerly instructor in Hebrew in the Union Theological Seminary, New York, the associate of Dr. E. A. Andrews in the American adaptation of Freund's Latin-German Lexicon, and afterwards Librarian of the Patent Office at Washington, was the Recording Secretary of the Institute.

One of the objects of the Society, as the nucleus of a National Museum, was soon attained. The Secretary of War deposited a valuable collection of Indian portraits and curiosities. The Society fell heir to the effects, books, and papers, of a local "Columbian Institute for the Promotion of Arts and Sciences," the charter of which had run out. The collections were placed in the Patent Office, together with the objects of science sent home by the United States Exploring Expedition under Capt. Wilkes. The Institute also received many valuable additions to its library and Museum from France, through the agency of M. Vattetmare; and numerous choice contributions from various distant parts of the world. Donations from all sides were numerous.

A special meeting or congress was held in April, 1844, to which scientific men were generally invited. An address was delivered by the Hon. R. J. Walker of Mississippi. Ten daily meetings were held, at which papers were read by men distinguished in science.

In 1845, an annual address was delivered before the Institute by the Hon. Levi Woodbury.

The publications of the Institute have been limited, for the want of pecuniary endowment. It has depended on the precarious subscriptions of members, and has languished with funds inadequate for its ordinary business purposes. Four Bulletins have been issued in 1841, 1842, 1845, and 1846. These contain many interesting notices of the growing activity of the country in the departments of science. The meetings of the Society, however, called forth many elaborate papers, which were read in public from time to time, and printed in the National Intelligencer.

The activity of the Institute has lately revived, chiefly through the exertions of a few of its members. The publication of a new series of Proceedings was commenced in 1855, and valuable papers were subsequently read at the meetings, which are held once a fortnight, from October to May, in the Agricultural Room of the Patent Office. The Library, which contains between three and four thousand volumes, with a considerable collection of maps, charts, and engravings, occupies a room in the same building. To these have been added a large and valuable collection of the crude and manufactured products of British Guiana, embracing all the woods of that country, in specimens of longitudinal and cross sections, numbering several hundred; all the fruits, seeds, medicinal roots, barks, mo-

dels of houses, boats, furniture, manufactures of every kind, Indian curiosities, and implements, fibrous and textile fabrics, the birds (beautifully preserved), and a few of the quadrupeds. This collection was prepared, at very great expense, by a large number of the British residents of the colony, chiefly, it is believed, through the exertions of the late Consul of the United States, Mr. W. E. Dennison, and were designed first for exhibition at the New York Crystal Palace and afterwards to be deposited in the Federal Capitol.

Besides this, there has been added a large and valuable collection of British crude and manufactured products made by order of Her Majesty's Government, being a full duplicate of that exhibited at the London Crystal Palace in 1851, and also at the New York Crystal Palace.

**The National Institute was dissolved in 1858, and its effects were transferred to the Smithsonian Institution.

THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION.

The liberal founder of this institution was James Smithson, whose will making the bequest for its support, dated October 23, 1826, commences with the following paragraph:—"I, James Smithson, son of Hugh, first Duke of Northumberland, and Elizabeth, heiress of the Hungerfords of Audley, and niece of Charles the Proud, Duke of Somerset, now residing in Bentinck street, Cavendish square, do, &c." Mr. Smithson was the illegitimate son of a Duke of Northumberland. His mother was a Mrs. Macie, of an old family in Wiltshire, of the name of Hungerford. He was educated at Oxford, where he bore his mother's name. He distinguished himself by his proficiency in chemistry, and received an honorary degree at the university in 1786. He subsequently contributed a number of papers to the Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society, of which he was a member, and to the Annals of Philosophy.* Provided with a liberal fortune by his father, he passed life as a bachelor, living in lodgings in London, and in the chief cities of the Continent. He was of feeble health and reserved manners.† At the time of his death in 1829 he resided at Genoa. His will provided that the bulk of his estate, in case of a failure of heirs to a nephew, should be given "to the United States of America, to found at Washington, under the name of the Smithsonian Institution, an establishment for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men."

By the death of the nephew without heirs in 1835, the property devolved upon the United States. The testator's executors communicated the fact to the United States Chargé d'Affaires at London, by whom it was brought to the knowledge of the State Department at Washington. A message on the subject was sent to Congress by

* An anecdote of Smithson's chemical pursuits has been preserved by Mr. Davies Gilbert, President of the Royal Society, in an address to that body in 1830.—"Mr. Smithson declared, that happening to observe a tear gliding down a lady's cheek he endeavored to catch it on a crystal vessel, that one-half of the drop escaped, but having preserved the other half, he submitted it to re-agents, and detected what was then called microcosmic salt, with muriate of soda, and, I think, three or four more saline substances, held in solution."

† Letter from the Hon. Richard Rush to the Hon. John Forsyth, London, May 12, 1838. Eighth Annual Report, Smithsonian Institution, p. 168.



The Smithsonian Institution.

President Jackson, December 17, 1835. A Committee of the House of Representatives, of which John Quincy Adams was chairman, was appointed to examine the subject. In accordance with their report, Congress passed an act, July 1, 1836, authorizing the President to assert and prosecute with effect the right of the United States to the legacy, making provision for the reception of the fund by the Treasury, and pledging the national credit for its faithful application, "in such manner as Congress may hereafter direct." Mr. Richard Rush, the American Minister to Great Britain from 1817 to 1825, of which service he published a narrative, "A Residence at the Court of London," often referred to for its faithful and animated contemporary picture of the Court and Parliament, was appointed the agent to procure the fund. He discharged his duties with such ability that by the close of the year 1838, the American Secretary of the Treasury was in possession of a sum resulting from the bequest, of five hundred and fifteen thousand, one hundred and sixty-nine dollars.

For seven years the fund was suffered to accumulate without the object of the bequest having been fairly undertaken. In August, 1846, after considerable agitation of the subject in various forms, an act was passed by Congress constituting the President, Vice-President, the Secretaries of State, the Treasury, War, and the Navy; the Postmaster-General; the Attorney-General; the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, the Commissioner of the Patent Office, and Mayor of Washington, and such persons as they might elect honorary members, an "establishment" under the name of "the Smithsonian Institution" for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men." The members and honorary members hold stated and special meetings for the supervision of the affairs of the Institution, and for advice and instruction of the actual managers, a

Board of Regents, to whom the financial and other affairs are intrusted. The Board of Regents consists of three members *ex officio* of the establishment, namely, the Vice-President of the United States, the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, and the Mayor of Washington, together with twelve other members, three of whom are appointed by the Senate from its own body, three by the House of Representatives from its members, and six citizens appointed by a joint resolution of both houses, of whom two are to be members of the National Institute, and resident in Washington; the remainder from the states, but not more than one from a single state. The terms of service of the members vary with the periods of office which give them the position. The citizens are chosen for six years. The Regents elect one of their number as Chancellor, and an Executive Committee of three.* This board elects a Secretary for conducting the active operations of the Institution.

The Act of Congress directs the formation of a library, a museum (for which it grants the collections belonging to the United States), and a gallery of art, together with provisions for physical research and popular lectures, while it leaves to the Regents the power of adopting such other parts of an organization as they may deem best suited to promote the objects of the bequest. The Regents, at a meeting in December, 1847, resolved to divide the annual income, which had become thirty thousand nine hundred and fifty dollars, into two equal parts, to be apportioned one part to the increase and diffusion of knowledge, by means of original research and publications; the other to be applied in accordance with the requirements of the Act of Congress, to the gradual formation of a Library, a Museum, and a Gallery of Art. In the details of the first, it was

* The body was thus arranged in 1855.

proposed "to stimulate research, by offering rewards, consisting of money, medals, &c., for original memoirs on all subjects of investigation;" the memoirs to be published in quarto, under the title of "Smithsonian Contributions to Knowledge," after having been approved of by a commission of persons of reputation in the particular branch of knowledge. No memoir on a subject of physical science is to be published, "which does not furnish a positive addition to human knowledge resting on original research;" and all unverified speculations to be rejected. It was also proposed "to appropriate a portion of the income annually to special objects of research, under the direction of suitable persons." Observations and experiments in the natural sciences, investigations in statistics, history, and ethnology, were to come under this head. The results were to be published in quarto. For the diffusion of knowledge, it was proposed "to publish a series of reports, giving an account of the new discoveries in science, and of the changes made from year to year in all branches of knowledge not strictly professional," and also to publish occasionally separate treatises on subjects of general interest.

For the library it was proposed first, to form a complete collection of the transactions and proceedings of all the learned societies of the world, the more important current periodical publications, and a stock of all important works in bibliography.

The first of the series of original memoirs was the quarto volume of Messrs. Squier and Davis, on "The Ancient Monuments of the Mississippi Valley," published in 1848. This has since been followed by six others, composed of papers from various eminent scholars of the country, on special topics of astronomy, paleontology, physical geography, botany, philology, and other branches of science. Among the contributors are Mr. Sears C. Walker, astronomical assistant of the United States Coast Survey, of *Researches relative to the Planet Neptune*; Dr. Robert W. Gibbs, of South Carolina, of a paper on the *Mososaurus*; Dr. Robert Hare, on the *Explosiveness of Nitre*; several papers on *Paleontology*, by Dr. Joseph Leidy, Professor of Anatomy in the University of Pennsylvania; botanical articles, by Drs. Torrey and Gray; a *Grammar and Dictionary of the Dakota language*, collected by the members of the Dakota Mission, and edited by the Rev. S. R. Riggs of the American Board; and a paper by Mr. S. F. Haven, Librarian of the Antiquarian Society, Worcester, reviewing, for bibliographical and historical purposes, the literature and deductions respecting the subject of American antiquities. It should be mentioned, that though from their form the books are in the first instance expensive, yet as no copyright is taken, they may be freely reprinted, and disseminated in various ways.

Fifteen hundred copies of each of the "Memoirs" forming the Contributions are printed, which are distributed to learned societies and public libraries abroad and at home; states and territories, colleges, and other institutions of the United States. The publications of these several bodies are received in return. A system of the distribution of scientific works published by

the government has become an important part of the useful agency of the institution in "diffusing knowledge among men" throughout the world.

An extensive system of meteorological observations, embracing the whole country, has been carried out by the institution. Several reports of the results have been published in a series of *Temperature Tables*, *Tables of Precipitation*, and *Charts of Temperature*, and a manual of directions and observations prepared by Mr. Arnold Guyot, author of a volume of lectures on comparative physical geography, entitled "*Earth and Man*," and Professor of Geology and Physical Geography in the College of New Jersey. The reduction of the observations collected by the Smithsonian system was performed from 1851 to 1854, by Mr. Lorin Blodget. Since his retirement from the duty, the materials have been sent for reduction to Professor James H. Coffin, of Lafayette College, Easton, Pa. Public lectures, of a popular character, are delivered in a room for the purpose in the Smithsonian building, during the winter. A small sum is paid to the lecturers, who have been among the chief professional and literary men of the country.

An extensive system of scientific correspondence is carried on by the officers of the society, who receive and communicate much valuable information in this way. The annual reports of the Regents, in their interest and variety, exhibit fully this development of the Institution.*

The building occupied by the Institution was completed in the spring of 1855. It is four hundred and twenty-six feet in length, and of irregular width and height. It was erected from the designs of Mr. James Renwick, of New York, and is in the Lombard style of architecture. Its cost, including furniture, is estimated at about three hundred thousand dollars.

The chief acting officer of the Institution is the Secretary, who has the general superintendence of its literary and scientific operations. He is aided by "an Assistant Secretary, acting as Librarian." The former office has been held from the commencement by Joseph Henry, late Professor of Natural Philosophy at the College of New Jersey, and author of a valuable series of *Contributions to Electricity and Magnetism*, published in the *American Philosophical Transactions*, *Silliman's Journal*, the *Journal of the Franklin Institute*, and other similar publications. He was the first to apply the principle of magnetism as a motor, and has made many other valuable contributions to science.

The first Assistant Secretary was Mr. Charles C. Jewett, former Professor of Modern Languages and Literature at Brown University. In his capacity of librarian, he prepared a valuable report on the Public Libraries of the United States of America, which was printed by order of Congress in 1850, as an appendix to the fourth annual report of the Board of Regents of the Institution. He also perfected a system of cataloguing public or other important libraries, by stereotyping separately the title of each work, so

* We would particularly refer to the Ninth Annual Report for the year 1854, for a highly interesting exhibition of the practical working of the Institution.

that in printing or reprinting, these plates may be used as type, securing both accuracy and economy.

Professor Spencer F. Baird, editor of the *Iconographic Encyclopædia*, is now Assistant Secretary, and has been actively engaged in the adjustment of the museum. The exchange of publications and specimens with foreign and domestic institutions, a work involving an immense amount of correspondence and other labor, are also under his care; besides which, he has aided in fitting out the natural history department of nearly all the government exploring expeditions for several years. A report from his pen, "On the Fishes observed on the coasts of New Jersey and Long Island during the summer of 1854," is appended to the Ninth Annual Report of the Institution.

Considerable agitation has arisen in the councils of the Institution and before the public, with respect to the disposition of the funds in the matter of the formation of a large public library. Congress, by the act of 1846, led by the eloquent speech of Rufus Choate the previous year on the subject in the Senate, and the advocacy of George P. Marsh in the House of Representatives, allowed an annual sum for this purpose of twenty-five thousand dollars.* The arrangement of the fund, however, and the views of the managers which have leaned rather to scientific than literary purposes, and promoted expensive schemes of publication, have thus far defeated this object. A struggle in the body of the Regents on the library question, and the exercise of discretion in the interpretation of the original act of Congress, has ended in the resignation of the Hon. Rufus Choate, member as citizen of Massachusetts, and the withdrawal of Mr. Charles C. Jewett, the assistant secretary, acting as librarian.†

The whole question is one of much intricacy of detail, involving the method of appropriation of the fund for building and the practical available resources on hand, as well as the theoretical adjustment of the respective claims of literature and science; and the relative advantages of a grand national library, and a system of learned publications.‡

It is generally known that much diversity of opinion originally existed with respect to the employment of the Smithsonian fund, and

among other objects, the foundation of a great national library was regarded with favor by several eminent men. In opposition to this, it was contended that a library is principally of local influence, while it is evident from the terms of the will, "for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men," as well as from what is known of the life of the testator, that Smithsonian intended to establish a cosmopolitan institution for advancing science, and for diffusing a knowledge of the discoveries which might be made by means of his bequest. The latter interpretation of the will now receives the general approval of literary and scientific men in every part of the civilized world.

Fortunately for the interests of science, and as if with the sense that, among so many instrumentalities of human culture as presented themselves, no small discretion must be left to the regents of adapting their policy, within certain limits, to progressive views and contingent advantages, the act of incorporation authorized them to make such disposal of any moneys arising from the interest of the fund, and not otherwise specifically appropriated, "as they shall deem best suited for the promotion of the purpose of the testator." Hence the plan adopted in 1847, as before noticed, of dividing the income equally between the active operations and the museum and library, gave way in 1855 to a resolution, "that hereafter the annual appropriations shall be apportioned specifically among the different objects and operations of the institution, in such manner as may, in the judgment of the regents, be necessary and proper for each, according to its intrinsic importance, and a compliance in good faith with the law." This has, from the date last mentioned, continued to be the rule of action; and, in proportion as the terms of the bequest have been better considered, the merely local nature of several of the original objects has been more clearly recognized, and the ever-widening field of scientific research and discovery more diligently cultivated and explored, the department of "active operations" has steadily advanced in public estimation and utility, and justified its claim to a proportionably larger share of the appropriations. It would be impossible to give here even a rapid sketch of the objects promoted or accomplished by the efforts or aid of the institution. Suffice it to say, that there is scarcely any branch of science which has not been fostered by its patronage, stimulated by its influence, and enlarged by its co-operative exertions; it has aided every Government expedition for scientific purposes by instructions or facilities afforded, and projected and supported, in part or in whole, many private ones directed to the extension of knowledge in various departments; it has organized, from Labrador to Central America, and is in daily communication with, a more extensive and better appointed system of meteorological, magnetic, and other observations than is probably anywhere else in existence, and it has succeeded in connecting these with the similar enterprises which enlightened governments are emulously extending over the globe. It cannot be doubted that more has been effected by the institution, during its brief

* When the institution was set in motion in 1846, an additional sum of two hundred and forty-two thousand dollars had accrued from interest, which was allowed in the act of Congress for building purposes, leaving the income of the original sum, about thirty thousand dollars a year, for the support of the establishment. To increase this fund, a portion of the accumulated interest has been added to the principal, and gradual appropriations made for the buildings. Under this plan the objects of the Institution are somewhat delayed, but its income will hereafter be increased, it is calculated, by some ten thousand dollars per annum.

† Upon the retirement of Mr. Jewett, the library was placed temporarily under the charge of Mr. Charles Girard, a former pupil of Professor Agassiz, who has prepared a catalogue of the publications of learned societies and periodicals in the library, the first part of which was published in Vol. vii. of the Contributions. Mr. Jewett died at Braintree, Mass., January 9, 1868.

‡ We may refer for the arguments on this subject to the majority and minority reports in 1854, of the Hon. James A. Pearce and the Hon. James Meacham of the Special Committee of the Board of Regents on the Distribution of the Income. An article in the *North American Review* for October, 1854, by Mr. Charles Hale, gives the views of the "library" party.

period of activity, toward a knowledge of the natural history, meteorology, mineralogy, and botany of our country than was accomplished in the whole antecedent period of the national existence. The system of exchanges, already averted to, which is conducted at the expense of the institution, and has been met by a corresponding spirit of liberality on the part of foreign governments, is now by far the most important and extensive medium of literary and scientific communication between the Old World and the New. There is scarcely a museum in the country, public or private, which has not been the recipient of some of the vast number of type specimens which the institution has collected for distribution, and no library of consequence in the civilized world from which it has not received acknowledgments for the gift, and testimonials to the value, of its publications. The scientific influence and authority achieved for the institution by these means cannot but be a subject of just pride to an intelligent people, and gratify them, at the same time, with a sense of having not unworthily fulfilled the comprehensive views and satisfied the laudable ambition of the generous founder.

A fire which broke out in January, 1865, beneath the roof of the building, occasioned by an improperly directed stove-pipe, consumed the upper range of rooms of the centre, comprising the apparatus-room, lecture-room, and that containing Stanley's valuable gallery of Indian portraits and scenery, together with most of their contents. A fire-proof floor here arrested its progress, thus saving the spacious gallery beneath, containing the national collections of natural history, &c. The valuable library of the institution, and the specimens of art which have been acquired, were in the western wing, which, with the eastern, forming the residence of the secretary, escaped uninjured. In the report made to Congress respecting the cause, extent, and damage of the conflagration, the cost of restoration, with improved construction and arrangements, is estimated at \$100,000; but, in consequence of a judicious parsimony which has been exercised from the beginning, the expenditure will be met by the funds without diminution of the invested principal or an appeal to the liberality of the nation. In the mean time, the operations of the institution have received no check from this disaster, but proceed with their accustomed regularity and activity.

******In recent years, no important change has taken place in the policy of the Smithsonian Institution, and the plan of "active operations" has been continued with unremitting success. The interpretation of the will which devotes the expenditure of the income to facilitating original research and to publishing the results obtained, thus promoting objects of general, and not those of mere local, interest, has received the approval of the leading literary and scientific men of the age.

At the time of the organization of the Institution by Congress in 1846, a very imperfect idea was entertained of the objects of the bequest, and the Regents were directed to make pro-

vision, on a liberal scale, for a library, a museum, a gallery of art, and, indirectly, for an arboretum, and courses of lectures. These objects, though of importance in themselves, were all of local influence, and not in strict accordance with a proper interpretation of the will, while also far too numerous and costly for the income of the Institution to sustain properly. It has been the constant object of the directors to relieve the Institution, as far as possible, from these burdens, and to apply the income to what is deemed the more legitimate objects of the bequest. For this purpose, the grounds, presented to the Institution by Congress, and on the improvement of which nearly ten thousand dollars of the income of the Institution were expended, have been returned to the government; and an annual appropriation for their care is now made by Congress.

In accordance with the original organization adopted by Congress, the Institution collected, by the exchange of its publications and by purchase, a valuable library, consisting of a full series of the transactions of all the learned institutions of the world. After the fire of 1865, Congress consented to take charge of this library, by consolidating it with the Congressional Library, thus giving the Institution free use of the combined collection, while relieving it from the cost of binding and supervision. This union of the two libraries has produced the happiest results. Congress has become interested in its development as a National Library,* and has made liberal provision for its support. At the session of 1872-3, preliminary measures were adopted for the erection of a separate building for its accommodation. Thus the city of Washington has been furnished with a library, the largest and best supported in the United States, while the Smithsonian fund has been relieved from an expenditure yearly increasing in magnitude.

Another burden devolved upon the Institution by the enactment of Congress was the support of the National Museum. The nucleus of this was collected by the Wilkes Exploring Expedition; but it has since been enlarged nearly fourfold by at least fifty government explorations in various parts of the territory of the United States. For the support of this Museum Congress allowed the Institution, until 1870, \$4,000 annually, a sum scarcely more than a fourth of the actual expense. Fortunately, however, owing to the better appreciation of the character of the will of James Smithson, and of the objects of the Institution, a more liberal policy has since been adopted. At the two succeeding sessions, Congress has made an appropriation of \$15,000 annually for the support of the Museum. It has also provided for refitting those parts of the building left vacant, by the fire and by the removal of the library, with cases for the better display of the specimens.

Thus, by a continuous effort in one direction, the Institution is now on a fair way to effectually realize the legitimate objects of the

* Harper's Magazine for December, 1872, contains an interesting sketch of the growth and present status of the Library of Congress, which now contains over 250,000 volumes.

bequest; viz., "the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men," untrammelled by the support of objects of a local character.

The Institution has published 18 quarto volumes of *Contributions to Knowledge*, containing the results of original investigations in various branches of Natural History, Meteorology, Physics, Geology, Archæology and Astronomy; besides 9 octavo volumes of *Miscellaneous Collections*, consisting of works to facilitate the study of different branches of Natural History, Meteorology, etc.; and 19 volumes of *Reports*, containing, besides, an account of the annual operations of the Institution, translations from foreign journals, and original papers relative to science, intended especially for teachers and others interested in the advance of knowledge. It has also continued its system of Meteorology, embracing the greater portion of North America, and is now discussing and publishing the results.

The system of international literary and scientific exchanges early established by the Institution, has been continually increasing; and the number of foreign institutions included within its list is now very nearly two thousand. To these institutions are sent, free of cost, not only the Smithsonian publications, but also those of the principal scientific and literary establishments of the country. The returns to the Institution for its publications are deposited in the Library of Congress, while those for other institutions are transmitted to their respective destinations. This system forms the principal medium of scientific communication between the Old World and the New; and its influence on the advance of civilization can scarcely be too highly estimated.

An evidence of the high appreciation of the operations of the Institution is given in the fact that the principal steamship lines between this country and Europe carry the Smithsonian packages free of cost; and that these packages are admitted without duty or examination into all the ports of the civilized world.

The building, after the fire before mentioned, was restored from the income of the Institution, without assistance from Congress, and without an encroachment on the invested principal. By a course of judicious investment and economical administration, the funds continue in a prosperous condition. The Report for 1872 showed that the original bequest, in 1846, of \$515,169, to which was added a residuary legacy, in 1865, of \$26,210, had been increased by the savings of income by the Regents to \$650,000, deposited in the U. S. Treasury, and bearing interest at six per cent. in gold, while additional funds and securities were held exceeding fifty thousand dollars in value.

No change has been made in the principal officers of the Institution. Professor Joseph Henry is still the Secretary, or Director, of the establishment; Prof. Spencer F. Baird, the Assistant Secretary, and William J. Rhees, Chief Clerk.

THE ASTOR LIBRARY, NEW YORK.

This institution was founded by the late John Jacob Astor of the city of New York, by a bequest which is thus introduced in a portion of

his will, dated August 22, 1839: "Desiring to render a public benefit to the city of New York, and to contribute to the advancement of useful knowledge, and the general good of society, I do, by this codicil, appropriate four hundred thousand dollars out of my residuary estate, to the establishment of a public library in the city of New York." To carry out his intentions, he named as trustees the Mayor of the City and Chancellor of the State *ex officio*; Washington Irving, William B. Astor, Daniel Lord, jr., James G. King, Joseph G. Cogswell, Fitz Greene Halleck, Henry Brevoort, jr., Samuel B. Ruggles, Samuel Ward, jr., and Charles A. Bristed.

The trustees were incorporated by the state legislature in January, 1849. Mr. Washington Irving was immediately after elected President, and Mr. Joseph G. Cogswell, who had been long engaged in the work, having entered upon it previously to the death of Mr. Astor, was confirmed as superintendent. In the words of the Annual Report to the Legislature for 1853, signed by Mr. Washington Irving: "Mr Astor himself, during his life, had virtually selected Mr. Cogswell for that important post; and it is but due alike to both to add, that the success of the library must be mainly attributed to the wisdom of that selection."



The Astor Library.

By the terms of the bequest, seventy-five thousand dollars were allowed for the erection of the library building; one hundred and twenty thousand for purchasing books and furniture; while the remaining two hundred and five thousand dollars were to be invested "as a fund for paying the value of the site of the building, and for maintaining and gradually increasing the said library, and to defray the necessary expenses of taking care of the same, and of the accommodation of persons consulting the library." A site for the building was to be chosen from property

of the testator on Astor or Lafayette Place. The selection was made from the latter, a plot of ground, sixty-five feet in front and rear, and one hundred and twenty feet in depth. Twenty-five thousand dollars were paid for this ground. The corner-stone of the building was laid in March, 1850; the whole was completed for the prescribed sum in the summer of 1853. The following extract from the Report for that year exhibits some interesting details of the excellent financial management which has attended this undertaking.

An additional expenditure of \$1590, for groined arches, which became desirable to render the building more secure from fire, was liberally borne by Mr. William B. Astor. It was not practicable to include in this \$75,000, sundry items of expense for equipping the building, including apparatus for warming, ventilating, and lighting, and the shelves needed for the books. The running length of the shelves is between twelve and thirteen thousand feet, and they have cost \$11,000. The aggregate of these various items of equipment is \$17,141.99. It has been paid mainly by surplus interest accruing from the funds while the building was in progress, amounting to 16,000.53, and the residue by a premium of \$3672.87, which was realized from the advance in value of U. S. stocks, in which a part of the funds was temporarily invested; so that, after paying in full for the building and its equipments, the fund of \$180,000 not only remains undiminished, but has been increased \$2530.88. It is wholly invested in mortgages, except \$3500 in U. S. stock, charged at par, but with 122 per cent. in market. There is no interest in arrear on any of the mortgages.

The statement with regard to the library fund is equally satisfactory.

Of the fund of \$120,000, especially devoted to the purchase of books, the trustees cannot state with entire precision the amount expended up to December 31, 1853, for the reason given in the treasurer's report, that several of the bills and accounts yet remain unliquidated. He states, however, the amount actually advanced by him to be \$91,513.83, and he estimates the unsettled bills at \$4500, making \$96,113.83 in all. This will leave an unexpended balance of \$23,886.17 applicable to the further purchases of books, in addition to that part of the income of the \$180,000 to be annually devoted to the gradual increase of the library. The number of volumes now purchased and on the shelves is about 80,000. The superintendent states that the expenditure of the remaining \$23,886.17 will probably increase the number to one hundred thousand.

It is seldom that the collection of books of a public library is made with equal opportunities, and with equal ability and fidelity. From the outset the work has been systematically undertaken. The superintendent began his labors with the collection of an extensive series of bibliographical works provided at his own cost, and which he has generously presented to the library. While the building was in progress, Mr. Cogswell was employed in making the best purchases at home and abroad, visiting the chief book marts of Europe personally for this object. When the building, admirably adapted for its purpose, by its light, convenience, elegance, and stability, was ready, a symmetrical collection of books had been

prepared for its shelves. The arrangement follows the classification of Brunet, in his "Manuel du Libraire." Theology, Jurisprudence, the Sciences and Arts (including Medicine, the Natural Sciences, Chemistry and Physics, Metaphysics and Ethics, the Mathematics, and the Fine Arts, separately arranged); Literature, embracing a valuable linguistic collection, and a distinct grouping of the books of the ancient and modern tongues; History, with its various accessories of Biography, Memoirs, its Civil and Ecclesiastical divisions and relations to various countries—follow each other in sequence.

To these divisions is to be added "a special technological department, to embrace every branch of practical industry and the mechanic arts," generously provided for at an expense of more than twelve thousand dollars, by a gift from Mr. William B. Astor.

With respect to the extent of the use of the library, we find the following interesting statement in the Annual Report of the Superintendent, dated Jan. 1855.

One hundred volumes a day is a low average of the daily use, making the whole number which have been in the hands of readers since it was opened about 30,000, and as these were often single volumes of a set of from two to fifty volumes, it may be considered certain that more than half of our whole collection has been wanted during the first year. But this is a matter in which numerical statistics do not afford much satisfaction; nothing short of a specification of the books read or consulted would show the importance which the library is to the public, as a source of information and knowledge, and as this cannot be given, a more general account must serve as a substitute. On observing the classes and kinds of books which have been called for, I have been particularly struck with the evidence thus afforded of the wide range which the American mind is now taking in thought and research; scholastic theology, transcendental metaphysics, abstruse mathematics, and oriental philology have found many more readers than Addison and Johnson; while on the other hand, I am happy to be able to say, that works of practical science and of knowledge for every-day use, have been in great demand. Very few have come to the library without some manifestly distinct aim; that is, it has been little used for mere desultory reading, but for the most part with a specific view. It would not be easy to say which department is most consulted, but there is naturally less dependence upon the library for books of theology, law, and medicine, than in the others, the three faculties being better provided for in the libraries of the institutions especially intended for them. Still, in each of these departments, the library has many works not elsewhere to be found. It is now no longer merely a matter of opinion; it is shown by experience that the collection is not too learned for the wants of the public. No one fact will better illustrate this position than the following: in the linguistic department it possesses dictionaries and grammars, and other means of instruction in more than a hundred languages and dialects, four-fifths of which have been called for during the first year of its operation. Our mathematical, mechanical and engineering departments are used by great numbers, and they are generally known to be so well furnished, that students from a distance have found it a sufficient object to induce them to spend several weeks in New York to have the use of them. (The same remark applies to natu-

ral history, all branches of which are studied here. In entomology we are said to have the best and fullest collection in this country to which naturalists have free access. Passing to the historical side of the library we come to a department in which a very general interest has been taken—far more general than could have been anticipated in our country—it is that of heraldry and genealogy. Among the early purchases for the library there were but few books of this class, as it was supposed but few would be wanted; a year or two's experience proved the contrary, and the collection has been greatly enlarged; it is now sufficiently ample to enable any one to establish his armorial bearings, and trace his pedigree at least as far back as the downfall of the Western empire. From this rapid glance at the library, it has been seen that there are students and readers in all departments of it, and that no one greatly preponderates over the rest; still I think it may be stated, that on the whole that of the fine arts, taken collectively, is the one which has been most extensively used; practical architects and other artists have had free access to it, many of whom have often had occasion to consult it.

The arrangements of the library afford every requisite facility for the consultation of these books. It is open to visitors from all parts of the country or the world, without fee or special introduction. All may receive the benefit of its liberal endowment. It is simply to open the door, ascend the cheerful stairway to the main room, and write on a printed form provided the title of a desired volume. As every day finds the library richer in books, and a system of special catalogues by departments is in preparation, creating new facilities in the use of them, the visitor will soon, if he may not already, realize the prediction of Mr. George Bancroft, "of what should and must become the great library of the Western Continent." We could, at the close of our long journey in these volumes, wish for no more cheerful omen of the bountiful literary future.

****** The capacity of the Astor Library building was doubled in 1859 by the erection of an additional and communicating edifice on an adjacent lot, eighty feet by one hundred and twenty, the donation of Mr. William B. Astor. That gentleman also announced to the trustees his liberal purpose of expending "for books, from time to time, such sums as he may think useful." In accordance with his wish, it was formally resolved by the trustees that these donations "were on the understanding, that it was the settled and unchangeable basis of administering the library, that its contents should remain in the library rooms, for use by readers there, and should not be lent out or allowed to be taken from the rooms." The original building was appropriated exclusively to science and the industrial arts, while the northern edifice contained works on history and literature. The vacancy in the presidency by the death of Washington Irving in 1859, was filled by the election of William B. Astor to that office. The total of his donations in lands and money almost equal the original endowment of \$400,000 by John Jacob Astor.

Dr. Cogswell, the competent superintendent, completed in 1861, after the patient labor of

several years, a catalogue of the 115,000 volumes then in the library. This was printed in four royal octavo volumes, of 2,110 pages in all. In the same year, and at the advanced age of seventy-five, he resigned the active duties of his office, to the great regret of his literary colleagues. At that time, his rare collection of more than 4,000 volumes in bibliography and literary history became the property of that institution by the payment of an annuity of \$300. In the following year, he began the preparation of an analytical or classified catalogue, forming an index of subjects for ready reference to this rich collection. This labor he prosecuted diligently, although the removal of his residence to Cambridge in 1865 compelled him to resign his seat in the Board of Trustees. In a resolution expressive of his eminent services, his associates said: "Throughout this period, embracing nearly twenty years, Doctor Cogswell has faithfully devoted to the Library the unremitting efforts of his well-directed and spotless life, exhibiting a singular union of learning and ability, of efficiency and discretion, of modesty and taste, of energy, industry, and disinterestedness, abundantly manifested in the Library itself, the fruit of his untiring labors, and a lasting evidence of the rare and varied qualifications he so happily combines."^{*} The Analytical Catalogue was completed in 1866, and printed as the fifth volume of the general catalogue. "As the work of an octogenarian, embarrassed by bodily infirmities, it may be considered a literary curiosity, as well as the most valuable American contribution to the department to which it belongs."[†] Dr. Cogswell died at Cambridge, November 26, 1871, aged eighty-five years. "He left, of his moderate fortune, four thousand dollars to a school in his native place, where he was buried by the side of his mother's grave, and where a handsome monument will be erected by his Round Hill pupils, no one of whom ever left the school without carrying away with him a strong affection for the faithful friend and teacher."[‡]

Francis Schroeder, Esq., filled the post of Superintendent for ten years from 1861; and on his resignation he was succeeded by Dr. Edward R. Straznicky.

The Library, on the 1st of January, 1873, contained 144,178 volumes, which had cost (with catalogues) \$256,218. The cost of sites and building was \$257,853, and the equipment, shelving, etc., \$33,374. A fund of over \$200,000 remained invested in bonds and mortgages, for the purchase of books, and the annual expenses. During the preceding year, 111,317 books were delivered to 26,644 readers in the halls, and 5,915 students were admitted within the alcoves for free examination of many works in special departments. The books most sought by the latter, to the extent of a sixth of the whole number, were those relating to Patents. In this department the Library possesses a complete set of the specifications and drawings, from A. D. 1617 to date, issued by the British Com-

^{*} Annual Report of the Trustees of the Astor Library, for 1864, p. 6.

[†] Annual Report do., for 1872, p. 8.

[‡] Appleton's Annual Cyclopædia, vol. xi., 1871, p. 122.

missioners of Patents, and amounting in all to nearly two thousand volumes. In 1872 Mr. William Waldorf Astor presented to the Library a copy of the first letter of Columbus on his discovery of America, as printed in Latin by Planik at Rome in 1493,—four leaves with thirty-three lines to a page,—and of which only six copies are known to be preserved.

** VASSAR COLLEGE.

VASSAR COLLEGE, near Poughkeepsie, New York, is the first fully endowed institution for the education of woman established in America, and indeed in the world. As it seeks to give her an intellectual culture and development as high in degree as that now offered to young men by our leading colleges, its establishment marks an era in the literary history of this country.

Matthew Vassar, its founder, a native of Norfolk county, England, where he was born April 29, 1792, emigrated in boyhood with his parents to Dutchess county, New York. A "self-made man," with little education, he accumulated a great fortune by a half-century's business as a brewer, and devoted its bulk to this beneficent purpose. A charter of incorporation was obtained in 1861, and a board of trustees duly organized, to whom Mr. Vassar confided an endowment equal to \$408,000. In his address at that time, he thus defined its character and aims, as approved by many practical educators:

"I wish that the course of study should embrace at least the following particulars: the English language and its literature; other modern languages; the mathematics, to such an extent as may be deemed advisable; all the branches of natural science, with full apparatus, cabinets, collections and conservatories for visible illustration; Anatomy, Physiology, and Hygiene, with practical reference to the laws of the health of the sex; Intellectual Philosophy; the elements of Political Economy; some knowledge of the Federal and State Constitutions and laws; Moral Science, particularly as bearing on the filial, conjugal, and parental relations; Æsthetics, as treating of the beautiful in nature and art, and to be illustrated by an extensive gallery of art; Domestic Economy, practically taught so far as possible, in order to prepare the graduate herself to become a skilful house-keeper; last, and most important of all, the daily regular reading and study of the Holy Scriptures as the only and all-sufficient rule of Christian faith and practice. All sectarian influences should be carefully excluded; but the training of our students

should never be entrusted to the skeptical, the irregular or immoral."*

Mr. Vassar lived to see the college edifices completed and equipped in 1865, and the distinctive merits of the institution recognized by an attendance of over three hundred students. He died while reading an address to its trustees, June 23, 1868. His will made the total of his donations exceed \$800,000, and formed an auxiliary fund of \$50,000 to assist students of promise and scholarship.

Vassar College has a park and farm of two hundred acres, with landscape views tempting to riding, walking, gardening, and boating.† The main edifice is 500 feet in length by 200 in depth, with connected wings each 170 feet. It is heated by steam, lighted with gas, and has the accommodations of refined home-life for four hundred young ladies. This great family is kept in order by an exact code of discipline, which yet allows much individual liberty, and requires stated physical exercise. An Astronomical Observatory; a Calisthenium, with Riding School attached; a good Museum of Natural History; a Library of 9000 choice books; an Art Gallery, with several thousand drawings and paintings; a Chemical Laboratory; a department in Music, having the use of an organ and more than thirty pianos,—these attest its excellent educational apparatus. Its physical and moral oversight are equally well organized.

This institution provides a liberal education, as alike opposed to merely professional, and to elementary training,—the whole closely modelled on the plan of Mr. Vassar. In the Freshman class, which receives qualified applicants aged fifteen, studies are common to all. In the Sophomore, Junior, and Senior years, they are elective, with moderate restrictions. In 1872, its 415 students represented all sections of the country. Its faculty, besides the president, John H. Raymond, LL. D., and a lady principal, numbered 8 professors and 30 assistants. Miss Maria Mitchell, Ph. D., its Astronomer, has edited a popular volume on *The Moon*. She is a member of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and of the Academy of Arts and Sciences.

* Men of Our Day; art., Matthew Vassar. By L. P. Brockett, M. D., Editor of "The Biographical Portions of Appleton's Cyclopædia. Philadelphia: Zeigler, McCurdy & Co., 1868.

† Vide, "What Are They Doing at Vassar?" Scribner's Monthly, August, 1871.

ORMSBY McKNIGHT MITCHEL

Was born of Virginia parentage, in Union County, Kentucky, August 28, 1810. His father died when Ormsby was about three years old, after which the family removed to Lebanon, Warren County, Ohio. There young Mitchel received his first education, and at the age of thirteen began life as clerk in a country store. After serving in several towns of Ohio in this capacity, he secured an appointment in 1825 to a cadetship at West Point, when he was not yet fifteen years old. He was a bright, zealous student, and graduated with credit in the class of 1829, with the rank of second lieutenant of artillery. He now passed two years as assistant professor of mathematics in the military academy, and was then stationed at St. Augustine, Florida. In 1832 he resigned his military commission, engaged in the study of the law, was admitted to the bar in Cincinnati, Ohio, and for a time pursued the practice of the profession. At the end of two years he was led to return to his original studies, and for ten years, from 1834 to 1844, held the position of professor of mathematics, philosophy, and astronomy at the Cincinnati College. During a portion of this time he was also engaged as chief engineer of the Little Miami Railroad. In 1842, having become earnestly engrossed in the study of astronomy, he undertook the establishment of an observatory at Cincinnati. He prepared the way for this undertaking by the delivery of a series of lectures at Cincinnati. The public became interested through his enthusiasm; he collected funds by a popular subscription, visited Europe to secure the necessary apparatus, and personally superintended the erection of the observatory building. The corner-stone of the pier, which was to sustain the great refracting telescope, was laid in November, 1843, by John Quincy Adams, who delivered an elaborate oration on the occasion. In 1845, the building was completed. Professor Mitchel then began a series of astronomical observations, in which he was assisted by a new declination apparatus of his own invention. In 1846 he began and continued the publication for two years of an astronomical journal, entitled *The Siderial Messenger*. In 1848 he published a series of lectures which he had delivered in various cities of the country, in a volume entitled *The Planetary and Stellar Worlds*. It was written with fervor, and was well received by the public. The same year Professor Mitchel was appointed chief engineer of the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad. In 1859, he was made director of the newly-erected Dudley Observatory at Albany, while he still retained the supervision of the observatory at Cincinnati. In 1860, he published a second volume of popular astronomy, *A Concise Elementary Treatise on the Sun, Planets, Satellites, and Comets*, in which he presented the result of his own observations, and the new methods which he had employed in the observatories at Cincinnati and Albany.

From this successful prosecution of his favorite science, Professor Mitchel was now called by the opening scenes of the great rebellion. His whole nature was aroused, and, mindful of his

military education at West Point, he hastened to offer his services to his country. He spoke with his usual enthusiasm at the great public meeting in New York immediately following the fall of Fort Sumter. "I only ask," said he, "to be permitted to act, and in God's name give me something to do." The offer was accepted. In August, 1861, he was appointed a brigadier-general of volunteers, and was placed in command of the Department of the Ohio, with



O. M. Mitchel

his head-quarters at Cincinnati. He rendered distinguished service in command of a division of General Buell's army in the advance upon Bowling Green, Kentucky, the occupation of Nashville, Tennessee, and the subsequent movements in Alabama, in the spring campaign of 1862. For his energetic capture of Huntsville, Alabama, he was made a major-general of volunteers. In the autumn of the same year he succeeded General Hunter at Hilton Head, South Carolina, in command of the Department of the South. There, while he was engaged with his habitual ardor in the duties of his new position, he was stricken by yellow fever, and died after a few days' illness, at Beaufort, on the 30th October, 1862.

General Mitchel left a third series of lectures in manuscript, which were published in 1863. This volume, entitled *The Astronomy of the Bible*, is an eloquent assertion of the harmony between science and revelation, arranged under the several heads of "The Astronomical Evidences of the Being of a God; the God of the Universe is Jehovah; the Cosmogony as revealed by the present state of Astronomy; the Mosaic Account of Creation; the Astronomical Allusions in the Book of Job; the Astronomical Miracles of the Bible."

*THE GOD OF THE UNIVERSE IS JEHOVAH — FROM THE ASTRONOMY OF THE BIBLE.

Look yet higher to God's fiery car, the sun, linked to a thousand revolving worlds! onward its mighty mass, a million of miles in diameter, sweeps through space, bearing with it its retinue of flaming worlds.

God's mighty arm hath projected these stupendous orbs, and his omnipotent power alone hath impressed upon them their amazing velocity. It is not possible to escape from this conclusion, by arguing the laws of motion and attraction. These are but the modes in which God exercises his power, they are not the power itself. Let some gigantic arm reach out and attempt to arrest the moon; were the trial possible, were the power of every human arm concentrated into one, even the power of the thousands of generations which have peopled the earth, even this combined and concentrated power could not check this puny orb of heaven for one single moment in its swift career.

Again, what mighty force restrains the planets in their orbits? There is no one who is not familiar with the force developed in all revolving bodies. If a globe be attached to one extremity of a cord, while the other is retained in the hand, the moment the globe is set revolving it commences a struggle to break the cord, and free itself from the restraining hand. As the velocity of revolution increases, so does this developed tendency to fly from the center increase. If, then, a planet were located in space, at its appropriate distance from the sun, and receive an impulse capable of impressing on it the velocity due to its orbit, unrestrained by any central power, it would fly from its orbit and dart onward for ever through space in a direct line, never turning to the right hand or the left. What tremendous power, then, is necessary to bind these mighty worlds into their circling orbits! It is again useless to say that this is accomplished by the power of the sun. Matter is inert, it can have no power save what God shall give. As well might we declare that it is the power of the bone and muscle of the brawny arm of the smith, that wields the ponderous sledge. Sever that same powerful arm from the body, the form is retained, the muscle and bone are there, but mind, the animating principle, is gone, and at the instant of its departure all power is dead. So sever the sun from the will of God, and in that vast aggregation of matter all power dies, its light fades, and the planets, loosed from God's controlling power, fly madly through the abyss of space.

Nothing short of Omnipotence can hold these flying worlds. These are, however, but the merest atoms of creation; all their combined masses flung into the sun would scarcely augment his bulk by an appreciable quantity; and yet this mighty mass, the sun itself, is no more quiescent than its attending satellites. It, too, is flying through space, impelled and guided by the same Omnipotent hand. Stretching yet farther into creation, we behold an amazing scene. Not a solitary star that fills the concave is at rest; all, all, from the blazing Sirius to the faintest particle of star-dust revealed by telescopic art, are careering onward through immensity. System rising above system; cluster above cluster; universe above universe; moving with majestic grandeur; all held by the right hand of God omnipotent. "He ruleth in the armies of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth."

It is, perhaps, less difficult to affirm the almighty power of the Architect of the Universe, than to

demonstrate that in *wisdom supreme* has he reared this stupendous fabric. The mind is far more easily and obviously impressed with the evidences of power than of wisdom. Just as the resistless power of the steam-car forces itself upon our minds through the senses, while the evidence of the wisdom displayed in its complex structure, can only be derived from the steady application of the higher faculties of the mind; so a superficial examination of God's universe, demonstrates, through the senses, his eternal power, while nothing short of a comprehension of the celestial mechanism, can reveal the wisdom supreme displayed in its organization and arrangement.

Nothing short of a knowledge of the true system of the universe, can demonstrate the wisdom of God. There was a time when the human mind, vain of its penetration, conceived it had reached the true rendering of heaven's high record. Cycle and epi-cycle, equant and deferent, marked with terrible and cumbrous complexity, the movements of the celestial orbs, until even mortal genius rebelled, and boldly (if not blasphemously) asserted, that if this were an evidence of the wisdom of God, his mind could have better counseled this imagined omniscience.

Since, however, we have reached to a true knowledge of the celestial architecture, the mind, the deeper it penetrates, is the more powerfully impressed with the wisdom, vast, comprehensive, infinite, eternal, in which and through which the worlds were made.

Let us again call to mind the organization of our solar system. In the center is located the controlling orb. At varying distances from this common center, a multitude of worlds are revolving in reëntering curves until the most remote includes in its capacious orbit, an area whose diameter is 60,000 millions of miles. These globes are to be so arranged, that while each one is subjected to the influence of every other, yet their pathways shall never suffer a change beyond narrow and prescribed limits. Their orbits shall ever expand and contract, their velocities shall ever increase and diminish, the planes of their motion shall ever rock to and fro; but at no period in the ages which are to come, shall any change so accumulate as to affect the equilibrium of this complicated system. If about the sun it were required to launch a single planet, it might not be difficult to determine the direction and power of the primitive impulse, required to produce a determinate result. Indeed, release the planets and their satellites from the disturbing influences of each other, and it would not then be impossible to achieve the resolution of the problem of a perfect and everlasting equilibrium.

But this is not the condition of the problem in nature. There is but one God, so there is but one kind of matter. If the will of God energize the material of the sun, so does it equally energize the material of every planet. While to finite minds complexity reigns, to the infinite intelligence, the oneness of matter, the unity of law, form the essence and perfection of simplicity.

Let us proceed, then, in the examination of this sublime problem. Let a power be delegated to a finite spirit, equal to the projection of the most ponderous planet in its orbit, and from God's exhaustless magazine, let this spirit select his grand central orb. Let him with puissant arm locate it in space, and obedient to his mandate, there let it remain for ever fixed. He proceeds to select his planetary globes which he is now required to mar-

shal, in their appropriate order of distance from the sun. Heed well this distribution, for should a single globe be misplaced, the divine harmony is destroyed for ever. Let us admit that finite intelligence may at length determine the order of combination; the mighty host is arrayed in order. Nearest the center is located the brilliant Mercury, and then the orb of Venus. Next stands this serene globe, and beyond, the fiery Mars, and then a wondrous group of minute worlds, far within the circling orb of Jupiter is placed. Beyond Jupiter stands Saturn with his rings; still more remote is seen Uranus, and farthest of all Neptune stands sentinel on the outposts of this grand array. In one vast line of continuity, these worlds, like fiery couriers, stand waiting the command to fly. But, mighty spirit, heed well the next grand step; ponder well the direction in which thou wilt launch each waiting world; weigh well the mighty impulse soon to be given, for out of the myriads of directions, and the myriads of varying impulsive forces, there comes but a single combination that will secure the perpetuity of your complex scheme. In vain does the bewildered finite spirit attempt to fathom this mighty depth. In vain does it seek to resolve the stupendous problem. It turns away, and while endued with omnipotent power, exclaims, "Give to me infinite wisdom, or relieve me from the impossible task!"

Here we have presented the simplest possible problem. Add to the earth its moon, to Jupiter his four satellites; to Saturn its wondrous rings, and eight revolving worlds; complicate the problem with ten thousand fiery comets; God has computed the perturbations of this complex system, through all its infinite configurations; through infinite ages which are passed, and through endless ages which are to come. It is useless to rise to schemes of yet greater difficulty, for we must be satisfied, that nothing short of omniscience could have constructed a system so involved, so complex, and yet so perfect, in all its multitudinous parts.

And yet how utterly insignificant does this appear, when compared with the marshaling of the mighty host of heaven. Look up to that wondrous zone, begirt with blazing stars, scattered by millions throughout its populous domain. Here is a combination so vast, so profound, so multitudinous, that imagination fails to grasp its mighty boundaries, and yet all is in motion. Each one of these myriads has its appointed track; the wisdom of God hath looked through the wondrous maze from the beginning, and lo! even to the final period of all things, perfection reigns.

ELIZA W. FARNHAM.

The maiden name of Mrs. Farnham was Burhans. She was born at Rensselaerville, Albany County, New York, November 17, 1815. She removed to Illinois in 1835, and was married there the following year to Mr. Thomas J. Farnham, a native of Vermont, and a lawyer by profession, who subsequently became known to the public by several volumes of travels in Oregon Territory and California, the results of his visits to those countries in 1842 and 1845. Returning to New York in 1841, Mrs. Farnham entered upon the career of philanthropy, in which she subsequently distinguished herself by her lectures to women and visits of benevolence to the prisons. In 1844, she accepted the appointment of

matron of the Female Department of the New York State Prison at Sing Sing, the duties of which she discharged for four years. She published at this time a volume, entitled *Life in Prairie Land*, and edited an edition of Sampson's *Criminal Jurisprudence*. She was connected in 1848 with the management of the Institution for the Blind at Boston. She now passed several years in California, returning to New York in 1856. A volume, entitled *California, Indoors and Out*, was the fruit of this residence. In 1859, Mrs. Farnham published a work entitled *My Early Days*. Her most elaborate composition appeared in a work in two volumes published in 1864. It is entitled *Woman and her Era*. "The purpose of these unique volumes," says a friendly reviewer in the *New York Tribune*, "is to present a scientific exposition and proof of the time-honored adage, that 'woman is the better half of creation.' Mrs. Farnham accepts this proposition not only as an undeniable truth, founded upon a deep and wide basis in the mental and physical constitution of the female sex, but as a truth of vital importance to the true order of society and the eternal interests of humanity. She would redeem this cardinal idea, as she regards it, from the province of romantic sentiment, trace it to a more profound source in human nature than the enthusiasm of the affections, present it in the light of accurate analysis and philosophical argument, and exhibit its practical applications to domestic and social life. No one can give a candid perusal to her work without being deeply impressed with the sincerity of her convictions and the purity of her motives, whatever view may be entertained of the validity of her reasoning and the soundness of her conclusions. With glaring, and almost odious faults of execution, the transparent earnestness of her book, the lofty standard of womanly excellence which it sets forth, and the faith in God and humanity with which it is inspired, atone, in a great degree, for its perpetual violation of good taste, and stamp it as an original and remarkable production."

Mrs. Farnham died in the city of New York, in December, 1864.

WILLIAM SLOAN GRAHAM

Was born near New London, Chester County, Pennsylvania, April 23, 1818. His father was pastor of a Presbyterian church of the place. He was an ardent student at Delaware, then Newark College, and afterward passed most of his time as a teacher, as tutor in his college, principal of the Academy in New London, and head of the preparatory school at Newark. Afterward he removed to Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, and took charge of an academy. He died there of consumption, October 3, 1847, in his twenty-ninth year. An affectionate memoir, written by his wife, of his religious and literary life, is published in the volume of his *Remains*, edited by Prof. Geo. Allen.*

His literary life was full of promise of the finest fruits of sensibility and scholarship. He was a student of Coleridge, wrote translations

* Philadelphia, J. W. Moore, 1849.

from the German and frequent verses to his friends.

ISAAC G. STRAIN.

This gallant officer of the navy, whose early death was greatly deplored by the friends of science, was a native of Pennsylvania. He was born about the year 1820, entered the navy of the United States, and rose to the rank of lieutenant. He was an accomplished officer, and acquired several modern languages, particularly interesting himself in the study of the Eastern countries which he visited, their geography and ethnology. His single published volume was a book of travels, *Sketches of a Journey in Chili and the Argentine Provinces* in 1849, the result of permission which he obtained to leave his ship on the Pacific for the sake of making the overland journey from Valparaíso to Rio de Janeiro, with the intention of rejoining the vessel when she should accomplish her voyage round Cape Horn. The book, published in New York in 1853, showed Lieutenant Strain to be an intelligent observer, and brought him in contact with the scientific men of the country. He was made a member of the American Ethnological Society, and was welcomed by its members in New York. Previously to his journey in South America he had explored the peninsula of Lower California. He was subsequently engaged in the Boundary Commission for running the dividing line between the United States and Mexico. In 1854 he was placed in charge of the Government expedition sent to survey the Isthmus of Darien. The extremities to which his party were reduced in that affair, and the heroism with which he sustained his command under extraordinary difficulties, brought him prominently to the notice of the public. His observations were embodied in a report to the Secretary of the Navy, and a paper read before the Geographical Society at New York. An interesting account of his journey, from his notes and original materials, was also prepared by Mr. J. T. Headley, and published in several numbers of *Harpers' Magazine*, in 1855. In the summer of 1856, he sailed in company with Captain Berryman, in the Arctic, on her voyage to ascertain by soundings in the North Atlantic the possibility of an ocean telegraph between America and England. Returning to New York after the successful performance of this duty, he passed the winter in the city in broken health, the result of his exposures on the Isthmus of Darien. In the spring he sailed to overtake his vessel, the Cyane, in Southern waters, but he lived only to reach Aspinwall, dying at that place the night of his arrival, May 15, 1857, in his thirty-seventh year.

CORTLANDT VAN RENSSELAER,

A theological writer, was born at Albany, New York. He was the third son of the late Stephen Van Rensselaer, known as "the Patroon." His boyhood was passed at Albany, and at an academy at Hyde Park on the Hudson, under the care of Dr. Benjamin Allen, previously Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in Union College. In 1823 he

entered Yale College, and graduated in course in 1827. His first application of his powers was to the law, a study which he pursued in the office at Albany of the late Abraham Van Vechten. He was admitted to practice in 1830, but his thoughts were already directed to the claims of divinity. Giving the preference to the latter profession, he studied at the Theological Seminary at Princeton and at the Union Seminary in Prince Edward County, Virginia. In 1833 he received his license to preach from the Presbytery of West Hanover, in the latter State, and began his ministry by an earnest course of labor as a preacher to the slaves in Virginia. Uniting several plantations in this work, he dedicated a chapel in their midst. His devotion to this kind work was, however, interrupted by "unwarrantable suspicions," growing out of his Northern relations and opinions, and he was compelled to abandon his favorite field of exertion. In 1836 he became engaged in the formation of the First Presbyterian Church in Burlington, New Jersey, and ministered faithfully in its pulpit for four years. He afterward preached at Washinton, D. C., and in 1846 became Corresponding Secretary of the Board of Education of the Presbyterian Church. He devoted the remainder of his life to this important work with great assiduity. His labors included the organization and support of parochial schools, Presbyterian academies, and synodical colleges, with incessant occupation of his pen as editor of a monthly magazine, and the preparation of various addresses and discourses. In the midst of these toils he fell into a decline, and ended his days at his residence at Burlington, on the 25th of July, 1860.

A volume of his *Miscellaneous Sermons, Essays, and Addresses* has been published, edited by his son. It contains various theological papers, among others a series of articles on Slaveholding, in reply to the Rev. Dr. George D. Armstrong, of Virginia, in which he combats the alleged pro-slavery Biblical defence of the institution, regarding the ultimate dissolution of the relation as "a moral duty, from the general spirit and principles of the word of God." The volume also includes funeral orations on Daniel Webster and Bishop Doane, in whose character, with praiseworthy independence, he found much to admire, though he was so widely separated from him in church relations; and two historical discourses, at the centennial celebration of the battle of Lake George, and a similar commemoration of the capture of Ticonderoga.

THOMAS STARR KING.

Thomas Starr King was born December 17, 1824, in the city of New York, where his mother was then on a visit to her family. His father, Thomas Farrington King, was a distinguished Universalist clergyman of New England. In 1828 he became settled at Portsmouth, N. H., where his son Starr, as he was always called by his friends, was taught at a private school not only the elements of an English education, but acquired before the age of ten a considerable acquaintance with French and Latin. His father, in 1835, removed to Charlestown,

Mass., to take charge of the Universalist Society at that place, where Starr, a bright and enthusiastic student, was instructed at the Bunker Hill Grammar School, and afterwards at the Winthrop School. The illness and straitened circumstances of the father led to the son being placed as clerk in a dry-goods store in Charlestown, a temporary arrangement, which was prolonged by the father's death, in 1839, which left the mother dependent for support upon Starr, then a youth of fifteen. By the influence of his father's friends he was next year appointed an assistant teacher in the Bunker Hill Grammar School at Charlestown, and continued in this position till 1842, when he became principal of the neighboring West Grammar School of Medford. In the following year he increased his means of support by relinquishing this situation for a clerkship in the Government employ, at the Charlestown navy-yard. He was all this time a diligent student, acquiring various branches of learning, and looking steadily forward to the life of a Christian minister. In 1846, having previously preached before a small Universalist Society in Boston, he succeeded the Rev. Dr. Chapin in the ministry of the church at Charlestown formerly held by his father. Here he continued till 1848, when he was called to take charge of the Hollis street Congregational Church in Boston. He remained in this relation, enjoying the reputation of a fervid and brilliant preacher, till 1860, when he accepted an invitation to assume the pastoral charge of the Unitarian Church in San Francisco, Cal. He was received there with great favor, and for the remaining four years of his life exercised an important influence in the community. "He completely," says one of his friends, "identified himself with the social interests of that young and plastic State. His simple and forcible eloquence, his genial, glowing temperament, his overflowing good humor, his sparkling wit, always at hand, and always benignant, and the kindly fervor of his manners, gave him ready access to the hearts of the people, and clothed him with a degree of popular favor, such as is rarely enjoyed by a public man in any station. His exertions in behalf of the Union are well known to the country. The decided, uncompromising stand which he took at once against the rebellion had a mighty effect on popular opinion in California."*

In the midst of this career of usefulness at San Francisco, he was suddenly taken with an attack of diphtheria, which, in a few days, terminated fatally, on the 4th of March, 1864.

The literary productions of Mr. King include various review articles, published in Dr. Balou's *Universalist Quarterly*, occasional addresses, popular lectures, for the delivery of which he was much in request, and one elaborate work marked by his peculiar enthusiasm and eloquence. This was entitled, *The White Hills; their Legends, Landscape, and Poetry*.† It is a series of descriptions of the mountain

scenery of New Hampshire, traced through the great valleys, by the lakes and waterfalls and grand summits of the region, written with the fancy of a poet, the minute observation and enthusiasm of an ardent lover of nature, and the spiritual insight of a philosopher. The book, a costly volume, was illustrated by pictures of the scenery from the sketches of Mr. Wheelock, and was further enriched by two chapters on the Scientific Explorations and Flora of the Mountains, by Professor Edward Tuckerman.

Immediately after Mr. King's death, a volume of selections from his review articles and theological discourses was published in Boston, bearing the title, *Patriotism and other Papers*. It was prefaced by a biographical sketch of the author, by his friend, Richard Frothingham, who has since narrated Mr. King's career more at length in a spirited memorial volume, entitled *A Tribute to Thomas Starr King*. The following lines by the poet Whittier appear as a prelude to the posthumous volume of selections:

The great work laid upon his two-score years
Is done and well done. If we drop our tears
Who loved him as few men were ever loved,
We mourn no blighted hope nor broken plan,
With him whose life stands rounded and approved
In the full growth and stature of a man.
Mingle, O bells, along the Western slope,
With your deep toll a sound of faith and hope!
Wave cheerily still, O banner, halfway down,
From thousand-masted bay and steepled town!
Let the strong organ with its loftiest swell
Lift the proud sorrow of the land, and tell
That the brave sower saw his ripened grain.
O East and West, O morn and sunset, twain
No more forever!—has he lived in vain
Who, priest of Freedom, made ye one, and told
Your bridal service from his lips of gold?

** INDIRECT INFLUENCES—FROM PATRIOTISM AND OTHER PAPERS.

The objects of the physical world continually exert indirect influences upon each other. Each tree, shrub, flower, and spire of grass reacts upon the quality of the air, and in that way affects other trees and flowers, and thus, finally, the health of animals, and of the men and women of the globe. The carbonic acid with which our breathing floods the atmosphere, to-morrow will be speeding north and south, and striving to make the tour of the world. The date-trees that grow round the fountains of the Nile will drink it in by their leaves; the cedars of Lebanon will take it up to add to their stature; the cocoanuts of Tahiti will grow riper upon it; and the palms and bananas of Japan change it into flowers. The oxygen we are now breathing was, in part, distilled for us, some short time ago, by the magnolias of the South, and the roses and myrtles of Cashmere; and, in part, forests older than the flood supplied it.

Every particle of matter, by reason of the various laws of mechanical and chemical influences, exerts unseen and undetected influences upon other particles. The smallest planet, or satellite, in the solar system has some effect upon the orbit and motion of huge Jupiter and far-distant Neptune; and so nice is the adjustment of the celestial forces, that, if these indirect and humble services of the lesser orbs should be lost from the mechanism, the poise of the system would be disturbed, and the motions

* *New York Tribune*, March 7, 1864

† Published by Crosby & Co., Boston, 1860.

that now produce such beneficent harmony, would drift towards wreck and ruin. The physical order, stability, and beneficence we behold, are not the result of a few glaring and easily-comprehended arrangements, but the products of a myriad indirect contributions and intricate influences, which deep and patient study discloses to the scientific mind.

In the structure of society, also, the most powerful agents for good are indirect, and seldom consciously recognized. What a complex thing is that which we call *civilization*! Of how many delicate and different influences is it compounded! There are times when we are able to see, for an instant, what terrible passions smoulder in the bosom of our Christian society, and what savage feelings can be started beneath the placid order of common life, and how coarse the temper and moral sensibility of large portions of our community really are. And yet all this is generally restrained from destructive fury by subtle influences which are intertwined so skilfully, that the whole strength and pressure of them are no more seen than we see the power and momentum of the wind. The fierce elements of human nature are controlled by civilization, as a lion is entrapped by a net,—each line of which is but a straw in comparison with his strength, but whose knots and meshes bind every muscle, and entangle his feet, and distract his energy, so that his vigor is soon exhausted, and he is no longer a dangerous foe. The best government is that which *seems* to govern least; whose power and motives and control reach us indirectly, and press upon us steadily and unconsciously as the weight of the air.

That which we call the power of conservatism in society, and which gives permanence and force to all institutions—to many that are bad—is an *indirect* power. All institutions and customs have many and wide relations with the feelings, habits, and hearts of the people among whom they exist. They throw out fine tendrils into the soil of the sentiments, which we do not like to have disturbed. And hence it is that, after the upper leaves of some great institution have begun to die, and its trunk has rotted, and it is seen by the sharpest eyes to be a cumberer of the ground—and even after the storm has madly despoiled it, and the hot bolt of intellectual indignation has smitten and shivered it,—it will stand in some semblance of worth and majesty, because of the unseen and indirect support that is yet afforded from the tap-roots that strike down into the sub-soil of feeling, and the fibres that are twisted in some corners of the social heart.

So much for the broad law, and the *general* manifestations of it. Let us notice, next, some of the indirect influences which, as individuals, we are continually receiving from society, and from our companions and friends. We cannot tell how much we derive in this way. A great part of what we know and of what we learn of our opinions and general views—the tone of our judgments, etc.—comes to us and is formed through the spontaneous action of our faculties upon the materials thrown in our way, and the experience which the world forces upon us, rather than by the deliberate reflection and intentional activity of the intellect. We are but slightly conscious, at the time, of the complicated influences that surround us, the various motives that besiege us, or impel us, and the diverse materials that help to build up and draw out our characters. Society is continually acting upon us, not only through our

voluntary absorption, but through all the pores of our spiritual nature.

Past ages have an indirect effect upon us, through the institutions they have bequeathed and the general spirit of the civilization they have helped to form. The author of "Euthanasia" and "Martyria" has finely and truly said, "In my character there are the effects of Paul's journey to Damascus, and of the meeting of King John and the barons at Runnymede. There is in my soul the seriousness of the many conflicts, famines, and pestilences of early English times. And of my enthusiasm, some of the warmth is from fiery words which my forefathers thrilled to, in the times of the Commonwealth and of the Reformation. There is in me what has come of the tenderness with which mothers nursed their children, ages ago; and there is that in me which is holy, and which began from a forty days' fast in a wilderness in Judea, now eighteen hundred years since." Every man we meet, every emergency in which we are thrown, leaves its impress, slight or palpable, upon the soul. Just as every particle of food we take, and every breath we inhale, contributes something to the nourishment or injury of the frame; just as we are unconscious of the play of the lungs, the flow of the blood, and of the operation of the forces that digest and assimilate our food; so our characters derive some elements for healthy or unhealthy growth from each of the occasions of life; and all these are digested and worked into our spiritual substance by forces that play without our knowledge, and independent on the control of our will.

The most precious parts of education are those which men do not derive from books, and which they *cannot* tell how they acquired. Take that practical wisdom which we say comes from experience, and how is it acquired? or take that faculty which we term a shrewd and solid common sense, and how is it developed? Not by books, academies, and the apparatus of study, so much as by intercourse with society, and the training of every-day life,—the indirect culture and discipline which the street, the exchange, the market, the church, and constant communion with the many-sided world, pour sideways, as it were, into the intellect and heart.

GEORGE LIVERMORE.

George Livermore was born in Cambridge, Mass., 10th July, 1809. He received his education principally from the public schools of that place, and at a suitable age was placed in a "store," to fit him for a mercantile life. After some business experience on his own account, in different places, he entered into the wool commission business, in Boston; at first with an older brother, then in other connections. For many years, and at the time of his death, he was one of the prominent merchants in this line of business in Boston. He took pride to the last in being favorably known as a merchant.

Mr. Livermore very early had a great taste for books, which continued through life. He was fond of historical and antiquarian pursuits, but the special subject of his studies was the Bible and biblical literature, concerning which he had collected, with perhaps one exception, the finest private library in the country. He was eminent as a bibliographer, and was especially curious in collecting books to illustrate the history of print-

ing. His library was also rich in large-paper copies and elegant illustrated editions; indeed, containing some of the finest specimens of whatever is *recherché* connected with the arts of book-printing or book-binding.

Mr. Livermore often wrote for the newspapers and reviews. His style was pure and vigorous; and whatever came from his pen of an historical nature, bore the marks of great thoroughness of research. In 1849, he wrote a series of articles in the *Cambridge Chronicle*, on the *New England Primer*, which were afterward collected into a volume, of which twelve copies only were printed for private distribution. In that year he also wrote an article for the *Christian Examiner*, on Strickland's *History of the American Bible Society*. The next year he contributed a paper to the *North American Review on Public Libraries*. In 1855, he wrote and printed, for private distribution, *A Tribute to the Memory of James Johnson, a Merchant of the Old School*. In 1862, he prepared and printed, at his own expense, an important paper—making a volume of 215 pages— which he entitled, *An Historical Research respecting the Opinions of the Founders of the Republic on Negroes as Slaves, as Citizens, and as Soldiers*—read before the Massachusetts Historical Society, 14th August, 1862. There were five editions of this work printed, including the edition printed in the Historical Society's proceedings. These were all on superior paper. The last edition was on superb large paper. In 1864, he wrote the annual report of the council of the Antiquarian Society, which he read at the meeting in October, at Worcester. In this he paid an admirable tribute to his venerable friend, the late Josiah Quincy—who had died during the year—and gave a discriminating analysis of his writings.

In 1849, Mr. Livermore was elected to the Massachusetts Historical Society, of which he was an efficient member. In 1850, Harvard College conferred on him the honorary degree of master of arts, and about that time he was elected a member of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, and also a member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. He was for many years a trustee of the Boston Athenæum, and was their vice-president at the time of his death.

Mr. Livermore not only claimed our respect as an honorable merchant and a scholar, but he won the love of all who had the privilege of knowing him, by the beautiful simplicity of his manners, the kindness of his heart, and, indeed, for all those qualities which constitute the Christian gentleman. He was eminently patriotic, and during the late rebellion gave liberally of his time, strength, and money to the cause of the Union and to the support of the Government. He died 30th August, 1865, after an illness of about three months, and was buried at Mount Auburn.

On the following Sunday a tribute was paid to his memory by the Rev. Mr. Hale, in a discourse on "The public service of a private man," from the pulpit of the South Congregational Church at Cambridge; and at a meeting the following month of the Massachusetts Historical Society at Boston, addresses on occasion of his death were made by the Hon. Robert

C. Winthrop, the president of the society, and by Mr. Charles Deane. Both spoke warmly of his manly virtues and of his love of letters, the latter giving various particulars of the formation of his biblical library, of his studies, of his acquaintance with Dibdin on a visit to England, of his intimacy with Mr. Dowse, whose valuable library he was the means of securing to the society, and of other incidents of his relation to literature.

SAMUEL IRENÆUS PRIME

Was born in Ballston, Saratoga County, New York, November 4, 1812. He graduated at Williams College, Massachusetts, in 1829, studied at the Princeton Theological Seminary, and became a minister of the Presbyterian Church. In 1840, being induced by ill health, he retired from the ministry, and has since been engaged in the editorship of the *New York Observer*. He has published *Travels in Europe and the East*, the result of his observations on a foreign tour (1855); *Letters from Switzerland*, another record of travel (1860); and several works of a devotional character, among which may be mentioned *Thoughts on the Death of Little Children*, *The Power of Prayer*, a sketch of the Fulton Street (New York) prayer-meeting; *Walking with God*, and *Life Hid with Christ in God*. *The Alhambra and the Kremlin*, appeared in 1873.

WILLIAM COWPER PRIME,

A brother of the preceding, was born in Cambridge, Washington County, New York, October 31, 1825. He was educated at the College of New Jersey, at Princeton, studied law, was admitted to the bar, and has since pursued the profession in the city of New York. His writings are numerous, including the *Owl Creek Letters*, a series of papers contributed to the *New York Journal of Commerce*; *The Old House by the River*, a volume of tales and sketches, published in 1853; and *Later Years* (1854). Mr. Prime's more recent works, by which he is chiefly known, relate to his travels in the East in 1855-6. He has published *Boat Life in Egypt and Nubia*, and *Tent Life in the Holy Land*. He has also lectured before the New York Historical Society on subjects of Egyptian antiquities. In 1860 he edited an illustrated work on *Coins, Medals, and Seals*, subjects on which he has bestowed much attention.

Mr. Prime's next publication was a small volume entitled, *O Mother Dear, Jerusalem*; *The Old Hymn, its Origin and Genealogy*. In this a venerable hymn, derived from the Apocalypse, and many an invocation of subsequent Christian writers, is presented in the version of David Dickson, a Scottish clergyman of the seventeenth century, supported by various poems of the Latin Church, of similar import. The author in the preface expresses his indebtedness in the work to the Rev. Dr. Bonar, of Scotland, who has edited the hymn in a volume of curious research, published in Edinburgh in 1852. In 1868 he edited the *Passio Christi* of Albert Durer. *I Go-A-Fishing* appeared in 1873.

R. T. S. LOWELL.

Robert Traill Spence Lowell, an elder brother of James Russell Lowell, was born in Boston,

October 8, 1816. He passed his schoolboy days at the celebrated establishment at Round Hill, Northampton, and was graduated at Harvard in 1833. After studying medicine, he changed his plan of life for theology, and was ordained a minister of the Church of England by the Bishop of Newfoundland and Bermuda. He was first stationed at the last-named group of islands as the bishop's chaplain. He next removed to Newfoundland, where he became rector of the village of Bay Roberts. Here he remained until, in consequence of overwork as a commissioner for the distribution of food, during a season of famine, he was forced to remove to a more genial clime, and, returning to the United States, became rector of Christ's Church, Newark. His next parochial charge was at Duaneburg, N. Y.; and he has since held the Head Mastership of a large classical school.

Mr. Lowell published in 1858, at Boston, a novel in two volumes, bearing the title, *The New Priest in Conception Bay*. It is an original work, forcible in style, philosophical, picturesque, and humorous. The few lines of prelude or preface indicate its temper and quality: "Religious novels there are many; this is not one of them. These Figures, of gentle, simple, sad and merry, were drawn (not in a Day) upon the Walls of a House of Exile. Will the great World care for them?"

The scene of *The New Priest* is placed in a fishing village on the coast of Newfoundland. The main interest of the story turns on the abduction of a young girl by some over-zealous Roman Catholics, and her subsequent recovery. The New Priest is a convert from the Church of England, who had, before the commencement of the book, abandoned his wife to take up the ministry of his new faith. Coming to Peterport in the exercise of his vocation, he finds his wife living in retirement, and is so influenced by her arguments, and by his disgust at the double-dealing of his associates in the conduct of the abduction, that he finally returns to the Anglican communion. He leaves for the mainland to make a public recantation to the bishop of the diocese, and on his return has to make an overland journey in the depth of winter. The time of his expected arrival having passed, his friends, accompanied by his wife, go out in search, and find him, near his journey's end, frozen to death. The generally grave character of the narrative is relieved by the introduction of a comic character, Mr. Bangs, of the United States, an impertinent Yankee.

In 1861, Mr. Lowell published a small volume of poems, with the fanciful title, *Fresh Hearts that Failed Three Thousand Years ago; with Other Things*. Many are suggested by incidents in the author's career, and all are in a serious, reflective vein. The poems are vigorous in thought, harmonious, and suggestive. A later edition of these poems, with additions, appeared in 1864, entitled, *The Poems of Robert Lowell*.

**THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW.

Are there not many that remember (who can forget?) that scene in the Sikh war,—also in India,—when the distant gleam of arms and flash of friendly uniform were descried by a little exhausted army among the hills, and the Scotch pipes struck

up "Oh! but ye were lang a-comin'!" (Lachrymamne teneatis, amici? None of us, that have much Scottish blood, can keep our eyes from moistening.) The incident in the present case may not be historical, but it is true to nature, and intrinsically probable, which is all that poetry needs, in that respect.

Oh! that last day in Lucknow fort!
We knew that it was the last;
That the enemy's mines had crept surely in,
And the end was coming fast.

To yield to that foe was worse than death;
And the men and we all worked on:
It was one day more, of smoke and roar,
And then it would all be done.

There was one of us, a Corporal's wife,
A fair, young, gentle thing,
Wasted with fever in the siege,
And her mind was wandering.

She lay on the ground, in her Scottish plaid,
And I took her head on my knee;
"When my father comes hame frae the pleugh,"
she said,
"Oh! please then waken me."

She slept like a child on her father's floor,
In the flecking of woodbine-shade,
When the house-dog sprawls by the half-open
door,
And the mother's wheel is staid.

It was smoke and roar and powder-stench,
And hopeless waiting for death;
But the soldier's wife, like a full-tired child,
Seemed scarce to draw her breath.

I sank to sleep, and I had my dream
Of an English village-lane,
And wall and garden;—but a wild scream
Brought me back to the roar again.

There Jessie Brown stood listening,
Until sudden gladness broke
All over her face, and she took my hand
And drew me near and spoke:

"*The Highlanders!* Oh! dinna ye hear?
The slogan far awa?
The McGregor's? Ah! I ken it weel;
It's the grandest o' them a'.

"God bless thae bonny Highlanders!
We're saved! We're saved!" she cried;
And fell on her knees, and thanks to God
Poured forth, like a full flood-tide.

Along the battery-line her cry
Had fallen among the men:
And they started; for they were there to die;
Was life so near them, then?

They listened, for life; and the rattling fire
Far off, and the far-off roar
Were all;—and the Colonel shook his head,
And they turned to their guns once more.

Then Jessie said, "That slogan's dune;
But can ye no hear them, noo,
'*The Campbell's are comin'*? It's no a dream;
Our succors hae broken through!"

We heard the roar and the rattle afar,
But the pipes we could not hear;
So the men plied their work of hopeless war,
And knew that the end was near.

It was not long ere it must be heard;
A shrilling, ceaseless sound;
It was no noise of the strife afar,
Or the sappers underground.

It was the pipes of the Highlanders,
And now they played "*Auld Lang Syne*,"
It came to our men, like the voice of God,
And they shouted along the line.

And they wept and shook one another's hands,
And the women sobbed in a crowd;
And every one knelt down where we stood,
And we all thanked God aloud.

That happy day, when we welcomed them,
Our men put Jessie first;
And the General took her hand, and cheers
From the men, like a volley, burst.

And the pipers' ribbons and tartan streamed,
Marching round and round our line;
And our joyful cheers were broken with tears,
For the pipes played "*Auld Lang Syne*."

WILLIAM WHITING.

The Hon. William Whiting was born at Concord, Massachusetts, March 3, 1813. He is descended from Rev. Samuel Whiting, who was a clergyman at Boston, England, and was a gentleman of fortune and culture. He came to this country in 1836, and was soon after settled at Lynn, Massachusetts. Mr. Whiting was graduated at Harvard University in 1833, studied his profession at the Cambridge Law School under Judge Story and Professor Greenleaf, and commenced practice in Boston about the year 1838. He soon rose to a high rank at the bar, and for many years has had an extensive practice in the courts of the United States in several of the Northern States. Many cases in which he has been engaged have been of great importance, and have involved large interests. Although he was always averse from taking any active part in politics, and had repeatedly declined office, yet he was strongly opposed to slavery; and, in 1860, he made several public addresses, and ardently advocated the election of Mr. Lincoln to the Presidency. After the war broke out, Mr. Whiting's speeches show that he was occupied in discussing the great questions of the day. He advocated an entire change in the policy of the country in carrying on the war. He claimed that the Government had, *under the Constitution*, full belligerent rights against those who inhabited the States declared in rebellion—the right to emancipate their slaves, to capture their property, and to use all other rights of war against the public enemy. These views were not at first appreciated by the members of Congress, to whom they were communicated in 1861, but were received with respect, and Mr. Whiting was urged to put his opinions in writing; and soon after he published his first work on these subjects, entitled, *The War Powers of the President and the Legislative Powers of Congress in Relation to Rebellion, Treason, and Slavery*. The book soon attracted the attention of the leading statesmen of the country, and was received by them with profound satisfaction. The principles therein set forth were very soon fully sanctioned and adopted by President Lincoln and by the Departments. This work first formulated the war powers of the country. It was called for from all quarters, and more than one edition was sent for from England, France, and other foreign

countries. It has passed through ten editions in Boston and seventeen in New York, and is still the hand-book of the American statesman. The later editions are printed with other more recent writings on the same class of subjects, viz.: *Military Arrests in Time of War; Reconstruction of the Union, or the Return of the Rebellious States; and Military Government*.

In 1862, Mr. Whiting was summoned by the Government to Washington, where, for nearly three years, his strong powers were devoted to aid the President and some members of the Cabinet to decide the great and novel questions of law which have grown out of the war. Many of his opinions, as solicitor of the War Department, and relating to the military laws, have, from time to time, been published by the Government. His public services at Washington were thus in the highest degree laborious and responsible. But he always refused to receive any salary or compensation for all he did. For five years he was president of the N. E. Historical and Genealogical Society.

**Mr. Whiting printed in 1871, for private circulation, a genealogical work, entitled: *Memoirs of Rev. Samuel Whiting and of His Wife, Elizabeth St. John; with reference to some of their English Ancestors and American Descendants* (8vo., pp. 334). In 1872, he received the degree of LL.D. from Colby University, and the same year he was elected to the Forty-Third Congress. He died in Boston, June 28, 1873.

HENRY WHITNEY BELLOWES.

Dr. Bellows was born in Boston, Mass., June 11, 1814, was educated at Harvard College and at the Divinity School at Cambridge, where he completed his course in 1837. At the opening of the following year he was ordained pastor of the First Congregational Church in New York. In 1846 he was one of the principal originators of the *Christian Inquirer*, a weekly newspaper of the Unitarian denomination, published in New York, to which he has been a frequent contributor. His occasional publications of pamphlets, articles in the *Christian Examiner*, and discourses, are numerous. In 1857, Dr. Bellows delivered a course of lectures before the Lowell Institute, in Boston, on *The Treatment of Social Diseases*. In the same year he delivered an address at the Academy of Music, New York, before the American Dramatic Fund Society, for the benefit of the fund. This was published with the title, *The Relation of Public Amusements to Public Morality, especially of the Theatre to the Highest Interests of Humanity*. This address was at once a plea with the serious or religious portion of the community for tolerance and support of a well-conducted stage, and an appeal to the theatrical profession for the improvement and moral responsibility of the acted drama. In 1860, Dr. Bellows published, in New York, a volume of discourses, entitled, *Restatements of Christian Doctrine, in Twenty-five Sermons*. In a review of this volume in the *Christian Examiner*, the writer remarks: "The literary style of Dr. Bellows is his own, the very type and weapon of an individualized power.

It is the style of a worker, an entirely business style, not very compact, classic, or finished, but pointed and effective, ever seeking its end, relieved from all dryness by a perpetual dew of sentiment, open as the dawn, and often lighted up with gleams of unsought brilliance."

During the "War for the Union," Dr. Bellows has filled an important position as the head of the United States Sanitary Commission for the relief of the wants of the army. In 1864 he visited California, to supply for a time the Unitarian pulpit, suddenly vacated by the death of his friend, the Rev. Thomas Starr King.

Henry W. Bellows

** Dr. Bellows printed in 1866, as "an address to his own congregation," a pamphlet entitled: *Public Life in Washington, or, The Family Aspects of the National Capital, and the Apparent Tendencies of Political Thought and Feeling in Congress and Cabinet*. The two following years he spent abroad on the Continent. After seeing Paris and the Exposition, which gave him an insight into the aspects of French life, he entered Prussia by way of Belgium and Holland, and took much pains, by repeated tours through Germany, to study the condition of its religion and social life. Switzerland, the valley of the Rhone, Austria, and Italy were traversed at leisure. From Messina he sailed to Egypt, and ascended the Nile; then, after exploring Syria and the sacred scenes of Palestine, he turned his face homeward, passing through Asia Minor, Greece and Italy to Paris, then in the hectic height of its gayety. The sights and thoughtful impressions of this visit were embodied in two attractive volumes, in 1868: *The Old World in its New Face: Impressions of Europe in 1867-1868*.

** DISSOLUTION OF THE PRUSSIAN PARLIAMENT IN 1867
— FROM THE OLD WORLD IN ITS NEW FACE.

Sitting among a favored few in the tribune, or gallery, to which tickets from our minister had admitted us, we looked down upon the gathering of this gorgeous assemblage. Entering informally as they arrived, one or two at a time, we had an opportunity to watch somewhat deliberately their individual appearance. Half, at least, were either soldiers or in military uniforms, of all kinds and degrees of splendor—red, white, green—but always profusely covered with gold lace, and commonly hung about with orders and stars, sashes and ribbons. Another portion were in their usual court dress, which is a kind of Quaker coat that has broken out into colors and gold lace. A few ecclesiastics or professors, in solemn gown and cape, with an order or two on their breasts shining all the more brilliantly from its black background, moved in the motley throng.

Perhaps fifty gentlemen in plain clothes were mixed in the assembly. There were no seats for this assembly, notwithstanding the venerable and infirm appearance of a large number of them. Indeed, the advanced age of most officials and notabilities in Prussia is one of the characteristic

features of a civilization where routine and slowness of advancement are painfully in the way of merit and vigor. A few chairs on one side of the simple throne (a classic chair upon a slightly raised platform) were reserved for the privy council and ministers of State, and in these, at three o'clock, twenty dignitaries took their places, with Bismarck at the left nearest the throne. Suddenly a herald announced the King in a loud voice, and William I. came unattended, cap in hand, and at once ascended the platform. He was in full uniform of a dark green, and in boots and spurs, and, after bowing to the assembly, put on his cavalry cap with its fountain plume. One short, simultaneous and percussive "Owa" welcomed him. Bismarck advanced, and, with a very low salute, put the open portfolio containing the royal speech into the King's hands. He read it in a simple and rather awkward manner, without pretension and without effect. One suppressed murmur of applause greeted the close of a paragraph referring to the harmony of the session. At the close (the reading could not have taken three minutes) Bismarck took the address from the King's hands, and, turning toward the assembly, pronounced the parliament, in the name of the King, dissolved. The King bowed and immediately descended from the throne (he had not once sat down), and left the hall amid a few hearty huzzas. Bismarck was dressed in the same white uniform I had seen him in at the Emperor's ball at Paris. He wore jack-boots and spurs. His fine, great head upon his tall, full figure gave him a marked superiority over the whole assembly. Power, prudence, self-possession, capacity, success, are stamped upon his features and bearing. If he is worn with care, he does not show it; perhaps he carries it in those great sacks that hang under his eyes! He seems about fifty-four and thoroughly well preserved. His habits are careful. He rides on horseback, and bathes in summer in the open river, a few miles from the town. He seems to possess much of the attainments of John Quincy Adams, with a tact in statesmanship that never marked that powerful politician. If he had fallen from the skies he could not have come more opportunely, or with qualifications more out of the usual line of German statesmanship. Knowing all that German statesmen ever knew, he has a thoroughly un-German dash and practical quality in him that marks him out from his predecessors, and leaves him wholly alone in his kind. With unsurpassed courage and competency, he possesses distinguished prudence and self-control. He does not undertake the impossible, nor invent a policy. He merely shapes and articulates a public sentiment which for a hundred years has waited for its crystallizing moment. He is not a moral genius, nor are his disinterestedness and pure philanthropy his inspirers. But he is a patriot, and sees Prussia's opportunity to lead Germany to her destiny, and perhaps no man could possess qualities or antecedents better fitted to the work. An aristocrat, he puts himself at the head of the party of movement, and advocates all possible reforms in the interests of a larger liberty and a freer life. He swallows and digests his antecedents, and evidently despises all criticism which merely convicts him of disagreement with himself where the disagreement is necessary and born of new circumstances and new opportunities. He is clearly a whole head and shoulders above not only his cotemporaries in Prussia, but European statesmen in general;

and the more I see of the slack, tape-tied, broken-spirited character of German politicians—dreamy, mechanical, wordy, theoretical and inefficient—the more I admire the prompt, incisive, practical and bold qualities of this redeemer of Germany.

JOSEPH E. D. COMSTOCK.

Joseph E. D. Comstock was born at South Kingston, Rhode Island. He is the son of Dr. Joseph Comstock and Sarah Robinson Perry, and a lineal descendant of quaint Francis Quarles, author of the *Emblems*, &c.

His father, Dr. Joseph Comstock, now living (1864), has been a contributor to the press, principally on medical and scientific subjects, for more than sixty years, writing in 1803 for the late Dr. Samuel L. Mitchill, of New York, who there established the first medical journal published in the United States. Dr. Comstock was the author of *The Tongue of Time*, a large volume crowded with curious and useful scientific facts.

Mr. Comstock's articles, in prose or verse—usually without signature, or with a fictitious one—have been published in *Littell's Living Age*, *Hogg's* (Edinburgh) *Instructor*, *Eclectic Magazine*, *Graham's Magazine*, the *New York Daily Times*, and various other daily and weekly journals. One of his poems, *The Door*; is written with delicacy, and is familiar to many readers. Another, *Nature's Sweet Monosyllables*, is a quaint and pleasing poem of fifty verses, expressing in each the sentiment involved in some such object as tree, star, bird, brook, &c.

ELIZABETH A. COMSTOCK.

Mrs. Elizabeth A. Comstock, wife of the preceding, was born in 1817, in New York city, and died 1860. Her parents were Quakers. Her father was for many years a merchant of the old school in New York, and one of the foremost members of the sect to which he belonged.

Her earliest productions were published by Mrs. Child; later ones by Mrs. Kirkland, in the *Union Magazine*, sometimes with the signature of Elizabeth Emmet, which was the maiden name of her mother.

Tête-à-tête at Heidelberg appeared in the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, where other passages from her pen, with various signatures, were printed. Her articles, in prose or verse, have also been published in many daily and weekly journals, including the *New York Evening Post*, *Independent*, and *Littell's Living Age*. Her *Hymn to the Cross*, *Snow Thoughts*, and *Suffering* have been especially admired.

LUTHER FARNHAM.

The Rev. Luther Farnham, descended from ancestors among the first settlers of the town of Concord, New Hampshire, was born in that town in 1816. He was educated at Dartmouth College and at Andover Theological Seminary, where he graduated in 1841. In 1844, he became pastor of the Congregational Church at Northfield, Massachusetts. In the following year he resigned his office and removed to Boston, which has since been his residence. Soon after this removal he devoted much of his

time to literary pursuits, as one of the editors of the *Christian Alliance*, and also, of the *Massachusetts Ploughman*. For twelve years he was a regular correspondent of the *New York Journal of Commerce*; writing also for the *New York Observer*, *Hunt's Magazine*, and other periodicals. In 1855, he published *A Glance at Private Libraries*, in an 8vo pamphlet. He has also ready for publication a *History of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society*. From 1855–61, he was secretary of the Southern Aid Society, a home missionary association to aid especially in preaching the gospel to the poor whites and blacks of the South and Southwest. In 1862, he was elected secretary of the "General Theological Library," a unique institution, founded in Boston that year, "to benefit all religious denominations, and to promote the interests of religion and the increase and diffusion of theological learning," which position he still retains. He has collected thirty-two thousand dollars for its endowment, and a library of eleven thousand volumes.

** Mr. Farnham, during his ministry of thirty-three years, has travelled one hundred thousand miles, and delivered, within eleven States, more than three thousand sermons and addresses, collecting in that period sixty thousand dollars for missionary and charitable enterprises. He is now the acting pastor of the Congregational Church, West Gloucester, Mass. He has devoted the leisure hours of four years to the preparation of a history of the Handel and Haydn Society of Boston, and that work will probably be published the present year.

ABEL STEVENS.

An eminent historian of the Methodist Church, was born in Philadelphia, January 19, 1815. He was educated at the Wilbraham Academy, Massachusetts, and at the Wesleyan University, Middletown, Connecticut. He was early settled as pastor of a Methodist church in Boston. He travelled in Europe in 1837, and on his return to the United States was stationed for about three years in Providence, Rhode Island. In 1840 he removed to Boston, and edited a religious newspaper—*Zion's Herald*. In 1852, he became editor, at New York, of the *National Magazine*, published by the Methodist Book Concern in that city. He visited Europe again in 1855, and on his return, in 1856, was elected editor of the *Christian Advocate and Journal*.

The editorial duties of Dr. Stevens made him acquainted with various fragments and materials of Methodist church history, which he wrought into a regular narrative. The first volume which he published, devoted to this subject, was entitled, *Memorials of the Introduction of Methodism into the United States, comprising Biographical Notices of its Early Preachers, Sketches of its First Churches, and Reminiscences of its Early Struggles and Successes*. This was followed by a second series, entitled, *Memorials of the Early Progress of Methodism in the Eastern States*. These two volumes of Memorials were preliminary to a more elaborate work from the author's pen, published in three volumes (New York, 1859–62), *The History of*

the Religious Movement of the Eighteenth Century called Methodism, considered in its Different Denominational Forms and its Relations to British and American Protestantism. This work is devoted to a survey of general Methodism, centralizing in the British "Wesleyan Connection." As a complement to this history, Mr. Stevens has written a *History of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States of America*, four volumes of which, embracing "the Planting and Training of American Methodism" in the times preceding and during the Revolutionary War, and down to 1820, were published in 1864-7. The style of these works is eminently graphic. They are replete with anecdote and interesting biographical details, and are written with unflagging industry and enthusiasm.

In addition to these historical works, Dr. Stevens has published several volumes, entitled *Church Polity*; *The Preaching Required by the Times*; *Sketches and Incidents, a Budget from the Saddle-Bags of an Itinerant*; *The Great Reform*; *Centenary of American Methodism*, 1866; and *The Women of Methodism: Its Three Foundresses, Susannah Wesley, the Countess of Huntingdon, and Barbara Heck*, 1866.

The "Memoirs" and other writings of the kind by Dr. Stevens have led to the production of various others illustrating the history of Methodism in America. "They have been followed," says he, "by one effect for which I have especially to congratulate myself: they were the first in that numerous series of local narratives of the denomination which have since enriched us with our best historical materials. 'Memorials of Methodism in New Jersey,' by Atkinson; 'Annals of Southern Methodism,' by Deems; 'Sketches of Western Methodism,' and several similar works, by Finley; 'Methodism within the Troy Conference,' by Parks; 'Early Methodism within the Bounds of the Old Genesee Conference,' by Peck; 'Sketches and Collections,' by Carroll; 'Lost Chapters,' and 'The Heroes,' by Wakeley; 'The Heroines,' by Coles; 'Methodism in Canada,' by Playter; 'Methodism in America,' by Lednum; 'German Methodist Preachers,' by Miller; and many similar and equally valuable works, besides almost innumerable biographical contributions to our history, have, since, been incessantly issuing from the press, and it seems probable that few remarkable documents or reminiscences of our early times will now be allowed to perish.*"

****THE LAST DAYS OF WHITEFIELD—FROM HISTORY OF METHODISM.**

In May he appeared again among the enthusiastic crowds of Philadelphia, preaching twice on Sunday, besides three or four times during the rest of the week. All ranks flocked to hear him, and now even the Episcopal churches were all open to him. The salutary effects of his former labors were everywhere obvious. He made an excursion from the city over a circuit of a hundred and fifty miles, preaching every day. So many doors were open, he wrote, that he knew not which way to turn. He turned finally to

New York, where he preached "to congregations larger than ever." He passed up the Hudson River, and made a tour of more than five hundred miles, preaching at Albany, Schenectady, Great Barrington, and many other places. He reached the New York frontier of that day; for as late as the Revolution the white population west of the Hudson scarcely extended back sixty miles to Cherry Valley, Johnstown, and some scattered settlements in Otsego, Montgomery, and Herkimer counties; and such was still the power of the Indian tribes, that during the war Schenectady itself was likely at one time to become the prominent point of the Western boundary of the state. "O what new scenes of usefulness are opening in various points of this world," wrote Whitefield, as he returned. He saw the gates of the Northwest opening, those mighty gates through which the nations have since been passing, as in grand procession, but he was not to enter there; the everlasting gates were opening for him, and he was hastening toward them. The last entry in his memoranda relates to his labors on this tour up the Hudson: "I heard afterward that the word ran and was glorified. Grace! grace!" He had preached with his usual zeal, and at every possible point, in churches, in streets, in fields, and at one time on the coffin of a criminal, beneath the gallows, to thousands of hearers; "Solemn! solemn!" he wrote; "effectual good, I hope, was done. Grace! grace!"

From New York he went to Boston, and wrote in one of his latest letters that never was the word received with greater eagerness than now, and that all opposition seemed to cease. He passed on to Newbury, where he was attacked with sudden illness; but recovering, he resumed his route to Portsmouth, N. H. During six days he preached there and in the vicinity every day. Returning he addressed a vast assembly in the open air at Exeter. His emotions carried him away, and he prolonged his discourse through two hours. It was an effort of stupendous eloquence—*his last field triumph*: the last of that series of mighty sermons which had been resounding like trumpet blasts for thirty-four years over England and America.

He departed the same day for Newburyport, where it was expected he would preach on the morrow. While at supper the pavement in front of the house, and even its hall, were crowded with people, impatient to hear a few words from his eloquent lips; but he was exhausted, and rising from the table, said to one of the clergymen who were with him, "Brother, you must speak to these dear people; I cannot say a word." Taking a candle he hastened toward his bedroom, but before reaching it he was arrested by the suggestion of his own generous heart that he ought not thus to desert the anxious crowd, hungering for the bread of life from his hands. He paused on the stairs to address them. He had preached his last sermon; this was to be his last exhortation. It would seem that some pensive misgiving, some vague presentiment touched his soul with the saddening apprehension that the moments were too precious to be lost in rest; he lingered on the stairway, while the crowd gazed up at him with tearful eyes, as Elisha at the ascending prophet. His voice, never, perhaps, surpassed in its music and pathos, flowed on until the candle which he held in his hand burned away and went out in its socket! The next morning he was not, for God had taken him!

* Dedictory Preface to the "History of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States."

He died of an attack of asthma, September 30th, 1770, as the Sabbath sun was rising from the neighboring sea. The effulgence of the eternal day had risen upon his beneficent, his fervid, his consecrated life. He had slept comfortably till two o'clock in the morning, when he awoke his traveling attendant, and told him that his "asthma was coming on again." His companion recommended him not to preach so often as he had. "I would rather wear out than rust out," he replied. He had expressed a desire to die suddenly, and now realized his wish. He sat in his bed some time, praying that God would bless his preaching, his Bethesda school, the Tabernacle congregation, and "all connections on the other side of the water." He attempted again to sleep, but could not; he hastened to the open window, panting for breath. "I am dying," he exclaimed. A physician was called, but could give him no relief. At six o'clock he "fetched one gasp, stretched out his feet, and breathed no more."

While at the dinner-table of Finley, at Princeton, he had remarked: "I shall die silent. It has pleased God to enable me to bear so many testimonies for him during my life that he will require none from me when I die." The only words he uttered during his agony were, "I am dying."

Many hundreds followed him to the grave. All the bells of the town were tolled; the flags of the shipping in the harbor were hung at half mast, and mourning guns were fired from their decks. Funeral sermons were preached in the principal cities of America. The magistrates of Georgia assembled in mourning at the State House, and led a procession to hear his funeral sermon at the church, which was hung in black; and it is said that all the cloth suitable for mourning in the stores of the colony was bought up.

The news of his death reached London early in November. The Methodist chapels were hung with mourning drapery. He left Wesley a mourning ring, and had appointed him to preach his funeral sermon. Wesley pronounced the discourse at the Tabernacle, and repeated it at Tottenham Court, Greenwich Tabernacle, Deptford, and elsewhere, remarking in his Journal: "In every place I wish to show all possible respect to the memory of that great and good man." Charles Wesley published an elegy on his death, which does as much credit to his own genius and heart as to the character of his friend.

Whitefield's remains rest beneath the pulpit of the Federal-street Church, Newburyport. A massive marble cenotaph commemorates him near the altar. Many pilgrims visit the venerable church to honor his memory. Passing into an adjacent vestry, the visitor descends, with his guide and lanterns, through a door in the floor into a crypt, and thence, by a side door, into the vault, extending under the pulpit, where, between two ancient pastors of the church, lies the open coffin of the great evangelist. The bare and decaying bones lie upon a slight bed of mold formed of the dust of the body.

Whitefield was a man of no great intelligence, and of less learning, but of unquestionable genius; perhaps the greatest known, in the greatest or at least the rarest power of genius—eloquence.

HENRY HARBAUGH,

An eminent divine of the German Reformed Church, was born near Waynesboro, Franklin

County, Pennsylvania, October 28, 1817. His great-grandfather emigrated from Switzerland in 1736. His father was a farmer, and Henry worked on the farm till he was nineteen years of age. The latter went to Ohio in 1836, where he alternately labored, taught school, and studied at an academy till 1840; he then went to Mercersburg, Pennsylvania, and carried on his studies in Marshall College and the Theological Seminary till the fall of 1843, when he was licensed and ordained, and became pastor of the German Reformed Congregation in Lewisburg, Pennsylvania. In April, 1850, he was called to the pastorate of the First German Reformed Congregation in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, where he labored till October, 1860. He then, having received the degree of doctor of divinity from Union College, Schenectady, was called to be pastor of St. John's Reformed Church, at Lebanon, Pennsylvania. In October, 1863, he was elected by the Synod of the German Reformed Church professor of systematic and practical theology in the Theological Seminary at Mercersburg, Pennsylvania, and entered upon his duties January 1, 1864.

The writings of Dr. Harbaugh, chiefly on subjects of devotional and practical theology and Christian biography, are numerous. His style is at once pointed, warm, and animated. The fervor of his compositions, supported by his habits of thought and extensive reading, with his judicious choice of subjects, have given his books a widely extended popular support. The following, exclusive of a number of pamphlets on various subjects, and articles of a theological character contributed to the *Mercersburg Review*, is a complete list of his productions to the present time:—

Heaven; or, An Earnest and Scriptural Inquiry into the Abode of the Sainted Dead (290 pages. Philadelphia, Lindsay & Blakiston. The first edition published 1848. The twelfth was a revised edition, published 1855. Up to the year 1865, eighteen editions were issued). This work, as also the two following, is practical in its design; but aims to develop practical views from a deeper theological and philosophical substructure than is generally the case in practical religious works, with a view of giving greater definiteness to our thoughts and reflections in regard to our future life. It discusses the questions: Is heaven a place? Where is heaven?—reviewing the various theories on this subject. Do the saints pass immediately at death into heaven?—with a review of all the theories. Nearly the whole latter half of the volume is devoted to the sympathy between heaven and earth, under the general heads of Divine, Angelic, and Sainly Sympathy.

The Heavenly Recognition; or, An Earnest and Scriptural Discussion of the Question, Will we Know our Friends in Heaven? (288 pages. Philadelphia, Lindsay & Blakiston, 1851. Twenty-two editions published.) This work traces the history of the doctrine of heavenly recognition in heathen religions, exhibits its Scripture foundations, presents its history in the thinking of the Church, and develops and applies its practical uses, especially in the way of consolation to the bereaved and sorrowing.

The Heavenly Home; or, The Employments and Enjoyments of the Saints in Heaven (365 pages. Philadelphia, Lindsay & Blakiston, 1853. Thirteen editions have been published). This work, after showing how the undertones of the heavenly life are discernible in the substructure of the present life, as exhibited both in pagan ideas of future happiness and in Christian foretastes of it, proceeds to discuss the degrees of happiness in heaven, exhibits the harmony of Scripture and astronomy in relation to the heavenly place, discusses the relation of this place to the bliss of the saints, develops at length the doctrine of the glorified body and glorified spirits, enlarges on the beatific vision and heavenly worship, and concludes with a discussion in relation to infants in heaven. These three volumes together constitute one work on the Future Life, and are also published under this title in a uniform edition as well as separately.

Union with the Church, the Solemn Duty and the Blessed Privilege of All who would be Saved (127 pages, Philadelphia, Lindsay & Blakiston, 1853. Three editions have been published). The object of this work is to meet the case of that class of persons who are well-meaning and favorably disposed towards Christianity, but who do not go forward to make a profession of religion by union with the church. The objections and difficulties that present themselves before them are removed, and the reasons why union with the church is necessary are presented. The book is not written in the interest of any particular denomination, but is catholic in spirit.

The Birds of the Bible (300 pages, 4to. Philadelphia, Lindsay & Blakiston, 1854. Illustrated, two editions). In this work the birds mentioned in the Bible are described; and the passages relating to them illustrated from their nature and habits. A large amount of ancient, quaint, and curious literature concerning birds is interwoven with the descriptions.

The Life of Rev. Michael Schlatter; with a Full Account of his Travels and Labors among the Germans in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Maryland, and Virginia; including his Services as Chaplain in the French and Indian War, and in the War of the Revolution, 1716 to 1790 (375 pages. Philadelphia, Lindsay & Blakiston, 1857). This is an account of the first German missionary sent to this country by the Reformed Synods of Holland, to organize and provide for the rising German Reformed congregations in the United States. It is, to some extent, also a history of the early German settlements in the Middle States.

The Fathers of the Reformed Church in Europe and America (in two volumes. Lancaster, Sprenger & Westhaeffer, 1857-1858), a biographical work, containing the lives of the most prominent reformers on the Reformed side of the Reformation, together with those who labored in the Reformed Church in America from 1726 to 1856.

The True Glory of Woman, as Portrayed in the Beautiful Life of the Virgin Mary, Mother of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ (263 pages, Philadelphia, Lindsay & Blakiston, 1858. Three editions). The life of the Virgin Mother of

Christ is held up as a model life for woman. In this view she is exhibited in the character of virgin, betrothed, wife, mother, disciple, and saint; after which, the claim that she is entitled to worship is reviewed and combated, and the question of her perpetual virginity discussed. In regard to the character and dignity of the Virgin Mary, the tone of the book throughout is, that while Romanism has unduly exalted her, Protestantism has fallen short of appreciating her full dignity, exaltation, and honor, as being so intimately and deeply associated with the mystery of the Incarnation.

A Plea for the Lord's Portion of a Christian's Wealth, in Life by Gift, at Death by Will (128 pages. Chambersburg, Pa., 1858).

Poems (285 pages. Philadelphia, 1860).

The Golden Censer; or, Devotions for Young Christians (419 pages. Philadelphia, Lindsay & Blakiston, 1860: three editions). This book contains prayers for the various circumstances of life, together with meditations and counsels.

Hymns and Chants; with Offices of Devotion for Use in Sunday Schools, Parochial and Week-day Schools, Seminaries and Colleges, arranged according to the Church-year (384 pages. Lebanon, Pa., published by St. John's Sunday School, 1861, four editions).

The Child's Catechism; containing a Lesson for Every Sunday in the Year, with Prayers and Hymns for Little Children; the whole adapted to the use of Parents and Sunday Schools (80 pages. Chambersburg, Pa., 1861).

The Guardian; devoted to the Social, Literary, and Religious Interests of Young Men and Ladies (a monthly magazine, commenced in 1850).

Christological Theology. Inaugural Address (75 pages. Philadelphia, S. R. Fisher & Co., 1864), exhibiting the christological principle as the fundamental want of the present age.

**Dr. Harbaugh performed the duties of his professorship at Mercersburg till his death, December 28, 1867. His last literary labors included the writing of the lives of all the German Reformed ministers contained in *McClintock and Strong's Biblical Cyclopædia*, and the revival of the *Mercersburg Review* at the beginning of 1867. Three years later, a posthumous volume was published by the Reformed Church Publication Board, Philadelphia, entitled *Harfe: Gedichte in Pennsylvanisch-Deutscher Mundart*.

JAMES JACKSON JARVES.

Mr. Jarves was born in the city of Boston, August 20, 1818. A delicate constitution interfered with his plans of professional life, and compelled him, on arriving at man's estate, to become a traveller in southern climes. After visiting Brazil, Chili, and Peru, in the years 1837 and 1838, he established himself in the Sandwich Islands, receiving the appointment of United States Consul at Honolulu. He turned his opportunities of observation in this region, interesting in its romantic scenery and contrasts of recently established civilization, to account by the preparation of a *History of the Hawaiian or Sandwich Islands*, published at Boston in

1843, in an octavo volume. He has presented in this book a careful narrative of the early history of the Hawaiians, so far as it can be obtained from the scant hints of tradition. With the arrival of Captain Cook, a larger field is of course opened, and various narratives offer picturesque and authentic details. We have the account of Cook's intercourse with the natives fully set forth, with a careful discussion of the vexed question as to how far his unfortunate fate was due to his own imprudence. Mr. Jarves inclines to the opinion that the navigator acted rashly, and with a culpable disregard of the respect entertained by the natives for their rude divinities. The early efforts of American commerce at the island ports follow next in order, with the arrival and rapid success of the missionaries, to whose exertions Mr. Jarves attributes in a great degree the good order and enlightenment now prevalent. A new edition of this work, continuing the narrative to the present time, has been called for from the author.

Mr. Jarves published in the same year with his history, a volume of sketches of travel, entitled, *Scenes and Scenery in the Sandwich Islands, and a Trip through Central America, 1837-1842*.

In 1840 he contributed to the Americanization of the islands by establishing the *Polynesian* newspaper at Honolulu. It became, after a while, the official organ of the government, its editor receiving the title of "Director of the Government Press." He continued in this position until his final departure from the islands, in January, 1848. A recent Hawaiian journal gives emphatic testimony to the zeal and efficiency of this early newspaper. After referring to the necessity that then existed for a "newly formed and tongue-tied government" to avail itself of the power of the press, he continues: "Under its first director, J. J. Jarves, talented, witty, and keen, yet unscrupulous withal, a literary Talleyrand, the Government organ convinced or crushed out opposition at home, and succeeded in making itself heard abroad. Those who suffered from its errors will attest that its manly and free-spoken voice, its talents and industry, and its unswerving support of the Hawaiian cause, were, in a moral point of view, worth more to the government than than all the other new-made and still untried institutions together."

On his return home, in 1849, Mr. Jarves received the appointment of the king's special commissioner to negotiate treaties with the United States, France, and Great Britain, a significant recognition of his previous services to the Hawaiian government.

In 1851, he visited Europe on a tour of health and study. His first halt was at Paris, where he remained a year, turning the time to good account by the production of a pleasant work, published in New York by the Harpers, entitled, *Parisian Sights seen through American Spectacles*. It was reprinted in England, and circulated largely in France, until interdicted by the government, on account of its free comment on the stirring events transpiring in the capital at the time of its composition. The work is illustrated by clever designs on wood, selected from recent French publications on the inexhaustible

topic of the gay metropolis. It presents a pleasant picture of Parisian interiors, from *première* to *cinquième*, the out-door life of street and garden, the humors of *café* and ball-room.

In 1862, Mr. Jarves removed to Florence, where he passed several years, making frequent excursions in various parts of Italy, and employing his time in the pleasant study of art. In 1855, he published a volume, *Italian Lights and Papal Principles*, a collection of sketches originally contributed to *Harper's Magazine*. Another volume, *Art Hints*, appeared in London in the same year, and was afterwards republished by the Harpers. This work expanded, with the increasing zeal and experience of the author, into *Art Studies*, a beautifully printed quarto volume of five hundred pages. The volume is principally devoted to a history of Italian art, closing with the career of Michael Angelo and Raphael. The author has turned his rare opportunities of study to excellent account, describing from personal observation the great works of the early fresco painters, on mouldering and rain-stained walls, in quiet old out-of-the-way Italian towns. It is by far the most elaborate work on the subject which has yet been produced in America. It is illustrated by outline drawings from the author's gallery of works by the early Italian masters, collected during his residence in Italy.

In 1857, Mr. Jarves published at Boston a volume, entitled *The Confessions of an Inquirer*, being the first part of a projected reply to the question, "Why and What am I?" This portion is described as "a narrative of educational experiments and conclusions, embracing a wide and varied field of adventure, erratic, and often at war with commonly received opinions, but earnest, sincere, and thoughtful." The same year, Mr. Jarves published *Kiana, a Tradition of Hawaii*.

**In three recent volumes, Mr. Jarves has continued to present the results of his studies in the fine arts, with the special object of quickening the spirit of art in America. These works comprise: *Art Idea*, being the second part of *The Confessions of an Inquirer*, 1864; *The Art Idea: Sculpture, Painting, and Architecture in America*, 1866; and *Art Thoughts: the Experiences and Observations of an American Amateur in Europe*, 1869 — the latter published as his matured and final convictions.

HENRY WARD BEECHER

Was born June 24, 1813, in Litchfield, Connecticut, where his father, the Rev. Dr. Lyman Beecher, was at the time engaged in his pastoral duties. Henry graduated at Amherst College, Massachusetts, in 1834, and studied divinity at the Lane Theological Seminary, at Cincinnati, of which his father had become president. His first ministerial charge was in 1837, of a Presbyterian congregation at Lawrenceburgh, Indiana, whence he removed to Indianapolis in 1839, where he remained till 1847, when he accepted the pastorate of the Congregational Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, New York. His oratory, ranging from the usual themes of moral and theological discussion over the vast field of social and political

reforms, with frequent reference to negro slavery and the national agitations which have grown out of this question, has given his pulpit a wide celebrity. This influence, exerted upon an always crowded congregation, drawn from the population of Brooklyn and New York, and the throng of visitors from all parts of the country, constantly assembling in these large cities, has been still further greatly extended by the preacher's popularity as a public lecturer. He is also in the enjoyment of an extensive reputation through his contributions to the religious press, chiefly the *Independent* newspaper of New York, a journal of which he was one of the founders.

The first of the published volumes of his writings, bearing the title, *Lectures to Young Men on Various Important Subjects*, such as idleness, dishonesty, gambling, dissipation, popular amusements, was printed at Indianapolis, Indiana, in 1844. The style is terse and vigorous, in an earnest vein of expostulation. Several scores of thousands of this work have been published in America, and there have been two reprints of it in England. In 1855 appeared a volume entitled, *Star Papers; or, Experiences of Art and Nature*, being collections of articles from the *Independent*, originally signed with a star. A second series of these contributions has been issued, called *New Star Papers; or, Views and Experiences of Religious Subjects*, which has been republished in England with the title, "Summer in the Soul." These productions are marked by an easy, familiar tone, eloquent and often poetic, with a practical knowledge of life, its duties and its privileges, which is the secret of much of their interest. Following the *Star Papers* came two volumes of fragments taken down from extemporaneous discourses at the Plymouth Church. They were prepared by ladies of the congregation: the first by Miss Edna Dean Proctor, having the title, *Life Thoughts*; the second by Miss Augusta Moore, called, *Notes from Plymouth Pulpit*. Both of these works have had a large circulation in America, and have been republished in England. A few disconnected sentences from the latter will indicate something of the spirit and style of those happy sayings in the pulpit which have doubtless greatly assisted the preacher's popularity: "She was a woman, and by so much nearer to God as that makes one." "A man's religion is not a thing made in heaven, and then let down and shoved into him. It is his own conduct and life. A man has no more religion than he acts out in his life." "When men complain to me of low spirits, I tell them to take care of their health, to trust in the Lord, and to do good, as a cure." "Men are not put into this world to be everlastingly fiddled on by the fingers of joy."

Besides these "beauties" of Mr. Beecher's discourses, an extensive series of the sermons has appeared in a regular weekly report of them taken from his lips, morning and evening, at the Plymouth Church, and published, the one in New York, the other in Boston, respectively in the columns of the *Independent* and the *Traveller*.

There is another volume of Mr. Beecher's writings, made up from a series of early articles contributed to a newspaper in Indiana, the *Western Farmer and Guardian*. It relates to

horticultural topics, and has the title, *Plain and Pleasant Talk about Fruits, Flowers, and Farming*. The papers, the author tells us, were first suggested by the multifarious knowledge on these subjects to be found in the works of the English gardener Loudon; but the naked facts in Mr. Beecher's mind spring up a living growth of ideas, ornamented with cheerful and profitable associations. He always writes of the country with a lover's minuteness and a healthy enthusiasm.

Another series of papers, originally contributed by Mr. Beecher to the *New York Ledger*, with the title, "Thoughts as they occur; by One who keeps his Eyes and Ears open," was published, with the title, *Eyes and Ears*, in Boston, in 1862. Like his other writings, they are of an ingenious, practical turn, teaching the art of profit and enjoyment in familiar objects.

In 1862 Mr. Beecher visited England, and rendered an important service to his country by his eloquent vindication of the policy of the American government in the war which it was maintaining for the preservation of the Union. A collection of his discourses on topics suggested by the times, entitled *Freedom and War*, was published the following year in Boston. As the war was approaching its conclusion, in April, 1865, Mr. Beecher, at the request of the government, delivered an oration at Fort Sumter, on the anniversary of its fall, and the formal restoration of the national flag by Major Anderson.

Of Mr. Beecher's many lectures or addresses, few if any have compared in interest with his oration at New York, in January, 1859, at the celebration of the centennial anniversary of the birthday of Robert Burns. It was rather biographical than critical, balancing with a kind but impartial treatment the virtues and failings of the poet's character.

Mr. Beecher has edited the *Plymouth Collection of Hymns and Tunes*, a work largely in use in the churches that practise congregational singing.

*Mr. Beecher in 1867 wrote for the *New York Ledger* a novel, entitled: *Norwood; or, Village Life in New England*. Over 370,000 copies of the number containing its first chapters were printed; and the completed work appeared as a volume in the year following. In the attractive character of Dr. Wentworth, the author has full scope to express his philosophic views of life, his poetic love of nature and art, from the standpoint of a cultured and whole-souled representative of humanity. The undertone of the story is essentially religious. It is marked by the large-hearted liberality of spirit so characteristic of its writer, as especially noticeable in the powerful death-scene of an eccentric old sailor, Tommy Taft. A large part of its incidents are related to the struggle of the late war, wherein its hero is engaged from the fall of Sumter to the victory of Gettysburg.

The Life of Jesus the Christ: Part I—Earlier Scenes,—of which the introductory *Overture of the Angels* came out as a holiday instalment in 1869—was published in 1872. It included the period of the Sermon on the Mount and the

earlier labors in Galilee. It was undertaken, to use its prefatory words, "in the hope of inspiring a deeper interest in the noble personage of whom these matchless histories, the Gospels of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, are the authentic memorials. I have endeavored to present scenes that occurred two thousand years ago as they would appear to modern eyes if the events had taken place in our day. The Jesus of the four Evangelists for well nigh two thousand years has exerted a powerful influence upon the heart, the understanding, and the imagination of mankind. It is *that* Jesus, and not a modern substitute, I have sought to depict, in his life, his social relations, his disposition, and his doctrines."

In 1872 Mr. Beecher accepted the "Lyman Beecher Lectureship on Preaching," recently founded in the theological department of Yale College, to give three annual courses of lectures. The first series, reported as delivered, was printed as *Yale Lectures on Preaching*. It contained a masterly analysis of Preaching, and the qualifications of the Preacher as demanded by the best interests of the present age. The second year was devoted to "a consideration of the social and religious machinery as connected with preaching;" and the third to "the method of using Christian doctrines, in their relations to individual dispositions, and to the wants of communities."

Plymouth Pulpit, issued since September, 1868, in the form of octavo weekly pamphlets and semi-annual volumes, has contained a series of phonographic reports of Mr. Beecher's sermons, and has had a wide popularity. A volume of *Prayers from Plymouth Pulpit*, preserved verbatim by a member of this congregation without his pastor's knowledge, was allowed to be printed in 1867. *Lecture-Room Talks: a Series of Familiar Discourses on Themes of Christian Experience* followed three years later. Two volumes of *Sermons by Henry Ward Beecher: Selected from Published and Unpublished Discourses, and Revised by their Author*, appeared in 1868 under the editorship of Lyman Abbott. Several volumes of selections from his discourses have also been published: *Royal Truths*, 1866, reprinted from a series of extracts prepared in England without his knowledge; and *Morning and Evening Devotional Exercises*, edited by Lyman Abbott, 1870.

Mr. Beecher has edited *The Christian Union* since its establishment in 1870. He also contributed an introduction to *Una and her Paupers: Memorials of Agnes Elizabeth Jones*, 1872. A uniform edition of his copyright works is in preparation, with his *Lectures to Young Men* as an introductory volume, 1873. It will include a volume of speeches delivered and published in England, in 1863, on the *American Question*.

As the impress of Mr. Beecher on the present age has been chiefly owing to his magnetic power as an orator and preacher—"one keenly sympathetic to all that concerns humanity, thoroughly wide awake to the needs of the Nineteenth century, and in earnest, morally and spiritually profoundly in earnest, although he may tip one of his keenest shafts with a smile"—the disabilities of utterance that accompanied his childhood, as narrated by his sister, add another name to the list of great orators,

headed by Demosthenes and Cicero, who have mastered themselves and mankind through great difficulties:

"Henry Ward was not marked out by the prophecies of partial friends for any brilliant future. He had precisely the organization which often passes for dullness in early boyhood. He had great deficiency in verbal memory, a deficiency marked in him through life; he was excessively sensitive to praise and blame, extremely diffident, and with a power of yearning, undeveloped emotion, which he neither understood nor could express. His utterances were thick and indistinct, partly from bashfulness, and partly from an enlargement of the tonsils of the throat, so that in speaking or reading he was with difficulty understood. In forecasting his horoscope, had any one then taken the trouble to do it, the last success that would ever have been predicted would have been that of an orator. 'When Henry is sent with a message,' said a good aunt, 'I always have to make him say it three times. The first time I have no manner of an idea, no more than if he spoke Choctaw; the second I catch now and then a word; by the third time I begin to understand.' . . . When he was ten years old, he was a stocky, strong, well-grown boy, loyal in duty, trained in unquestioning obedience, inured to patient hard work, inured also to the hearing and discussing of all the great theological problems of Calvinism, which were always reverberating in his hearing; but as to any mechanical culture, in an extremely backward state—a poor writer, a miserable speller, with a thick utterance, and a bashful reticence which seemed like stolid stupidity."*

Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher, who contributes frequent articles to *The Christian Union*, has written one work of fiction, which appeared anonymously in 1859: *From Dawn to Daylight: A Simple Story of a Western Home. By a Minister's Wife*. Written to relieve the hours of a tedious convalescence, it was published to show laymen how, by considerate kindness and prompt payments, they could strengthen the hands of their pastors. Her *Motherly Talks with Young Housekeepers* appeared in 1873.

The three brothers of Henry Ward Beecher, all of whom are in the ministry, are each known by a work of marked individuality. Charles (born in 1815), by the *Autobiography and Correspondence of Lyman Beecher*, the father, 1864. Edward (born in 1804), by *The Conflict of Ages*, 1854, *The Concord of Ages*, 1858, a work on *Baptism*, and one on the *Papacy*; and Thomas K. (born in 1824), by *Our Seven Churches: Eight Lectures*, designed to discourage sectarianism and promote Christian brotherhood, 1870. From the *Autobiography* we extract a chapter which strikingly indicates the personal individuality of these various members of the Beecher family.

**FAMILY HISTORY OF THE BEECHERS—FROM AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF LYMAN BEECHER.

Between the widely scattered children and their home a constant intercourse was maintained by means of correspondence; and, to insure a greater regularity, a system of "circulars" was devised. A large folio sheet was taken at the eastern end

* *Men of Our Times*: art. Henry Ward Beecher, by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, p. 509.

of the line and sent to the next westward, each one adding something, till the full sheet reached the western extreme, and was returned to its starting-point, and *vice versa*. We have before us one of these interesting letters missive, with the following postmarks and directions upon it: New Orleans, La.; Jacksonville, Ill.; Walnut Hills, Ohio; Indianapolis, Ind.; Chillicothe, Ohio; Zanesville, Ohio; Batavia, N. Y.; Hartford, Ct. One direction, Rev. Mr. Beecher, served for all except the two extremes. Merely as a specimen of the method, we insert a paragraph or two from each locality.

Charles.

"Brother George's perfectionism is a curious matter, and lies in a nut-shell. That a Christian can be perfect is evident, else God commands impossibilities. Whether they ever are or not, who can decide? Does a man think himself perfect? Amen. I hope he is not mistaken. So long as he behaves well, let him pass for immaculate. If he does not behave properly, he deceives himself. If you ask, 'Have I attained?' I say, Ask God. The more you try to decide, and the nearer you come to an affirmative, the more probable is it you are deceived. The heart is deceitful: who can know it?"

Mrs. Edward Beecher.

"We received this yesterday, and I hasten to add my say and pass it along. I suppose that we are to pour our sorrows as well as our joys into each other's bosoms through the medium of these circulars, for we should sympathize with each other in affliction as well as in blessings. Our little daughter (you know she is the only daughter that we have ever had, and therefore *very* dear to us) we have had much anxiety about, because she was a crying child; but she had improved so much in this respect, and appeared generally so well, that we had dismissed most of our fears till a few weeks ago, when she was a little over seven months. I was dressing her in the morning, when I perceived all at once that she was in a convulsion fit. The pang that shot through my heart I can not describe to you. No one can understand it who has not watched for days, and weeks, and months, day and night, the writhings, distortions, and agonies of a beloved object, hoping all the time that death would terminate its sufferings, and fearing that something worse than death would be the result; and then, by degrees, to have every hope extinguished, and that being, which promised so fair to be a comfort and a blessing, prove a constant source of trouble, care, and perplexity. We have lost, or more than lost, three of our six children, and what the Lord means to do with this fourth we know not."

Henry Ward.

"There are some signs of better things among my people; more feeling in church and congregation, and more solemn meetings, and in some cases of incipient anxiety—just that state of things that encourages, yet makes me feel most powerless.

"I wish, George, you could be here a while and help me. I would, if you were here, have continuous preaching, and believe immense good could be done. I thought it possible you might be able to come. Besides, we have grown almost strangers to each other since you groped off to Rochester, and I would fain have some of our long talks again. As to perfectionism, I am not

greatly troubled with the fact of it in myself, or the doctrine of it in you; for I feel sure that if you give yourself time and prayer you will settle down right, whatever the right may be: and I rejoice, on this account, that your judgment has led you to forbear publishing, because, after we have *published*, if we do not hit exactly right, there is a vehement temptation *not* to advance, but rather to nurse and defend our published views. The treatises which have had influence in this world from generation to generation are those which have been matured, re-thought, re-cast, delayed. Apples that ripen early are apt to be worm-eaten, and decay early, at any rate; late fruit always keeps best. * * * I have seen men by an injudicious effort run so high up aground that there never was a tide high enough to float them again. They dried, shrunk, and rattled. May God never let you run ashore until it is upon the shores of that land of peace where perplexities shall cease their tormenting flight, and all be joy!"

Mrs. Stowe.

"Well, George, it seems to be the fashion of the day to address you firstly and prime; and I, setting apart metaphysics, will enter only that interesting department of physics which your gift of flower-seeds brings to mind. Many thanks for them, hoping that you and S— will be here to see them in all their glory. I have a fine place laid out for them, and shall proceed with them *secundum artem*. What is your experience about dahlias? for I was never more puzzled in my life than with the contradictory directions I hear about soil, etc. Some say the richest you can find—can't be too rich; and the other day a celebrated gardener of New York advocated dry gravel. What do you think? If you don't write pretty soon it will be too late. I have some roots which might be handsome if they only would be; but last year they brought forth little besides stalks and buds, and some of them run out into single flowers."

Catharine.

"Where is the eastern circular that started from Hartford, or ought to have started, two months since? I shall recommend that any one that delays a circular over a week shall lose the reading of the return one, as a penalty to make them remember. I shall flit about here this summer till I find where it is best to settle next. Love to you all."

Dr. Beecher.

"William, why do you not write to your father? Are you not my first-born son? Did I not carry you over bogs a-fishing, a-straddle of my neck, on my shoulders, and, besides clothing and feeding, whip you often to make a man of you as you are, and would not have been without? and have I not always loved you, and borne you on my heart, as the claims and trials of a first-born demand? Don't you remember studying theology with your father while sawing and splitting wood in that wood-house in Green Street, Boston, near by where you found your wife?

"Little do those know who have rented that tenement since how much orthodoxy was developed and embodied there; and now why should all this fruit of my labors be kept to yourself! Nothing would give me more pleasure, so long have your interests and mine been identified, than to hear often what and how you are, and how things go on all around you. Our prospects at the seminary

are good. I am obliged to work too hard; still, my health is good, and we shall certainly get along now, as I fully believe. Let me hear from you soon—a letter to me in particular, which shall soon be repaid in kind.”

Professor Stowe.

“DEAR BROTHER GEORGE,—As to perfectionism, Brother Charles ‘spresses my mind ‘xactly,’ and I trust you will duly appreciate the patriarchal, paternal, grandfatherly, and most judicious counsel of Brother Henry. Brother Charles’s advice as to *faith*, and Brother Henry’s as to *works*, on this perfection matter, are just the thing, according to the best judgment of your dutiful brother.”

George.

“I am quite amused with the sympathy of all my brothers, and their fatherly advice touching perfectionism, as if I were on the verge of a great precipice; but I trust in Him that is able to keep me from falling.”

William.

“We received the circular, and forward it today. The Lord has been with us, and there is now a great amount of labor to be done, and great difficulties yet to be overcome. We expect to build a vestry and repair to the amount of \$1000.”

Perhaps these extracts may fail to interest a general reader; and, it must be confessed, they convey a very inadequate conception of the variety of subjects, interests, emotions, shades of thought, and flashes of wit and humor which make these circulars a kind of moral kaleidoscope—ever changing, ever beautiful. By them, many families, wide asunder in locality, of independent and often antagonistic views, were bound together, year after year, in more than patriarchal unity.

*JESUS, HIS PERSONAL APPEARANCE—FROM LIFE OF JESUS, THE CHRIST.

No man will ever succeed in so reproducing an age long past that it shall seem to the beholder as it did to those who lived in it. Even if one is in possession of all the facts, and has skill to draw a perfect picture, he cannot prevent our looking upon a past age with modern eyes, and with feelings and associations that will put into the picture the coloring of our own time. But we can approach the times and spirit of Roman life, or of life in Athens in the days of Socrates, far more readily and easily than we can the Jewish life in the time of Christ. He was of the Shemitic race; we are of the Japhetic. The orderliness of our thought, the regulated perceptions, the logical arrangements, the rigorous subordination of feeling to volition, the supremacy of reason over sentiment and imagination, which characterize our day, make it almost impossible for us to be in full sympathy with people who had little genius for abstractions, and whose thought moved in such association with feeling and imagination that to the methodical man of the West much of Oriental literature which is most esteemed in its home seems like a glittering dream or a gorgeous fantasy.

But the attempt to reproduce the person and mind of Jesus, aside from the transcendent elevation of the subject, meets with a serious obstacle

in our unconscious preconceptions. We cannot see him in Galilee, nor in Judæa, just as he was. We look back upon him through a blaze of light. The utmost care will not wholly prevent our beholding Jesus through the medium of subsequent history. It is not the Jesus who suffered in Palestine that we behold, but the Christ that has since filled the world with his name. It is difficult to put back into the simple mechanic citizen Him whom ages have exalted to Divinity. Even if we could strain out the color of history, we could not stop the beatings of the heart, nor disenchant the imagination, nor forget those personal struggles and deep experiences which have connected our lives in so strange a manner with his. We cannot lay aside our faith like a garment, nor change at will our yearning and affection for Christ, so as not to see him in the light of our own hearts. His very name is a love-name, and kindles in tender and grateful natures a kind of poetry of feeling. As at evening we see the sun through an atmosphere which the sun itself has filled with vapor, and by which its color and dimensions are changed to the eye, so we see in Jesus the qualities which he has inspired in us.

Such a state of mind inclines one to devotion, rather than to philosophical accuracy. The exalted idea which we hold of Jesus, and our implicit and reverential view of his Divinity, still tend, as they have tended hitherto, to give an ideal color to his person and to his actual appearance among men in the times in which he lived. It is unconsciously assumed that the inward Divinity manifested itself in his form and mien. We see him in imagination, not as they saw him who accompanied with him from the beginning, but under the dazzling reflection of two thousand years of adoration. To men of his own times he was simply a citizen. He came to earth to be a man, and succeeded so perfectly that he seemed to his own age and to his followers to be only a man. That he was remarkable for purity and for power of an extraordinary kind, that he was a great prophet, and lived in the enjoyment of peculiar favor with God, and in the exercise of prerogatives not vouchsafed to mere men, was fully admitted; but until after his resurrection, none even of his disciples, and still less any in the circle beyond, seem to have held that view of his person which we are prone to form when in imagination we go back to Palestine, carrying with us the ideas, the pictures, the worship, which long years of training have bred in us.

There is one conversation recorded which bears directly on this very point, namely, the impression which Jesus made upon his own time and countrymen. It was near the end of his first year of ministry. He was in the neighborhood of Cæsarea Philippi, north of Galilee, where he had been engaged in wayside prayer with his disciples. By combining the narratives in the synoptic Gospels we have the following striking conversation.

“Whom do men say that I, the Son of Man, am?”

And the disciples answered and said: “Some say that thou art John the Baptist; but some say Elijah, and others say Jeremiah, or that one of the old prophets is risen again.”

And Jesus saith unto them: “But whom say ye that I am?”

Simon Peter answered and said unto him: “Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God.”

This, it is true, is an explicit avowal of the speaker’s belief that Jesus was the Messiah. But how imperfect the reigning expectation of even

the most intelligent Jews must have been, in regard to that long-expected personage, need not be set forth. That the disciples themselves had but the most vague and unsatisfying notion is shown, not alone by their whole career until after the Lord's ascension, but by the instruction which Jesus proceeded to give them in immediate connection with this conversation. He began to make known to them what should befall him at Jerusalem, his sufferings, his death and resurrection; whereat Peter rebuked him, and was himself reproved for the unworthiness of his conceptions.

There is absolutely nothing to determine the personal appearance of Jesus. Some ideas of his bearing, and many of his habits, may be gathered from incidental elements recorded in the Gospels. But to his form, his height, the character of his face, or of any single feature of it, there is not the slightest allusion. Had Jesus lived in Greece, we should have had a very close portraiture of his person and countenance. Of the great men of Greece—of Socrates, of Demosthenes, of Pericles, and of many others—we have more or less accurate details of personal appearance. Coins and statues reveal the features of the Roman contemporaries of Jesus; but of Him, the one historic personage of whose form and face the whole world most desires some knowledge, there is not a trace or a hint. The disciples were neither literary nor artistic men. It is doubtful whether the genius of the race to which they belonged ever inclined them to personal descriptions or delineations.

The religion and the patriotism of the Greek incited him to fill his temples with statues of gods, and with the busts of heroes and of patriots. The Greek artist was scrupulously trained to the study of the human form, with special reference to its representation in art. But the Jew was forbidden to make any image or likeness or symbol of Divinity. The prohibition, though primarily confined to Deity, could not but affect the whole education in art; and it is not surprising that there was no Jewish art,—that paintings and statues were unknown,—that Solomon's Temple was the single specimen of pure Jewish architecture of which there is any history. Probably even that was Phœnician, or, as some think, Persian.

But when men have not formed the habit of representing external things from an artistic point of view, they do not observe them closely. We cannot, therefore, wonder that there is nothing which was at any time said by the common people, or by their teachers and rulers, and that nothing fell out upon his trial, among Roman spectators, and nothing in the subsequent history, which throws a ray of light upon the personal appearance of Jesus of Nazareth.

We know not whether he was of moderate height or tall, whether his hair was dark or light, whether his eyes were blue, or gray, or piercing black. We have no hint of mouth or brow, of posture, gesture, or of those personal peculiarities which give to every man his individual look. All is blank, although four separate accounts of him were written within fifty years of his early life. He is to us a personal power without a form, a name of wonder without portraiture. It is true that there is a conventional head of Christ, which has come down to us through the schools of art, but it is of no direct historic value.

The early Fathers were divided in opinion, whether our Lord had that dignity and beauty which became so exalted a person, or whether he was uncomely and insignificant in appearance.

Both views appealed to the prophecies of the Old Testament respecting the Messiah: "Thou art fairer than the children of men; grace is poured into thy lips; therefore God hath blessed thee forever. Gird thy sword upon thy thigh, O most Mighty, with thy glory and thy majesty." (Psalm xlv. 2, 3.)

On the other hand: "Who hath believed our report? And to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed? For he shall grow up before him as a tender plant, and as a root out of a dry ground; he hath no form nor comeliness; and when we shall see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him." (Isaiah liii. 1, 2.)

As men adhered to the one or the other of these and like passages, they formed their theory of Christ's personal appearance. During the persecutions of the second and third centuries, the poor and despised Christian found it pleasant to believe that his Master was, though very God, yet as insignificant outwardly, and as wretched, as the most vulgar of his disciples. But when Christianity began to triumph, and to hold the sceptre of government, it was very natural that its votaries should desire to give to its founder a more regal aspect. St. Jerome inveighed against the earlier view, contending that, had our Lord not carried a truly Divine countenance, his disciples would not so implicitly have obeyed and followed him at his first call. It was not far, probably, from the beginning of the fourth century that the famous letter was forged, purporting to have been written by Publius Lentulus, a friend of Pilate, and a contemporary of Jesus, of which we shall soon speak. . . .

It is plain, from a comparison of passages, that his gentle and attractive manners, which made him accessible to the poor, the outcast, and the despised, were accompanied by an imperial manner which none ever presumed upon. Indeed, we have incidental mention of the awe which he inspired, even in those who had the right to intimate familiarity. "And none of the disciples durst ask him, Who art thou? knowing that it was the Lord." All three of the synoptical Gospels mention the effect produced by his bearing and by his answers to vexatious questions. "And after that, they durst not ask him any question at all." . . .

There is a poor kind of dignity, that never allows itself to be excited, that is guarded against all surprises, that restrains the expression of sudden interest, that holds on its cold and careful way as if superior to the evanescent moods of common men. Such was not Christ's dignity. No one seemed more a man among men in all the inflections of human moods than did Jesus. With the utmost simplicity he suffered the events of life to throw their lights and shadows upon his soul. He was "grieved," he was "angry," he was "surprised," he " marvelled." In short, his soul moved through all the moods of human experience; and while he rose to sublime communion with God, he was also a man among men; while he rebuked self-indulgence and frivolity, he cheerfully partook of innocent enjoyments; while he denounced the insincerity or burdensome teachings of the Pharisees, he did not separate himself from their society or from their social life, but even accepted their hospitality, and his dinner discourses contain some of his most pungent teachings.

We have purposely omitted those views of Christ which, through the unfolding process of his life and teaching, developed at length, in the Apostles'

minds, to the full and clear revelation of Divinity. We have sketched him as he must have appeared during his ministry, when men were gazing upon him in wonder, thinking that he was "that prophet," or "Elijah," or that Messiah "that should come."

We must not, then, take with us, in following out the life of Jesus, the conception of a formidable being, terrible in holiness. We must clothe him in our imagination with traits that made little children run to him; that made mothers long to have him touch their babies; that won to him the poor and suffering; that made the rich and influential throw wide open the doors of their houses to him; that brought around him a company of noble women, who travelled with him, attended to his wants, and supplied his necessities from their own wealth; that irresistibly attracted those other women, in whom vice had not yet destroyed all longing for a better life; that excited among the learned a vehement curiosity of disputation, while the unlettered declared that he spake as one having authority. He was the great Master of nature, observing its laws, laying all his plans in consonance with the fixed order of things even in his miracles; seeming to violate nature, only because he knew that nature is not only and alone that small circle which touches and includes physical matter, but a larger province, enclosing the great spiritual world, including God himself therein.

THE SEPULCHRE IN THE GARDEN.

... 1. There is a sepulchre in every garden. We are all of us in this life seeking for beauty and seeking for joy, following the blind instincts of our nature, every one of which was made to point up to something higher than that which the present realizes. We are often, almost without aim, without any true guidance, seeking to plant this life so that it shall be to us what a garden is. And we seek out the fairest flowers, and will have none but the best fruits. Striving against the noxious weed, striving against the stingy soil, striving against the inequalities of the season, still these are our hope. Whatever may be our way of life, whatever may be the instrumentalities which we employ, that which we mean is Eden. It is this that they mean who seek the structures of power, and follow the leadings of ambition. This they mean who dig for golden treasures, not to see the shining of the gold, but to use it as a power for fashioning happiness. They who build a home and surround themselves with all the sweet enjoyments of social life are but planting a garden. The scholar has his garden. The statesman, too, has a fancied Eden with fruit and flower. The humble, and those that stand high, are all of them seeking to clothe the barren experiences of this world with buds that blossom, blossoms that shall bear fruit. No man sees the sepulchre among his flowers. There shall be no lurking corner for the tempter, overleaping the wall of their happiness, to hover around their fair paradise! There shall be nothing there that shall represent time, and decay, and wickedness, and sorrow! Man's un-instructed idea of happiness in this life is that of a serene heaven without a cloud—a smooth earth without a furrow—a fair sward without a rock. It is the hope and expectation of men, the world over (and it makes no difference what their civilization is, what their culture, or what their teaching), that they shall plant their garden, and have

flowers without thorns, summer without a winter, a garden without a rock, a rock without a sepulchre!

It makes very little difference that we see other men's delusions. Nay, we stand upon the wall of our particular experience, as upon the walls of a garden, to moralize upon the follies of other men. And when they have their hands pierced in plucking their best fruits, when disappointments come to their plantings, we wonder that they should be so blind as to expect that this world could have joys without sorrows, or sunshine without storms. We carry instructions to them, and comfort them with the talk that this life is short and full of affliction; we speak to them of the wreaths to be worn by those who bear sorrows; and yet we go as fondly and expectantly to our dream of hope as ever. Ah! it was the cradle of your neighbor that was left empty, and not your own! That fair blossom that was picked was plucked from the next household! You turn with even more than your wonted infatuation to your own cradle, to rejoice in its security. *It shall never be desolate!*

The experience of every fresh mourner is, "I knew that Death was in the world, but I never thought that my beloved could die." Every one that comes to the grave says, coming, "I never thought that I should bury my heart here." Though from the beginning of the world it hath been so; though the ocean itself would be overflowed if the drops of sorrow unexpected that have flowed should be gathered together and rolled into its deep places; though the life of man, without an exception, has been taken away in the midst of his expectations, and dashed with sorrow, yet no man learns the lesson taught by these facts, and every man lays out his paradise afresh, and runs the furrow of execution around about it, and marks out its alleys and beds, and plants flowers and fruits, and cultures them with a love that sees no change and expects no sorrow!

No man means to have anything in his paradise but flowers and fruits. If there is a rock in it, it is only a rock for shadow and coolness, or a rock for decoration and beauty. No man will have a garden with a sepulchre in it. *Your garden has no sepulchre in it.* If you are young and fresh, if you are beginning life, you will hear this sermon as a poetic descendant, as a tender, musing homily. In the opening out of your expectant wealth and life it is all garden-like, but no sepulchre is there! There is no open mouth of consuming bankruptcies; there are no disappointments, miscalculations, and blunders that bring you to the earth; there is no dimming of ambition—no thwarting or turning back of all-compassing desires. There is fresh dew on the leaf, and rain at the root, and in your mind a full expectation that your garden shall blossom as the rose.

And thus men live as they have lived, every man making his life a garden planted; every man saying, "Flowers! flowers! flowers!" and when they come, every man saying, "They shall abide; they shall blossom in an endless summer." And we go round and round the secret place, the central place—we go round and round the point where in every man's experience there is a sepulchre—and we heed it not, and will not know it.

2. But, in spite of all this care and painstaking, *there is no garden in the world, let it be as beautiful as it may, that has not in the midst of it a sepulchre.* When we sit over against it with untaught hearts, we find out what we would not per-

* From *Sermons by Henry Ward Beecher*. Edited by Lyman Abbott.

mit ourselves to know in all the earlier stages, though it was there all the time. Every one of us is traveling right toward the grave. I mean not the extreme of life; I mean not that common truth that every man is born to die; I include that; but I mean that every man has a sphere of life where there is a sepulchre in which all that makes his life valuable to him while he yet lives in this world is liable to be buried and hidden from his sight. There is no man that is sure of any thing except of dying and living again. We see on every side such revelations, such changes, such surprises, such unexpected happenings and events, that it is not mere poetical moralizing to say that no man is certain of any thing except death, to be succeeded by life.

A plow is coming from the far end of a long field, and a daisy stands nodding, and full of dew-dimples. That furrow is sure to strike the daisy. It casts its shadow as gayly, and exhales its gentle breath as freely, and stands as simple, and radiant, and expectant as ever; and yet that crushing furrow, which is turning and turning others in its course, is drawing near, and in a moment it whirls the heedless flower with sudden reversal under the sod!

And as is the daisy, with no power of thought, so are ten thousand thinking, sentient flowers of life, blossoming in places of peril and yet thinking that no furrow of disaster is running in toward them—that no iron plow of trouble is about to overturn them. Sometimes it dimly dawns upon us, when we see other men's mischiefs and wrongs, that we are in the same category with them, and that perhaps the storms which have overtaken them will overtake us also. But it is only for a moment, for we are artful to cover the ear and not listen to the voice that warns us of our danger.

And so, although every man's garden is planted without a sepulchre, yet every man's garden has a sepulchre, and he stands near it, and oftentimes lays his hand upon it, and is utterly ignorant of it. But it will open. No man will ever walk through this life and reverse the experience, "Man that is born of a woman is of few days, and full of trouble." It comes to us all; not to make us sad, as we shall see by-and-by, but to make us sober; not to make us sorry, but to make us wise; not to make us despondent, but by its darkness to refresh us, as the night refreshes the day; not to impoverish us, but to enrich us as the plow enriches the field—to multiply our joy, as the seed is multiplied a hundred-fold by planting. Our conception of life is not divine, and our thought of garden-making is not inspired. Our earthly flowers are quickly planted, and they quickly bloom, and then they are gone; while God would plant those flowers which, by transplantation, shall live forever.

3. When, then, our sorrow comes, when we are in the unanticipated surprise of our trouble, when we first discover this sepulchre in our garden, we sit, as these women sat, over against the sepulchre, seeing, in our grief, nothing else but that. How strangely stupid is grief! How it neither learns nor knows, nor wishes to learn nor know! Grief is like the stamping of invisible ink. Great and glorious things are written with it, but they do not come out till they are brought out. It is not until heat has been applied to it, or until some chemical substance has been laid upon it, that that which was invisible begins to come forth in letter, and sentence, and meaning. In the first instance

we see in life only death—we see in change destruction. When the sisters sat over against the door of the sepulchre, did they see the two thousand years that have passed triumphantly away? Did they see any thing but this: "Our Christ is gone?" And yet your Christ and my Christ came from their loss; myriad, myriad mourning hearts have had resurrection in the midst of *their* grief; and yet the sorrowful watchers looked at the seed-form of this result and saw nothing. What they regarded as the end of life was the very preparation for coronation; for Christ was silent that he might live again in tenfold power. They saw it not. They looked on the rock, and it was rock. They looked upon the stone door, and it was the stone door that estopped all their hope and expectation. They mourned, and wept, and went away, and came again, drawn by their hearts, to the sepulchre. Still it was a sepulchre, unprophetic, voiceless, lustreless.

So with us. Every man sits over against the sepulchre in his garden, in the first instance, and says, "It is grief; it is woe; it is immedicable trouble. I see no benefit in it. I will take no comfort from it." And yet, right in our deepest and worst mishaps, often and often, our Christ is lying, waiting for resurrection. Where our death seems to be, there our Saviour is. Where the end of hope is, there is the brightest beginning of fruition. Where the darkness is thickest, there the bright beaming light that never is to set is about to emerge.

** ROSE-CULTURE—FROM NORWOOD.

How happy are proud people! No. Rather how happy are people of pride! That does not hit it exactly.

How fortunate are people with a sovereign self-esteem! I appeal to every one who has ever felt the quality, whether pride or self-esteem. Either of them covers or describes that peculiar faculty which inspires in men the sense of their own being, of personal worth, of eminent selfness—not necessarily selfishness.

Why are they fortunate? In such persons there is apt to be a central content. They are always consciously right. They always speak aright. Whatever they do is right. Whatever they own is of the best. Whatever submits itself to their protection is right. Righteousness is the very quality of their experience. Why should you reason with them? It is cruel and useless—cruel to disturb such profound self-satisfaction in a world not too much given to happiness; and useless, because it is an instinct, not a conviction—an involuntary feeling, and not a deduction of reason.

But not all of this tribe of self-esteem are so happy. All the worse for them. If this potent force allies itself with conscience, the possessor may as well make up his mind to be in bondage all his life. Then the sense of ownership and self-appropriation acts chiefly in the sphere of *Duty*.

Agate Bissell could not be said to have pride of character so much as Pride of Duty. She saw every thing in the light of duty, and she measured duty by the high requisitions of an intense pride. Every one may see that she had business on hand for the rest of her life. Nothing was good that had not in it some relation to duty. There was no good in the beautiful, unless in some way allied to practical duty. Happiness, springing from duty, was not altogether to be condemned; yet it

must be watched, as likely to take the temper out of the cutting edge of duty.

There was no member of Dr. Wentworth's family that did not feel the pressure of honest Agate's conscience, and respect it, too. It made no difference that her good sense restrained her from meddling with other people's consciences. It is impossible for an energetic nature to move about among men under the power of any great central faculty, and not electrify them. You may carry a torch for yourself, but cannot keep the light out of other people's eyes.

"Rose, have you put away your night-clothes?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Are you sure you folded them up and laid them in their proper place?"

A smile came over Rose's fair face, for she recollected that she had laid them on a chair and not under the pillow.

"Rose, it is just as easy to do things right as wrong. Go right up and place them as they ought to be, and then come down to your lesson." For, Rose was already a proficient with the needle, and for an hour in the morning and one in the afternoon she was under Agate's special instruction in reading and writing. But on Saturday the lessons were in the Scriptures and the Catechism. Rose, by nature, was one of the fortunate ones who obeyed those in command, and yet always had her own way. To suppress one tendency was only to open another. She was of a nature so full and vital, that her happiness seemed little checked because stopped in this or that direction.

"The dear child," said Agate, one day, to Mrs. Polly Marble, "is so good that I am afraid she may not live. If she should die, I don't think the Doctor would be good for much."

"I don't think you need take on 'bout it, Agate," said Mrs. Polly. "Mebbe you'll find enough human natur in her to suit you, afore you get through. I've seen just such children before. There's Hotchkiss — till his boy was ten years old he was so good that his folks was afeared he wa'n't long for this world. Ever since, tho', they have felt easier, for if there ever was a critter that had his full share of total depravity, it is that Paul Hotchkiss. If he's ever converted, tho', he'll be a smart man, especially if he has it thorough."

"That may be true, Mrs. Marble. In this world it is not safe to trust appearances."

"That's just what I say to my deacon. You know, Miss Agate, that there never was a kinder creetur nor a better man than he is, if it wa'n't for that wicked levity. After all I've done for him, I don't see that he's got over it a mite. I tell him that nobody is sure, as long as he is livin' in this world of temptation. When a man is safely in his coffin, then we may be comfortable — that is, if he had a hope."

"I sometimes think," said Agate, "that I should like Rose better, if she had a little more — well, a little more nature: — some sparks flung off now and then makes you sure there's fire, and that it is not all ashes."

"Well, I really think I shouldn't trouble myself about that. You can't tell by the way a bean comes up what sort of leaves it's goin' to have afterwards. Some children are like poke-weed. When it first comes up it's just as good to bile as 'paragus. But in a few weeks it's so strong it would drive ye out of the house if you was to put

it in the pot. Now, you know that the child is depraved. Everybody is, even ministers have it, tho' I really don't see but that grace has subdued it in Dr. Buell. Of course Rose is — and I shouldn't worry a bit if I was you. It'll come out in time."

"Mrs. Marble, if there's any such thing as spoiling her, the Doctor will do it. He's the strangest man that I ever heard of. Sometimes I think his books and his foreign learning have unsettled his religious belief. Would it not be dreadful if he was unsound! I know Dr. Buell don't think so. But you ought to hear him make fun of the Catechism! I have trouble enough with the children anyhow. The other Saturday morning, after I had got through the questions, Dr. Wentworth called Rose.

"Rose, what do the apple-trees principally teach?"

"Rose understands her father, and her face looked funny all over; but she turned to me as if she didn't want to make fun of the Catechism:

"Answer him, Rose," said I, 'answer your father?'

"And, do you believe it, she looked at him with her great, full eyes, and said:

"They make me think how beautiful God is!"

"The Doctor didn't ask her any more questions, but went off with her in his arms down into the garden."

"Well, Agate, you needn't be discouraged. You know you have the promises. Besides, his wife is a precious woman; and that's in your favor."

"It would almost break my trust in God, if Rose shouldn't do well. No — nothing will ever do that, I hope! But then you can't have such a child by you for six or seven years, and not have your heart bound up in her. I can tell you, Mrs. Marble, there's more dangerous idols than those made of wood and stone."

"A good deal worse! 'Eyes have they, but they see not,' saith the prophet. Now, them idols that have pretty eyes, and see out of them too, is a good deal more to be fear'd. I tell my boys so, of'en."

"If any thing *could* spoil Rose, it would be the creatures the Doctor has 'round her. It seems to me as if he contrived to pick out the very worst folks, and let Rose run with them. There is that *natural*, Pete! I do believe Rose would go from me to him any day. The Doctor lets him carry her about the meadows, and woods, and down through the swamp, by half-days together."

"Well, I'd never consent to that. I'd like to see Pete Sawmill about my house! He'd get a piece of my mind about the quickest! He don't do her any good!"

"The Doctor thinks Pete is a true child of Nature. He is not more'n half-witted anyhow. But the fellow is curious about knowin' all sorts of things that are going on in the woods, especially if there is no use in them."

"That's what I tell the Deacon. 'Deacon Marble,' says I, 'if you would shove out of ye all your knowins that ain't worth knowin', and then fill up with sober matter, you would be a sight better deacon, and a better man.'"

"That's much so with folks in general."

"Yes; folks' heads is pretty much like their garrets, where all the rubbish and broken things they've no use for down stairs are stored away."

"As if Pete were not enough, Tommy Taft is round with Rose, and Hiram Beers rides her out

every chance he can get. There's about twenty people in this town that seems to think that they own Rose!"

No other person could be allowed to say these things but herself. Should a neighbor, or one whom she less confided in than Polly Marble, indulge in unfavorable reflections, Agate would soon enable them to understand that they were meddling with affairs that did not concern them.

Now and then, however, but with reserve, she intimated to Mrs. Wentworth her fears for Rose's "bringing up;" for if there was one thing in this whole world which Agate had determined should come to pass, and had staked her life on it, it was that "Rose should grow up good and pious."

"Do see that child! She'll be stung to death, as sure as she's alive. Rose, Rose, come away from those bees—come here this minute! I do believe that child is in league with all the animal creation. Nothing is afraid of her, and she is afraid of nothing. See her stepping up nearer and nearer to those hives! I should have had as many stings stuck into me by this time as a baked ham has cloves! She comes home with her pockets full of trash, and with vines hanging about her neck, and with her hands full of bugs and worms. I've given up trying to manage her. It's in her, and it will come out. If you stop her at one thing she just goes straight off to another. And she's so good-natured and so quiet and sweet, that you never think it's wilfulness, but she's got her father's will in her, if it is covered up. She knows what she's about."

"Only yesterday I was sitting," said her mother, "in the bow-window, just as twilight was coming on, with my sewing in my lap, it was getting too dark to see well, when Rose came marching in:—'Ma, I've got something for you!' 'Bring it here, child,' said I. And she emptied her apron into my lap, in a sober and satisfied way. Of all things in this world; it was a great toad, speckled, fat—ugh! I screamed and flounced it upon the floor. I was startled in good earnest, for if there is any thing disgusting, next to a snake, or a green worm, or a spider, it is a toad."

"What did she do?"

"Do? She looked at me with surprise,—then demurely picked up the loathsome creature and walked out with it. I spoke so sharply that I was afraid I had hurt the poor child, and so I went out, and she was sitting on the offset laughing all over, as if it was the merriest experience of all her life!"

Quite unconscious of these remarks, the object of them, a chubby child of six years old, was standing by the very edge of the shelf on which scores of hives were ranged. Bees were flying out with great activity, and coming in, swinging heavily down, with laden thighs. At first a few whirled around Rose as if to warn her off. But seeing at a glance who it was, and reporting the news to their companions, their excitement and curiosity subsided, and the child was suffered to go as near as she pleased and to do as she liked. If one lit on her hand, she suffered it to creep over it undisturbed. Sometimes an in-flying bee would get caught in her hair; she took no pains to help it out; she suffered them to go and come as they would. Sometimes she would gather flowers and bring them toward the hives, and watch the workers as they eagerly sought the honey.

"That child is the doctor's own self in petticoats," said Agate Bissell. "I believe the Doctor

could stuff his pockets full of bees," said his wife, "and they would be contented. But if I go near the bee-shed, the angry things fly at me as Rex does at a beggar. They know I am afraid of them. They dash at me with such a way, that I never wait to see what they mean to do, and so they chase me fairly out of that part of the garden."

"I wonder the Doctor will keep them; at any rate so many. There must be as many as fifty hives, and more coming on."

"Oh, it's his music. He would not hear a word against his bees. On bright days, that are still and warm, he lies down by the window yonder, on purpose to hear them hum and buzz. And, I confess, if I am only safe out of their reach, it is a pleasant sound. Though I do not want them to appropriate him, or make a hive out of his hat. Do you know he looked for it yesterday a half hour, and then found it among the bees? He says Rose carried it thither. I say Rose's father did. But the Doctor, you know, likes pleasant sounds, as a kind of mental stimulus. The pleasure of music, he says, consists in the thoughts and feelings which it excites in us. I don't know what bees can make him think of. But, if any thing troubles him he likes to get where he can hear the bees, and then he seems to grow quiet."

"That is better than to brace up with some things," said Agate.

"After that dreadful surgical case he came home looking like a dead man. His face was stern and ghastly. He couldn't eat on that day before he operated, and trembled when he left the house like a leaf. But they say as soon as he took the knife his hand was firm and his body like steel. When he reached home I could not get him food quick enough—he almost cried for it, and was sharp and peevish, till he had eaten enough, which I thought he never could do, and then he went out by the window, where he could see the verbenas and the beds of petunia, and the rows of gladiolus, and lay down, and let the bees chant to him. I quite forgave the creatures their spite at me, when I saw how much comfort he took. After a while he fell asleep, and woke up in half an hour as fresh and merry as he always is."

** ADVICE TO A FRESHMAN.—FROM NORWOOD.

Dr. Wentworth, to whom Barton was much endeared, went aside from his usual habit, and gave him some advice.

"Barton, I am sure of your courses. I shall lose faith in human nature if you do not hold an honorable career. You are more likely to break down in health. You are too fierce in pursuit, desperate in tenacity; and you have about knowledge the same avariciousness which one sees in men in matters of money—an insatiable greed of more, to which money is only like fuel to fire. Remember, that much of knowledge is growth, not accumulation. The life that one is living in, is the book that men more need to know than any other. Never outrun health. A broken-down scholar is like a razor without a handle. The finest edge on the best steel is beholden to the services of homely horn for ability to be useful. Keep an account with your brain. Sleep, food, air, and exercise, are your best friends. Don't cheat them, or cut their company. Don't fall into the vulgar idea that the mind is a warehouse and education a process of stuffing it full of goods. Don't think your mind to be a pick-axe, either, with which a student delves like an Irishman

digging for ore. If you must have a figure, call it a sensitive plate, on which nature forms pictures. The more fine the surface and sensitive the quality, the truer and better will be the knowledge. Do not study for ideas alone, but train for condition. Get and keep a healthy brain. Keep it fine. Train it to sharp and accurate impressions. Give it lunge and vigor. Make it like a mirror, before nature, or a daguerrean plate' Barton, don't mope. Be a boy as long as you live. Laugh a good deal. Frolic every day. Keep up high spirits. A low tone of mind is unhealthy. There's food and medicine in nerve. Quantity and quality of nerve mark the distinctions between animals and between men, from the bottom of creation to the top. Now, Barton, if you come home with your cheeks sunken, and with your eyes staring out of a hollow pit, I will disown you. Good-bye, my dear fellow. God bless you," said the doctor, at the same time taking Barton's hand in both of his, and giving him a cordial adieu, which Barton felt with grateful warmth at his heart for weeks after.

HENRY WILSON.

This energetic and successful statesman was born in Farmington, New Hampshire, on the 16th day of February, 1812, and is most emphatically a self-made man. His parents being poor, he was early apprenticed to a neighboring farmer by the name of Knight, and his hand and heart were early brought to battle with hardship and adversity. Mr. Wilson's educational advantages were as limited as those of Abraham Lincoln; but, like him, he made amends for this in spending his evenings in poring over useful books. He most fortunately had access to the well-stored library of a sister of the late Judge Woodbury; and so well did he make use of it, that on reaching the age of one-and-twenty, he had read, and sometimes re-read, nearly a thousand volumes of English and American history, together with the then published numbers of the *North American Review*. On completing his minority, Mr. Wilson came to Boston, and thence to Natick, Massachusetts, where he began to work at making shoes, occupying every leisure moment, however, in storing his retentive memory with the legislative history of the country, for even then "coming events cast their shadows before." In 1838 he visited Washington, and observing there the sale of some slaves at auction, swore eternal hostility to the peculiar institution of the South. This is the whole secret of his political life, and to this every thought and word and deed of it have been most true. On returning home, Mr. Wilson attended school some time in New Hampshire, where he studied rhetoric, mental philosophy, and Euclid; but his means becoming exhausted through the failure of a friend, he returned to Natick, taught a "winter school," and then, in 1838, commenced the manufacture of shoes for the Southern market, in which business he continued for ten successive years.

In 1840 he began his political career, as a public speaker in the Harrison campaign, during which he made more than sixty addresses, most of which were of telling effect against his opponents. On his election to a seat in the Massa-

chusetts Legislature, the same year, Mr. Wilson gave his attention at once to the rules of parliamentary practice, and to the questions before the House; and by unwearied devotion to business, soon came to stand in the front rank of the advocates of freedom and a liberal policy. Three years later, he was elected to the State Senate; and in the House, two years after, made one of the ablest speeches against slavery ever heard by that body. In 1848 he purchased the *Boston Republican*, which he conducted with signal ability for twenty-seven months. The next year, 1849, he was made chairman of the Free-soil State Committee, and became the acknowledged leader of that party. He was speaker of the State Senate in 1850 and 1851; he was nominated for Congress and defeated in 1852; and in the ensuing year he was sent as a delegate, by the towns of Natick and Berlin, to the State Constitutional Convention, where he made about one hundred and fifty speeches, and was absent from his seat but once--and that to attend the funeral of a friend--during the whole of the protracted session. In 1855, Mr. Wilson was elected to serve, during the unexpired term of Edward Everett, as United States Senator; and in the summer and autumn of this year, he visited thirteen of the States, addressing many large audiences on the questions then at issue. The year following, he delivered his important Kansas speech, in the Senate, but made a higher record even in his admirable reply to a challenge from Preston S. Brooks, of South Carolina. Re-elected almost unanimously to the Senate in 1859, he made, in March of that year, in answer to Mr. Hammond, his celebrated speech in defence of Northern labor, than which nothing more effective had been given on the subject since Webster's masterly reply to Colonel Hayne. But though never idle, it was not until the opening of the great drama of the rebellion that Mr. Wilson fairly began to set himself at work. He introduced the acts for the employment of five hundred thousand volunteers; for the purchase of arms and ordnance; for increasing the pay of privates, &c., &c. In view of his untiring industry and effective labor in this national crisis, Mr. Cameron said of him, in 1862: "No man, in my opinion, in the whole country, has done more to aid the War Department in preparing the mighty army now under arms." Some idea of the care and responsibility of his position may be inferred from the fact that as many as ten thousand eight hundred and ninety-one military nominations came before him for decision during the war. In addition to his senatorial duties, he enlisted two thousand three hundred men in the autumn of 1861, organized the Massachusetts Twenty-second Regiment, and, as its colonel, conducted it to Washington. But during these incessant labors, Mr. Wilson did not for a moment lose sight of the great question to which his political life had been consecrated. In 1861 he introduced the bill for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia; in 1862, the bill for the employment of the colored soldiers; in 1864, the bill for paying them, and also that for freeing their wives and children.

In addition to a vast number of speeches, of which the most remarkable are *Personalities and Aggressions of Mr. Butler* (1856); *Defence of the Republican Party* (1856); *Are Working-men Slaves?* (1858); *The Pacific Railroad* (1859); *The Death of Slavery is the Life of the Nation* (1864), Mr. Wilson has also made a valuable contribution to our literature in his *History of the Anti-Slavery Measures of the Thirty-seventh and Thirty-eighth United States Congress* (Boston, 1865, pp. 424), in which he presents a vivid sketch of the progress of the various bills referring to slavery, from their introduction to the final issue—citing the *ipsissima verba* of the speakers, whether favoring or opposing them. In 1866 appeared *Military Measures of the U. S. Congress*, a work on the legislation of Congress in respect to the army during the rebellion, which is a valuable record of the noble part our civil leaders bore in the mighty conflict we have just passed through.

Hon. Henry Wilson was re-elected to the United States Senate in 1865, and again, at the expiration of that term, in 1871. He took a prominent part in the discussions concerning the reconstruction of the Southern States, and advocated a generous yet decisive policy. "Let loyal men alone assume control; let the freedmen be protected; let the governments be reconstructed on the basis of equal rights for every citizen, and loyalty to the Union." The system of peonage, or servitude for debt, in the territory of New Mexico, was abolished by his efforts in 1867; and that same year he instituted the Congressional Temperance Society at Washington. For the latter act he was given a public reception at Tremont Temple by the citizens of Boston, April 15. Subsequently he made a tour through the South, speaking in the chief cities between Richmond and New Orleans. Throughout the political campaigns of 1868 and 1872, he also delivered many hundred addresses at the East and West.

The twenty-fifth anniversary of Mr. Wilson's marriage was celebrated by his friends at Natick, October 27, 1865. A purse of four thousand dollars and many articles of silver were presented to his lady. Five years later his wife died, May 21, 1870. He spent the summer of 1871 abroad, viewing the social and political institutions of the Continent. He received the nomination of the Republican party as Vice President of the United States in 1872, and was elected by a large majority.

The recent works of Mr. Wilson comprise: *Testimonies of American Statesmen and Jurists to the Truths of Christianity*, an address to the Young Men's Christian Association at Natick, which was printed by the American Tract Society (Boston, 1867, 24mo., 52 pages); *History of the Reconstruction Measures of the Thirty-ninth and Fortieth Congresses*, 1865-8 (1868, 12mo., 467 pages), an invaluable monograph of the political history of the United States; and *History of the Rise and Fall of the Slave Power in America* (vol. i. 1872; 8vo., 370 pages). The

latter, which will doubtless constitute the crowning work of his life, has already won the rank of a standard authority, by its impartial spirit, thoroughness of detail, clearness of narrative, and inflexible honesty of purpose. The first volume treats of the growth and power of Slavery from its introduction into Virginia in 1620, to the admission of Texas into the Union as a Slave State in 1845. Volume second, which is to follow speedily, will relate the ominous events and political struggles that convulsed the country till the outbreak of the civil war in 1861; while the third and concluding volume will be devoted to that series of measures which overthrew Slavery, destroyed the Slave Power, and reconstructed the Union on the basis of freedom and equal rights to all.

WILLIAM G. T. SHEDD

Was born in Acton, Massachusetts, June 21, 1820. He received his collegiate education at the University of Vermont, where he graduated in 1839. He then pursued a course of theological studies at Andover Seminary, graduating at that institution, in 1843; next became pastor of a congregation in Brandon, Vermont, and at the expiration of two years, in 1845, was appointed Professor of English Literature in the University of Vermont. He held this situation for seven years, when he became Professor of Sacred Rhetoric in Auburn Theological Seminary. At the end of two years he was appointed Professor of Ecclesiastical History in Andover Theological Seminary, and was so employed for eight years, when, in 1862, he was called to New York, as associate minister with Dr. Spring, of the Presbyterian Brick Church. In 1864, he became Professor of Biblical Literature in the Union Theological Seminary, in New York city.

Besides contributing articles to the *Bibliotheca Sacra*, and publishing various occasional discourses, Dr. Shedd has edited Coleridge's works, with an introductory essay (New York, 1853); *Augustine's Confessions*, with an introduction (Andover, 1860); translated from the German, *Theremins's Rhetoric* (New York, 1850, and Andover, 1859), and *Guericke's Church History* (Andover, 1857). He has also published a volume of *Discourses and Essays* (second edition, Andover, 1862); *Lectures upon the Philosophy of History*, which have also reached a second edition (Andover, 1862), and *A History of Christian Doctrine* (2 vols., 8vo., 1864)—republished in Clarke's Foreign Theological Library, Edinburgh.

Of this, perhaps his most important work, an accomplished reviewer gives the following account:—

"In the introduction to these volumes, Professor Shedd presents a careful survey of the ground which he intends to traverse, marking out its boundaries and limitations, defining its exact position in regard to historical science in general, and explaining the methods which he shall follow in the composition of his work. According to his preliminary statements, the history of Christian doctrine presents a very transparent and beautiful specimen of an historic evolution. The germ of the process is the dogmatic material contained in the Scrip-

* *The Life and Public Services of Hon. Henry Wilson*. By Hon. Thomas Russell, collector of the port of Boston, and Rev. Elias Nason, for many years the pastor of Mr. Wilson; pp. 364, Boston, 1872.

tures of the Old and New Testaments, which set forth the entire rudimental substance of Christian theology; but this body of doctrine was by no means fully comprehended by the thinking, speculative minds in the primitive Church. The scientific comprehension of the essential faith is a gradual process; the expanded creed bursts out of the narrower, by natural methods of growth; each generation of believers contributes its share to the formation of the common creed; and hence dogmatic history describes the development of revealed truth, through the successive acts of the universal Church to understand its meaning, and to demonstrate its integral, harmonious, and consistent character, in opposition to critical suggestions and inquiries, and to the open assaults of scepticism. With this idea of history, the investigation possesses all the advantages that arise from the theory of organic connections, while it is protected from the naturalism which often infects this branch of inquiry in connection with the thoughts and judgment. Preserving the distinction between a creation and an evolution, the historical is called to do justice both to the supernatural and the natural elements of his subject—to the creative energy which is the cause of all existence, and to the finite development which is the condition of progress. In pursuance of these principles, Professor Shedd arranges his matter into several divisions: the first comprising the influence of philosophical systems upon the construction of Christian doctrine; the second, embracing the history of apologies, or defences of Christianity; the third, devoted to the history of individual doctrine; the fourth, to the history of creeds; and the fifth, to biographic history in relation to the history of doctrines. Without pretending to philosophical impartiality, or indifference to the various theories which he brings under review, Professor Shedd has accomplished his task with fairness, learning, and ability, and produced an instructive work, which will command the respect of scholars, however widely they may differ from his conclusions.”*

** Besides editing the *Gospel of Mark* in the American edition of *Lange's Commentary*, Dr. Shedd has, in recent years, prepared several other valuable contributions to theological literature. These works comprise: *A Treatise on Homiletics and Pastoral Theology* (1867), which has passed through eight editions, and been republished in Edinburgh; and *Sermons to the Natural Man*, 1871. “The purpose (of the latter) is psychological,” states its author. “I would, if possible, anatomize the natural heart. It is in vain to offer the Gospel unless the Law has been applied with clearness and cogency. At the present day, certainly, there is far less danger of erring in the direction of religious severity, than in the direction of religious indulgence.”

DAVID A. HARSHA.

David Addison Harsha was born in Argyle, Washington county, New York, September 15,

1827. After receiving a thorough classical education, his attention was turned to the study of theology; but, in consequence of a chronic bronchial affection, he never entered the ministry. He has passed the most of his time, thus far, among the beautiful rural scenery of his native town, engaged in the quiet pursuits of literature. In 1851 he commenced authorship, by the publication of a small work entitled *Thoughts on the Love of Christ*. This was followed, in 1852, by *Christ and Crucified*, and *Immanuel's Land*. Two years afterwards he published *Wanderings of a Pilgrim*. In 1856, these religious treatises were collected and published under the title of *The Heavenly Token, a Gift-Book for Christians*, of which more than fifty thousand copies have been sold. In 1854, his *Lives of Eminent Orators and Statesmen* was published by Mr. Scribner, New York, in an octavo volume. This work has been widely used, especially as a text-book. In 1856, Mr. Harsha published, in a duodecimo volume, a sketch of the *Life of Charles Sumner, with his great Speech on Kansas*. This volume was hastily prepared and published a few months after the brutal assault on Mr. Sumner in the Senate chamber; eight thousand copies of the work were speedily sold. In 1857, was published, by Messrs. Derby & Jackson, the first volume of Mr. Harsha's Library of Christian Authors, containing *The Life and Choice Works of Isaac Watts, D. D.* The stereotype plates of this work have since passed into the hands of Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia. The series is proposed to be continued to four volumes, to comprise the best works of eminent divines, from the period of Jeremy Taylor to Robert Hall, of the present century. In 1864, Mr. Harsha published another devotional work, *The Star of Bethlehem, a Guide to the Saviour* (Chicago, 12mo, 528 pages), which, like its predecessors, has been well received by a large class of readers. A later work of Mr. Harsha is *The Life of Philip Doddridge, D.D., with Notices of some of his Contemporaries, and Specimens of his Style* (12mo, Sheldon & Co., New York). This has been speedily followed by the *Lives of Bunyan and Baxter*, in two volumes, uniform with the *Life of Doddridge*. Mr. Harsha is also author of a *Life of Rev. George Whitefield, with his Select Works* (12mo); a *Life of Rev. James Hervey, with his Select Writings* (12mo); a *Life of Rev. Abraham Booth, with his Select Works*; a *Manual of English Sacred Literature, from the period of John Knox, to the present time* (12mo); and editor of *Devotional Thoughts, selected from the best Christian Authors, &c.*, all of which are recent works. Mr. Harsha has also been engaged in writing a work on *The Golden Age of English Literature; or, the Life and Times of Joseph Addison*; besides, he is a regular correspondent of one or two leading republican newspapers, and a frequent contributor to magazines, reviews, &c.

FREDERIC DAN HUNTINGTON.

The Rev. Dr. Huntington was born in Hadley, Massachusetts, May 28, 1819. His father was a clergyman. The son was educated at Amherst College, where he graduated with the first honors of his class, in 1839. He then passed

three years at the Cambridge Divinity School, and on the completion of this course, in 1842, was ordained pastor of the South Congregational Church, Boston, a position in which he remained till 1855, when he was called to the chair of the newly founded Plummer Professorship of Christian Morals, at Harvard College, and was made university preacher of that institution.

In 1856, he published a volume entitled *Sermons to the People*, which has passed through numerous editions. The tone of this series of discourses was at once philosophical and practical, of an earnest, sympathetic, manly piety, calling for a deeper spirituality, "to give vitality to our professions, energy to our efforts, sanctity to our faith, and unconquerable constancy to our will."*

During the four following years, the author's theological views, which, at the time of his induction as Plummer Professor, had been nominally Unitarian, underwent so decided a change that, after the publication, in 1860, of a second series of sermons, twenty-five in number, marked by the same high characteristics as the former, entitled *Christian Believing and Living*, in which a belief in the doctrine of the Trinity was distinctly avowed, he felt constrained, from motives of honor, to resign his position in the college. His resignation, at first declined, was subsequently accepted, and he very soon received a call from Emanuel Church, a newly formed Episcopal organization of Boston. In September of the same year, 1859, he was ordained by Bishop Eastburn, and at once entered upon the duties of the pastoral office.

Besides the two volumes of discourses already mentioned, Dr. Huntington has published a course of eight lectures, delivered before the Graham Institute, of Brooklyn, in a volume entitled *Human Society; Its Providential Structure, Relations, and Offices* (New York, 1860); *Home and College*, a public address delivered in the hall of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, in March, 1860, presenting the characteristic features of college experience, in reference to its perils and successes, with an earnest plea for the peculiar virtues of home training; and has written largely for the religious periodicals, the *Christian Examiner*, the *Christian Register*, the *Monthly Religious Magazine* and *Independent Journal*, which he conducted for a time. He has also edited or written introductions for various works, including several books of a religious character by the Rev. William Mountford, as "Martyria," "Euthanasia," "Christianity the Deliverance of the Soul and its Life;" Archbishop Whately's "Christian Morals;" the Rev. Edward Henry Bickersteth's "Rock of Ages, or Scriptural Testimony to the One Eternal Godhead of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost;" with two selections of religious poetry, entitled *Hymns of the Ages*, being selections from *Lyra Catholica*, *Germanica Apostolica*, and other sources, and *Lyra Domestica*, translated from the Psalter and Harp of C. J. P. Spitta, by Richard Massie, with additional selections. He has also edited a volume, *Religious and Moral Sentences*,

culled from the Works of Shakspeare, compared with Sacred Passages from Holy Writ.

In January, 1861, Dr. Huntington established, in association with the Rev. Dr. George M. Randall, a magazine, at Boston, in the interest of the Protestant Episcopal Church, entitled *The Church Monthly*. Its object, as announced, is to represent the Church "fairly in its Scriptural authority, Evangelical faith, Catholic spirit, Apostolic order, and earnest Missionary activity."

** Dr. Huntington edited in 1865 *Elim, or, Hymns of Holy Refreshment*. It was followed by two pamphlets: *Two Ways in Religion*, 1867; and *Lessons for the Instruction of Children in the Divine Life*, 1868. In 1872, he published a volume entitled, *Helps to a Holy Lent*; and in 1873, a practical treatise, *Steps to a Living Faith*. In 1869 Dr. Huntington was consecrated Bishop of the diocese of Central New York.

JOHN N. NORTON.

Rev. Dr. John N. Norton, of Virginia descent, but born in the State of New York, graduated at Geneva College (now Hobart), in 1842, when he delivered the Latin salutatory oration, and received the degree of A. B. After spending three years at the General Theological Seminary, in New York City, he was ordained deacon, by Bishop De Lancey, in Trinity Church, Geneva, on the 20th of July, 1845. During a vacancy in the rectorship of this important parish, Mr. Norton took charge of it for a short period, and, after serving as assistant minister of St. Luke's Church, Rochester, for six months, he was called to the rectorship of the Church of the Ascension, Frankfort, Kentucky, in December, 1846—a post which he held until 1870, when he became Associate Rector of Christ Church, Louisville. His first book, entitled *Religion, as Seen through the Church*, was published by Stanford & Swords, in New York, in 1845, and consisted of ten church stories, written from his twelfth to his sixteenth year. As it was issued anonymously, few know its author.

His next work was *The Boy who was Trained up to be a Clergyman*, which appeared from the press of H. Hooker, in 1853. The first edition was sold in a few weeks, and the sixth edition (an enlarged and improved one) was in circulation in 1865. This book was followed by two others, in which the history was continued: *Full Proof of the Ministry*, published by Redfield, in 1855—now in its third edition—and *Rockford Parish*, from the press of Dana, in 1857—now in its second edition.

In 1856, the Church Book Society published Mr. Norton's *Life of Bishop White*, the first of a long series of biographies, in which he has attempted to bring to the notice of "the million," the lives and characters of those great and good men who had before been known to comparatively few—because the world has had no time to spend in reading long-drawn accounts of all who deserve to be remembered. The idea was a new one, and the effort proved not unsuccessful. The lives of Bishops Griswold, Chase, Seabury, Hobart, Moore of Virginia, Dehon, Gadsden, Heber, Ravenscroft, Wainwright, Claggett, Croes, Henshaw, Bowen,

* Sermon on the Doctrine of the Spirit.

Bass, Stewart, Provoost, Wilson of Calcutta, and Archbishop Cranmer, followed, in due order, from the same society; and also the lives of the pioneer missionaries, Phelps and Nash; and of General Washington, in which the religious character of the "Father of his Country" was portrayed. The Life of Washington has been widely circulated, not only among the young, but in the army. "Allerton Parish" was published by the Church Book Society, in 1864.

In 1860, H. Hooker, of Philadelphia, published Mr. Norton's *Lectures on the Life of David*, and, not long afterwards, his *Short Sermons*. The last have just gone to a tenth edition (1873). The *Life of Doctor Franklin* appeared in 1861, designed to vindicate the name of the patriot and philosopher from the charge of infidelity. In 1864, E. P. Dutton & Co. published Mr. Norton's *Life of Archbishop Laud*, in which he has endeavored to do simple justice to this unpopular and much abused prelate. A number of addresses and sermons, delivered on various occasions, have been published; but it is hardly necessary to enumerate them. In 1863, Mr. Norton received the degree of D. D. from his Alma Mater.

**The later works of this author are *The Lay Reader*, and *Every Sunday*, two volumes of sermons for the Christian Year; and *Milk and Honey*, a volume of sermons to children.

SAMUEL MOSHEIM SCHMUCKER

Was born at Newmarket, Virginia, in 1823. His father was a Lutheran clergyman, who, in 1826, was called to preside over the Theological Seminary of that denomination at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania. His son received a liberal education at a college at that place, and at Washington College, in the State, where he graduated in 1840. He then studied theology at the Gettysburg Seminary, was licensed to preach, and became pastor of a Lutheran church at Lewistown, and subsequently at Germantown, Pennsylvania. In 1848, he resigned the pulpit for the bar, studied law in Philadelphia, and was admitted to practice in 1850. After several years in the profession, he developed a taste for literary labor, which he has steadily pursued. His publications, which are numerous, are chiefly in history and biography. He has written a *History of the Court and Reign of Catherine II., Empress of Russia*; *The Life and Reign of the Emperor Nicholas I., of Russia*; *The Life and Times of Alexander Hamilton*; also of *Thomas Jefferson*; lives of *Henry Clay*, *Daniel Webster*, and *John C. Fremont*, published at intervals; *Arctic Explorations and Discoveries in the Nineteenth Century*; *A Life of Dr. E. K. Kane*, and other *Distinguished American Explorers*; *A History of the Mormons, Religious, Social, and Political*; *A History of the Modern Jews*; *The Public and Private History of Napoleon III., Emperor of the French*; *The History of the Four Georges, Kings of England*. These subjects have been well selected to suit the wants of the public, and the long list is proof of the favor with which they have been received.

**Dr. Schmucker began *A History of the Civil War in the United States*; but he did not live to see the end of that contest. He died in Philadelphia, shortly after the issue of the first volume of his work, May 12, 1863.

WILLIAM REED DEANE

Was born August 21, 1809, in Mansfield, Massachusetts, originally a part of the first purchase of Taunton. He was the son of Jacob Deane, Esq., who died July 15, 1871. He was the seventh in descent from John Deane, who came from Chard, near Taunton, in the County of Somerset, England, about 1636, and, with others from that vicinity, settled at Cohannet, changing the Indian name to Taunton, in regard to their "dear native country." The homestead upon which Mr. Deane was born has been the residence of the family for several generations. Rev. Samuel Deane, his uncle, author of the *History of Scituate, Massachusetts*, who was pastor of the second parish in that town from his first settlement there till the time of his death, was also born on this old homestead.

Mr. Deane was in mercantile life, and was for many years of the firms of Cushing, White & Co., and Deane, Bradstreet & Co., of Boston. For several years previous to 1855, he was the Boston correspondent of the *Christian Inquirer*, of New York, and an occasional writer in the *Christian Register*, and other periodicals in Boston and vicinity. He has published a *Genealogical History of the Leonard Family, the Watson Family, and the Deane Family*, the latter in connection with John Ward Dean. He was one of the earliest members of the New England Historic-Genealogical Society, has held various offices in that society since its formation, and was an occasional contributor to its *Register*. He died at Mansfield, Mass., June 16, 1871.

AMORY DWIGHT MAYO.

The Rev. A. D. Mayo was born in Warwick, Mass., January 31, 1823. He was for a time a student at Amherst College, which he was compelled by ill health to leave before he had finished the usual course of instruction. He subsequently studied theology at Medford, Mass., under the personal direction of the late Dr. Hosea Ballou, the President of Tufts College. Mr. Mayo was ordained a preacher, in Boston, July, 1846. He then was established as pastor of The Independent Christian Society in Gloucester, Mass. There he continued eight years, till 1854, when he removed to Cleveland, Ohio, where he remained for two years, in a similar pastoral charge. In January, he accepted a call to Albany, New York, as pastor of the Division Street Church at that place, and afterwards held a pastorate in Cincinnati.

He has published several works, including two volumes of sermons, entitled, *The Moral Argument for the Universal Salvation of Mankind* (1847), and *Graces and Powers of the Christian Life* (1852). Mr. Mayo married Miss Sarah C. Edgarton, a lady of New England, greatly esteemed for her intelligence and piety; and after her early death, published, in 1848, a me-

morial volume, entitled, *Memories of Mrs. S. C. Mayo, with Selections from her Writings*. In 1853 he married Miss Lucy C. Clarke, a sister of the well-known author, Grace Greenwood.

In 1859, Mr. Mayo published a volume entitled, *Symbols of the Capital; or, Civilization in New York*. In this ingenious work, which is written in a spirited, effective style, the author presents in a series of chapters his views on the chief influences at work in modern society, as the topics are suggested "by the institutions of the chief State in the Republic." "It is a sincere endeavor," he adds, in his preface, "to aid the young men and women of our land in their attempt to realize a character that shall justify our professions of republicanism, and to establish a civilization which, in becoming national, shall illustrate every principle of a pure Christianity."

Besides these volumes, Mr. Mayo has been a contributor to the *Universalist Quarterly Review*; has published various occasional sermons and addresses, and numerous articles, literary and religious, in the *Ohio Farmer*, the *Christian Inquirer*, the *Century*, *Cincinnati Commercial*, etc. His later works have been chiefly educational.

In 1872 Dr. Mayo removed to Springfield, Mass., and he is now pastor of the Church of the Unity in that city.

WILLIAM ROUNSEVILLE ALGER.

The Rev. William Rounseville Alger was born in 1823, in Freetown, Mass. He became a graduate of the Harvard Theological school in Cambridge in 1847, and settled the same year as minister of a Unitarian society at Roxbury, removing thence to a similar post in Boston, in 1855. He received the honorary degree of Master of Arts, from Harvard University, in 1852.

He published *A Symbolic History of the Cross of Christ*, in an eighteen-mo volume, in Boston, in 1851. In 1856, he became widely known to the literary world by his work entitled *The Poetry of the East*. This is a series of more than four hundred original metrical versions of the thought, sentiment, and fancy of the East, derived from the materials presented in the records of the different Asiatic Societies and other English, Latin, and German sources. The volume is prefaced by a general essay, "An Introduction to Oriental Poetry"—an interesting and elaborate dissertation, describing the characteristics of Sanscrit, Arabic, and Persian poetry, and presenting an account of all the chief translations hitherto made from those ancient tongues into French, German, and English. A new and enlarged edition of this book was published by the author in 1856.

Mr. Alger's chief work, the result of much study and painstaking, is, *A Critical History of the Doctrines of a Future Life, with a Complete Bibliography of the Subject*. In its patient thoroughness of research, and condensed and exhaustive arrangement of material, it may fairly be pronounced a monument of learned industry. The bibliographical appendix contains

descriptions of some five thousand publications, arranged in chronological order; and is, as nearly as possible, a perfect repertory of the literature of its great theme.

Mr. Alger has also edited, with an Introduction (Boston, 1858), *Studies of Christianity; or, Timely Thoughts for Religious Thinkers*, by the Rev. James Martineau.

** Mr. Alger published in 1867: *The Friendships of Women*; also, *The Solitudes of Nature and of Man; or, The Loneliness of Human Life*, dedicated to Rev. James Martineau. The latter contained an entertaining and exhaustive section on the "Morals of Solitude," besides scholarly sketches of lonely characters, from Confucius and Demosthenes to Byron and Thoreau. These were followed by a volume of *Prayers Offered in the Massachusetts House of Representatives during the Session of 1868*; and by two pamphlets in 1870: *End of the World, and the Day of Judgment*; *The Sword, the Pen, and the Pulpit: A tribute to Charles Dickens*. Mr. Alger has in preparation a life of the late Edwin Forrest, the eminent tragedian.

JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND.

Dr. Holland was born in Belchertown, Mass., July 24, 1819. He commenced life as a physician, but, after a short experience of practice, removed to Vicksburg, Miss., where he remained a year, filling the position of Superintendent of Public Schools. In May, 1849, he became associate editor of the *Springfield Republican*. Under his guidance this daily paper attained a high position of influence throughout New England and the country at large. In 1855, Dr. Holland published, at Springfield, a *History of Western Massachusetts*, in two 12mo volumes. This was followed, in 1857, by *The Bay-Path, a Tale of New England Colonial Life* (12mo, pp. 418), written "with the belief that the early colonial life of New England, though cramped in its creeds, rigid in its governmental policy, formal in its society, and homely in its details, was neither without its romantic aspects nor its heroes, in high and humble position, with whose full hearts, independent wills, and manly struggles, the largest spirit of this age may fully sympathize."

Bitter Sweet, first published by the author in 1858, and since in numerous illustrated and other editions, is a poem of New England life. It is, for the most part, in blank verse, of a somewhat rugged character. The book opens with a picture of a wild November storm, raging around a country homestead. The horrors of the night are however alleviated by the bright firelight glowing through the windows of the "old red farm-house," and we have pleasant glimpses of some of its inmates, as they look out from the ruddy background to watch and speculate on the elemental strife. We are soon introduced within, where the old patriarch Israel has gathered his sons and daughters, with their children, to the Thanksgiving festival. The chief characters are sketched and named in a few lines. The key-note of the coming argument is given in two "Songs," introduced in a

prelude. The composition now assumes a dramatic form: "Ruth, the young daughter of the ancient house, is troubled with doubts respecting the existence of evil. David sets forth the need of discipline to strengthen character, and nerve the soul for the execution of high purposes, and Ruth is gradually convinced. A "First Episode" follows—a scene between David and Ruth in the farm-house cellar, whither they have descended in quest of cider and apples.

"Sixteen barrels of cider
Ripening all in a row"

suggest pleasant pictures of the orchard and the mill. Ruth describes and David moralizes, in a pleasant, quaint octosyllabic measure. From the cider, they pass to the brine-casks and the potato-bin; and the contents of these are in like manner eulogized and moralized. We have next a "Second Movement," in a quiet room of the old house, to which Grace and Mary have retired to put the baby to sleep. This accomplished, by a pleasant lullaby, the two indulge in mutual confidences. Grace confesses to doubts of the philosophic David, whom she suspects to have neglected her for the blandishments of a "strange woman." Mary's story is longer. She, years ago, has married a man who turns out a drunken reprobate, and after a long course of ill treatment and ill influences, which taint to some extent the yielding mind of the wife, deserts her by going off in a balloon with a courtesan on a Fourth of July afternoon. Mary has to take the usual city lodgings and needlework, which seem the unflinching fate of oppressed womanhood in American stories. She is here visited by a gentleman in quest of embroidery, whom she wickedly endeavors to fascinate. He resists manfully, but her wiles are overpowering, when a sudden recollection of the old teachings of the farm-house home return, and save the pair. Next follows a livelier scene of boys and girls at play, and a new rhymed version of Blue-Beard for their benefit. In the "Third Movement," a wayfarer is described feebly contending with the storm without. He is brought in, and, after careful treatment, revives. He is recognized by Mary as her husband, now penitent, but dying from a recent shock of delirium tremens. In a conversation with him, she reveals the name of her benefactor, who turns out to be the moralizing David. This of course produces an humble apology from the haughty Grace, and ends the story. The "keeping" of the whole, incidents and description, with the scene and characters, is admirable, and gives the book a place in the select company of really indigenous American productions.

In 1860, Dr. Holland published his novel, "Miss Gilbert's Career." Miss Gilbert is the only daughter of Dr. Gilbert, a bustling village physician, who has transmitted an energetic temperament to his offspring. The young lady's ambition takes the usual form, and she produces a novel. Her father tries the New York publishers, and has his patience, and finally his pocket, sorely tried in return. He guarantees the bills, and the book appears.

Miss Gilbert's book has merits, but they do not overbalance its fatal crudities. Ill success

gives her the first great lesson of life. Successive experiences gradually teach her that her "career" is but an idealized selfishness. Success itself—for, after the publication of a more mature work, this is achieved to the fullest extent—is found unsatisfactory. The fêted authoress retires from city soirées to her quiet home to find, in care for the sick, and ministrations to the genialities of the household, and of course at last in a lover, the happiness individual success could not afford. A woollen factory plays an important part in the story. A second heroine emerges from its dirty recesses to become the friend and counsellor of all parties. She turns out to be the daughter of a rich man who has refused his consent to her union with his clerk. The young lady breaks off with father and lover, neither of whom hear from her until her retreat is disclosed by a knavish youth employed at the mill. The father comes to the village in search of the daughter, who has in the mean time become the village schoolmistress. Foiled in his attempts to see her, he is so overcome by rage that he falls in a fit. Nursed through his dangerous illness by his daughter, he relents; the lover is sent for, and the pair made happy.

The character of the coarse and avaricious owner of the mill is powerfully drawn. His household, consisting of a vulgar wife, and a daughter educated at a boarding-school up to the point of despising the plain ways of her parents who have spoiled her, forms an equally repulsive and truthful picture. The humorous characters of the book are true to American village life, and are well sustained.

Titcomb's Letters to Young People, Single and Married (12mo, pp. 251), were first published in 1858, dedicated to the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, and designed in an easy, familiar way, to benefit the persons to whom they were addressed, by practical suggestions on subjects of daily life and experience. Eminently successful in its manner and adaptation to the wants of the country, the book has in a few years passed to a fiftieth edition. *Gold Foil Hammered from Popular Proverbs*, issued the following year (12mo, pp. 358), has a wider scope in its treatment of social subjects, but is of the same general character as the preceding, with which may also be classed *Letters to the Joneses* (1863, 12mo, pp. 347); *Lessons in Life, a Series of Familiar Essays* (1861, 12mo, pp. 344), and *Plain Talk on Familiar Subjects* (1865, 12mo, pp. 360).

**In 1865, Dr. Holland prepared a *Life of Abraham Lincoln*, which speedily attained a circulation of eighty thousand copies. Three years later, he visited Europe with his wife and children—two daughters and a young son—spending two years in England and on the Continent.

In conjunction with the firm of Charles Scribner & Co. and Mr. Roswell Smith, he established *Scribner's Monthly* in 1870, and became its editor-in-chief. Under his management, that magazine has had a pure and high-toned character from the start, and has proved a financial success. In its monthly "Topics of the Time," he has handled the leading questions of the day in a series of

earnest and thoughtful essays, which have deserved and received much attention, even from that portion of the public which had not interested itself in his poetry and fiction.

Arthur Bonnicastle, a novel whose hero is conducted from boyhood to manhood through a series of incidents and experiences which exhibit the life of an American boy, was begun in the number for November, 1872. Arthur is a country-born boy, who is soon brought under the influence of peculiar advantages and temptations, being lifted from an humble position to a higher sphere by a hand that may drop him at any moment. This unusual fortune gives a dramatic color to his boyhood; and yet each scene in his career has the naturalness of a study from life. Arthur's school-days, his college life and his religious experiences are shown in a thoroughly sound and healthy fashion. He is not made a saint, or even the regulation good boy of our literature, but a human being moved by motives and impulses.

Dr. Holland has recently published three volumes of poetry. *Kathrina: Her Life and Mine: In a Poem*, a narrative of a life struggle and the fruits of its experience, appeared in 1867, and has passed its fiftieth edition. Its hero is led through the phases of childhood, youth, love, reflection, labor, and despair, to the consummation, whereby his impetuous daring spirit is chastened and subdued to pray, "Thy will be done!" In *The Marble Prophecy and Other Poems*, 1872, the introductory and longest poem, with its seeming moral in this Christian age, was suggested by the Laocœon, as it stands in the Vatican at Rome. *Garnered Sheaves*, a complete collection of his poetical works, was issued in 1873. Among the "vigorous and tuneful" minor pieces, *On the Right*, *Albert Durer's Studio*, *Where shall the Baby's Dimple Be?* *Heart of the War*, *Old Clock of Prague*, *Words*, *Eureka*, and *Gradatim* are especially pleasing.

As a lecturer, Dr. Holland has long had a wide popularity in the North and West. He became a member of the Board of Education of New York city in the fall of 1872. His election to its presidency followed, thus placing him at the head of the common-school system of the city, while he also held the chairmanship of the Board of Trustees of the College of the City of New York. Owing to the absorbing character of his literary duties, he declined a re-appointment to the former in April, 1873.

**** LAOCŒON — FROM THE MARBLE PROPHECY.**

... Laocœon! thou great embodiment
Of human life and human history!
Thou record of the past, thou prophecy
Of the sad future, thou majestic voice,
Pealing along the ages from old time!
Thou wail of agonized humanity!
There lives no thought in marble like to thee!
Thou hast no kindred in the Vatican,
But standest separate among the dreams
Of old mythologies — alone — alone!
The beautiful Apollo at thy side
Is but a marble dream, and dreams are all
The gods and goddesses and fauns and fates
That populate these wondrous halls; but thou,
Standing among them, liftest up thyself
In majesty of meaning, till they sink

Far from the sight, no more significant
Than the poor toys of children. For thou art
A voice from out the world's experience,
Speaking of all the generations past
To all the generations yet to come
Of the long struggle, the sublime despair,
The wild and weary agony of man!

Ay, Adam and his offspring, in the toils
Of the twin serpents Sin and Suffering,
Thou dost impersonate; and as I gaze
Upon the twining monsters that enfold
In unrelaxing, unrelenting coils,
Thy awful energies, and plant their fangs
Deep in thy quivering flesh, while still thy might
In fierce convulsion foils the fateful wrench
That would destroy thee, I am overwhelmed
With a strange sympathy of kindred pain,
And see through gathering tears the tragedy,
The curse and conflict of a ruined race.

Those Rhodian sculptors were gigantic men,
Whose inspirations came from other source
Than their religion, though they chose to speak
Through its familiar language, — men who saw
And, seeing quite divinely, felt how weak
To cure the world's great woe were all the powers
Whose reign their age acknowledged. So they
sat —

The immortal three — and pondered long and well
What one great work should speak the truth for
them, —

What one great work should rise and testify
That they had found the topmost fact of life,
Above the reach of all philosophies
And all religions — every scheme of man
To placate or dethrone. That fact they found,
And moulded into form. The silly priest
Whose desecrations of the altar stirred
The vengeance of his God, and summoned forth
The wreathed gorgons of the slimy deep
To crush him and his children, was the word
By which they spoke to their own age and race,
That listened and applauded, knowing not
That high above the small significance
They apprehended, rose the grand intent
That mourned their doom and breathed a world's
despair.

**** GRADATIM.**

Heaven is not reached at a single bound,
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round.

I count this thing to be grandly true
That a noble deed is a step toward God, —
Lifting the soul from the common clod
To a purer air and a broader view.

We rise by the things that are under feet;
By what we have mastered of good and gain;
By the pride deposed and the passion slain,
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we trust,
When the morning calls us to life and light,
But our hearts grow weary, and ere the night
Our lives are trailing the sordid dust.

We hope, we resolve, we aspire, we pray,
And we think that we mount the air on wings
Beyond the recall of sensual things,
While our feet still cling to the heavy clay.

Wings for the angels, but feet for men!
We may borrow the wings to find the way —

We may hope, and resolve, and aspire, and pray;
But our feet must rise, or we fall again.

Only in dreams is a ladder thrown
From the weary earth to the sapphire walls;
But the dreams depart and the vision falls,
And the sleeper wakes on his pillow of stone.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round.

**** WHERE SHALL THE BABY'S DIMPLE BE?**

Over the cradle the mother hung,
Softly crooning a slumber song:
And these were the simple words she sung
All the evening long:

"Cheek or chin, or knuckle or knee,
Where shall the baby's dimple be?
Where shall the angel's finger rest
When he comes down to the baby's nest?
Where shall the angel's touch remain
When he awakens my babe again?"

Still as she bent and sang so low
A murmur into her music broke:
And she paused to hear, for she could but know
The baby's angel spoke.

"Cheek or chin, or knuckle or knee,
Where shall the baby's dimple be?
Where shall my finger fall and rest
When I come down to the baby's nest?
Where shall my finger's touch remain
When I awaken your babe again?"

Silent the mother sat, and dwelt
Long in the sweet delay of choice;
And then by her baby's side she knelt,
And sang with pleasant voice:

"Not on the limb, O angel dear!
For the charm with its youth will disappear;
Not on the cheek shall the dimple be,
For the harboring smile will fade and flee;
But touch thou the chin with an impress deep,
And my baby the angel's seal shall keep."

**** ALBERT DURER'S STUDIO.**

In the house of Albert Durer
Still is seen the studio
Where the pretty Nurembergers
(Cheeks of rose and necks of snow)
Sat to have their portraits painted,
Thrice a hundred years ago.

Still is seen the little loop-hole
Where Frau Durer's jealous care
Watched the artist at his labor,
And the sitter in her chair,
To observe each word and motion
That should pass between the pair.

Handsome, hapless Albert Durer
Was as circumspect and true
As the most correct of husbands,
When the dear delightful shrew
Had him, and his sweet companions,
Every moment under view.

But I trow that Albert Durer
Had within his heart a spot
Where he sat, and painted pictures
That gave beauty to his lot,
And the sharp, intrusive vision
Of Frau Durer entered not.

Ah! if brains and hearts had loop-holes,
And Frau Durer could have seen
All the pictures that his fancy
Hung upon their walls within,
How minute had been her watching,
And how good he would have been!

**** ON THE RIGHI.**

On the Righi Kulm we stood,
Lovely Floribel and I,
While the morning's crimson flood
Streamed along the eastern sky.
Reddened every mountain peak
Into rose, from twilight dun;
But the blush upon her cheek
Was not lighted by the sun!

On the Righi Kulm we sat,
Lovely Floribel and I,
Plucking blue-bells for her hat
From a mound that blossomed nigh.
"We are near to heaven," she sighed,
While her raven lashes fell.
"Nearer," softly I replied,
"Than the mountain's height may tell."

Down the Righi's side we sped,
Lovely Floribel and I,
But her morning blush had fled,
And the blue-bells all were dry.
Of the height the dream was born;
Of the lower air it died;
And the passion of the morn
Flagged and fell at eventide.

From the breast of blue Lucerne,
Lovely Floribel and I
Saw the hand of sunset burn
On the Righi Kulm, and die.
And we wondered, gazing thus,
If our dream would still remain
On the height, and wait for us
Till we climb to heaven again!

**** INFANTILE EDUCATION—FROM MISS GILBERT'S CAREER.**

The procession now reached the church, and moved up the broad aisle. There was brisk cheering through the house, and waving of handkerchiefs, and fluttering of fans, as the little creatures mounted the stage—a place to which they had become accustomed by several visits for rehearsal. The limited orchestra (already alluded to) had intended to receive the procession with appropriate musical demonstrations, but the confusion quite confounded them, and they shrank from the attempt.

Order was at last secured. Some of the little boys had been set down very hard, as if it were difficult to make them sit still unless they were flattened. Others were pulled out from among the girls, and made to exchange seats with girls who had inadvertently strayed off with the boys. All were perched upon benches too high for them, and the row of pantalets in front looked very much as if they were hung upon a clothes-line.

Then Dr. Gilbert came forward, and, rapping upon the stage three times with his cane, called the assembly to order. They had gathered, he said, to witness one of the distinguishing characteristics and proudest triumphs of modern civilization. It had been supposed that the time of children less than five years old must necessarily be wasted in play—that the golden moments of infancy must be forever lost. That time was past. As the result of modern improvement, and among

the achievements of modern progress, it had appeared that even the youngest minds were capable of receiving ideas, and that education may actually be begun at the maternal breast, pursued in the cradle, and forwarded in the nursery to a point beyond the power of imagination at present to conceive. It was in these first years of life that there had been a great waste of time. He saw children before him, in the audience, older than any upon the stage, who had no knowledge of arithmetic and geography—children, the most of whom had never heard the word astronomy pronounced. While these precious little ones had been improving their time, there were those before him whom he had seen engaged in fishing, others in playing at ball, and others still, little girls, doing nothing, but amusing themselves with their dolls! He had but a word to add. There were others who would address them before the close of the exercises. He offered the exhibition as a demonstration of the feasibility of infant instruction. He trusted he offered it in a humble spirit; but he felt that he was justified in pointing to it as an effectual condemnation of those parents who had denied to their infants the privilege of attending the school.

Administering this delicate rap upon the knuckles of such parents as had chosen to take charge of their own "infants," the doctor turned to Rev. Mr. Witton, and invited him to lead the audience in prayer. Like many prayers offered to the Omniscent, on occasions like this, the prayer of Mr. Witton conveyed a great deal of information pertinent to the occasion, to the Being whom he addressed, and, incidentally of course, to the congregation.

It was now Miss Gilbert's office to engage the audience; and her little troop of infantry was put through its evolutions and exercises, to the astonishment and delight of all beholders. They sang songs; they repeated long passages of poetry in concert; they went through the multiplication table to the tune of Yankee Doodle; they answered with the shrill, sing-song voice of parrots all sorts of questions in geography; they recited passages of Scripture; they gave an account of the creation of the world and of the American Revolution; they told the story of the birth of Christ, and spelled words of six syllables; they added, they multiplied, they subtracted, they divided; they told what hemisphere, what continent, what country, what state, what county, what town, they lived in; they repeated the names of the Presidents of the United States and the Governors of the Commonwealth; they acted a little drama of Moses in the Bulrushes; and they did many other things, till, all through the audience, astonishment grew into delight, and delight grew into rapture.

"Most astonishing!" exclaimed Rev. Dr. Bloomer.

"Very remarkable!" responded Rev. Jonas Sliter.

"Perfectly—ah—beats every thing I ever saw!" said Rev. J. Desilver Newman, very flush of enthusiasm and very short of adverbs.

Dr. Gilbert calmly surveyed his triumph, or turned from one to another of the pastors upon the stage, as some new and surprising development of juvenile acquisition was exhibited, with a nod of the head and a smile which indicated that he was indeed a little surprised himself. He had never been so proud of his daughter as then. Rev. J. Desilver Newman was also receiving powerful impressions with regard to the same young woman. In fact, he had gone so far as to wonder

how much money Dr. Gilbert might be worth; but then, he had gone as far as this with a hundred other young women, and come back safe.

The musicians, who had been kept pretty closely at work accompanying the children in their songs, moved back their chairs at a hint from Miss Gilbert, and took a position behind the pulpit. There was a general moving of benches and making ready for the closing scene and the crowning glory of the exhibition—a representation of the solar system on green baize, by bodies that revolved on two legs.

The mystery of the chalk planetarium was solved. Out of a chaos of frocks and juvenile breeches, Miss Gilbert proceeded to evoke the order of a sidereal system.

"The Sun will take his place," said Miss Gilbert; and immediately the red-headed boy, who bore the banner of "The Crampton Light Infantry," stepped to the centre of the planetarium, with a huge ball in his hand, mounted upon the end of a tall stick. Taking his stand upon the chalk sun, and elevating the sphere above a head that would have answered the purpose of a sun quite as well, he set it whirling on its axis; and thus came the centre of the system into location and into office.

"Mercury!" said Miss Gilbert; and out came a smart little chap with a smaller ball in his hand, and began walking obediently around the chalk circle next the sun.

"Venus!" and sweet little Venus rose out of the waves of muslin tossing on the side of the stage, and took the next circle.

"Earth and her Satellite!" called forth a boy and a girl, the latter playing moon to the boy's earth, revolving around him as he revolved around the sun, and with great astronomical propriety making faces at him.

Mars was called for, and it must be acknowledged that the red planet was very pale and very weary-looking.

"Jupiter and his Satellites!" and the boy Jupiter walked upon the charming circle with a charming circle of little girls revolving around him.

So Saturn with its seven moons, and Georgium Sidus, otherwise Herschel, otherwise Uranus, with its six attendant orbs, took their places on the verge of the system, and slowly, very slowly, moved around the common centre. But there was one orbit still unfilled, and that was a very eccentric one. It was not all described upon the green baize carpet, but left it, and retired behind the pulpit and was lost.

The system was in motion, and, watching every revolving body in it, stood the system's queen, indicating by her finger that Uranus should go slower, or Mercury faster, and striving to keep order among the subjects of her realm. The music meantime grew dreamy and soft, in an attempt to suggest what is called "the music of the spheres," if any reader happens to know what kind of music that is. Heavenly little bodies indeed they were, and it is not wonderful that many eyes moistened with sensibility as they mingled so gracefully and so harmoniously upon the plane of vision.

Still the eccentric orb was without an occupant, and no name was called. At last, a pair of large dark eyes appeared from behind the pulpit, and behind the eyes a head of golden hair, and behind the head a wreath of floating, golden curls. This was the unbidden comet, advancing slowly toward the Sun, almost creeping at first, then grad-

ually increasing his velocity, intent on coming in collision with no other orb, smiling not, seeing nothing of the audience before him, and yet absorbing the attention of every eye in the house. The doctor's eyes beam with unwonted interest. Miss Gilbert forgets Mars and Venus, and looks only at the comet. At last, the comet darts around its perihelion, and the golden curls are turned to the audience in full retreat toward the unknown region of space behind the pulpit from whence it had proceeded.

The house rang with cheers, and the doctor was prouder than before; for this was his little son Fred, the bearer of the banner with the long inscription, Miss Gilbert's darling brother, and the brightest ornament of the Crampton Light Infantry.

Miss Gilbert clapped her hands three times, and her system dissolved — returned to its original elements — and stepping forward to her father, she announced that her exhibition was closed.

Rev. Dr. Bloomer was then informed that there was an opportunity for remarks. He rose, and addressed the assembly with much apparent emotion. "We have seen strange things to-day," said Rev. Dr. Bloomer. "We have seen a millennial banner waving in Crampton, and a millennial exhibition within the walls of the Crampton church. There shall be no more hence — you will observe that I say hence, not thence — an infant of days, for the children of Crampton shall die a hundred years old."

Dr. Bloomer said that he did not feel authorized to speak for others, but he felt that he had learned much from the exhibition. He felt that he should go away from it a wiser man, with new apprehensions of the powers of the human soul, and the preciousness of time. The hour was coming, he doubted not, in the progress of the race, when knowledge would be so simplified, and the modes of imparting it would become so well adapted to the young mind, that the child of five would begin his process of education where the fathers left off theirs. These little ones had already taught him many things, and God would perfect his own praise out of the mouths of babes and sucklings.

Then turning to Miss Gilbert, he thanked her for himself, and assumed to thank her on behalf of the audience, for the great gratification she had given him and them, and for the example of usefulness and industry she had set those of her own sex and age in the community. "Young woman," said Rev. Dr. Bloomer, with an emphasis that brought the tears to Miss Gilbert's eyes, "you have a career before you. May God bless you in it!"

Then Rev. Jonas Sliter rose to make only "a few little remarks," as he modestly characterized them. He had been particularly struck with the other banner; and, while his Brother Bloomer was disposed to take the millennial view of the subject, he was inclined to the military. These children were undertaking the battle of life early. They had enlisted under a captain who had already led them to a victory prouder than any ever achieved by a Cæsar or a Napoleon — an American Joan of Arc, whose career of usefulness, if she should keep her sword bright, and her escutcheon untarnished, would far surpass in glory that of the world-renowned heroine whose name he had mentioned. Heaven forbid that he should flatter any one. He despised a flatterer; but he felt that he was honoring Cæsar and Napoleon and Joan of Arc in their graves by mentioning their names in connection

with such achievements as he had witnessed on that occasion.

It is true that Rev. Jonas Sliter rather mixed things, in his more ambitious rhetorical flourishes, on all occasions: but the language sounded well, and, being accompanied with appropriately magnificent action, it was accustomed to bring down the house. It did not fail before the Crampton audience; but the rounding of his period left him vacant. Standing back, as if to wait for the subsidence of the applause, his mind retired behind his glasses, and thrust out its antennæ in every direction to feel for his theme, but he could not find it.

In his desperation he turned, at last, to the children, and said in his blandest tones: "Little children, can you tell me who Cæsar and Napoleon and Joan of Arc were?"

"Cæsar is the name of my dog," responded the little golden-haired comet.

"Napoleon is the name of *my* dog," cried Mars.

There was an awful pause — a suppressed titter — when precious little Venus, in a shrill voice, with an exceedingly knowing look in her face, said that "Joan of Arc was the name of the dog that Noah saved from the flood!"

What wonder that Crampton roared with laughter? What wonder that Rev. Dr. Bloomer shook with powerful convulsions? What wonder that Mrs. Bloomer and Mrs. Wilton nudged each other? What wonder that Dr. Gilbert and Miss Fanny Gilbert bit their lips with mingled vexation and mirth? What wonder that Rev. Jonas Sliter grew red in the face?

But Rev. Jonas Sliter was up. The sole question with him was how to sit down. What should he say? He waited until the laughter had subsided, and then he told the children they had not got to that yet, but their excellent teacher would doubtless tell them all about it the next term.

"The next term!" The speaker had found a theme; for he deemed it his duty to "improve" all occasions of public speech for giving religious instruction. From the next term of school, he easily went over to the next term of existence, and told the Crampton Light Infantry that, in order to make that a happy term, they must all become Soldiers of the Cross, and fight valiantly the battles of the church militant. Then Rev. Jonas Sliter generously declared that he would occupy the time no longer, but would "make way for others."

Rev. J. Desilver Newman rose, and came forward. He was very red in the face and very shaky in the knees. He regretted that he was left without a banner, there having been but two in the procession, and those having been appropriated by the gentleman who had preceded him. He took it as a hint that he should say but little, and he should say but little. The children were tired, and were eager for their refreshments. He would not detain them. He owed it to himself, however, to say, that no man could be more sensible than he of the splendor of the achievements of these children, and of their accomplished instructress. Though he had no children himself, he was interested in the rising generation, and was a convert to infant schools. He should have one organized immediately in Littleton on his arrival home. He would further gratify his sense of justice by saying that he fully agreed with the gentleman who had preceded him, in the opinion that the young lady who had shown such remarkable ability in training and instructing these chil-

dren, had the power of achieving a great career.

Mr. Newman sat down, having said a great deal more than he expected to when he rose. Half a dozen had fallen asleep upon their benches. Two or three had begun to cry. The remainder were tired and in confusion. Rev. Mr. Wilton, a quiet, sensible man, had intended to say something, but, seeing the condition of things, came forward and pronounced a benediction upon the audience, and the exhibition was at a close.

Of the gorging of fruits and sweetmeats that followed in the grove back of Dr. Gilbert's house, nothing needs to be said. As evening came on, the throng separated, and the little ones went cross and very weary to their homes.

The ministers and their wives, the minister without a wife, and the doctor and his daughter, took tea quietly at the parsonage after all was over, and one by one, the clerical wagons, still very badly balanced, were driven out of the village.

Miss Gilbert had commenced her career.

TIMOTHY FARRAR,

Son of Hon. Timothy Farrar, LL.D., of New Hampshire, graduated at Dartmouth College, 1807, studied law with Daniel Webster, at Portsmouth, N. H., and was his law partner there from 1813 till Mr. Webster moved to Boston, in 1816. He was Secretary, Treasurer, and Librarian of Dartmouth College, from 1822 to 1826; and, with Judges Butler and Livermore, was on the bench of the Court of Common Pleas, in New Hampshire, from 1824 to 1833. He now resides in elegant leisure in Dorchester, near Boston. He published, in 1819, the Dartmouth College Case, which contains the only report of the great argument of Jeremiah Mason, —perhaps his greatest, and the only one ever drawn up and reported in full. The formal case, in the form of a special verdict, was drawn by Mr. Farrar, as counsel. Among his contributions to periodical literature were the "Review of the Dred Scot Case," in 1857, and the "Trial of the Constitution," 1863, in the *North American Review*; articles on the "adequacy of the Constitution," "State rights," and "Power of Congress over the Territories," in the *New Englander*, 1862—most of which were published separately. From 1853 to 1858 he was Vice-President of the New England Historic-Genealogical Society.

****Mr. Farrar published his chief work in 1867: *Manual of the Constitution of the United States of America* (8vo., 532 pages). It was at once accepted as a standard authority, and reached its third edition in 1872. "The formation and establishment of the American Union," states its preface, as the key-note of the treatise, "constituted the origin and result, the cause and the effect, the beginning and the end, of the American Revolution. By that Revolution, the British Empire was divided into two (not fourteen) independent nations. . . . At no period of our history has the trial of our institutions, and their adaptation to expand with the augmented demands of a great increase, been so thoroughly tested, and so cautiously and intelligently accepted, as during the late civil war, which can hardly yet be considered**

at an end." In the respect of thorough applicability to the political questions of the day, this work differs from any prior exposition of the Constitution.

His *alma mater* conferred on Mr. Farrar the degree of LL. D. in 1867.

RICHARD COE.

Richard Coe, the author of several volumes of occasional poems, turning chiefly upon themes of the affections and domestic life, was born in Philadelphia, February 13, 1820. His father was a supercargo, and sailed several times round the world, making his principal voyages to Canton and Calcutta. The care of the son's education devolved upon the mother, by whom he was brought up with a view to professional life. The youth, however, preferred entering into mercantile employments, and has pursued a business career. Mr. Coe's publications are a first volume of *Poems*, in 1850; followed by a book of *Poems and Stories for Children*, in 1853, and a third volume of *Poems*, published in 1862. The poems in this last-mentioned volume are classified under the several heads, "Bible Pictures," "Voices of Home," "Lyrics of Love," "Songs for the Times," &c. They are written with ease and simplicity, and characterized by the truest tenderness. He died April 5, 1873.

THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH

Was born at Philadelphia, June 29, 1819, of a Quaker family, which came to America before William Penn, and settled in what is now Burlington County, New Jersey. The subject of this notice was early engaged in literary occupations, writing for the leading Philadelphia papers as far back as 1836. In 1839 he received the degree of Doctor of Medicine, from the University of Pennsylvania. After a short practice, he commenced the study of law, and was called to the bar in 1842. About 1843 he wrote for the New York *Mirror* the song of "Ben Bolt," which obtained considerable popularity. Afterwards, a partisan lyric, entitled "The Gallows-goers," a vigorous, but coarse invective against the punishment of hanging, attracted attention; and, during the agitation of the death-penalty question in the Northern States, from 1845 to 1850, was much quoted and declaimed, as well as reprinted by hundreds of thousands of copies. In 1855 a collection of Dr. English's poems was printed in New York, but the edition was suppressed.

In 1844 Dr. English made his residence in New York, and edited a daily paper; and, in the following year, commenced the publication of *The Aristidean*—a literary magazine, which lived through only a single volume. In 1848 he edited a humorous periodical of the school of Punch, entitled the *John Donkey*—a publication which was conducted with much ability. In the same year he wrote, in conjunction with Mr. G. G. Foster, a work on the French Revolution of that time. Shortly after this, Dr. English removed to Virginia, where, with some intermissions, he continued to reside until 1856. There he pro-

duced "the Logan Grazier" and other poems descriptive of life and character in that region. After the last-mentioned year he came to the North, and has since resided in New Jersey, in the vicinity of the City of New York, engaged in the practice of his profession as a physician, and employing his leisure in writing for the leading magazines and journals. His most noticeable recent productions are a series of national ballads, illustrating the history of the country, which have appeared in *Harper's Magazine*. They are mostly simple narratives, in which an attempt is made, in easy, sometimes peculiar metre, to tell the story of a battle or noted event, with a close attention to detail and the characteristics of the time and place where the scene is laid. Of these we may enumerate: "The Battle of Bennington," "The Battle of New Orleans," "The Battle of Cowpens," "The Death of Walter Butler," "The Fight at Lexington, Sullivan's Island."

Dr. English has written numerous dramas, mostly anonymously, several of which still keep possession of the stage. The only one which has been printed is entitled "The Mormons." These plays owe their success more to sprightliness of dialogue, diversity of character, and the author's knowledge of stage effect, than to novelty of subject or construction of plot. Of other acknowledged writings of Dr. English, we may mention *Walter Wolfe*, a novel; a satirical political novel, entitled "1844;" and *Ambrose Fecit*; or, *The Poet and the Painter*, 1867.

JAMES PARTON.

Mr. Parton, a resident of New York, is a native of England. He was born at Canterbury, February 9, 1822. Brought to the United States when he was but five years old, he received his education at New York and its vicinity, chiefly at a school at White Plains, in Westchester County. He was for seven years a teacher, when he became known as a writer by his editorial employment in the columns of the *Home Journal* at New York. His first published work, which appeared in 1855, was *The Life of Horace Greeley*, *Editor of the New York Tribune*, a remarkable book of contemporary biography, noticeable for its extraordinary research, the minuteness of its statements, its picturesque incidents, and a certain dashing enthusiasm. It is a curious and interesting contribution to the history of American journalism. The work was eminently successful; and, gaining the author a name with the trade, he was next employed on a compilation: *The Humorous Poetry of the English Language*—a spirited selection which was also received with favor. This work appeared in 1857, and was followed in 1859 by the *Life and Times of Aaron Burr*. In this book the author, a hearty admirer of the brilliant qualities of Burr, attempts a vindication of his character from the wholesale reproaches cast upon him—a task which was not to be undertaken without exciting hostile criticism.

The *Life of Burr* led the way to another extended biographical undertaking in the *Life of Andrew Jackson*, which was published, in 1860, in three volumes octavo. The critical judgments

which have been passed upon this work acknowledge its unfailing spirit, its industrious research, and its air of candor and impartiality in handling the perplexing facts of the hero's career. The accounts of Jackson by previous writers had been somewhat meagre, and generally didactic in their exposition of military and political affairs. Mr. Parton, with unwearied industry, sought out the details of the story in the newspaper and other original memorials of the times. He sifted interests and contradictory testimony; he visited localities, and made the acquaintance of living witnesses who were intimate with his subject. The *Catalogue Raisonné* of authorities prefixed to his work shows the extraordinary fidelity of his investigations. The style is easy and flowing, warmly



James Parton

colored without extravagance, carrying the reader with pleasure through nearly two thousand pages, filled with striking incidents and events.

Mr. Parton published in 1864 *A Life of Benjamin Franklin* (2 vols. 8vo.), in which he displays his accustomed skill, industry, love of anecdote, and perception of character; and also a memoir of the career of General Benjamin F. Butler in Louisiana.

**The recent writings of Mr. Parton, whose enthusiasm of spirit, thoroughness of research, and vividness of narration appear unflagging, are devoted to his specialty of biographic studies, except when a piquant aspect of social or political life has captured his pen. An outline of his chief motive in authorship, and of the chance beginning of his literary career, is thus sketched in a private letter, now in print: *

"From early in life I have wondered why such men as Dickens and Thackeray should choose to ex-

* *American Literary Gazette*, vol. ix., May 15, 1867, p. 38.

pend themselves upon fiction, when they could find true stories to tell so much more interesting; and I often used to say, 'Some day a man will come along who will create a new branch of the fine arts—Biography.' But it never crossed my mind that I should attempt anything of the kind, for I knew very well that, to make a real and vivid biography, would require an amount and minuteness of investigation which could never be repaid in money, nor done without money. One day, while I was employed on the *Home Journal*, I dined at a restaurant with the Mason Brothers, publishers, and the conversation fell upon books. I happened to say, 'What an interesting story could be made out of the life of Horace Greeley, if a person could only get at the facts.' One of them said: 'Why don't you do it?' I replied that it would require an expensive journey and a year of labor, and I could not afford it. A few days after, they offered to advance the money requisite; and so the book was done. In New Hampshire and Vermont I went from house to house, making inquiries. The book sold thirty thousand copies, and yielded me \$2000 above the cost of producing. Upon that most insufficient capital I had the temerity to set up in business as a book-maker."

A more detailed narrative of his literary life is given by himself, in a prefatory article to *Triumphs of Enterprise, Ingenuity, and Public Spirit*, published in 1871, which also contains a series of forty-five articles on such subjects of interest as the History of the Sewing Machine, the Invention of Circulating Libraries, the Discovery of the Island of Madeira, etc.

Mr. Parton's later works have generally made their first appearance in print as detached contributions to the North American Review, Atlantic Monthly, Harper's Magazine, and the New York Ledger. Gathered into book form, these constitute some seven volumes: *Manual for the Instruction of "Rings," Railroad and Political, and How New York City is Governed*, 1866. *Famous Americans of Recent Times*, 1867, which included able, if not always strictly impartial, sketches of Clay, Webster, Calhoun, Stephen Girard, James Gordon Bennett, Charles Good-year, Henry Ward Beecher, Commodore Vanderbilt, Theodosia Burr, and John Jacob Astor. *Smoking and Drinking: Including, Does it Pay to Smoke, by an Old Smoker? Will the Coming Man Drink Wine? Inebriate Asylums, and a Visit to One*, 1868. After a painstaking examination, embracing its physical and scientific phases, this author arrived at the conclusion that the only use of alcohol in modern life is, that "it enables us to violate the laws of nature without immediate suffering and speedy destruction." *The People's Book of Biography; or, Short Lives of the Most Interesting Persons of all Ages and Countries*, a series of some eighty sketches, 1868; *The Danish Islands: Are We Bound in Honor to Pay for Them*, 1869. *Topics of the Time*, 1871, a volume partly given to masterly depicting some of the minor weaknesses of administrative life at Washington, under the headings of Uncle Sam's treatment of his servants; the Congressional peccadilloes; how Congress wastes its time; and Log-rolling at Washington; besides papers on International Copyright; The Yankees at home; Our Roman Catholic and Our Israelitish breth-

ren, etc. His magazine articles in 1872-3 comprise some elaborate sketches in the life of Thomas Jefferson.

A new edition of the *Life of Horace Greeley*, with additional chapters continuing the biography to 1868, appeared in 1869; and it was followed three years later by another yet more complete. A small volume containing the *Words of Washington*, 1872, introduced a contemplated series of selections from the chief characters of history.

**CLAY, WEBSTER, AND CALHOUN—FROM FAMOUS AMERICANS.

It must be confessed, however, that Henry Clay, who was for twenty-eight years a candidate for the Presidency, cultivated his popularity. Without ever being a hypocrite, he was habitually an actor; but the part which he enacted was Henry Clay exaggerated. He was naturally a most courteous man; but the consciousness of his position made him more elaborately and universally courteous than any man ever was from mere good-nature. A man on the stage must overdo his part, in order not to seem to underdo it. There was a time when almost every visitor to the city of Washington desired, above all things, to be presented to three men there, Clay, Webster, and Calhoun, whom to have seen was a distinction. When the country member brought forward his agitated constituent on the floor of the Senate-chamber, and introduced him to Daniel Webster, the Ex-pounder was likely enough to thrust a hand at him without so much as turning his head or discontinuing his occupation, and the stranger shrunk away painfully conscious of his insignificance. Calhoun, on the contrary, besides receiving him with civility, would converse with him, if opportunity favored, and treat him to a disquisition on the nature of government and the "beauty" of nullification, striving to make a lasting impression on his intellect. Clay would rise, extend his hand with that winning grace of his, and instantly captivate him by his all conquering courtesy. He would call him by name, inquire respecting his health, the town whence he came, how long he had been in Washington, and send him away pleased with himself and enchanted with Henry Clay. And what was his delight to receive a few weeks after, in his distant village, a copy of the Kentuckian's last speech, bearing on the cover the frank of "H. Clay"! It was almost enough to make a man think of "running for Congress"! And, what was still more intoxicating, Mr. Clay, who had a surprising memory, would be likely, on meeting this individual two years after the introduction, to address him by name.

There was a gamy flavor, in those days, about Southern men, which was very pleasing to the people of the North. Reason teaches us that the barn-yard fowl is a more meritorious bird than the game-cock; but the imagination does not assent to the proposition. Clay was at once game-cock and domestic fowl. His gestures called to mind the magnificently branching trees of his Kentucky forests, and his handwriting had the neatness and delicacy of a female copyist. There was a careless, graceful ease in his movements and attitudes, like those of an Indian chief; but he was an exact man of business, who docketed his letters, and could send from Washington to Ashland for a document, telling in what pigeon-hole it could be found. Naturally impetuous, he ac-

quired early in life an habitual moderation of statement, an habitual consideration for other men's self-love, which made him the pacificator of his time. The great compromiser was himself a compromise. The ideal of education is to tame men without lessening their vivacity,—to unite in them the freedom, the dignity, the prowess of a Tecumseh, with the serviceable qualities of the civilized man. This happy union is said to be sometimes produced in the pupils of the great public schools of England, who are savages on the play-ground and gentlemen in the school-room. In no man of our knowledge has there been combined so much of the best of the forest chief with so much of the good of the trained man of business as in Henry Clay. This was one secret of his power over classes of men so diverse as the hunters of Kentucky and the manufacturers of New England.

**** THE largeness of DANIEL WEBSTER—FROM FAMOUS AMERICANS.**

Of the three men whom we have named, Daniel Webster was incomparably the most richly endowed by nature. In his lifetime it was impossible to judge him aright. His presence usually overwhelmed criticism; his intimacy always fascinated it. It so happened, that he grew to his full stature and attained his utmost development in a community where human nature appears to be undergoing a process of diminution,—where people are smaller-boned, less muscular, more nervous, and more susceptible than their ancestors. He possessed, in consequence, an enormous physical magnetism, as we term it, over his fellow-citizens, apart from the natural influence of his talents and understanding. Fidgety men were quieted in his presence, women were spellbound by it, and the busy, anxious public contemplated his majestic calm with a feeling of relief, as well as admiration. Large numbers of people in New England, for many years, reposed upon Daniel Webster. He represented to them the majesty and the strength of the government of the United States. He gave them a sense of safety. Amid the flighty politics of the time and the loud insincerities of Washington, there seemed one solid thing in America, so long as he sat in an arm-chair of the Senate-chamber. When he appeared in State Street, slowly pacing, with an arm behind him, business was brought to an absolute standstill. As the whisper passed along, the windows filled with clerks, pen in mouth, peering out to catch a glimpse of the man whom they had seen fifty times before; while the bankers and merchants hastened forth to give him salutation, or exchange a passing word, happy if they could but catch his eye. At home, and in a good mood, he was reputed to be as entertaining a man as New England ever held,—a gambolling, jocund leviathan out on the sea-shore, and in the library overflowing with every kind of knowledge that can be acquired without fatigue, and received without preparation. Mere celebrity, too, is dazzling to some minds. While, therefore, this imposing person lived among us, he was blindly worshipped by many, blindly hated by some, calmly considered by very few. To this hour he is a great influence in the United States. Perhaps, with the abundant material now accessible, it is not too soon to attempt to ascertain how far he was worthy of the estimation in which his fellow-citizens held him, and what place he ought to hold

in the esteem of posterity. At least, it can never be unpleasant to Americans to recur to the most interesting specimen of our kind that has lived in America since Franklin.

* * * * *

In surveying the life and works of this eminent and gifted man, we are continually struck with the evidences of his magnitude. He was, as we have said, a very large person. His brain was within a little of being one-third larger than the average, and it was one of the largest three on record. His bodily frame, in all its parts, was on a majestic scale, and his presence was immense. He liked large things,—mountains, elms, great oaks, mighty bulls and oxen, wide fields, the ocean, the Union, and all things of magnitude. He liked great Rome far better than refined Greece, and revelled in the immense things of literature, such as *Paradise Lost*, and the *Book of Job*, *Burke*, *Dr. Johnson*, and the *Sixth Book of the Æneid*. Homer he never cared much for,—nor, indeed, anything Greek. He hated, he loathed, the act of writing. Billiards, ten-pins, chess, draughts, whist, he never relished, though fond to excess of out-door pleasures, like hunting, fishing, yachting. He liked to be alone with great Nature,—alone in the giant woods or on the shores of the resounding sea,—alone all day with his gun, his dog, and his thoughts,—alone in the morning, before anyone was astir but himself, looking out upon the sea and the glorious sunrise. What a delicious picture of this large, healthy Son of Earth Mr. Lanman gives us, where he describes him coming into his bedroom, at sunrise, and startling him out of a deep sleep by shouting, "Awake, sluggard! and look upon this glorious scene, for the sky and the ocean are enveloped in flames!" He was akin to all large, slow things in nature. A herd of fine cattle gave him a keen, an inexhaustible enjoyment; but he never "tasted" a horse: he had no horse enthusiasm. In England he chiefly enjoyed these five things, the Tower of London, Westminster Abbey, Smithfield Cattle Market, English Farming, and Sir Robert Peel. Sir Robert Peel he thought was "head and shoulders above any other man" he had ever met. He greatly excelled, too, in describing immense things. In speaking of the Pyramids, once, he asked, "Who can inform us by what now unknown machines mass was thus aggregated to mass, and quarry piled on quarry, till solid granite seemed to cover the earth and reach the skies." His peculiar love of the Union of these States was partly due, perhaps, to this habit of his mind of dwelling with complacency on vastness. He felt that he wanted and required a continent to live in: his mind would have gasped for breath in New Hampshire.

**** INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT—FROM TOPICS OF THE TIME.**

"Uncle Tom's Cabin," like every other novelty in literature, was the late-maturing fruit of generations. Two centuries of wrong had to pass, before the Subject was complete for the Artist's hand, and the Artist herself was a flower of an ancient and gifted family. The Autobiography of Lyman Beecher has made known this remarkable family to the public. We can all see for ourselves how slowly and painfully this beautiful genius was nourished,—what a narrow escape it had from being crushed and extinguished amid the horrors of theology and the poverty of a Con-

necticut parsonage, — how it was saved, and even nurtured, by that extraordinary old father, that most strange and interesting character of New England, who could come home, after preaching a sermon that appalled the galleries, and play the fiddle and riot with his children till bedtime. A piano found its way into the house, and the old man, whose geniality was of such abounding force that forty years of theology could not lessen it, let his children read Irvanhoe and the other novels of Sir Walter Scott. Partly by chance, partly by stealth, chiefly by the force of her own cravings, this daughter of the Puritans obtained the scanty nutriment which kept her genius from starving. By and by, on the banks of the Ohio, within sight of a slave State, the Subject and the Artist met, and there, from the lips of sore and panting fugitives, she gained, in the course of years, the knowledge which she revealed to mankind in "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

When she had done the work, the United States stood by and saw her deprived of three-fourths of her just and legitimate wages, without stirring a finger for her protection. The book sold to the extent of two millions of copies, and the story was played in most of the theatres in which the English language is spoken, and in many French and German theatres. In one theatre in New York it was played eight times a week for twelve months. Considerable fortunes have been gained by its performance, and it is still a source of revenue to actors and managers. We believe that there are at least three persons in the United States, connected with theatres, who have gained more money from "Uncle Tom's Cabin" than Mrs. Stowe. Of all the immense sums which the exhibition of this story upon the stage has produced, the authoress has received nothing. When Dumas or Victor Hugo publishes a novel, the sale of the right to perform it as a play yields him from eighty thousand to one hundred and twenty thousand francs. These authors receive a share of the receipts of the theatre, — the only fair arrangement, — and this share, we believe, is usually one tenth; which is also the usual percentage paid to authors upon the sale of their books. If a French author had written "Uncle Tom's Cabin," he would have enjoyed — 1. A part of the price of every copy sold in France; 2. A share of the receipts of every theatre in France in which he permitted it to be played; 3. A sum of money for the right of translation into English; 4. A sum of money for the right of translation into German. We believe we are far within the truth when we say, that a literary success achieved by a French author equal to that of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" would have yielded that author half a million dollars in gold; and that, too, in spite of the lamentable fact, that America would have stolen the product of his genius, instead of buying it.

Mrs. Stowe received for "Uncle Tom's Cabin" the usual percentage upon the sale of the American edition; which may have consisted of three hundred thousand copies. This percentage, with some other trifling sums, may have amounted to forty thousand dollars. From the theatre she has received nothing; from foreign countries nothing, or next to nothing. This poor forty thousand dollars — about enough to build a comfortable house in the country, and lay out an acre or two of grounds — was the product of the supreme literary success of all times! A corresponding success in sugar, in stocks, in tobacco, in cotton,

in invention, in real estate, would have yielded millions upon millions to the lucky operator. To say that Mrs. Stowe, through our cruel and shameful indifference with regard to the rights of authors, native and foreign, has been kept out of two hundred thousand dollars, honestly hers, is a most moderate and safe statement. This money was due to her as entirely as the sum named upon a bill of exchange is due to the rightful owner of the same. It was for "value received." A permanently attractive book, moreover, would naturally be more than a sum of money; it would be an estate; it would be an income. This wrong, therefore, continues to the present moment, and will go on longer than the life of the authoress. While we are writing this sentence, probably, some German, French, Spanish, Italian, Russian, or English bookseller is dropping into his "till" the price of a copy of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," the whole of which he will keep, instead of sending ten per cent. of it to Hartford on the 1st of January next.

We have had another literary success in these years, — Mr. Motley's Histories of the Dutch Republic and of the United Netherlands. As there are fifteen persons in the world who can enjoy fiction to one that will read much of any other kind of literary production, the writers of fiction usually receive some compensation for their labors. Not a fair nor an adequate compensation, but *some*. This compensation will never be fair nor adequate until every man or woman in the whole world who buys a copy of a novel, or sees it played, shall, in so doing, contribute a certain stipulated sum to the author. Nevertheless, the writers of fiction do get a little money, and a few of them are able to live almost as well as a retired grocer. Now and then we hear of an author who gets almost as much money for a novel that enthralls and enchants two or three nations for many months, as a beardless operator in stocks sometimes wins between one and two p. m. It is not so with the heroes of research, like Motley, Buckle, Bancroft, and Carlyle. Upon this point we are ready to make a sweeping assertion, and it is this. No well-executed work, involving original research, can pay expenses, unless the author is protected in his right to the market of the world. This is one of the points to which we particularly wish to call attention. Give us international copyright, and it immediately becomes possible in the United States for a man who is not rich to devote his existence to the production of works of permanent and universal value. Continue to withhold international copyright, and this privilege remains the almost exclusive portion of men of wealth. For, in the United States, there is scarcely any such thing as honest leisure in connection with business or a salaried office.

Now, with regard to Mr. Motley, whose five massive volumes of Dutch History are addressed to the educated class of all nations, — before that author could write the first sentence of his work he must have been familiar with six languages, English, Latin, Dutch, French, German, and Spanish, besides possessing that general knowledge of history, literature, and science which constitutes what is called culture. He must also have spent five laborious years in gaining an intimate knowledge of his subject, in the course of which he must have travelled in more than one country, and expended large sums in the purchase of books and documents, and for copies of manuscripts. Living in the cheap capitals of Continental Europe,

and managing his affairs with economy, he may have accomplished his preparatory studies at an expenditure of ten thousand dollars, — two thousand dollars a year. The volumes contain in all about three thousand five hundred large pages. At two pages a day, which would be very rapid work, and probably twice as fast as he did work, he could have executed the five volumes, and got them through the press (a year's hard labor in itself) in seven years. Here are twelve years' labor, and twenty-four thousand dollars' necessary expenditure. Mr. Motley probably expended more than twelve years, and twice twenty-four thousand dollars; but we choose to estimate the work at its necessary cost. Two other items must be also considered: 1. The talents of the author, which, employed in another profession, would have brought large returns in money and honor; 2. The intense and exhausting nature of the labor. The production of a work which demands strict fidelity to truth, as well as excellence in composition, — which obliges the author, first, to know all, and, after that, to impart the essence of his knowledge in an agreeable and striking manner, — is the hardest continuous work ever done by man. It is at times a fierce and passionate joy; it is at times a harrowing anxiety; it is at times a vast despair; but it is always very hard labor. The search after a fact is sometimes as arduous as the chase after a deer, and it may last six weeks, and, after all, there may be no such fact, or it may be valueless. And when all is done, — when the mountain of manuscript lies before the author ready for the press, — he cannot for the life of him tell whether his work is trash or treasure. As poor Charlotte Brontë said, when she had finished *Jane Eyre*, "I only know that the story has interested me." Finally comes the anguish of having the work judged by persons whose only knowledge of the subject is derived from the work itself.

No matter for all that: we are speaking of money. This work, we repeat, cost the author twenty-four thousand dollars to produce. Messrs. Harper sell it at fifteen dollars a copy. The usual allowance to the author is ten per cent of the retail price, and, as a rule, it ought not to be more. Upon works of that magnitude, however, it often is more. Suppose, then, that Mr. Motley receives two dollars for every copy of his work sold by his American publishers. A meritorious work of general interest, *i. e.* a book not addressed to any class, sect, or profession, that costs fifteen dollars, is considered successful in the United States if it sells three thousand copies. Five thousand is decided success. Seven thousand is brilliant success. Ten thousand copies, sold in the lifetime of the author, is all the success that can be hoped for. Ten thousand copies would yield to the author twenty thousand dollars, which is four thousand dollars less than it cost him.

But Mr. Motley's work is of universal interest. It does not concern the people of the United States any more than it does the people of England, France, and Germany, nor as much as it does the people of Spain and Holland. Wherever, in the whole world, there is an intelligent, educated human being, there is a person who would like to read and possess Motley's *Histories*, which relate events of undying interest to all the few in every land who are capable of comprehending their significance. Give this author the market of the world, and he is compensated for his labor. Deny him this right, and it is impossible he should be.

England buys a greater number of fifteen-dollar books than the United States, because, in England, rich men are generally educated men, and in the United States the class who most want such books cannot buy them. Our clergy are poor; our students are generally poor; our lawyers and doctors are not rich, as a class; our professors and schoolmasters are generally very poor; our men of business, as a class, read little but the daily paper; and our men of leisure are too few to be of any account. Nor have we yet that universal system of town and village self-sustaining libraries, which will, by and by, abundantly atone for the ignorance and indifference of the rich, and make the best market for books the world has ever seen. England would readily "take" ten thousand copies of a three-guinea book of first-rate merit and universal interest. A French translation of the same would sell five thousand in France, and, probably, three thousand more in other Continental countries. A German translation would place it within the reach of nations of readers, and a few hundreds in each of those nations would become possessors of the work. Or, in other words, an International Copyright would multiply the gains of an author like Mr. Motley by three, possibly by four. $20,000 \times 3 = 60,000$.

We are far from thinking that sixty thousand dollars would be a compensation for such work as Mr. Motley has done. We merely say, that the reasonable prospect of even such a partial recompense as that would make it possible for persons not rich to produce in the United States works of universal and permanent value. The question is, Are we prepared to say that such works shall be attempted here only by rich men, or by men like Noah Webster, who lived upon a Spelling-Book while he wrote his Dictionary? Generally, the acquisition of an independent income is the work of a lifetime, and it ought to be. But the production of a masterpiece, involving original research, is also the work of a lifetime. Not one man in a thousand millions can do both. Give us International Copyright, and there are already five publishers in the United States who are able and willing to give an author the equivalent of Gibbon's sixteen hundred pounds a year, or of Noah Webster's Spelling-Book, or Prescott's thousand dollars a month; *i. e.* maintenance while he is doing that part of his work which requires exclusive devotion to it. Besides, a man intent upon the execution of a great work can contrive, in many ways, to exist — just exist — for ten years, provided he has a reasonable prospect of moderate reward when his task is done. There are fifty men in New England alone who would deem it an honor and a privilege "to invest" in such an enterprise.

Mr. Bancroft's is another case in point. Mr. Buckle remarks, that there is no knowledge until there is a class who have conquered leisure, and that, although most of this class will always employ their leisure in the pursuit of pleasure, yet a few will devote it to the acquisition of knowledge. These few are the flower of their species, — its ornaments and benefactors, — for the flower issues in most precious fruit, which finally nourishes and exalts the whole. We are such idle and pleasure-loving creatures, and civilization places so many alluring delights within the reach of a rich man, that it must ever be accounted a merit in one of this class if he devotes himself to generous toil for the public good. George Bancroft has spent thirty years in such toil. His *History*

of the United States has stood to him in the place of a profession. His house is filled with the most costly material, the spoils of foreign archives and of domestic chests, the pick of auction sales, the hidden treasure of ancient bookstores, and the chance discoveries of dusty garrets. His work has been eminently "successful," and he has received for it about as much as his material cost, and perhaps half a dollar a day for his labor. When the third volume of the work was about to appear, a London publisher offered three hundred pounds for the advance sheets, which were furnished, and the money was paid. The same sum was offered and paid for the advance sheets of the fourth volume. Then the London publisher discovered that "the courtesy of the trade" would suffice for his purpose, and he forbore to pay for that which he could get for nothing. Six hundred pounds, therefore, is all that this American author has received from foreign countries for thirty years' labor. His work has been translated into two or three foreign languages, and it is found in all European libraries of any completeness, whether public or private; but this little sum is all that has come back to him. Surely, there cannot be one reader of this volume so insensible to moral distinctions as not to feel that this is wrong. The happy accident of Mr. Bancroft's not needing the money has nothing to do with the right and wrong of the matter. No man is so rich that he does not like to receive money which he has honestly earned: for money honestly earned is honor as well as reward, and it is not for us, the benefited party, to withhold his right from a man because he has been generous to us. And the question again occurs, Shall we sit down content with an arrangement which obliges us to wait for works of permanent and universal interest until the accident occurs of a rich man willing and able to execute them? It is not an accident, but a most rare conjunction of accidents. First, the man must be competent; secondly, he must be willing; thirdly, he must be rich. This fortunate combination is so little likely to occur in a new country, that it must be accounted honorable to the United States that in the same generation we have had three such men, — Bancroft, Motley, and Prescott. Is it such persons that should be singled out from the mass of their fellow-citizens to be deprived of their honest gains? Besides, riches take to themselves wings. A case has occurred among us of a rich man devoting the flower of his days to the production of excellent works, and then losing his property.

It will be of no avail to adduce the instance of Dr. J. W. Draper. We have had the pleasure of hearing Dr. Draper relate the history of his average day. Up at six. Breakfast at seven. An hour's ride to the city. Busy at the New York University from nine to one. Home in cars to dinner at three. At four p. m. begins his day's literary work, and keeps steadily on till eleven. Then, bed. Not one man in many millions could endure such a life, and no man, perhaps, ought to endure it. Dr. Draper happens to possess a most sound and easy-working constitution of body and mind, and he has acquired a knowledge of the laws which relate to its wellbeing. But, even in his case, it is questionable whether it is well, or even right, to devote so large a part of his existence to labor. It is probable, too, that an International Copyright would, ere this, have released him from the necessity of it, or the temptation to it.

*"FANNY FERN"—MRS. BARTON.

SARA PAYSON WILLIS, a sister of the poet N. P. Willis, was a native of Portland, Maine, and her birthday was July 7, 1811. She was educated at the Hartford Seminary, in which Miss Catharine E. Beecher was principal, and Harriet Beecher a teacher, and won the reputation of a merry, high-spirited girl. In 1834 she was married to Mr. Charles Eldridge, of Boston. His death twelve years later left her with two children to support. A brief, spicy essay, signed "Fanny Fern," was her first literary venture, in 1851; and it led to a brilliant, erratic series that soon gave her a competence. Within a few years, several collections of *Fern Leaves* reached a sale of more than 130,000 copies. Two novels, *Ruth Hall*, 1854, and *Rose Clarke*, 1857, were also popular. In 1854 she made an engagement to furnish a weekly article to the *New York Ledger*, and fulfilled that agreement without a failure for eighteen years. Two volumes of these essays and sketches have been issued: *Fresh Leaves*, 1857; and *Folly as It Flies*, 1868.

"Fanny Fern" was married to Mr. James Parton in 1856. "Both were authors whose provinces bordered on Bohemia. They had apparently many tastes and characteristics in common; they were both acute, independent thinkers, rather than students or philosophers; they were rather special pleaders than reasoners—rather wits than logicians."* She died in New York city, October 10, 1872, aged sixty-one.

HENRY B. DAWSON.

Mr. Dawson was born at Gosberton, near Boston, Lincolnshire, England, June 8, 1821. He came to New York in his boyhood, in 1834, and, for a time, attended the public schools in the city. After several years of farming occupations in the country, he returned to the city in 1839, and was employed at first in a lumber-yard, then as bookkeeper. For more than two years, while engaged at the desk by day, he gave his evenings to the editorship of a weekly newspaper, published in New York. His first composition in the department of historical literature, to which he has since been devoted, was *The History of the Park and its Vicinity*—a sketch from the revolutionary annals of the city of New York, which was published in the *Corporation Manual* of 1855. It occupies some sixty closely printed pages of that work. The patient investigation of original authorities, and minute research, which mark this essay, are characteristics of the author's numerous historical tracts, and other publications which have followed at intervals. Mr. Dawson has read papers before the New York Historical Society, on *Military Retreats through Westchester County, New York*, in 1776; *The Sons of Liberty in New York*, printed for private circulation, in an octavo of 118 pages, in 1859; *The Battle of Harlaem Heights*, September 16, 1776; *The Assault on Stony Point by General Anthony Wayne*, July 16, 1779, published, with a map and several fac-similes, in a volume of 156

* "Fanny Fern, by Grace Greenwood" — *Eminent Women of the Age*, pp. 66-84.

pages; and *The City of New York in April, 1775*. He has also read papers before the Long Island Historical Society, on *The Battle of Long Island*; before the Vermont Historical Society, on *The Battle of Bennington*; and before the Baptist Historical Society, on *The Life and Times of Anne Hutchinson*. Two of these papers, as we have indicated, have been published: all are in preparation by the author for the press. Mr. Dawson has also published a tract, entitled, *Major-General Israel Putnam*.

Mr. Dawson is also the author of an extensive work, in two vols., quarto, published by Messrs. Johnson, Fry & Co., in New York, entitled, *Battles of the United States by Sea and Land*. The plan of this work includes notices of the wars of the Revolution, of 1812, and the Mexican war, with official documents and biographies of distinguished commanders.

Mr. Dawson has also edited, in the most painstaking manner, an edition of *The Federalist*, the first volume of which has been published by Mr. Scribner, of New York. The essays are printed from the original text, with an elaborate introduction, embracing a review of the political condition of New York in 1787; a notice of the causes which led to the preparation of the work; an account of the persons who wrote it, and the effect of its publication, together with a biographical description of the several editions. In connection with this work, Mr. Dawson has in preparation *The Anti-Federalist: a collection of Essays, and other Publications, written in Opposition to the New Constitution*; and, *A History of the Constitution for the United States of America*.

In addition to these publications which we have enumerated, Mr. Dawson has edited, from the original manuscript, *The Diary of David Howe, a Soldier in the Massachusetts line, 1775-77*; *Recollections of the Jersey Prison-Ship, by Captain Thomas Dring, one of the Prisoners*; *W. Graves's Letters on the Operations of Admiral Graves in America*; and, *The Gazette Series*, in four volumes. He has conducted the *Historical Magazine* since July, 1866, and is now printing therein a valuable series of papers on *The Conflicts of the War of Secession*. He has in preparation an official history of the corporation of Trinity Church, N. Y., and also a *Life of General Anthony Wayne*, founded on "The Wayne Papers" in his possession.

EDWARD RUPERT HUMPHREYS,

Now well known in Boston, Massachusetts, where he resides, as a classical teacher and author, is the son of a distinguished clergyman of the Church of England, and was born March 1, 1820. After passing through the usual public-school education of England, he entered the University of Cambridge, where he attained distinction as a classical scholar. After leaving the university, he studied surgery and medicine, but soon devoted himself to the occupation of his life—that of an educator and educational writer. At the age of twenty-four he was appointed to the directorship of the education of the British Colonial Prince Edward Island, where he succeeded in greatly raising the

standard of instruction. He published, during this period, an edition of Horace, and some minor classical works, for the use of the Central Academy, and an English series of books for the District Schools. In 1848, he was appointed to the head classical mastership of the Merchiston Castle Academy, near Edinburgh, in Scotland; and in 1852, to the head-mastership of the ancient Grammar School of Cheltenham, both of which he superintended with eminent ability. In the latter he introduced various reforms, successfully abolishing the "fag" system, and ingrafting a thorough course of English education upon the old classical curriculum. His services in thus raising the standard of "public school" education in England, were acknowledged by the highest authority. While in Scotland and at Cheltenham, besides contributing to the reviews and magazines, he published *Lyra Latina, or Translations from Modern English and American Poets into various kinds of Latin verse*; *Lyra Hellenica, or Translations from Modern Poets into Greek Iambic verse*; *Exercitationes Iambicæ, or Original Exercises in Greek Iambic Composition*, now a standard text-book at Eton and Harrow; *The Third Decade of Livy, with copious Notes and Illustrations* (London, Longmans, 1857); *Manuals of "Latin and Greek Prose Composition," of "Civil Law," "Political Science," "Moral Philosophy,"* etc., mostly published by Longmans in several editions.

As the school at Cheltenham increased under Dr. Humphreys' mastership, new buildings were required, which were erected at his own expense; and it was owing to embarrassments from this source that, in 1859, he resigned his position and came to America. He settled with his family in Boston, and was soon recognized, not only as an accomplished classical scholar and teacher, but as an able speaker and writer. He became, and continued for three years, an assistant editor of the *Boston Post*, and has acquired a high reputation as Principal of "The Collegiate School" in that city. Since his residence in the United States, Dr. Humphreys has published *Lessons on the Liturgy of the Protestant Episcopal Church*—a work of learning, and variety of information (Boston, 1860); an *Essay on the Education of Military Officers* (Boston, 1862); and has been a prominent contributor to the *National Quarterly Review*. He has contributed various articles to the *Monthly Masonic Magazine*, and the *Church Monthly*. His recent writings include: *Essays on the Higher Education of Europe and America*; and *America, Past, Present, and Prospective*, 1870.

HENRY COPPÉE.

Henry Coppée was born in Savannah, Georgia, on the 15th October, 1821. He entered the Sophomore class of Yale College in 1836; left it in 1837; was for three years a student of civil engineering, and employed on the construction of the Central Railroad from Savannah to Macon, Georgia. Admitted to the West Point Military Academy in 1841, he graduated in the artillery in 1845, served through the Mexican war, and was brevetted captain "for gallant and meritorious services in the battles of Con-

terras and Churubusco, August 20, 1847." At the conclusion of the war, he was ordered to West Point, where he remained as instructor in French, and Principal Assistant Professor of "Ethics and English Studies," until 1855. For the next eleven years he held the Professorship of Belles-Lettres in the University of Pennsylvania, and then accepted the presidency of Lehigh University, Bethlehem, Pa.

Professor Coppée is the author of various works, educational, in military science, and general literature. His *Elements of Logic* (1858), and *Elements of Rhetoric* (1859), and *Select Academic Speaker* (1861), have passed through numerous editions, and are extensively used in our colleges and higher seats of learning. His military works include, *Field Manual of Evolutions of the Line* (1861); *Field Manual of Battalion Drill* (1861); *Field Manual of Courts-Martial* (1863); and a translation of Marmont's *Esprit des Institutions Militaires*, "The Essence, or Essential Principles, of the Art of War" (1862). In general literature, Professor Coppée has edited the *Gallery of Famous Poets*, and *Gallery of Famous Poetesses*, published in Philadelphia, in 1859 and 1860, in a style of unusual typographical excellence and pictorial illustration. *Songs of Praise*, and *Grant and his Campaigns*, followed in 1866; *English Literature Considered as an Interpreter of English History*, in 1872. For two years (1864-6), Prof. Coppée edited the *United States Service Magazine*—a military and naval monthly. He is also the author of numerous lectures, and articles in reviews and magazines.

WILLIAM HENRY MILBURN

Was born at Philadelphia, September 26, 1823. In 1837, his father, having suffered in the financial disasters of that year the wreck of the fortune which he had acquired, moved to Jacksonville, Illinois. His son William, who had irretrievably lost the sight of one eye, and partially that of the other, in early childhood, exhibited in his youth a passion for learning, and in his new home devoted his time between the humble duties of his father's "store," and such reading as he could accomplish with his imperfect vision. He read, or spelled out, various authors, and became sufficiently accomplished in Latin and Greek to pursue his studies in the Illinois College in the vicinity. He was compelled, however, by failing health in 1843, at the age of twenty, to give up his routine of study, when he was led by the religious associations of his father's family to engage in the service of the Methodist Church, as an itinerant preacher. The travel and change of habit which this required appears to have had a favorable effect upon his health, for he was enabled to continue on the various Western circuits for twelve years. Having been for some time a regularly ordained clergyman of the Methodist Church, and made many friends in his travels, he was, in 1846, chosen chaplain to Congress, in which capacity he was engaged at Washington for ten sessions. In 1848, he became established in Alabama, as a settled preacher; at first at Montgomery, and afterwards at Mobile. He passed about six

years in that State, when he removed to the City of New York, and became much engaged as a popular lecturer; his nearly total loss of sight, while it excited the sympathy of the public, making no demands upon their indulgence or forbearance. On the contrary, the lectures were always spirited, and enlivened with the fruits of various mental acquisitions, adding one more to the many honorable examples of "the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties."

Mr. Milburn, in his published writings, has drawn largely upon his recollections of South Western life, in his circuit experiences as a Methodist clergyman. His volume entitled *The Rifle, Axe, and Saddle-Bags* (New York, 1857), is composed of various lectures, discussing with a variety of anecdotes, among other topics, *The Symbols of Early Western Character*; *The Triumphs of Genius over Blindness*; *An Hour's Talk about Women*; *Early Discoveries in the Southwest*. This volume, which was well received by the public, was followed by a second in 1859, of a more personal character, entitled *Ten Years of Preacher-Life: Chapters from an Autobiography*. It is written with care and fluency, is graphic and entertaining, and contains many instructive sketches of Methodist life in the West; with sketches of eminent public characters at Washington. *The Pioneers, Preachers, and People of the Mississippi Valley*, appeared in 1860.

Mr. Milburn, in 1859, visited England, in company with Bishop Simpson and the Rev. Dr. McClintock. He has recently relinquished Methodism, and joined the Protestant Episcopal Church.

JOHN BIGELOW.

John Bigelow was born at Malden, on the Hudson, Ulster County, New York, November 25, 1817. He graduated at Union College, Schenectady, in 1835, studied law with the late Robert Sedgwick, and was admitted to the bar in the city of New York, in 1839. He was for ten years engaged in the practice of his profession, occupying himself in his intervals of leisure, more or less, with literature. In 1842, he was engaged as literary editor of a daily Democratic journal published in New York, entitled *The Plebeian*. In 1843, '44, and '45, he was a contributor to the *Democratic Review*. Among the papers from his pen were articles on "Constitutional Reform," "Executive Patronage," "The Reciprocal Influences of Civil Liberty and the Physical Sciences," "Lucian and his Age," and "Pascal." In 1844, he edited a book of travels on the Western frontier, and an account of a residence in New Mexico, by Josiah Gregg, a Santa Fé trader, entitled *Commerce of the Prairies*. In 1845, he was appointed by Governor Silas Wright one of the inspectors of the State Prison at Sing Sing, an office the duties of which he discharged for three years, introducing various reforms in the prison discipline. In November, 1850, he formed a connection with Mr. William Cullen Bryant, as one of the proprietors and editors of the New York *Evening Post*, which was continued for more than ten years. During this period, when the paper became greatly distinguished by its advocacy of

the free-soil doctrines, which have been incorporated in the creed of the Republican party, he was diligently employed on its editorial columns, with several intervals of absence, when its columns were enriched by his travelling correspondence. In 1852, he published a volume entitled *Jamaica in 1850, or the Effects of Sixteen Years of Freedom on a Slave Colony*, which was the result of a tour in the island. It gives, upon the whole, a favorable view of the workings of emancipation, and is often referred to in discussions on the subject. In the winter of 1854, he made a similar voyage to Hayti, and gave a portion of his observations to the public in a series of letters in the *Evening Post*. In 1856, he published, in furtherance of the interests of one of the candidates in the Presidential campaign of that year, a biographical volume, *The Life and Public Services of John Charles Fremont; including an Account of his Explorations, Discoveries, and Adventures on Five Successive Expeditions across the North American Continent*.

The years 1859 and 1860 were passed by him abroad. His correspondence with the *Post* presents a view of the progress of the Italian question during that period, and of the progress of events in France, which he made his chief residence. It is interspersed with various sketches of travel, and literary essays on Buffon, Montesquieu, and others, worthy of preservation in a more accessible form. On his return, Mr. Bigelow retired from his connection with the *Evening Post*, to the enjoyment of a life of literary leisure at a country seat on the banks of the Hudson, in the immediate neighborhood of West Point. He was called from this retirement early in the administration of President Lincoln, by the appointment of American Consul at Paris, which he accepted, and the duties of which he discharged for several years, till on the death of the Minister, Mr. Dayton, in 1864, he was called temporarily to succeed him as Acting Minister, and was presently appointed his successor as Minister Plenipotentiary. During his consulship, he rendered an important service in making known to the Parisians the extensive resources of the United States, by the preparation of a valuable work of statistics, which was published in the French language. It bore the title, *Les Etats Unis d'Amérique en 1863: Leur Histoire Politique; Leurs Ressources Agricoles, Industrielles et Commerciales*. The information set forth in this work was well calculated to serve the Government at home at the critical period of the war, by exhibiting the means possessed by the country for prosecuting to a successful issue the contest into which it had been plunged by the rebellious States.

****** Mr. Bigelow resigned his position as minister to France, and early in 1867 was permitted to return to the United States, bringing with him the original manuscripts of Franklin's autobiography, which he published in the following year, in a volume entitled: *Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin, Edited from his Manuscript, with Notes and an Introduction by John Bigelow*, 1868. The singular history of this precious manuscript is detailed at length in the Introduction, from which we take the following paragraphs:

"It is well known that Franklin prepared so much of the celebrated Memoirs of his life as was originally intended for publication, mainly at the solicitation of one of his most cherished friends in France — M. le Veillard, then Mayor of Passy. Toward the close of the year 1789 he presented to this gentleman a copy of all this sketch that was then finished. At the doctor's death, his papers, including the original of the manuscript, passed into the hands of one of his grandsons, William Temple Franklin, who undertook to prepare an edition of the life and writings of his grandfather for a publishing house in London. For the greater convenience of the printer in the preparation of this edition — so goes the tradition in the le Veillard family — William Temple Franklin exchanged the original autograph with Mrs. le Veillard, then a widow, for her copy of the Memoirs, and thus the autograph passed out of the Franklin family. At the death of the widow le Veillard, this manuscript passed to her daughter; and at her death, in 1834, it became the property of her cousin, M. de Sénarmont, whose grandson, M. P. de Sénarmont, transferred it to me on the 26th of January, 1867, with several other memorials of Franklin, which had descended to him with the manuscript. Among the latter were the famous pastel portrait of Franklin by Duplessis, which he presented to M. le Veillard; a number of letters to M. le Veillard from Dr. Franklin and from his grandsons, William Temple Franklin and Benjamin Franklin Bahe; together with a minute outline of the topics of his Memoirs, brought down to the termination of his mission to France.

"I availed myself of my earliest leisure to subject the Memoirs to a careful collation with the edition which had appeared in London in 1817, and which was the first and only edition that ever purported to have been printed from the manuscript. The results of this collation revealed the curious fact that more than twelve hundred separate and distinct changes had been made in the text, and, what is more remarkable, that the last eight pages of the manuscript, which are second in value to no other eight pages of the work, were omitted entirely. Many of these changes are mere modernizations of style; such as would measure some of the modifications which English prose had undergone between the days of Goldsmith and Southey. Some Franklin might have approved of; others he might have tolerated; but it is safe to presume that very many he would have rejected without ceremony."

The Editor enters at length into a calm consideration of the questions that arise from the changes in the text; the overlooking of the closing pages; the delay of twenty-seven years in the publication which purported to have been made from the manuscript; and the singular fact that this posthumous work, which has been printed in nearly every written language, and constitutes one of the most popular books ever printed, should never have been verified by a comparison with the original manuscript. He adverts to the motives attributed to William Temple Franklin by Mr. Sparks, for thus delaying to publish these memoirs of his grandfather, and presents facts which give strong coloring to the suspicion that his action in this virtual suppression, for so many years, was owing to the interposition of the British ministry, and the payment of a large remuneration for his silence.

The last pages of the work were written in

the doctor's eighty-fourth year. They relate to Franklin's visit to London in 1757, and to his conversation with Lord Granville, then president of the council, who told him the startling doctrine that acts in council relating to the colonies when signed by the king became "the law of the land—for the king is the legislator of the colonies!"

Mr. Bigelow is the author of some valuable monographs on social and political phases of French history, which show him to have been a close observer of the national life during his official sojourn at the court of Paris. The most elaborate of these, entitled *France and Hereditary Monarchy*, was written in June, 1871, the same month that Thiers was elected President of the French Republic, and was published in London and New York. It is mainly devoted to the inquiry whether the transmission of executive power by inheritance is a failure in France, which momentous question it answers in the affirmative; and to an illustration of the gain in stability and public peace that would result were a popular sovereignty established, wherein the people could have the power to peacefully change the executive at stated intervals. A paper containing *Some Recollections of the late Antoine Pierre Berryer*, was read before the New York Historical Society, February 16, 1869, and afterwards issued as a pamphlet. Another, *Beaumarchais the Merchant*, contained an analysis of some letters written by his agent in America to Beaumarchais, a copy of which the author was permitted to take by the heirs. And an able article on "Father Hyacinthe and his Church," which traced the rupture of that illustrious pulpit orator with the Roman communion, was printed in *Putnam's Magazine*, for January, 1870. The latter was issued in pamphlet form, and subsequently added by a London house as an introduction to an edition of Father Hyacinthe's discourses.

He also delivered a speech before the Alumni of Union College, on the subject of Education and the desideration of Professional teaching in America, which was printed.

In December, 1871, Mr. Bigelow submitted to Senator Conkling of New York an elaborate scheme for the suitable commemoration of the first Centennial Anniversary of American Independence. This paper was communicated to the public through the columns of the *New York Tribune* of the 28th of the following month, and first directed public attention to the approach of that memorable anniversary.

ROBERT TOMES.

Robert Tomes was born in the City of New York, of English parentage, in 1816. He was educated at the grammar schools of the city, and at Washington College (now Trinity), Hartford, where he graduated with distinction. He then pursued the studies of a physician, at the schools in Philadelphia, and, subsequently, at the University of Edinburgh, where he received the degree of Doctor of Medicine. After a diligent attendance at the hospitals in Paris, he returned to the United States, and for some years was engaged in the practice of his profession at New York. He made several voyages as

surgeon in the employ of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, in the early years of their service, between Panama and San Francisco. His first published volume, entitled *Panama in 1855*, was a graphic account of an excursion from New York to that city by the newly completed railway across the isthmus. This was followed by two works of popular biography—*lives of Richard Cœur de Lion* and *Oliver Cromwell*, published by Messrs. Sheldon & Co., in 1855-'56. He rendered valuable assistance in the composition of the narrative portion of *Commodore Perry's Naval Expedition to Japan* (New York, 1855), and the preparation of the new, or American matter, in *Appleton's Cyclopædia of Biography*, published the following year. Dr. Tomes is also the author of two extensive works, published in a serial form, by Messrs. Virtue & Co., New York: *Battles of America by Sea and Land*, including the colonial and revolutionary battles, the war of 1812, and the Mexican campaigns, completed in three volumes, 4to; and *The War with the South, a History of the Great American Rebellion*. These popular histories are written in a lively, picturesque manner, and have had a wide circulation. Dr. Tomes has written much for the newspapers and periodicals; sketches of travel and reviews for the *Literary World*; articles in the *Evening Post* and *Harper's Weekly*; and a spirited series of papers on American manners and society, in *Harper's Magazine*.

**Dr. Tomes published in 1867, *The Champagne Country*, giving the results of two years' experience while consular agent of the United States at Rheims.

JOHN BONNER.

John Bonner, a resident of New York, was born in Quebec, Canada, in 1828. He is the author of three popular juvenile works—*A Child's History of the United States, Greece, and Rome*, in seven volumes, including *A Child's History of the Great Rebellion*. In these books, the idea of which was suggested by Charles Dickens's *Child's History of England*, Mr. Bonner has infused a critical spirit into an engaging, lively narrative. In treating of Greece and Rome he has followed the latest investigations of European scholars, and carefully separated the early mythological and legendary from the ascertained historical periods. In the *History of Rome* he has availed himself of Sir George Cornewall Lewis's "Inquiry into the Credibility of Early Roman History," commencing "the real history" of the country with the era of the Republic, B. C. 282. That of Greece is dated B. C. 500. Mr. Bonner is also the translator of De Tocqueville's last work, *The Old Régime and the Revolution*, published by the Harpers. For several years Mr. Bonner edited *Harper's Weekly*, and was at the same time an active contributor to the *New York Herald*, with the editorship of which he was also associated.

WILLIAM V. WELLS.

Mr. Wells was born in Boston, January 2, 1826, and was educated at the Common Schools of that city. He has travelled since boyhood

in many parts of the world, originally as a sailor and officer in the merchant service, and afterwards as a mining and commercial adventurer and agent for American capitalists in obtaining grants from foreign governments. In the course of these adventures he has been four times wrecked at sea. In 1849 he went to California, where he built and commanded the first steamboat that ever ploughed the waters of that State. He has followed the growth and progress of American institutions on the Pacific coast from their commencement. In 1856 he published in New York a narrative volume of *Walker's Expedition to Nicaragua* (Stringer & Townsend); and in 1857, in an octavo volume, *Explorations and Adventures in Honduras* (Harper Brothers). In 1857 he conceived the idea of collecting the materials for and writing the life of his ancestor, the patriot of the Revolution, Samuel Adams; and has since pursued the work with unwearied industry. The collection of his writings, correspondence, and state papers thus made, with a detailed narrative of his life, acts, and opinions, was published in 1865, in three octavo volumes, bearing the title, *Life and Public Services of Samuel Adams*.

In addition to these and other occupations, Mr. Wells has owned and edited several newspapers in San Francisco, and written largely for *Harper's Magazine* and *Weekly*, besides furnishing various correspondence for the American press from Europe, South America, California, British Columbia, Central America, Oregon, and Mexico. He was recently Consul-General of the Republic of Honduras.

REV. HENRY MARTYN DEXTER

Was born at Plympton, in Plymouth County, Massachusetts, August 13, 1821. He is of the sixth generation, on the father's side, from "Farmer" Thomas Dexter, of Lynn; and of the seventh generation, on the mother's side, from George Morton, of Plymouth, the presumed "Mourt" of "Mourt's" *Relation*. He graduated at Yale College in 1840, and at Andover Theological Seminary in 1844, and was settled as the pastor of the Congregational Church in Manchester, N. H., in the same year. He removed to Boston in 1849, to become pastor of what is now the Berkeley Street Congregational Church, in which position he remained till 1867. In 1851 he became editor of the *Congregationalist* weekly newspaper, and from 1858 to 1867 was one of the editors of the *Congregational Quarterly*. In 1867 he became editor-in-chief of the *Congregationalist* and the *Boston Recorder*.

In 1859 he published a 16mo, of 216 pages, entitled, *Street Thoughts*; and, in 1860, a 12mo, of 219 pages, entitled, *Twelve Discourses*. He published in 1865 a 16mo, entitled, *The Verdict of Reason on the Question of the Future Punishment of the Impenitent*; and a 12mo, entitled, *Congregationalism; what it is, whence it is, how it works, why it is better than any other form of Church Government, and its consequent Demands*. This manual has been accepted as a standard. He has also edited for private reprint in "Wiggin's Historical Series," Church's *Entertaining Passages Relating to Philip's War*,

and Mourt's *Relation*, from the first editions. In 1870 appeared *The Church Polity of the Pilgrims of the New Testament*.

He has also printed several occasional sermons, with many articles, in the quarterlies.

He has been for some years at work upon a new history of the "Old Plymouth Colony," and is engaged in original investigations in England and Holland, as well as in this country, in reference thereto; in the endeavor to make it exhaustive in those lines of state paper and genealogical research, which are now so much more accessible than they have been to former explorers in the same field. He has prepared, in manuscript, *A Bibliography of the Church Struggle in England during the Sixteenth Century*, with 1800 titles.

RICHARD EDDY

Was born in Providence, R. I., June 21, 1828. He was apprenticed to the book-binding business at the age of fifteen. In 1848 he went to Clinton, N. Y., and studied theology with the Rev. Dr. Thomas J. Sawyer. He was subsequently settled as Universalist preacher in Rome and Buffalo, N. Y., and in Philadelphia, Pa. He became pastor of the Universalist Church in Canton, N. Y., in 1856, and so continued until September, 1861, when he was commissioned by Governor Morgan, Chaplain of the 60th Regiment New York State Volunteers. He left the army in March, 1863, became pastor of the First Universalist Church, Philadelphia, and was librarian of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania for three years. In 1873 he was pastor in Gloucester, Massachusetts.

Mr. Eddy has published an interesting volume, detailing his camp observations and experiences, entitled, *History of the 60th Regiment New York State Volunteers, from the commencement of its organization, in July, 1861, to its public reception at Ogdensburg, a veteran command January 7, 1864* (12mo, pp. 360, Phila., 1864). The various statistics of the regiment are given with care, from its first gathering, through its career with the army of the Potomac; the important engagements in which it took part are described, and numerous characteristic minor incidents preserved, which will be of value to the future historian, and of interest to posterity. Mr. Eddy has also published several discourses, including three sermons, entitled, *The Martyr to Liberty*, preached in Philadelphia on occasion of the death of President Lincoln.

MARY W. JANVRIN.

This lady, the author of various tales and sketches, and other contributions to popular literature, which have been received with favor by the public, is of French ancestry, grafted on the sturdy New England stock; the family having emigrated from the Isle of Guernsey to America, prior to the Revolution. She was born at Exeter, N. H., in 1830. There she was educated at a Female Seminary in the town, and there she has since continued to reside. Early developing a taste for composition, she won a prize in her eighteenth year, offered by the pub-

lishers of a leading Boston journal, by the production of a tale entitled, *Children's Vows; or, the Cornelian Ring*, which, being well received by the public, induced her to turn her attention to literature as a profession. Her pen was immediately in request for the literary papers of the day, not only in New England, but in the South and West, to which she became a constant contributor. She also published various articles, tales, sketches, and poetry, in the Philadelphia popular magazines; and in 1858 commenced an engagement, which long continued, as a regular contributor to *Godey's Lady's Book*.

In 1856, Miss Janvrin edited and wrote biographical articles for *Cypress Leaves*, published by James Usher, of Boston; in 1857, *Peace; or, the Stolen Will*, published by French & Co., Boston; and, in 1858, compiled for the same publishers a series of books entitled *The Juvenile Miscellany*. In 1860, *An Hour with the Children*, from her pen, was published by the American Tract Society, Boston. She died August 12, 1870.

DEAN DUDLEY.

Dean Dudley, a New England antiquarian and miscellaneous writer, was born May 23, 1823, at Kingfield, a small new town in Maine, named from Hon. William King (half-brother of Hon. Rufus King, of New York), the first Governor of that State, under whose auspices the town was settled.

Mr. Dudley is descended from the Hon. Thomas Dudley, one of the early Colonial Governors of Massachusetts, through his eldest son. His paternal grandfather, Hon. Nathl. Dudley, one of the first settlers of Kingfield, and his maternal, Capt. Dean Bangs, from whom he was named, both lived to great ages—one to 80, and the other 90 years. His father, Edmund Dudley, was a farmer and school-teacher.

At the age of twelve, he was left to his own resources; but by industry and economy was able to obtain a sufficient education, when he was eighteen years old, to procure a certificate of his ability and qualification to teach a common school from the preceptor of the Waterville Liberal Institute, and another from the school committee of the town of Union, Me., where he was to keep his first school.

He succeeded well in teaching, and, in 1843, went to Massachusetts as a teacher; also studying at academies in that State and New Hampshire.

Some of the papers of his grandfather Dudley, upon the genealogy of the family, coming into his possession, he became interested in the subject and undertook to prepare a biographical account of the family. As an introduction to this, he published, in 1848, an outline sketch, under the title of *The Dudley Genealogies*, an 8vo of 144 pages. In 1849 he visited England, for the purpose of making antiquarian and genealogical researches, and spent a year there, travelling from town to town, examining old records and monuments, and consulting rare printed works in the libraries at London and elsewhere. While he was absent he was a correspondent for some of the Boston newspapers; and selections

from his letters have been published in two different volumes, one in 1851, and the other in 1862. In 1860, he published a *History of the First Council of Nice*, an octavo of 86 pages. His next work, entitled *Officers of our Union Army and Navy*, containing brief biographical sketches, with portraits, was published in 1862. One volume only was published, in a moderate sized 32mo. It was followed by *Social and Political Aspects of England and the Continent*.

He was admitted to the Suffolk bar in 1854, and for five or six years practised his profession in Boston. His health not being sufficiently robust for close application to the law, he quitted it, and is now engaged in publishing directories, and similar works.

ALONZO HALL QUINT.

The Rev. Alonzo Hall Quint was born at Barnstead, N. H., March 22, 1828. He graduated at Dartmouth College in 1846, and at Andover Theological Seminary, 1852. He was ordained at Jamaica Plain village, in the town of West Roxbury, Dec. 27, 1853, and was settled as pastor of the Mather Church, a newly formed church at that place, the same date. He received the degree of D.D. from Andover in 1866.

He was chosen chaplain of the 2d regiment of Massachusetts infantry, and entered on its duties, June 1, 1861; and after several weeks service was commissioned, June 20. After serving three years, he was, at his desire, mustered out of service, June 1, 1864 (his health being impaired), though the regiment had re-enlisted and continued to serve during the war. He had leave of absence for two years from the Mather Church; and though he sent in his resignation some time before the expiration of that term, it was not accepted till near its close, May, 1863. After he left the army he was settled over the North Congregational Church, New Bedford, Mass., where he was installed, July 21, 1864, and remains pastor.

While at Andover Seminary he commenced his contributions to the New England *Historical and Genealogical Register*, and in 1850 was admitted a member of the Historic-Genealogical Society. From 1855 to 1856 he was a member of the publishing committee of that society. In 1850 he commenced, in the *Dover* (N. H.) *Enquirer*, the publication of a series of historical and genealogical articles, relative to that town and its settlers. These articles are still continued. In January of 1859, he commenced, in conjunction with Rev. Henry M. Dexter, D.D., and the late Rev. Joseph S. Clark, D.D., the *Congregational Quarterly*, of which he is still one of the editors.

Besides the New England Historical and Genealogical Society, he is a member of the Massachusetts Historical Society, and has been on the publishing committee. He is also a corresponding member of the New Hampshire and New York Historical Societies. From 1855 to 1861 he was a member of the Massachusetts State Board of Education. Since 1871, he has been the Secretary of the National Council of the Congregational Churches in the United States.

In September, 1861, he commenced writing for the *New England Congregationalist* (newspaper), Boston, as an army correspondent, and ended his letters from the army when he left service. He still contributes to the paper. A selection from this correspondence was published in 1864, by Crosby & Nichols, under the title of *The Potomac and the Rapidan*, in a duodecimo of about 400 pages. He published in 1867, *The Record of the Second Massachusetts Infantry*, 1861-65, 12mo, 534 pp.

GEORGE HUGHES HEPWORTH.

The Rev. George Hughes Hepworth was born at Boston, Mass., February 4, 1833. He entered the Cambridge Theological or Divinity School when he was eighteen years old, and graduated in 1855. In September of that year, he was settled as pastor of a church in Nantucket, Mass., where he continued two years, and then resigned. He then spent one year at Cambridge as a resident graduate. In the summer of 1858, he became the pastor of a new Unitarian church, formed at the south end of Boston, under the name of the Church of the Unity. In December, 1862, he was appointed chaplain of the 47th regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers, and accompanied that regiment to Louisiana. In January, 1863, he was transferred to the staff of Major-General Banks, and went through the campaign of the Têche, and was present at the siege of Port Hudson. He returned to his parish duties at the Church of the Unity in the autumn of 1863.

Mr. Hepworth has issued a volume, entitled *The Whip, Hoe, and Sword*, being a sketch of experiences in the Army of the Southwest. He has issued, from time to time, pamphlet sermons on the topics of the day, which have met with great favor from the public. He was one of the most prominent and eloquent preachers in Boston, and drew very large audiences whenever he spoke.

** In 1870 he became pastor of the Church of the Messiah, in New York city, and two years later entered the ministry of the Congregational Church. He has written: *Little Gentleman in Green: a Fairy Tale by Una Savin*, 1865; and *Rocks and Shoals: Lectures to Young Men*, 1870.

HORATIO ALGER, JR.

The Rev. Horatio Alger, Jr., was born in that part of Chelsea, Mass., since incorporated as the town of North Chelsea, January 13, 1834, and graduated at Harvard College in 1852. From 1852 to 1857 he was occupied in teaching, or in writing for the Boston and New York press. In 1860, he completed a three years course at the Cambridge Theological School, defraying his expenses in the mean time by contributions to a variety of periodicals. He spent the greater part of the year succeeding his graduation at the Theological School, in a European tour. From 1861 to 1864, he was established at Cambridge as a private instructor. On the 8th of December, 1864, he was ordained over the Unitarian Church at Brewster, Mass.

His publications in book form are: *Bertha's Christmas Vision, an Autumn Sheaf*, 1855; *Nothing to Do, a Tilt at our Best Society*, a Poem, 1857; *Frank's Campaign; or, What Boys can Do*, 1864; *Paul Preston's Charge*, 1865.

He wrote verses before he entered college, was appointed to deliver one or two anniversary poems at college, and has since published a considerable number of his poems, which have appeared in *Harper's Weekly*, and other periodicals.

** In 1866, Mr. Alger removed to New York city, and devoted himself exclusively to the profession of literature. His later writings (1866-1873), include *The Ragged Dick Series*, and other story-books for children, some sixteen in number. A collection of his poems are in preparation. He has contracted to contribute exclusively to the *New York Weekly* for a term of years.

ROBERT SHELTON MACKENZIE.

Dr. Mackenzie was born in Drew's Court, Limerick County, Ireland, June 22, 1809. His father was at the time an officer in the British army. Young Mackenzie was educated at a school in Fermoy, and at the age of thirteen was apprenticed to a surgeon apothecary in Cork, with whom he remained three years. After passing his medical examination, he opened a school in Fermoy; and in 1829, having been a newspaper reporter, became editor of a county journal in Staffordshire, England. In 1830-'31, he was engaged in London in writing biographies for the *Georgian Era* (4 vols., 8vo), and subsequently as leading editor of the *Liverpool Journal* and other papers; while he was a diligent correspondent on political, literary, and social topics of the *Evening Star*, a daily paper in New York, published by the late M. M. Noah. In 1845, he was editor and part proprietor of a railway journal in London, and in 1847 was an active member of Lord Brougham's Law Amendment Society. He published in England, *Lays of Palestine* (1829); *Titian*, an art novel (3 vols., 8vo, 1843); *Partnership en Commandite*, a legal treatise (8vo, 1847); *Mornings at Matlock*, a collection of fugitive pieces (3 vols., 8vo, 1850).

In 1852 Dr. Mackenzie came to America, and made his residence in New York, where he became literary editor of the *New York Times*, and engaged in various literary undertakings. He edited, with an introduction and notes, *Shelley's Sketches of the Irish Bar* (New York, Redfield, 1854); *The Notes Ambrosiane*, a very complete edition, with numerous notes, and biographies of Professor Wilson and other writers; containing a great deal of new matter (1854, 5 vols.); an edition of *Curran's Life*, by his son, and an original collection, with notes and prefaces, of the writings of Dr. Maginn (5 vols., 12mo).

In 1857, Dr. Mackenzie became literary and foreign editor of the *Philadelphia Press*, having taken up his residence in that city, where he has continued to reside. In addition to the books whose titles we have given, the record of a life

devoted to literature, and the genial furtherance of the literary labors of others, Dr. Mackenzie is the author of *Bits of Blarney* (1855), consisting of Irish biographies, tales, sketches, and poetry, and of *Tressilian and his Friends* (12mo, 1859). He also edited *Memoirs of Robert Hoodin* (1859).*

** Dr. Mackenzie has recently written two works of literary biography which are models in their way, having a grasp of illustrative detail that sums up the research of years within a duodecimo, to the exhaustion of the subject, and an easy charm of style that holds the reader's attention to the close. These are: *The Life of Charles Dickens: Personal Recollections and Anecdotes—Letters by Boz never before published, and Uncollected Papers in Prose and Verse*, 1870; and *Sir Walter Scott: the Story of His Life*, 1871, inscribed to the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." Few of the literati of America could have made as copious a collection of incidents and anecdotes worthy of preservation, from written and unwritten sources, to exhibit faithfully the character and writings of these chief novelists of modern times.

Dr. Mackenzie is an industrious and rapid writer, having a thorough mastery of literary incident, anecdote, and gossip. He began to prepare his edition of the *Noctes Ambrosianæ* in the last week of April, 1854, on receipt of the news, by steamer, of Professor Wilson's death on April 3, and the work was published August 15. In the interim, he had to feed the press at five different printers, besides doing his full quota of newspaper work. The *Life of Dickens*, begun June 15 and published August 3, was written in five weeks; and the biography of Scott between the last week of March and the publication day on the Scott centenary—August 15.

He received the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws from the University of Glasgow at the age of twenty-five, and was subsequently admitted Doctor of Civil Law at Oxford.

MRS. ADELHEID SHELTON MACKENZIE, the wife of Dr. Mackenzie, has written several attractive romances: *Married Against Reason*, 1869; and *Aureola*; or, *The Black Sheep*, 1871, a story of social life in Germany, narrating the trials of a young lady dauntless enough to set at defiance the over-rigorous social etiquette of her country.

*NOVEL-WRITING BEFORE WAVERLEY—FROM SIR
WALTER SCOTT: HIS LIFE.

Before Scott had given over writing long poems, he diverged into another branch of literature, in which he obtained higher and more permanent fame than that which he had won as a minstrel. Many persons have scarcely read his poetical romances; but who is not familiar with the Waverley novels?

As great a novel-reader as Lord Brougham, Lord Lyndhurst, and Daniel O'Connell (the last of whom once declared to me that the advantages of steam, as applied to travelling on sea and land, were counterbalanced by the abridgment of the time he used to devote to the perusal of works of fiction), Walter Scott saw, before he began to

write, that the novels and romances of the present century, and particularly at its commencement, were unsuited to the changed condition of society in his own time. The dramatists of the Elizabethan age produced stories, historical or comic, which, two centuries later, would probably have appeared in prose as historical romances, or novels of society. In an age when readers were few, the tales acted on the stage were the principal popular sources of intellectual enjoyment. For a long time after the death of Shakspeare, the drama may be said to have fallen into abeyance. Thirty or forty years of civil strife, during which imaginative literature was at a discount, followed the death of Shakspeare; and, though there was a revival of the drama between the Restoration in 1660 and the Revolution in 1688, little effective in that line was presented until Dryden bade the dry bones live. Bunyan's immortal "Pilgrim's Progress," in this time, was the favorite reading of the people; and the "Decameron" of Boccaccio, Rabelais' comic and satiric adventures of "Gargantua and Pantagruel," and Cervantes' wonderful "Don Quixote," became well known in England through translations. So, at a later period, were the Abbé Prévost's "Manon l'Escaut" (like the younger Dumas' "La Dame aux Camélias," the apotheosis of a professional impure), Rousseau's "Nouvelle Héloïse," Le Sage's "Gil Blas" and "Le Diable Boiteux," Voltaire's "Candide and Zadig," St. Pierre's "Paul and Virginia," Goethe's "Sorrows of Werther," and a few other foreign works.

When the seventeenth century opened, the gross novels of Mrs. Aphra Behn, which had delighted the gay and careless courtiers of the closing years of the Stuart dynasty, fell into disrepute. The age of Queen Anne, which has been entitled the Augustan, exhibited comparative decency, at least in its prose fiction; and under the new dynasty, though not quite so scrupulous (for the first two Guelphic sovereigns were themselves unmistakably immoral in their domestic and social relations), public taste became improved. De Foe's "Robinson Crusoe," which does not contain a single impure incident or expression, speedily obtained a popularity which it still enjoys. Swift's "Gulliver," a political fiction, which is a satire on human nature, also had (and has) a multitude of readers, who, opening it merely to be entertained by the wonderful adventures it contains, narrated with a most artistic *vraisemblance*, scarcely notice its too prevailing coarseness. Richardson and Fielding, however, may rank as the inventors of the English novel, though not of its higher class,—the historical. There runs an under-current of indelicacy, not very decided, but adapted to the sensuous taste of the time, through Richardson's sentimentality; and yet the author of "Pamela" and "Clarissa Harlowe" affected to be a purist in morals. Next to him is Fielding,—who had begun as a satirical parodist, and ended by establishing a new school of story-tellers,—who rejoiced in what Scott has called "warmth of description." Fielding, with all his faults, possessed genius, and was followed by Smollett, who photographed the manners and exhibited the vices of many grades of society. Sterne, decidedly a man of genius, was not restrained from gross indelicacy by a sense of what was due to his office as a clergyman. Oliver Goldsmith, whose "Vicar of Wakefield," much as all readers admire it, has serious defects in construction and sentiment, might have produced a real novel of English so-

* Appleton's Cyclopædia, vol. xl., p. 6.

ciety, but "died too soon," when Scott was only three years old. Horace Walpole's "Castle of Otranto," written in 1763, was its author's solitary work of fiction, and owed as much at least to his rank as to novelty of design or execution. Clara Reeve's Gothic romance, "The old English Baron," alone remembered out of her many works, was an almost avowed imitation of Walpole's romantic story, and a decided improvement upon it.

When Scott wrote the first chapters of "Waverley," in 1805, the principal living novelist was Mrs. Radcliffe, whose very sensational romances outdid all contemporary productions. With her began high payments for such works. She received five hundred pounds for "The Mysteries of Udolpho;" and eight hundred pounds for "The Italians," its successor. To-day, these stories, crowded with crime and with apparently supernatural effects (all of which are elaborately explained away at the close), would scarcely engage the attention of a novel-reader for half an hour. Henry Mackenzie's stories, popular in their day, were didactic and sentimental, and had got out of fashion. Cumberland the dramatist, preserved in "the crystal amberization" of Sheridan's "Critic" as Sir Fretful Plagiary, had finally lapsed into writing novels which possessed the coarseness of Fielding, without his wit; yet his play, "The West-Indian," which presents the truest character of an Irish gentleman ever put upon the stage, was surpassed in its day only by Sheridan's "School for Scandal," in which even the livery servants and soubrettes converse in epigram. Madame D'Arblay, whose novel of "Evelina" had created a greater sensation among the literati of her time than probably had ever before been caused by any similar production, was reposing on her laurels, but failed to please a later generation of readers. For the copyright of "Evelina" she received twenty pounds in 1778, while for "Camilla" she was paid three thousand guineas in 1796; making fame by the first, and losing it by the latter work. Mrs. Charlotte Smith succeeded, commencing with a translation of "Manon L'Escout," the heroine of which is a beautiful wanton, and settling down into prose fictions, occasionally indecorous, and usually dull.

Perhaps, strictly speaking, Miss Sophia Lee should be credited with the authorship of the first English historical novel. In 1788-86 appeared "The Recess," in six volumes. Mary, Queen of Scots, is its heroine; but unlike Scott, who carefully adhered to facts when he introduced historical characters, Miss Lee boldly married Mary Stuart to the Earl of Leicester, and introduced two daughters as the fruit of this union!

Mrs. Inchbald, whose "Simple Story" won the sympathies of a large circle of readers; Regina Maria Roche, whose "Children of the Abbey" still finds a considerable sale in this country, though it is almost wholly forgotten in England; Mrs. Opie, whose "Father and Daughter" had the tears of the public in their day, and was successful when adopted for the stage; William Godwin, with his realistic "Caleb Williams" and his romantic "St. Leon;" Dr. Moore, whose "Zeluco" suggested to Byron the character of "Childe Harold;" Sidney Owenson (afterwards Lady Morgan), whose "Wild Irish Girl" and "Ida of Athens" scarcely indicated the promise which subsequently was realized in "O'Donnell" and "Florence Macarthy;" and above all, rational, truthful, and vigorous Maria Edgeworth, — these belonged to

Scott's own time, and their works might be safely read with pleasure and advantage. This is not a long catalogue of novelists; but it will be observed, that even then, sixty years ago, most of the story-tellers were of the gentler sex. I have not included Jane Austen, because "Sense and Sensibility," the first of her novels, was not published until 1811, six years after "Waverley" had been planned and partly written; and have not forgotten Anna Maria Porter, who appeared in print before Sir Walter Scott, nor her sister Jane, because neither of them had any influence upon his taste. It is stated by an authority whose general correctness I have pleasure in acknowledging,* that "Sir Walter Scott admitted (conversation with George IV. in the library of Carlton Palace) that this work—Jane Porter's 'Scottish Chiefs'—suggested his Waverley novels;" but considering that "Waverley" was begun in 1805, and that "The Scottish Chiefs" first appeared in 1810, I am unable to believe that he derived any suggestion from a work then unwritten.

Also prior to the commencement of "Waverley" was the *début* of Charles Robert Maturin, an Irish clergyman of striking genius, with a minimum of discretion. His "Fatal Revenge, or the Family of Montario," which, with its appalling horrors, out-Radcliffed Mrs. Radcliffe, appeared in 1804. In a subsequent romance, entitled "Melmoth the Wanderer," he abated some of these horrors, seasoning them with the naked indecency of Lewis's "Monk;" and in his tragedy of "Bertram," produced at Drury Lane Theatre through Lord Byron's influence, he had originally introduced the Enemy of Man as one of the *dramatis personæ*!

There is another phalanx of novelists who lived, but can scarcely be said to have flourished, early in the present century. Their works, from the source of their publication in Leadenhall Street, London, were known as "Minerva-press Novels." At the head of these was "Anne of Swansea," Mrs. Hatton, sister of Mrs. Siddons and John Kemble, who dealt largely in common-place, was very deficient in constructive skill, usually extended each of her romances to four and even five novels, and was fond of resonant titles, such as "The Rock of Glotzen, or the Secret Avenger." Mr. Thomas Surr, whose "Splendid Misery," treating of fashionable life, with which he had not the slightest acquaintance, was in eager request at all the circulating libraries in town and country; and a Capt. Thomas Ashe, who carried on for some years the profitable but disreputable trade of writing novels of society upon the current scandals of the day, and never published them if he could induce the persons whom he libelled to buy his manuscript. He lived by literary black-mail. The Minerva-press novels, bad as they were, had immense popularity for some years.

No wonder, then, that Walter Scott, who, having shown the world in "The Minstrelsy" and "The Lay" that he was editor and poet, and being himself a novel-reader, should be utterly dissatisfied with the quality of the existing supply. The French Revolution, distinguished by its levelling principle and action, had ended in substituting a feudal empire for an effete monarchy; and, even when Napoleon was re-dividing Europe into kingdoms and principalities for his family

* Dr. S. Austin Allibone's Critical Dictionary of English Literature and British and American Authors, vol. ii. p. 1646.

and his followers, there had sprung up, or rather revived, a deep devotion to the chivalry which had done so much in the past, and whose traditions had ingrafted grace into history, and breathed reality into song. To this feeling, this principle, Scott had ministered in his poems; and now, acknowledged head of the romantic school, he resolved to extend its limits beyond the ballad or the narrative poem, and use prose as the more suitable medium. He strove to delineate the past as it seemed in the eyes of men who were dubious of the present, and afraid of the future,—noble, stately, glittering, and gay, with the pulse of life ever beating to heroic measures. His view of feudalism, in "The Talisman," "Ivanhoe," and "The Fair Maid of Perth," was not the caricature a few preceding authors had drawn, but a portrait,—faithful, if idealized.

"Waverley," as we have seen, had been condemned by Erskine; thrown by, mislaid, recovered, and depreciated by Ballantyne. Scott, having nearly completed his "Life and Works of Jonathan Swift" (published by Constable, in nineteen octavo volumes, on the 1st of July, 1814),—a work which really was supplementary to his history of a particular period of English literary history,—brought out his "Waverley" manuscript for the third time, carefully read it, thought something could be made of it, and permitted the announcement, in "The Scots' Magazine" of February, 1814, that "'Waverley, or 'Tis Sixty Years Since,' a novel, in three volumes 12mo, would be published in March." Already he had made some progress in continuing the story; for in January he had shown the greater part of the first volume to Mr. Erskine, who at once predicted that it would prove the most popular of all his friend's works. It was determined to publish it anonymously, and unusual pains were taken to prevent the discovery of the author's name. John Ballantyne copied out all the manuscript. Double proof-sheets were regularly printed off. One was forwarded to Scott; and the alterations which it received were, by Ballantyne's own hand, copied upon the other proof-sheet for the use of the printers; so that even the corrected proof-sheets of the author were never seen in the printing-office. While "Waverley" was passing through the press, Mr. Erskine read some of the proof-sheets to a few friends after supper; and from the enthusiastic praise they obtained, as well as from the way in which their host spoke, the party inferred that they were listening to the first effort of some unknown but very able aspirant.

When the first volume was printed, Ballantyne placed it in the hands of Constable, who, not doubting who was the author, considered the matter, and offered seven hundred pounds for the copyright. This price was so high (Miss Edgeworth up to that time not having realized a tenth of that sum by even her most successful work), that a novice would gladly have accepted it. Scott's reply, through Ballantyne, was, that it was too much if the novel should not succeed; too little if it did. He would have taken a thousand pounds; but Constable would not offer so much, and published the work on the terms of equal division of profits between himself and the author.

The first volume was printed before the second was begun. Constable, who had become proprietor of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," was bringing out a supplement to that extensive work.

At his request, Scott agreed to write three essays for it,—on Chivalry, the Drama, and Romance,—and completed two in April and May, writing that on Romance some time later. Constable, a liberal man, paid a hundred pounds for each. This episode ended, Scott set seriously to work on "Waverley," and informed his friend Morritt that "the last two volumes were written in three weeks." In corroboration of this, Lockhart has related a personal anecdote,—how, happening to pass through Edinburgh in June, 1814, he dined with Mr. William Menzies (afterwards a judge at the Cape of Good Hope), whose residence was then in George Street, situated very near to, and at right angles with, North Castle Street. "There was," he says, "a party of very young persons, most of them, like Menzies and myself, destined for the bar of Scotland, all gay and thoughtless, enjoying the first flush of manhood, with little remembrance of the yesterday, or care of the morrow. When my companion's worthy father and uncle, after seeing two or three bottles go round, left the juveniles to themselves, the weather being hot, we adjourned to a library, which had one large window looking northwards. After carousing here for an hour or more, I observed that a shade had come over the aspect of my friend, who happened to be placed immediately opposite to myself, and said something that intimated a fear of his being unwell. 'No,' said he, 'I shall be well enough presently, if you will only let me sit where you are, and take my chair; for there is a confounded hand in sight of me here, which has often bothered me before, and now it won't let me fill my glass with a good will.' I rose to change places with him accordingly; and he pointed out to me this hand, which, like the writing on Belshazzar's wall, disturbed his hour of hilarity. 'Since we sat down,' he said, 'I have been watching it: it fascinates my eye; it never stops. Page after page is finished, and thrown on that heap of manuscript: and still it goes on unwearied; and so it will be till candles are brought in, and God knows how long after that. It is the same every night. I can't stand the sight of it when I am not at my books.'—'Some stupid, dogged engrossing clerk, probably!' exclaimed myself or some other giddy youth in our society. 'No, boys,' said our host. 'I well know what hand it is: 'tis Walter Scott's.' This was the hand, that, in the evenings of three summer weeks, wrote the last two volumes of 'Waverley.'"

****DICKENS AND THACKERAY—FROM LIFE OF CHARLES DICKENS.**

Believing that the world has been made brighter and better by the writings and life of Charles Dickens, I can have no hesitation in briefly delineating his character, as Author and as Man. In the whole range, vast as it is, which constitutes the common literature, the rich treasury, of America and England, not to speak of the numerous languages into which they have been translated, there are no purer books than those written by Charles Dickens. There is no line in them which the most scrupulous parent, the most tender husband, the most sensitive lover, the most fastidious guardian could desire to keep back from the eye of Maidenhood or Womanhood. There are no other works, in the language, so well adapted for all classes and all ages. They may be taken up, at any place or time, and the reader

will be gratified by the entertainment they supply, the moral lesson which they teach ;

Age cannot wither them, nor custom stale
Their infinite variety.

No writer has more completely, or more successfully, appealed to the emotional and sympathetic part of human nature. It is doubtful, as he glanced from gay to grave, whether his lively humor or his tender pathos was most to be admired. Whatever vein he indulged in, for the time, he avoided cynicism. Hence, we laugh *with*, instead of *at*, his comic characters, taking Pickwick, and Sam Weller, and Wilkins Micawber, and Mr. Toots, and Dick Swiveller, and Captain Cuttle, (that trust of all rough gentlemen,) to our heart, and feeling all the better for having met, and known, and loved them. I do not intend to place Dickens by the side of Thackeray, because it is wearying work to try and discover unlike likenesses which do not exist, but would ask the reader to remember how differently he was impressed by the first works of both. *Vanity Fair* is a great work, which no man could have written, so severe is even its hilarity, unless he had been world-weary and *blasé*. The *Pickwick Papers* are the evident production of a very young man, who, up to that time, had rather glanced at the world than moved in it. *Vanity Fair* was as palpably written by a person who had circulated freely through society, in various countries; who had been scathed in the passage; and who poured out upon paper,

The stinging of a heart the world had stung.

Dickens was entering life, at the age of twenty-three, as he has told us, when he began to write *Pickwick*, and after the publication of a few sketches, had to draw mainly upon his imagination for the characters and the action of his story. Before he had gone half way through it, a purpose filled his mind, and, what was begun as a burlesque upon Cockney sportsmen, struck a heavy blow at the then unbridled license of advocates in English Courts of law, and so thoroughly besieged that great citadel of Wrong and Oppression, the Fleet Prison, that, in a few years, it was "put down" (as Alderman Cute would have said) by public opinion, embodied in an Act of Parliament. Dickens lived to see imprisonment for debt abolished in England, and to hear all men say, "*You have done this.*"

Thackeray, not much older than Dickens, had been a magazine-writer, a man of all work, for at least sixteen years before the appearance of *Vanity Fair*. 'He had begun life as a gay "young man upon town," by burning the candle at both ends, at home and abroad, until his twenty thousand pounds was gone. Then he set to work, and, being highly educated and very talented, obtained a living and made reputation. *Vanity Fair*, which he produced at an age when Dickens had written his best things—or most of them—was very successful, as it deserved to be. Only a man of genius could have invented and sustained Beckett Sharpe. Had he written only that one story, Thackeray would have ranked as successor to the author of *Tom Jones*. Yet, admiring *Vanity Fair* as I do, and reading it enjoyably through, at least once a year, (paying the same compliment to *Robinson Crusoe*, *Gil Blas*, the *Vicar of Wakefield*, *Ivanhoe*, and the *Caxton novels*.) I close it with a lowered opinion of human nature. I also read *Pickwick*, every now and then, and though I do not find in it that thorough knowledge of "life" possessed by Thackeray, (its purchase-money be-

ing his glorious youth and the twenty thousand pounds, already named as his inheritance.) I find myself in good humor with "all the world and the rest of mankind." You read Dickens without, so to say, finding a bitter taste on the mind, after it. The flavor of the fusil oil is very strong on the mind, after reading Thackeray. Both writers, let me add, were genial, honorable, benevolent men, and warmly attached to each other.

It is to be especially noted, as showing the idiosyncrasy of each author, that, whereas Mr. Thackeray was perpetually bringing himself, in his books, before the reader, Mr. Dickens rarely alluded to himself, his experiences or opinions, in any of his numerous works of fiction.

Besides remarkable power and wonderful fertility of invention, Charles Dickens had a joyous temperament grafted upon a generous mind. When he wrote of the household virtues, of toleration, of practical charity, of fair humanity, his words had effect, for there was no "sham" in them. His kindness of heart was almost as great as his genius. How remarkable and original that was, I need not point out. But genius without ballast has often been wrecked. In him, it was accompanied by skill, good sense, a well-balanced mind, and a strong purpose of doing good. His infinite variety equalled that of Shakespeare, and it is very possible that the readers of another century, now only thirty years distant, may give Mr. Dickens a place even above that occupied by the Swan of Avon. The world is steadily becoming realistic, methinks, and bids fair to prefer the tales of Dickens to the plays of Shakespeare.

It is universally known that his political opinions were strongly liberal. He was no mere partisan, however. At any time he pleased, during the last twenty-five years, Charles Dickens might have had a seat in the House of Commons. Any of the London boroughs would have been proud and glad if he had consented to be its representative. At least twenty other constituencies, throughout the British Islands, would have voted him their member by acclamation. Numerous offers to this effect were made to him, and declined. He had resolved, at the beginning of his career, to devote himself to literature, wholly and solely, and, as the years rolled on, bringing him increase of power and influence upon the public mind, he believed, more than ever, that abuses were to be laid bare, wrongs righted, and reforms effected, rather by his written than his spoken words. In the House of Commons, with all his earnestness and eloquence, he would have been only one in a crowd—though most probably a distinguished one. From first to last, he relied on the Press, to work out all his public purposes, and was right in doing so. Besides, had he become a Member of Parliament, we should have had comparatively little from his pen.

This brings me to the last point which I design to notice: Will Dickens live? I would answer in the affirmative. Future ages will regard his writings as photographs of middle and lower class life in England during the Victorian era, which had extended to thirty-four years when he died. In other novels of that period, aristocratic society is sketched, rather wearily; but it may be safely assumed that after all, only a few, by Bulwer and Thackeray, will be read in the twentieth century, and these as rarely as the prose fictions of Fielding, Smollett, Richardson, and Goldsmith—the very writers who led Dickens, when a child, into the fair realm of romance—are read now. Dickens

is so fresh, so kindly, so picturesque, so true, that his works must live, as Hogarth's do, pictures of the era which produced him.

Dramatist, actor, orator, and thorough man of the world as he was, he realizes the idea of an universal genius more than any other writer who ever lived. In whatever profession it might have pleased him to cast himself, he must have succeeded. Eminently social and domestic, he exercised a liberal hospitality, and though he lived well, as his means allowed, avoided excesses:—with a constant burthen of work upon his mind for five-and-thirty years, to say nothing of other occupations, it was impossible that he could have been what is called a free liver. It is said that he never lost a friend, that he never made an enemy. Of him it might be truly said

He kept
The whiteness of his soul, and so men o'er him wept.

WILLIAM HENRY WHITMORE.

Mr. Whitmore, the son of a merchant of Boston, was born at Dorchester, Mass., September 6, 1836. He studied at the English High and Latin Schools, Boston, having previously, in 1847, received a Franklin medal at one of the grammar schools of that city.

He is the author of various works relating to American genealogy. He has published, *Register of Families settled at the Town of Medford, Mass.*, originally contributed to the *History of Medford*, by the Rev. Charles Brooks, with portrait and other illustrations (Boston, 1855); *A Record of the Descendants of Francis Whitmore, of Cambridge*, the same year; *An Account of the Temple Family, with Notes and Pedigree of the Family of Bowdoin* (1856); *Memoranda relating to the Lane, Reyner, and Whipple Families, Yorkshire and Massachusetts* (1857); *A Genealogy of the Norton Family, with Miscellaneous Notes* (1859); *A Handbook of American Genealogy*, completed on a voyage to Mauritius, and published, during the author's absence abroad, by Munsell, of Albany, in 1862; *Notes on the Winthrop Family and its English Connections before its emigration to New England*, (1864); *The Cavalier Dismounted* (1864). *The Heraldic Journal*; recording the Armorial Bearings and Genealogies of American Families, was edited and mainly written by him from 1865 to 1868. His later works comprise *The Hutchinson Papers*, 1865; *Elements of Heraldry*, 1866; *The American Genealogist*, 1868; *The Massachusetts Civic List*, 1871, a list of its civil officers from 1622–1714; *The Ayres Genealogy*, 1870; *Usher Genealogy*, 1869; *Elliott Genealogy*, 1869; *Hutchinson and Oliver Families*, 1865; *Belcher Family*, 1873; *Notes on Peter Pelham and Other Early American Engravers*, 1867; and *Notes on the Origin of Town-names in Massachusetts*, 1873.

On the organization of the Prince Society for Mutual Publication, in 1858, Mr. Whitmore was chosen one of its officers, and in October of that year delivered an oration before the society on the Centennial Anniversary of the death of Thomas Prince, the antiquary, after whom the society was named. He has also edited for it *John Dunton's Letters*, 2 vols.; *The Andros Tracts*, 2 vols.; and, with Mr. W. S. Appleton, *The Hutchinson Papers*, 2 vols. Mr. Whitmore is an active member of the New England Historic-Genera-

logical Society, in whose periodical *Register* many of his genealogical publications first appeared. When the *Historical Magazine* was projected in 1856, he was engaged as the editor, and wrote the prospectus for that work; but business engagements obliged him to relinquish the editorship. In 1860, he edited the fourth American edition of *The Poetical Works of Winthrop Mackworth Praed*, and contributed a biographical introduction. He has also contributed to the *North American Review*.

SAMUEL W. FRANCIS,

Son of the late Dr. John W. Francis, was born in New York, in 1835, graduated at Columbia College in 1860, studied medicine, and received the degree of M. D. from the University Medical College, in 1857. He has published several works, including *Autobiography of a Latin Reader* (1859); *Report of Professor Valentine Mott's Surgical Clinics in the University of New York, Session 1859-'60* (1860); *Water: its History, Characteristics, Hygienic, and Therapeutic Uses*,—a philosophic essay, illustrated by much ancient and modern reading, and a variety of anecdote (1861); *Inside Out—a curious Book*, a novel described by a journalist of the day as "Carlyle made into a syllabub" (1862); a series of *Biographical Sketches of Living New York Surgeons*; and *A Memoir of the Life and Character of Prof. Valentine Mott* (1865). The last is mainly a series of personal reminiscences, an affectionate tribute of a friend and pupil to the memory of the late eminent surgeon. It contains a variety of anecdote, and is enriched by an original memorandum, given by Dr. Mott to the author, of his most important surgical operations and contributions to the literature of his profession. It was followed by *Biographical Sketches of Distinguished Living New York Physicians*, 1867; and a racy novel of American society, *Life and Death*, 1871. Dr. Francis has also patented ten useful inventions.

EDWARD SPRAGUE RAND, JR.

Edward Sprague Rand, Jr., was born in Boston, October 20, 1836. He is the son of Edward Sprague Rand, a distinguished lawyer, of Boston, and the grandson of the Hon. Edward S. Rand, of Newburyport. Mr. Rand graduated at Harvard in 1855, and from Cambridge Law School in 1857. He then passed examination for admission to the bar of Suffolk County, and continued study and began practice in the office of the Hon. Richard H. Dana, Jr., and Francis E. Parker. Remaining with Mr. Dana for eighteen months, he then went into partnership with his father, with whom he still continues practice.

Mr. Rand's first published work was a collection of poems (Boston, 1859), which had previously appeared in the magazines and newspapers of the day. It was a small volume, of about two hundred pages, entitled *Life Memorials*. The book was very favorably received and noticed, the edition was speedily exhausted, and the volume has never been reprinted. Mr. Rand has been a frequent poetical contributor to the periodical literature of the day, and has also written extensively on horticultural subjects. In 1863, he published an elegantly illus-

trated volume on floriculture, called, *Flowers for the Parlor and Garden*, which has had a large circulation. He has since published a *Botany of the New England States*—an elaborate treatise on the Culture of Orchidaceous Plants, illustrated with colored plates; *Bulbs; Garden Flowers, How to Cultivate Them; The Rhododendron* and “*American Plants*,” and *Seventy-five Popular Flowers, and How to Cultivate Them*, 1870. Mr. Rand resides upon his farm of “Glen Ridge,” on the banks of Charles River, in the town of Dedham, about nine miles from Boston, where he devotes the hours not occupied by the practice of his profession to floriculture and literature.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

The maiden name of this popular writer was Chandler. She was born in the year 1835, in the town of Pomfret, in the eastern part of Connecticut, a hilly and romantic region, the natural influences of which, in the cultivation of a poetic sensibility, were impressed upon her childhood. Fond of books in her youth, she early displayed a talent for composition, writing for publication, over the signature of “Ellen Louise,” at the age of fifteen. Her first book, a collection of miscellanies—stories, essays, reveries, and poems—entitled, *This, That, and the Other*, was published by Messrs. Phillips, Sampson & Co., in Boston, in 1854, when the author was nineteen. It was well received by the public, reaching a sale of from thirteen to fourteen thousand. In 1855, Miss Chandler was married to Mr. Moulton, a Boston publisher. Her second book, a novel, *Juno Clifford*, was issued anonymously, at the close of that year, by Messrs. Appleton & Co., of New York, and, like its predecessor, met with a favorable reception. In 1856, Mrs. Moulton commenced writing for *Harper's Magazine*, to which, and to *Harper's Weekly*, she has since been a frequent contributor of tales, poems, and sketches. A new collection of tales from her pen was published by Messrs. Harper, in 1859, entitled *My Third Book*, containing “The Pride of Moses Grant,” “No. 101,” “My Inheritance,” “The Tenant of the Old Brown House,” and other stories of well-deserved popularity. The subsequent magazine stories of this author, published by the Harpers, would fill several volumes; among others, we may mention “Twelve Years of My Life,” “A Wife's Story,” “Out of Nazareth,” and “Three Lives” (*Harper's Magazine*, 1860-'64). No collection has yet been made of Mrs. Moulton's poems, which, like her prose sketches, are of a refined, sentimental, imaginative character. One of them, “The House in the Meadow,” was published, with illustrations, in the London *Art Journal*.

**Mrs. Moulton in late years has been the accomplished contributor of literary notes from Boston to the New York *Tribune*. She prepared an attractive book for the children in 1873, entitled, *Bed-time Stories*.

MARY L. BOOTH,

An accomplished author, and translator of numerous valuable works from the French, was

born April 19, 1831, at Milville, now Yaphank, a village of Suffolk County, L. I., in the State of New York. She received her early education at home, and attended the district school. From this she passed to several academies and seminaries on Long Island, where she acquired the elements of a liberal education in the classics and mathematics, and an acquaintance with the French language, which she afterwards perfected, under competent instruction, at Williamsburg, L. I., to which place her father removed in 1844, to take charge, as principal, of one of the public schools. Her literary tastes subsequently led her to become a contributor of tales and sketches to various journals and magazines. In 1856, she translated, from the French, *The Marble-Worker's Manual* (Sheldon & Blakeman, N. Y.), which was followed by translations from the French of Méry's *André Chenier*, and About's *King of the Mountains*, for *Emerson's Magazine*, to which she also contributed original articles. In 1859, her translation of the *Secret History of the French Court, or Life and Times of Madame de Chevreuse*, from the French of Victor Cousin, was published by Delisser & Procter, New York. Miss Booth had been, meanwhile, engaged in the preparation of an original work of much labor and reading, a *History of the City of New York*, which was issued in 1859, in New York, in an octavo volume, with numerous engravings. After the publication of this work, Miss Booth assisted Mr. O. W. Wight in his series of translations of the French classics, and also translated *Germaine*, from the French of About, for a Boston publisher.

The breaking out of the Southern Rebellion, in 1861, supplied Miss Booth with new material for translation in several important works by French authors of distinction, who employed their pens in influencing public opinion in Europe in behalf of the Government of the United States. She translated in rapid succession, Count de Gasparin's *Uprising of a Great People*, and *America Before Europe* (New York, 1861); *Paris in America*, by M. Laboulaye (New York, 1863); *The Results of Emancipation and the Results of Slavery*, by Augustin Cochin (Boston, 1862). She also translated, *Human Sorrows*, *Camille*, and *Vesper*, by the Countess, and *Happiness*, by the Count de Gasparin. While these works were in progress, Miss Booth maintained a constant correspondence with the Count de Gasparin, Messrs. Laboulaye, Cochin, Martin, and other friends of America in France, and translated many of their articles and papers for the journals and reviews.

Miss Booth has been engaged for years upon a translation of Henri Martin's *History of France*, of which she published two volumes, embracing the *Age of Louis XIV.*, in 1864. These were followed in 1866 by two others, the last of the original, under the title, *The Decline of the French Monarchy*, to which will succeed the previous volumes of the work from the beginning; this mode of division and publication having been sanctioned as the most practicable by the author, who has highly complimented the translator, in a letter which has been published, on the fidelity and spirit of her work.

** Since 1867, Miss Booth has been connected with the editorship of *Harper's Bazaar*. Her *History of the City of New York* was enlarged to two volumes in 1867. She has translated Laboulaye's *Fairy Book*, and Mace's *Fairy Tales*, and has in preparation the translation of an abridgment of Martin's History of France, made by its author.

GEORGE E. BAKER

Was born in Dedham, Mass., 1816. He has passed much of his time in public life. In 1853, he edited, with an ample introductory Memoir, an edition, in three volumes, octavo, of the *Works of Wm. H. Seward*, to which a fourth has been added, and a fifth, including portions of Mr. Seward's diplomatic correspondence, has been prepared for publication. In 1854 Mr. Baker prepared and published an elaborate pamphlet on *The Nebraska Question*. While a member of the New York legislature, in 1851, he made an extended Report on the State Prisons, their theory, management, discipline, &c. He also made an argumentative Report on Capital Punishment. Both of these documents were published in extra numbers by the friends of the principles advocated. Mr. Baker has edited several periodicals, and has been a frequent contributor to magazines and newspapers. From 1861 to 1871 he was engaged at Washington, D. C., as the financial agent of the Department of State. On the formation of the new government of the District of Columbia, he was appointed Comptroller of the District, which office he now holds (1873).

CHARLES LORING BRACE

Was born in Litchfield, Connecticut, in 1826. He graduated at Yale College in 1846, studied theology at Yale and the Union Theological Seminaries. After his ordination, he made a pedestrian tour, in 1850, through England and Scotland and portions of the Continent, in company with Mr. F. L. Olmsted, who has given the results of the journey in his work entitled, *Walks and Talks of an American Farmer in England*. In the following year, Mr. Brace travelled in Germany, Hungary, and Italy, paying particular attention to the condition of the laboring classes, and to the institutions of charity and penal reform. During his journey in Hungary he was arrested as a revolutionary agent by the Austrian Government, and imprisoned in the fortress of Groswardein, until, after some weeks' incarceration, he was liberated at the demand of the Hon. C. J. McCurdy, the American *Chargé d'Affaires* at Vienna. The observations made in these journeys were embodied in two different works, published by Mr. Brace in 1851 and 1853, entitled, *Hungary* in 1851, and *Home Life in Germany*.

Mr. Brace now devoted his time and labors to philanthropic efforts among the street children of New York, and, with others, inaugurated the Childrens' Aid Society, News-Boys' Lodging Houses, Boys' Meetings, Industrial Schools, and other charitable agencies of a similar nature, the results of which have been to reform or place in good circumstances large numbers of destitute and abandoned children.

In 1854 Mr. Brace visited Great Britain, for the purpose of studying its ragged schools and institutions of juvenile reform. In 1856, he spent a few months in travelling over Sweden and Norway; and the following year, published *The Norse Folk*, being a narrative of his observations upon that journey, and a comprehensive account of those two countries. Since that time he has been engaged in an extended organization of charitable effort among the poor children of New York. In 1863 he published a compact treatise on ethnology, based on the classifications of languages, and entitled, *The Races of the Old World; or, a Manual of Ethnology*.

** This work was followed by *Short Sermons to Newsboys*, 1866; *The New West, or California* in 1867-8; and *The Dangerous Classes of New York, Twenty Years' Work Among Them*, 1872. He paid a second visit to Hungary and Transylvania in 1872, and described those countries in the daily press.

FREDERICK LAW OLMSTED

Was born in Hartford, Connecticut, April 25, 1822. He became in early life a scientific student of agriculture, pursuing the studies of engineering and chemistry at Yale College, and subsequently, being practically engaged in farming operations in Central New York, and on Staten Island, where he carried out his plans on land of his own. In 1850, he made a pedestrian tour through Great Britain, and parts of the Continent of Europe, with a view of gaining a practical acquaintance with the modes of agriculture, laying out grounds, etc., practised in those countries. On his return to the United States, he published, in 1852, an account of a portion of this journey, in a duodecimo volume, entitled, *Walks and Talks of an American Farmer in England*. "I have most desired," he states in the preface, "to bring before my brother farmers, and their families, such things that I saw in England as have conveyed practical agricultural information, or useful suggestions, to myself, and such evidences of simply refined tastes, good feelings, and enlarged Christian sentiments among our English brethren, as all should enjoy to read of." The volume, written in a lively, spirited manner, displayed uncommon powers of reflection, and a rare talent at dialogue and description.

In 1853, Mr. Olmsted made a journey through the Slave States of the South, from Virginia to Louisiana, communicating incidents and observations, on his route, to the public, in a series of travelling letters, published in the *New York Times*. These he subsequently revised, incorporating the results of a second tour in a volume published in New York, in 1856, entitled, *A Journey in the Seaboard Slave States, with Remarks on their Economy*. In this work he took a dispassionate view of the system of slave-labor, exhibited its defects in an economical point of view, and its unfavorable influence in checking the growth and prosperity of the country where it prevailed. The same year, Mr. Olmsted undertook a journey on horseback through Texas, with a view of strengthening his health. He studied the country with his usual acumen and diligence; and, in 1857, published

the result of his observations in a volume entitled, *A Journey Through Texas; or, a Saddle-Trip on the Southwestern Frontier; with a Statistical Appendix*. A third volume of this series of travels in the Slave States appeared in 1860, *A Journey in the Back Country*. In 1861, a résumé of the entire series was published in two volumes: *The Cotton Kingdom: A Traveller's Observations on Cotton and Slavery in the American Slave States, based upon three former volumes of Journeys and Investigations, by the same Author*. The rebellion originating in the South, and directly traceable to the slave power, had now given increased interest to Mr. Olmsted's studies of its character and development in these volumes, which will remain permanent landmarks of a most important and significant era in the history of the country.

In an interval between his Southern tours, Mr. Olmsted, in 1855, had made a second visit to Europe, journeying through France, Italy, and Germany, and paying particular attention to landscape gardening on his route. His acquaintance with this subject readily led to his appointment, on his return to New York, in 1857, as architect and chief engineer of the Central Park, the successful prosecution of which, with its early splendid results in utility and beauty, are largely owing to his experience, energy, and good taste.

**Mr. Olmsted, on the outbreak of the war in 1861, was appointed by the President one of the Commissioners of Inquiry and Advice in respect to the sanitary condition of the Army and Navy. He resigned his office and removed to Washington. His work there is described in Dr. Stillé's *History of the Sanitary Commission* (pp. 76-9). He spent the years 1864-5 on the Pacific coast. Since then he has managed park and other public improvements in New York, Brooklyn, Buffalo, Chicago, and elsewhere, and has been president of the Park Commission in New York.

CHARLES P. DALY

Was born of Irish parentage, in the city of New York, October 31, 1816. In very early life he went to sea as a common sailor, was afterwards apprenticed to a mechanical business; then studied law, and, in 1839, was admitted to the bar in New York. In 1843, he was elected a member of the Legislature for the city of New York. In 1845, he was appointed Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of the city, which position he has held for more than twenty years, having been repeatedly re-elected. In 1857, he was made First Judge, or Chief-Justice of the Court. In 1860, the degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred upon him by Columbia College. In 1855, he published an elaborate *Historical Sketch of the Judicial Tribunals of New York, from 1623 to 1846* (royal 8vo, pp. 68). This was written and first published as an introduction to the first volume of E. Delafeld Smith's Reports of the New York Court of Common Pleas. Judge Daly has also delivered various lectures on legal subjects before the Law School of Columbia College. He has published, in pamphlet form, *A Comparison between the Ancient Feudal and Modern Banking Sys-*

tems; The Past History and Present State of the Law of Naturalization in the Different Countries of the World (8vo, pp. 48, 1860); *Are the Southern Privateersmen Pirates?*—a letter to the Hon. Ira Harris, United States Senator (8vo, pp. 13, 1862); *Origin and History of Institutions for the Promotion of the Useful Arts*—a discourse delivered before the American Institute, of the City of New York, in 1863 (8vo, pp. 35); *The Nature, Extent, and History of the Jurisdiction of the Surrogates' Courts of the State of New York* (8vo, pp. 54, 1863); and, *When was the Drama introduced in America? An Historical Inquiry anterior to Dunlap's History of the American Theatre*, read before the New York Historical Society, in 1863. In addition to these publications, Judge Daly has written reviews, critical, historical, dramatic, and literary articles in *Appleton's Cyclopaedia*, and in various periodical publications. He also delivered numerous speeches and addresses during the recent civil war; and addresses at the celebration, in the city of New York, of the centennial anniversary of the birth of Schiller; and upon laying the corner-stone, in the Central Park, of the monument to Shakspeare, at the tercentenary celebration of the poet's birth. Judge Daly is President of the American Geographical and Statistical Society, and Vice-President of the American Ethnological Society. He was subsequently engaged in the preparation of *A Memoir of the late Chancellor Kent*. His latest work is: *Reports of Cases in the Courts of Common Pleas City and County of New York*, 2 vols, 1866-9.

JOHN SAVAGE

John Savage was born December 13th, 1828, in the city of Dublin. He was educated at a leading academy, with a view of entering Trinity College, but, having displayed a taste for the fine arts, entered instead the Schools of Art of the Royal Dublin Society, with the intention of becoming an artist. He here won marked distinction, taking three prizes in 1845, for water-colors and original designs in ornamentation, and, in 1847, the silver medal for studies of animals, in oils, from nature. His grandfather having been a United Irishman in '98, it was but natural that the Irish agitations of 1843, under O'Connell and the new school of "Young Ireland" writers, should kindle his feelings. The European events of 1847, and the French Revolution of February, 1848, added to the flame, and in the latter year he made an appeal to the students, through the columns of the *Nation*, which was heartily responded to. The events of the year turned the Royal Society into a barrack. Mr. Savage became active in the clubs, started a couple of revolutionary journals, which the Government suppressed, and in the autumn organized with O'Mahony, and led the armed peasants in the south, at Portlaw, Rathgormuck, and other places on the Commeragh mountains. But the cause was lost, and, disguised as a sailor, Savage made his escape, and landed in New York before he had completed his twentieth year. His life now became one of arduous labor and unremitting study. His first employ-

ment was proof-reader on the *Tribune*, from which he retired in about a year. He followed art for some time, but his exigencies compelled him to seek the more ready resource of journalism, while his nature and feelings found expression in poetry and the critical analysis of art and literature. In 1850, Redfield published his *Lays of the Fatherland*, which, notwithstanding many defects incident to youth, met with a generous reception.

From 1850 to 1853, he wrote chiefly in the *American Whig Review* and *Democratic Review*. In the former, a series on "Evenings with some Female Poets," in dialogue, and a review of "Death Verses," Tennyson's *In Memoriam*, and the chief English monodies; and in the latter, articles on "Poe" and "Margaret Fuller" attracted attention. In 1854 he became literary editor of *The Citizen*, and in the fall of this year married Louise Gouverneur Reid (youngest daughter of the naval hero, Captain Samuel C. Reid), and removed to a cottage on Long Island, where, during the next few years, besides journalistic labor, he wrote '98 and '48, the *Modern Revolutionary History and Literature of Ireland*, which, published in New York in 1856, went to three editions in ten months; "*Waiting for a Wife*," a comedy, produced 1859; and "*Sybil*," a tragedy, produced 1858. The latter had a very remarkable success on the stage. He resided in Washington from 1857 to 1861, chiefly connected with *The States*, the leading organ of the views held by Stephen A. Douglas, with whom Mr. Savage was on terms of close friendship. During this period, Mr. Savage also wrote *Under the Rose*, a comedy, not yet produced, and *Our Living Representative Men*, published by G. W. Childs, Pa. On the breaking out of the rebellion, inducements were held out to Mr. Savage to take his paper South. He indignantly refused, and, moving his family to New York, volunteered into the 69th Regiment, under the late General Corcoran. At this time he wrote one of the earliest and most popular national songs, *The Starry Flag*, and soon after the ballad of *The Muster of the North*, the usefulness of which was acknowledged by a Government appointment. He took a prominent and active part in the organization of the "Irish Brigade" and "Irish Legion," and, during the first year of the war, was one of a commission of four (with Hiram Barney, Judge Daly, and R. O'Gorman), sent to Washington to urge upon President Lincoln and Cabinet the humanity of initiating an exchange of prisoners, which was successful.

About Christmas, 1863, T. B. Kirkir published a collection of Mr. Savage's poems, entitled *Faith and Fancy*, which was very cordially received, and reached a second edition in five weeks. The principal poems, besides the patriotic effusions alluded to, are of an imaginative and contemplative character.

He paid a visit to Cuba this year (1864), and subsequently found editorial work on the New Orleans *Daily Times*, which has become the leading journal of the South. In 1864 he wrote a campaign life of Andrew Johnson; and, on his elevation to the Presidency, devoted

the summer of '65 to an extended *Life and Public Services of Andrew Johnson*, in which the career of the President is thoroughly presented from authentic documents. Mr. Savage has also written a poetical romance, entitled *Eva, a Goblin Romance, in Five Parts*, 1865; and *Fenian Heroes and Martyrs*, 1868. A collective edition of his *Poems* appeared in 1867.

THEODORE WINTHROP.

There has been perhaps no loss to the literature of the nation from the war so severe as that of Theodore Winthrop. It is at the same time—and it is one of the remarkable occurrences which mark a period in every respect exceptional—almost certain that we owe the gift of his writings to the public to the war. The sacrifice of the soldier secured the fame of the author.

Theodore Winthrop was, on the father's side, a member of one of the most distinguished New England families, a direct descendant of the younger John Winthrop, the first Governor of Connecticut, and on the mother's of a not less memorable kinship with the descendants of Jonathan Edwards. He was born in New Haven, September 22, 1828. We are not presented with the details of his education until his admission to the Freshman class of Yale College, in his sixteenth year. He was a thorough student, carrying off at his graduation the Clark scholarship, and declared one of two equal competitors for that founded by Bishop Berkeley. The judges unable to decide between the two, the matter was decided by lot, and the lot fell to his opponent.

Winthrop left college in ill health, and wisely sought a re-establishment of strength in foreign travel. His books show that he was no indifferent lounging from place to place, but that he everywhere stored his brain with the rich treasures of art and nature. At Rome he met Mr. W. H. Aspinwall, well known as one of the founders of the Panama Railroad. He became a tutor to this gentleman's children, and, on the return of the party home, an occupant of a desk in his office. However desirable the position, it was probably too sudden a dropping down to monotony from the constant change of travel; and we are not surprised to hear of the transfer of his services to the Isthmus and the Pacific. He passed some time at Panama, and became familiar with the entire range of our western coast in the picturesque days of its early settlement. He had a hard conflict, not only with the local fevers but with the small-pox, which prostrated him at a remote settlement on the Pacific. As soon as he was able to leave his room he was in the saddle, starting on the long over-land journey home.

He returned to New York, was admitted to the bar, and opened an office; but the love of adventure carried him off again to the tropics as a member of the expedition of Lieutenant Strain. Again in New York, we find him making his home at Staten Island, a near neighbor of his friend George William Curtis.

Winthrop's first appearance in print was as the author of a description of the famous landscape, "The Heart of the Andes." An intimate

friend of the artist, he had sat by the easel and seen the picture as it grew to completeness under his rapid but sure touch, and the work so warmed his brain that he sought utterance for his admiration in words as glowing as the tropic sunshine of the picture.

In the spring of 1860 he offered two at least of his novels to two publishers. *Cecil Dreeme* fell into the hands of an appreciative "reader," who confessed in a few days to having, for the first time in his vocation, become so interested in the MS. as to sit up nearly all night to finish it. He recommended it warmly for publication. It was accepted, but the publication deferred, in consequence of the preoccupation of the public mind, until after the election. The other novel was also laid aside for the same reason.

He next sent the sketch, *Love and Skates*, to the *Atlantic Monthly*. It met a cordial welcome, but was also laid aside until "the ball was up." It created so favorable an impression, however, on the mind of the editor, that on hearing of the author's departure for the seat of war, he at once engaged him to write a series of sketches. *The March of the Seventh* was, of course, too stirring a subject not to find its way at once into print, and the magazine containing it was scarcely in the hands of all its subscribers before the author's reputation was made.

Winthrop had always taken a warm interest in the welfare of his country, and in 1856 made a vigorous electioneering tour through the rural districts of Pennsylvania, in advocacy of Colonel Fremont. The state of his health prevented him from rendering like service in 1860. He was following the usual pleasant course of his life, visiting studios, taking country walks, including a spring over every five-barred gate met by the way-side, and giving further vent to his enthusiasm as a fearless rider of fiery steeds, when, after chafing over the long period of inaction, the news arrived of the fall of Sumter.

Mr. Curtis has furnished an interesting record of the way in which this news was talked over in his study. At the call of the proclamation, on the morrow, he obeyed the summons as quickly as his own Don Fulano, "to slay and to save." His subsequent career is vividly before us in his sketches, animated as the music to which he marched, and a few fragments of private letters published by Mr. Curtis. He left the Seventh at Washington to accompany General Butler to Fortress Monroe as secretary, with the rank of major. He planned with his commanding officer the attack on the Bethels, and took part in the action. At a critical time on that disastrous morning of the 10th of June, 1861, he sprang upon a log to rally his men, in full sight of the enemy. A rebel shot pierced his heart, and he fell dead on his face. His remains were brought to New York. The funeral service was read at the armory of the Seventh, and the body was carried in funeral procession on the howitzer which he had helped to drag, only two months before, through the same Broadway.

Cecil Dreeme was published soon after Winthrop's death, and of course at once attracted the attention of the public. High expectations were, however, more than gratified by the work.

Cecil Dreeme is in its plot a romance, in its characters and dialogue a novel of society. Its scenes are for the most part in the studios of the New York University. He has invested this building with a mysterious romantic interest far beyond any thing hitherto attained by our local writers. We must protest against some of the charges of shabbiness, decay, and flimsiness he has brought against an edifice of very fair architectural pretensions. The marble staircase would be a very respectable flight of steps in any college edifice of the Old World, and you can ascend without any fear of flakes of whitewash. The studios are not recitation-rooms deserted for lack of students, never having, to our knowledge, been occupied as such, the second floor of the building affording ample accommodation for hundreds of students and a score of professors. Mr. Winthrop should also have known that the boys did not mob their professors; and that instructors like Dr. Henry, Tayler Lewis, Dr. Draper, and Howard Crosby, were not "mullein-stalks." An occasional injustice must, however, be pardoned to the satirist. His hits are in the main as well deserved as they are sharp.

The main incident of the story turns upon the disguise of a woman as a man, and we are bound to say that we remember no instance of a like success, perfectly pure, modest, and spirited, short of Viola and Rosalind. The secret is also wonderfully well hidden from the reader.

There is a shade of gravity, almost of sadness, thrown over many parts of the work, a warning of impending evil, a submission to fate, that reminds us of a similar atmosphere in the stories of Charles Brockden Brown. We are almost sure, from the similarity, that Winthrop had been a reader of this almost forgotten, but most gifted writer, and our conviction is confirmed on meeting the very striking and musical name of Olitheroe, one of Brown's characters, in the pages of *John Brent*. The indefinable tone which we have ventured to style the atmosphere of the book, is also a characteristic of Hawthorne. It is an evidence of kindred genius, not of imitation, for it is too subtle an influence to be imitated.

John Brent, his second novel, carries us across the Plains from California in a style such as pen has never crossed them before. The book should have been called *Don Fulano*, in honor of the matchless steed who so faithfully bears his master to the redressal of wrong and setting up of right, at eventful crises. A horse has seldom been so admirably described, so sharply individualized. It is a work to rank with the great masters of the chisel and the palette as well as of the pen. The descriptions of prairie life, of the mountain-passes, the way landscape, the far-off approach of caravans, are admirable. So too is the individualization of the characters, the fresh, vigorous over-land mail-carriers, the Oregon frontiersman, the disgusting rabble of Mormons from Lancashire.

The exchange from trail to rail must be a sad fall from the picturesque to the prosaic. It would have been as well if the story had ended at Independence. There is a sort of fifth act in civilization, which, excellent in itself, suffers by contrast with what has gone before. Readers,

we fear, will skip as remorselessly as audiences turn their backs on the moonlight rhapsodies of Lorenzo and Jessica.

Other writings of Winthrop, drawn from his copious stores of manuscript, followed in rapid succession,—*Edwin Brothertoft*, another novel, and two graphic volumes of travelling sketches, *The Canoe and the Saddle; Adventures among the Northwestern Rivers, and Forests, and Isthmuses*, the last relating to Panama; and *Life in the Open Air, and other Papers*, including his war sketches, "The Heart of the Andes," and a brilliant narrative of a summer journey in Maine.

****THE RIDE OF THE AVENGERS—FROM JOHN BRENT.**

Brent's unerring judgment had divined the course aright. On he led, charging along the trail, as if he were trampling already on the carcasses of the pursued. On he led and we followed, drawing nearer, nearer to our goal.

Our horses suffered bitterly for water. Some five hours we had ridden without a pause. Not one drop or sign of water in all that arid waste. The torrents had poured along the dry water-courses too hastily to let the scanty alders and willows along their line treasure up any sap of growth. The wild-sage bushes had plainly never tasted fluid more plenteous than seldom dewdrops doled out on certain rare festal days, enough to keep their meagre foliage a dusty gray. No pleasant streamlet lurked anywhere under the long dry grass of the savannas. The arroyos were parched and hot as rifts in lava.

It became agonizing to listen to the panting and gasping of our horses. Their eyes grew staring and bloodshot. We suffered, ourselves, hardly less than they. It was cruel to press on. But we must hinder a crueler cruelty. Love against Time,—Vengeance against Time! We must not flinch for any weak humanity to the noble allies that struggled on with us, without one token of resistance.

Fulano suffered least. He turned his brave eye back, and beckoned me with his ear to listen, while he seemed to say: "See, this is my Endurance! I hold my Power ready still to show."

And he curved his proud neck, shook his mane like a banner, and galloped the grandest of all.

We came to a broad strip of sand, the dry bed of a mountain torrent. The trail followed up this disappointing path. Heavy ploughing for the tired horses! How would they bear the rough work down the ravine yet to come?

Suddenly our leader pulled up and sprang from the saddle.

"Look!" he cried, "how those fellows spent their time, and saved ours. Thank Heaven for this! We shall save her surely now."

It was WATER! No need to go back to Pindar to know that it was "the Best."

They had dug a pit deep in the thirsty sand, and found a lurking river buried there. Nature never questioned what manner of men they were that sought. Murderers flying from vengeance and planning now another villain outrage,—still impartial Nature did not change her laws for them. Sunshine, air, water, life,—these boons of hers,—she gave them freely. That higher boon of death, if they were to receive, it must be from some other power, greater than the indiscriminating force of Nature.

Good luck and good omen, this well of water

in the sand! It proved that our chase had suffered as we, and had been delayed as we. Before they had dared to pause and waste priceless moments here, their horses, must have been drooping terribly. The pit was nearly five feet deep. A good hour's work, and no less, had dug it with such tools as they could bring. I almost laughed to think of the two, slowly bailing out the sliding sand with a tin plate, perhaps, and a frying-pan, while a score of miles away upon the desert we three were riding hard upon their tracks to follow them the fleetest for this refreshment they had left. "Sic vos non vobis!" I was ready to say triumphantly; but then I remembered the third figure in their group,—a woman, like a Sibyl, growing calmer as her peril grew, and succor seemed to withdraw. And the pang of this picture crushed back into my heart any thoughts but a mad anxiety and a frenzy to be driving on.

We drank thankfully of this well by the wayside. No gentle beauty hereabouts to enchant us to delay. No grand old tree, the shelter and the landmark of the fountain, proclaiming an oasis near. Nothing but bare hot sand. But the water was pure, cool, and bright. It had come underground from the Sierra, and still remembered its parent snows. We drank and were grateful, almost to the point of pity. Had we been avengers, like Armstrong, my friend and I could well-nigh have felt mercy here, and turned back pardoning. But rescue was more imperative than vengeance. Our business tortured us, as with the fanged scourge of Tisiphone, while we dallied. We grudged these moments of refreshment. Before night fell down the west, and night was soon to be climbing up the east, we must overtake,—and then?

I wiped the dust and spume away from Fulano's nostrils and breathed him a moment. Then I let him drain deep, delicious draughts from the stirrup-cup. He whinnied thanks and undying fealty,—my noble comrade! He drank like a reveller. When I mounted again, he gave a jubilant curvet and bound. My weight was a feather to him. All those leagues of our hard, hot gallop were nothing.

The brown Sierra here was close at hand. Its glittering, icy summits, above the dark and sheeny walls, far above the black phalanxes of clambering pines, stooped forward and hung over us as we rode. We were now at the foot of the range, where it dipped suddenly down upon the plain. The gap, our goal all day, opened before us, grand and terrible. Some giant force had clutched the mountains, and riven them narrowly apart. The wild defile gaped, and then wound away and closed, lost between its mighty walls, a thousand feet high, and bearing two brother pyramids of purple cliffs aloft, far above the snow line. A fearful portal into a scene of the throes and agonies of earth! and my excited eyes seemed to read, gilded over its entrance, in the dead gold of that hazy October sunshine, words from Dante's inscription,—

"Per me si va tra la perduta gente;
Lasciate ogni speranza voi, ch' entrate!"

"Here we are," said Brent, speaking hardly above his breath. "This is Luggernel Alley at last, thank God! In an hour, if the horses hold out, we shall be at the Springs; that is if we can go through this breakneck gorge at the same pace. My horse began to flinch a little before the water. Perhaps that will set him up. How are yours?"

"Fulano asserts that he has not begun to show himself yet. 'I may have to carry you *en croupe*, before we are done.'"

Armstrong said nothing, but pointed impatiently down the defile. The gaunt white horse moved on quicker at this gesture. He seemed a tireless machine, not flesh and blood, — a being like his master, living and acting by the force of a purpose alone.

Our chief led the way into the cañon.

Yes, John Brent, you were right when you called Luggernel Alley a wonder of our continent.

I remember it now, — I only saw it then; — for those strong scenes of nature assault the soul whether it will or no, fight in against affirmative or negative resistance, and bide their time to be admitted as dominant over the imagination. It seemed to me then that I was not noticing how grand the precipices, how stupendous the cleavages, how rich and gleaming the rock faces in Luggernel Alley. My business was not to stare about, but to look sharp and ride hard; and I did it.

Yet now I can remember, distinct as if I beheld it, every stride of that pass; and everywhere, as I recall foot after foot of that fierce chasm, I see three men with set faces, — one deathly pale and wearing a bloody turban, — all galloping steadily on, on an errand to save and to slay.

Terrible riding it was! A pavement of slippery, sheeny rock; great beds of loose stones; barricades of mighty boulders, where a cliff had fallen an æon ago, before the days of the road-maker race; crevices where an unwary foot might catch; wide rifts where a shaky horse might fall, or a timid horseman drag him down. Terrible riding! A pass where a calm traveller would go quietly picking his steps, thankful if each hour counted him a safe mile.

Terrible riding! Madness to go as we went! Horse and man, any moment either might shatter every limb. But man and horse neither can know what he can do, until he has dared and done. On we went, with the old frenzy growing tenser. Heart almost broken with eagerness.

No whipping or spurring. Our horses were a part of ourselves. While we could go, they would go. Since the water they were full of leap again. Down in the shady Alley, too, evening had come before its time. Noon's packing of hot air had been dislodged by a mountain breeze drawing through. Horses and men were braced and cheered to their work; and in such riding as that, the man and the horse must think together and move together, — eye and hand of the rider must choose and command, as bravely as the horse executes. The blue sky was overhead, the red sun upon the castellated walls a thousand feet above us, the purpling chasm opened before. It was late, these were the last moments. But we should save the lady yet.

"Yes," our hearts shouted to us, "we shall save her yet."

An arroyo, the channel of a dry torrent, followed the pass. It had made its way as water does, not straightway, but by that potent feminine method of passing under the frowning front of an obstacle, and leaving the dull rock staring there, while the wild creature it would have held is gliding away down the valley. This zigzag channel baffled us; we must leap it without check wherever it crossed our path. Every second now was worth a century. Here was the sign of horses, passed but now. We could not choose

ground. We must take our leaps on that cruel rock whenever they offered.

Poor Pumps!

He had carried his master so nobly! There were so few miles to do! He had chased so well; he merited to be in at the death.

Brent lifted him at a leap across the arroyo.

Poor Pumps!

His hind feet slipped on the time-smoothed rock. He fell short. He plunged down a dozen feet among the rough boulders of the torrent-bed. Brent was out of the saddle almost before he struck, raising him.

No, he would never rise again. Both his forelegs were broken at the knee. He rested there, kneeling on the rocks where he fell.

Brent groaned. The horse screamed horribly, horribly, — there is no more agonized sound, — and the scream went echoing high up the cliffs where the red sunlight rested.

It costs a loving master much to butcher his brave and trusty horse, the half of his knightly self; but it costs him more to hear him shriek in such misery. Brent drew his pistol to put poor Pumps out of pain.

Armstrong sprang down and caught his hand.

"Stop!" he said in his hoarse whisper.

He had hardly spoken, since we started. My nerves were so strained, that this mere ghost of a sound rang through me like a death-yell, a grisly cry of merciless and exultant vengeance. I seemed to hear its echoes rising up and swelling in a cloud of thick uproar, until they burst over the summit of the pass, and were wasted in the crannies of the towering mountain-flanks above.

"Stop!" whispered Armstrong. "No shooting! They'll hear. The knife!"

He held out his knife to my friend.

Brent hesitated one heart-beat. Could he stain his hand with his faithful servant's blood?

Pumps screamed again.

Armstrong snatched the knife and drew it across the throat of the crippled horse.

Poor Pumps! He sank and died without a moan. Noble martyr in the old heroic cause!

I caught the knife from Armstrong. I cut the thong of my girth. The heavy California saddle, with its maceheers and roll of blankets, fell to the ground. I cut off my spurs. They had never yet touched Fulano's flanks. He stood beside me quiet, but trembling to be off.

"Now Brent! up behind me!" I whispered, — for the awe of death was upon us.

I mounted. Brent sprang up behind. I ride light for a tall man. Brent is the slightest body of an athlete I ever saw.

Fulano stood steady till we were firm in our seats.

Then he tore down the defile.

Here was that vast reserve of power; here the tireless spirit; here the hoof striking true as a thunderbolt, where the brave eye saw footing; here that writhing agony of speed; here the great promise fulfilled, the great heart thrilling to mine, the grand body living to the beating heart. Noble Fulano!

I rode with a snaffle. — I left it hanging loose. I did not check or guide him. He saw all. He knew all. All was his doing.

We sat firm, clinging as we could, as we must. Fulano dashed along the resounding pass.

Armstrong pressed after, — the gaunt white horse struggled to emulate his leader. Presently we lost them behind the curves of the Alley. No

other horse that ever lived could have held with the black in that headlong gallop to save.

Over the slippery rocks, over the sheeny pavement, plunging through the loose stones, staggering over the barricades, leaping the arroyo, down, up, on, always on, — on went the horse, we clinging as we might.

It seemed one beat of time, it seemed an eternity, when between the ring of the hoofs I heard Brent whisper in my ear:

"We are there."

The crags flung apart, right and left. I saw a sylvan glade. I saw the gleam of gushing water. Fulano dashed on, uncontrollable!

There they were, — the Murderers.

Arrived but one moment!

The lady still bound to that pack-mule branded A & A.

Murker just beginning to unsaddle.

Larrup not dismounted, in chase of the other animals as they strayed to graze.

The men heard the tramp and saw us, as we sprang into the glade.

Both my hands were at the bridle.

Brent, grasping my waist with one arm, was awkward with his pistol.

Murker saw us first. He snatched his six-shooter and fired.

Brent shook with a spasm. His pistol-arm dropped.

Before the murderer could cock again, Fulano was upon him!

He was ridden down. He was beaten, trampled down upon the grass, — crushed, abolished.

We disentangled ourselves from the *mêlée*.

Where was the other?

The coward, without firing a shot, was spurring Armstrong's Flathead horse blindly up the cañon, whence we had issued.

We turned to Murker.

Fulano was up again, and stood there shuddering. But the man?

A hoof had battered in the top of his skull; blood was gushing from his mouth; his ribs were broken; all his body was a trodden massacred carcass.

He breathed once, as we lifted him.

Then a tranquil, child-like look stole over his face, — that well-known look of the weary body, thankful that the turbulent soul had gone. Murker was dead.

Fulano, and not we, had been executioner. *His* was the stain of blood.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND

Was born in Philadelphia, August 15, 1824. He graduated at Princeton College, at the age of twenty-two, and then continued his studies abroad, at the Universities of Heidelberg, Munich, and Paris, applying himself especially to modern languages, æsthetics, history, and philosophy. Returning to Philadelphia in 1848, after witnessing the revolution of that year at Paris, he studied law in the office of John Cadwallader, and was admitted to the bar. His tastes, however, soon led him to the literary career which he has since pursued. He began to write, while in college, for the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, and was an editor on *Sartain's Magazine*, *Griswold's International*, *Graham's Magazine*, the *Philadelphia Bulletin*, and other periodicals. In 1855, he published at Philadel-

phia a volume entitled *The Poetry and Mystery of Dreams*, a work of curious research, displaying much reading in out-of-the-way authorities; and in 1856 *Meister Karl's Sketch Book*. Mr. Leland has succeeded in the accomplishment of



Charles G. Leland.

a work of much difficulty. He has felicitously rendered in English verse the fine idiomatic poems of the German wit and philosopher Heine, in a volume entitled *Heine's Book of Song*, and has translated with equal success that author's *Pictures of Travel*.

** Besides numerous contributions to literary journals, and to *Appleton's Cyclopædia*, as well as an editorship of *Vanity Fair*, *The Continental Magazine*, and the *Philadelphia Press*, Mr. Leland has, in recent years, written and translated some volumes marked by humor and versatility, as well as by the graces of thought and scholarship. His original works include: *Sunshine in Thought*, 1863, a scholarly plea for gayety and good humor in literature; *Legends of the Birds*, 1864, a companion volume of poems and pictorial illustrations; *The Union Railway, Eastern Division*; or, *Three Thousand Miles in a Railway Car*, 1867; and the *Hans Breitmann Ballads*, a series of humorous verses in broken English, as spoken by a Deutscher Amerikaner, 1868-71. The latter met a hearty welcome at the outset in *Hans Breitmann's Party*, published with other droll scenes in rhyme, and successive representations followed of that burlesque character "About Town," "In Church," "In Europe," and "As a Uhlán." These were all collected into one volume in 1871, with a glossary.

Mr. Leland gathered his poems into a volume in 1872, entitled *The Music Lesson of Confucius, and Other Poems*. In the same year, he published *Gaudeamus*, a series of rollicking students' songs, translated from the German of Joseph Victor Scheffel. A year later appeared *The English Gypsies and their Language*, founded on personal investigations made in England; and the *Egyptian Sketch Book*.

** HANS BREITMANN'S PARTY.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty,
 Dey had biano-blayin;
 I felled in lofe mit a Merican frau,
 Her name vas Madilda Yane.
 She hat haar as prown ash a pretzel,
 Her eyes vas himmel-pleu,
 Und ven dey looket indo mine,
 Dey shplit mine heart in two.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty,
 I vent there you 'll pe pound.
 I valtzed mit Madilda Yane
 Und vent shpinnen round und round.
 De pootiest Fraulein in de House,
 She vayed 'pout dwo hundred pound,
 Und efery dime she gife a shoomp
 She make de windows sound.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty,
 I dells you it cost him dear.
 Dey rolled in more ash sefen kecks
 Of foost-rate Lager Beer.
 Und venfer dey knocks de shpicket in
 De Deutschers gifes a cheer,
 I dinks dat so vine a barty,
 Nefer coom to a het dis year.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty,
 Dere all vas Souse und Brouse,
 Ven de Scooper comed in, de gompany
 Did make demselves to God;
 Dey ate das Brot und Gensy broost,
 De Bratwurst und Braten fine,
 Und vash der Abendessen down
 Mit four parrels of Neckarwein.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty,
 We all cot troonk as bigs,
 I poot mine mout to a parrel of beer
 Und emptied it oop mit a schwigs.
 Und denn I gissed Madilda Yane
 Und she shlog me on de kop,
 Und de gompany fited mit daple-lecks
 Dill de coonshtable made oos shtop.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty —
 Where ish dat barty now!
 Where ish de lofely golden cloud
 Dat floats on de moundain's prow?
 Where ish de himmelstrahlende Stern —
 De Shtar of de shpirit's light?
 All gonod afay mit de Lager Beer —
 Afay in de ewigkeit!

** A THOUSAND YEARS AGO.

Thou and I in spirit-land,
 A thousand years ago,
 Watched the waves beat on the strand,
 Ceaseless ebb and flow;
 Vowed to love and ever love —
 A thousand years ago.

Thou and I in greenwood shade,
 Nine hundred years ago,
 Heard the wild dove in the glade
 Murmuring soft and low;
 Vowed to love for evermore, —
 Nine hundred years ago.

Thou and I in yonder star,
 Eight hundred years ago,
 Saw strange forms of light afar
 In wild beauty glow;
 All things change, but love endures
 Now as long ago!

Thou and I in Norman halls,
 Seven hundred years ago,
 Heard the warder on the walls
 Loud his trumpet blow, —
 'Ton amors sera tojors,'
 Seven hundred years ago!

Thou and I in Germany,
 Six hundred years ago —
 Then I bound the red cross on;
 'True love, I must go, —
 But we part to meet again
 In the endless flow!'

Thou and I in Syrian plains,
 Five hundred years ago,
 Felt the wild fire in our veins
 To a fever glow!
 All things die, but love lives on
 Now as long ago!

Thou and I in shadow-land,
 Four hundred years ago,
 Saw strange flowers bloom on the strand,
 Heard strange breezes blow:
 In the ideal, love is real,
 This alone I know.

Thou and I in Italy,
 Three hundred years ago,
 Lived in faith and died for God,
 Felt the fagots glow:
 Ever new and ever true,
 Three hundred years ago.

Thou and I on southern seas,
 Two hundred years ago,
 Felt the perfumed even-breeze,
 Spoke in Spanish by the trees,
 Had no care or woe:
 Life went dreamily in song,
 Two hundred years ago.

Thou and I 'mid Northern snows,
 One hundred years ago,
 Led an iron, silent life,
 And were glad to flow
 Onwards into changing death,
 One hundred years ago.

Thou and I but yesterday
 Met in Fashion's show,
 Love, did you remember me,
 Love of long ago?
 Yes; we keep the fond oath sworn
 A thousand years ago!

** THE TWO FRIENDS.

I have two friends — two glorious friends — two
 better could not be,
 And every night when midnight tolls they meet
 to laugh with me.

The first was shot by Carlist thieves — ten years
 ago in Spain.
 The second drowned near Alicante — while I alive
 remain.

I love to see their dim white forms come floating
 through the night,
 And grieve to see them fade away in early morn-
 ing light.

The first with gnomes in the Under Land is lead-
 ing a lordly life,
 The second has married a mer-maiden, a beautiful
 water-wife.

And since I have friends in the Earth and Sea —
with a few, I trust, on high,
'Tis a matter of small account to me — the way
that I may die.

For whether I sink in the foaming flood, or swing
on the triple tree,
Or die in my bed, as a Christian should, is all the
same to me.

** THE FALL OF THE TREES.

I have been in the wild green wilderness,
A wood of many ages, leagues away
From human home, when a tremendous storm
Was giving its long warning in those signs
Which every woodsman knows. We sat in peace
In the canoe dug from a single tree,
Well in the water and far out from shore,
For none at such a time will trust to trees,
Since lightning strikes them when they shelter
men;

And as we sat and watched the wide-spread clouds,
I heard from time to time, long miles away,
Deep dull and thundering sounds, like cannon fired
In a ravine, which makes them heavier
And yet prolongs the roar. An awful sound
To one who knew that no artillery
Was in those lonely dales, and that no flash
Had shot as yet from heaven. It was the noise
Of ancient trees falling while all was still
Before the storm, in the long interval
Between the gathering clouds and that light breeze
Which Germans call the Wind's bride. At such
time

The oldest trees go down, no one knows why,
But well I know from wood-experience
That 'tis before the storm they mostly fall,
And not while wind and rain are terrible.
'Tis wonderful, and seen ere every storm: —
Our great old statesmen died before the war.

** HENRY PERRY LELAND, a brother of the preceding, and a graceful magazine writer, was born in Philadelphia, October 28, 1828, and died there in his fortieth year, September 22, 1868. "He was a gentleman of many natural gifts, which had been cultivated by travel, and by extensive and various study. He was an ardent contributor, in prose and verse, to the newspapers and magazines. He had a fresh vein of genial humor, and, if his health had been preserved, he would undoubtedly have risen to high eminence in literature."* In 1856 he published a volume of sketches, entitled *The Gray Bay Mare*, and in 1863, *Americans in Rome*. During the war he served as a lieutenant, in the 118th Pennsylvania Regiment, and at Carlisle, Pa., was wounded by a shell, from the effects of which he never fully recovered.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

Mr. Aldrich was born at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, November 11, 1836. He passed the early part of his youth in Louisiana, and was preparing to enter college, when the death of his father made it necessary for him to relinquish the design. He then entered a mercantile house in New York; but, becoming impatient of pursuits so far removed from the bent of his mind, retired from the counting-house after three

years' experience. Mr. Aldrich then procured a situation as "reader" for a large publishing house in New York, and afterwards became attached in an editorial capacity to the *New York Evening Mirror*, the *Home Journal*, and *Saturday Press*.

Many of Mr. Aldrich's writings have been contributed to the magazines, *Putnam's Monthly*, the *Knickerbocker*, *Harper's Monthly*, and the *Atlantic*. He has published several volumes: *The Bells*, a collection of juvenile verses (1854); *Daisy's Necklace, and what Came of It* (1856); *The Ballad of Babie Bell, and other Poems; The Course of True Love never did run Smooth* (1858); *Pampinea, and other Poems* (1861); *Out of his Head*, a romance in prose (1862); and a new collection of *Poems*, with several never before published, in 1863. Still another "new and complete edition" of Mr. Aldrich's poems appeared two years later. In 1869 *The Story of a Bad Boy* was published; and it became at once a favorite by its naturalness and purity of spirit. Mr. Aldrich is at present editor of *Every Saturday*. A volume of choice stories, *Marjorie Daw, and Other People*, and a revised edition of the poems entitled *Cloth of Gold*, appeared in 1873.

THE BLUE-BELLS OF NEW ENGLAND.

"The roses are a regal troop,
And humble folks the daisies;
But, Blue-bells of New England,
To you I give my praises—
To you, fair phantoms in the sun,
Whom merry Spring discovers,
With blue-birds for your laureates,
And honey-bees for lovers.

"The south-wind breathes, and lo! ye throng
This rugged land of ours—
I think the pale-blue clouds of May
Drop down, and turn to flowers!
By cottage doors along the roads,
You show your winsome faces,
And, like the spectre-lady, haunt
The lovely woodland places.

"All night your eyes are closed in sleep,
But open at the dawning,
Such simple faith as yours can see
God's coming in the morning!
You lead me, by your holiness,
To pleasant ways of duty:
You set my thoughts to melody,
You fill me with your beauty.

"And you are like the eyes I love,
So modest and so tender,
Just touched with daybreak's glorious light,
And evening's quiet splendor.
Long may the heavens give you rain,
The sunshine its caresses;
Long may the woman that I love
Entwine you in her tresses."

** THE BALLAD OF BABIE BELL.

I.

Have you not heard the poets tell
How came the dainty Babie Bell
Into this world of ours?
The gates of heaven were left ajar:
With folded hands and dreamy eyes,
Wandering out of Paradise,
She saw this planet, like a star,

* Appleton's Annual Cyclopædia, for 1868.

Hung in the glistening depths of even,—
Its bridges, running to and fro,
O'er which the white-winged Angels go,
Bearing the holy Dead to heaven.

She touched a bridge of flowers,—those feet,
So light they did not bend the bells,
Of the celestial asphodels!
They fell like dew upon the flowers,
Then all the air grew strangely sweet!
And thus came dainty Babie Bell
Into this world of ours.

II.

She came and brought delicious May,
The swallows built beneath the eaves;
Like sunlight in and out the leaves,
The robins went, the livelong day;
The lily swung its noiseless bell,
And o'er the porch the trembling vine
Seemed bursting with its veins of wine
How sweetly, softly, twilight fell!
O, earth was full of singing-birds,
And opening spring-tide flowers,
When the dainty Babie Bell
Came to this world of ours!

III.

O Babie, dainty Babie Bell,
How fair she grew from day to day!
What woman-nature filled her eyes,
What poetry within them lay:
Those deep and tender twilight eyes,
So full of meaning, pure and bright
As if she yet stood in the light
Of those oped gates of Paradise.
And so we loved her more and more:
Ah, never in our hearts before
Was love so lovely born:
We felt we had a link between
This real world and that unseen,—
The land beyond the morn.
And for the love of those dear eyes,
For love of her whom God led forth,
(The mother's being ceased on earth
When Babie came from Paradise.)—
For love of Him who smote our lives,
And woke the chords of joy and pain,
We said, *Dear Christ!*—Our hearts bent down
Like violets after rain.

IV.

And now the orchards, which were white
And red with blossoms when she came,
Were rich in autumn's mellow prime:
The clustered apples burnt like flame,
The soft-cheeked peaches blushed and fell,
The ivory chestnut burst its shell,
The grapes hung purpling in the grange:
And time wrought just as rich a change
In little Babie Bell.
Her lissome form more perfect grew,
And in her features we could trace,
In softened curves, her mother's face!
Her angel-nature ripened too.
We thought her lovely when she came,
But she was holy, saintly now . . .
Around her pale angelic brow
We saw a slender ring of flame!

V.

God's hand had taken away the seal
That held the portals of her speech;
And oft she said a few strange words
Whose meaning lay beyond our reach.

She never was a child to us,
We never held her being's key;
We could not teach her holy things:
She was Christ's self in purity.

VI.

It came upon us by degrees:
We saw its shadow ere it fell,
The knowledge that our God had sent
His messenger for Babie Bell.
We shuddered with unlanguage pain,
And all our hopes were changed to fears,
And all our thoughts ran into tears
Like sunshine into rain.
We cried aloud in our belief,
'O, smite us gently, gently, God!
Teach us to bend and kiss the rod,
And perfect grow through grief,
Ah, how we loved her, God can tell;
Her heart was folded deep in ours.
Our hearts are broken, Babie Bell!

VII.

At last he came, the messenger,
The messenger from unseen lands:
And what did dainty Babie Bell?
She only crossed her little hands,
She only looked more meek and fair!
We parted back her silken hair:
We wove the roses round her brow,
White buds, the summer's drifted snow,—
Wrapt her from head to foot in flowers!
And thus went dainty Babie Bell
Out of this world of ours!

** CASTLES.

There is a picture in my brain,
That only fades to come again,—
The sunlight, through a veil of rain
To leeward, gilding
A narrow stretch of brown sea-sand,
A lighthouse half a league from land,
And two young lovers, hand in hand,
A castle-building.

Upon the budded apple-trees
The robins sing by twos and threes,
And ever at the faintest breeze
Down drops a blossom;
And ever would that lover be
The wind that robs the burgeoned tree,
And lifts the soft tress daintily
On Beauty's bosom.

Ah, graybeard, what a happy thing
It was, when life was in its spring,
To peep through love's betrothal ring
At Fields Elysian,
To move and breathe in magic air,
To think that all that seems is fair,—
Ah, ripe young mouth and golden hair,
Thou pretty vision!

Well, well, I think not on these two
But the old wound breaks out anew,
And the old dream, as if 't were true,
In my heart nestles;
Then tears come welling to my eyes,
For yonder, all in saintly guise,
As 't were, a sweet dead woman lies
Upon the trestles.

** TIGER-LILIES.

I like not lady-slippers,
Nor yet the sweet-pea blossoms,
Nor yet the flaky roses,
Red, or white as snow;

I like the chaliced lilies,
The heavy Eastern lilies,
The gorgeous tiger-lilies,
That in our garden grow.

For they are tall and slender,
Their mouths are dashed with carmine,
And when the wind sweeps by them,
On their emerald stalks
They bend so proud and graceful, —
They are Circassian women,
The favorites of the Sultan,
Adown our garden-walks!

And when the rain is falling,
I sit beside the window
And watch them glow and glisten,
How they burn and glow!
O for the burning lilies,
The tender Eastern lilies,
The gorgeous tiger-lilies,
That in our garden grow!

**BEFORE THE RAIN.

We knew it would rain, for all the morn,
A spirit on slender ropes of mist
Was lowering its golden buckets down
Into the vapory amethyst.

Of marshes and swamps and dismal fens, —
Scooping the dew that lay in the flowers,
Dipping the jewels out of the sea,
To sprinkle them over the land in showers.

We knew it would rain, for the poplars showed
The white of their leaves, the amber grain
Shrunk in the wind, — and the lightning now
Is tangled in tremulous skeins of rain!

**AFTER THE RAIN.

The rain has ceased, and in my room
The sunshine pours an airy flood;
And on the church's dizzy vane
The ancient Cross is bathed in blood.

From out the dripping ivy-leaves,
Antiquely-carven, gray and high,
A dormer, facing westward, looks
Upon the village like an eye:

And now it glimmers in the sun,
A globe of gold, a disc, a speck:
And in the belfry sits a Dove
With purple ripples on her neck.

**THE AMULET.

Though thou wert cunninger than Vivien, —
Faithful as Enid, — fair as Guinevere, —
Pure as Elaine, — I should not hold thee dear.
Count me not cold, indecorous, unlike men!
Indeed the time was, and not long since, when —
But 'tis not now. An amulet I've here
Saves me. A ring. Observe: within this sphere
Of chiselled gold a jewel is set. What then?
Why, this, — the stone and setting cannot part,
Unless one's broken. See with what a grace
The diamond dewdrop sinks into the white
Tulip-shaped calyx, and o'erflows it quite!
There is a lady set so in my heart
There's not for any other any place.

EDMUND B. O'CALLAGHAN.

Edmund B. O'Callaghan, M. D., LL. D., a native of Ireland, was at one time prominent in Lower Canada as a member of the Provincial Parliament, and editor of the *Vindicator*, the national organ at Montreal. He was active in the agitation in 1837, which, though failing to

secure Canadian independence, resulted in such modifications as make it one of the best governed of colonies.

Since his removal to the State of New York, in 1837, he has devoted himself to the study of the history of the State, and done much to bring to light the real facts as to the Dutch period. For several years he has been connected with the office of Secretary of State, giving his peculiar learning to the proper editing of New York State papers.

He has published, *History of New Netherland; or, New York under the Dutch* (two vols., 8vo, New York, 1846-48); *Jesuit Relations*, a bibliographical account (8vo, New York, 1847; issued in French at Montreal, 12mo, 1850); *Documentary History of the State of New York* (4 vols., 4to and 8vo, Albany, 1849-51); *Documents Relating to the Colonial History of the State of New York* (11 vols., 4to, Albany, 1855-61); two volumes of Dutch and two of French documents, being translated by Dr. O'Callaghan; *Remonstrance of New Netherland* (4to, Albany, 1856); *Commissary Wilson's Orderly Book*, edited by Dr. O'Callaghan (4to, Albany, 1857, xi. 220 pp.); *Orderly Book of Lieutenant-General John Burgoyne* (4to, Albany, 1860, xxiv. 221 pp.); *Names of Persons for whom Marriage Licenses were Issued previous to 1784* (8vo, Albany, 1860, ix. 480 pp.); *Journals of the Legislative Council of New York* (2 vols., 8vo); *Origin of the Legislative Assemblies of the State of New York* (4to, Albany, 1861, 37 pp.); *A List of Editions of the Holy Scriptures, and Parts thereof, Printed in America previous to 1860* (8vo, Albany, 1861, lx. 415 pp.); *Woolley's Two Years' Journal in New York* (4to and 8vo, New York, 1860, 97 pp.); *The Register of New Netherland, 1626-1674* (8vo, Albany, 1865, 198 pp.); *Calendar to the Land Papers* (8vo, Albany, 1864); *Calendar of Historical Manuscripts in the Office of the Secretary of State* (4to, Albany, 1865, xi. 423 pp.); *Journal of the Voyage of the Sloop Mary from Quebec, 1866*; *Voyages of the Slavers St. John and Arms, 1867*; *Voyage of George Clarke to America, with an Introduction and Notes, 1867*; *The Sailing Directions of Henry Hudson, 1869*; *The Laws and Ordinances of New Netherland, 1869*.

JOHN GILMARY SHEA.

John Gilmary Shea, LL. D., was born in New York city, in 1824, educated at the Grammar School of Columbia College, and admitted to the bar. The third volume of Bancroft's History drew his attention to the former French colonies in North America, and their romantic interest, and he has since cultivated that field, and incidentally the Spanish colonies, with true antiquarian zeal. A period of six years spent in the Society of Jesus, enabled him to prosecute more especially studies into the history of that order. Although constantly engaged in business, and devoting only leisure moments to literature, he has published, *The Discovery and Exploration of the Mississippi Valley* (8vo, New York, 1853); *History of the Catholic Missions among the Indian Tribes of the United States* (12mo, New York, 1854), of which a German translation appeared at Wurzburg; *Perils of the Ocean and Wilderness* (12mo, Boston, 1857);

Bibliography of American Catholic Bibles and Testaments (24mo, 1859); *Early Voyages up and down the Mississippi* (4to, Albany, 1862); *The Fallen Brave* (4to, New York, 1861); and *The Catholic Church in the United States* (12mo, New York, 1856). He also translated *Charlevoix's History and General Description of New France*, with extensive notes, 6 vols., 8vo (New York, 1865-72); wrote a *Child's History of the United States*, 3 vols., 8vo (New York, 1872-3); *Bible Stories for the Young*, 4to (New York, 1873).

He has written several histories for the use of Catholic schools, and compiled, translated, and arranged several popular prayer-books, the *St. John's Manual, Catholic Prayer-Book, &c.*, besides compiling, editing, and translating a number of works, and contributing largely to periodicals. A series of biographies of Catholic missionaries killed on the Indian missions in the United States, which appeared in the *United States Catholic Magazine*, were revised by him, and have been issued in a volume in Germany; another series included the history of all the religious orders of women having convents in the country. He has devoted much time to the condition of the editions of the Bible published for Catholics in this country. In 1864 he edited an edition in which many glaring errors were corrected; and in 1870 reprinted Challoner's original edition, correcting only typographical errors, and conforming in punctuation and orthography of proper names to the Clementine edition of 1592, recognized as the standard Latin text. This was the most accurate English Catholic Bible issued for more than a century. He then corrected the more serious errors in two stereotyped editions still published, and in 1873 prepared a new Bible, adhering to Challoner's original text, and adding a commentary translated from the German of Allioli. He also issued in 1873 a small Bible Dictionary, the first Catholic work of the kind in English.

Among works edited by Dr. Shea are: *Washington's Private Diaries* (12mo, New York, 1861); *Miller's New York in 1695* (8vo, New York); *Novum Belgium; an Account of New Netherland in 1643-44*, translated with notes (4to, New York, 1862); *The Operations of the French Fleet under the Count de Grasse in 1781-82*, translated with notes, &c. (8vo, Bradford Club, New York, 1864); *The Lincoln Memorial* (8vo, New York, 1864); *Colden's Five Nations* (8vo, New York, 1866); *Alsop's Maryland* (8vo, New York, 1869); *Household Book of Irish Eloquence* (8vo, New York, 1870).

He published a series of twenty-four volumes, called the Cramoisy Series, of Relations and Memoirs relating to early French colonization, in antique style, with the type, tail-pieces, initials, and heads of Cramoisy, the French printer of the seventeenth century. Besides contributing several papers on the Indian tribes to various works, he issued his Library of American Linguistics in 14 vols.; a series of grammars and dictionaries of Indian tribes within the United States. He edited the *Historical Magazine* (4to, New York, 1859-1865), *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Paper, Chimney Corner, &c.* He contributed to the first edition of *Appleton's Cyclopaedia*, and is one of the staff of revisers of the second edition.

HENRY C. MURPHY

Was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., in 1810. He was educated at Columbia College, New York, where he graduated in 1830; in 1833 was admitted to the bar, and became a practising lawyer in Brooklyn, N. Y., and was attorney to the city; in 1842 was elected to the mayoralty, and from 1843 to 1849 represented his district in Congress. He was a member of the Convention which formed the Constitution of the State of New York in 1846. From 1857 to 1861 he was minister of the United States to Holland. On his return, he was elected to the Senate of New York, and has continued a member of that body for twelve years. Previously to his departure for the Hague, in the summer of 1857, a complimentary dinner was given to him by the citizens of Brooklyn, an account of which has been published in a volume of much interest.*

In early life Mr. Murphy was a contributor to the *American Quarterly Review*, and other periodicals of less note. He has written much in illustration of the early Dutch history of New York, and has translated a number of tracts and other publications by the first settlers from Holland. To the volume of Collections of the New York Historical Society, published in 1857, he contributed translations of *Voyages from Holland, A. D. 1632 to 1644, by David Peterson De Vries, with an Introduction and Notes* (8vo, pp. 136), and of the tract attributed to Cornelis Meilyn, *Broad Advice to the United Netherland Provinces*, a Dialogue about the Trade of the West India Company, &c. (8vo, pp. 47). In 1865 he published *Anthology of New Netherland, or Translations from the Early Dutch Poets of New York, with Memoirs of their Lives*. A limited edition of this work was published by the Bradford Club (royal 8vo, pp. 206). The poets of whom we have memoirs and translations in this volume are Jacob Steendam, who was a resident in the colony from 1652 to 1660; Henricus Selyns, a native of Amsterdam, who was the only clergyman settled in the ministry in Brooklyn, N. Y., before the Revolution; and Nicasius de Sille, first councillor in the administration of Governor Stuyvesant. Steendam's poem, *The Praise of New Netherland*, is chiefly devoted to the agricultural products and natural history of the region, while Selyns is a homely moralist and writer of occasional verses. De Sille's few stanzas are found in the manuscript records which he began of the town of New Utrecht, L. I.

* In 1867 appeared his translation, from the Dutch, of a *Journal of a Voyage to New York*, in 1679-80, of two Labadists, with a history of that strange sect, in Europe and America, by him. It was published in the Memoirs of the Long Island Historical Society. He has, however, particularly interested himself in the early discoveries of our continent; and his *Henry Hudson in Holland*, printed for private circulation while he was in Holland, is merely a chapter of a larger work which, it is understood, he is soon to publish on the first explorers of the coasts of the United States.

* Proceedings at the Dinner given by the Citizens of Brooklyn, at the Mansion House, on the 5th of August, 1857, to the Hon. Henry C. Murphy, previously to his departure on his Mission as Minister to the Netherlands. 8vo, pp. 90.

CHARLES J. BUSHNELL.

Mr. Bushnell is a native of the city of New York, of New England parentage on the father's side, and descended on the mother's from an old Knickerbocker stock. His father's family resided in Saybrook, Connecticut, and numbered among its members the ingenious mechanician Captain David Bushnell, whose invention of a torpedo, "The American Turtle," is remembered with the history of the American Revolution.

Mr. Bushnell studied law in the office of the late Theodore Sedgwick, in New York, but has not pursued the practice of the profession. His attention was early directed to the study of American history, and particularly to the antiquities of his own city, of which he has collected many curious literary and other memorials. He is also a diligent and experienced collector of coins and medals. He has published, in limited editions, or "privately printed," *An Arrangement of Tradesmen's Cards, Political Tokens, also Election Medals, Medalets, &c.; current in the United States of America for the last Sixty Years, described from the Originals, chiefly in the Collection of the Author* (1858, 8vo, pp. 126); and a series entitled *Crumbs for Antiquarians, including an Historical Account of the First Three Business Tokens issued in the City of New York; Memoirs of Samuel Smith, a Soldier of the Revolution; Journal of Solomon Nash, a Soldier of the Revolution; Memoirs of Tarleton Brown, a Captain in the Revolutionary Army; Life and Adventures of Levi Hanford, a Soldier of the Revolution; Journal of the Expedition to Quebec in 1775, by Major Return J. Meigs; Narrative of the Exertions and Sufferings of Lieut. James Moody in the Cause of the Government since the Year 1776, with an Introduction and Notes*. Mr. Bushnell has also edited *Recollections of the Jersey Prison-Ship, by Captain Thomas Dring, and the Adventures of Christopher Hawkins, containing Details of his Captivity a First and Second Time on the High Seas in the Revolutionary War by the British, and his consequent Sufferings and Escape from the Jersey Prison-Ship, then lying in the Harbor of New York, by Swimming, now first printed from the Original Manuscript, written by Himself, with an Introduction and Notes, annotated with much diligence; Narrative of Major Abraham Leggett; Narrative of John Blatchford; Memoir of Eli Bickford; The Destructive Operations of Foul Air, Tainted Provisions, Bad Water, and Personal Filthiness upon Human Constitutions, exemplified in the Unparalleled Cruelty of the British to the American Captives at New York, &c.; Narrative of Ebenezer Fletcher, a Soldier of the Revolution*.

FRANKLIN B. HOUGH

Was born at Martinsburg, New York, July 20, 1822. His father, Dr. Horatio G. Hough, emigrated from Southwick, Massachusetts, in 1797, and was the first physician who settled in Lewis county, New York. He resided there till his death, September 3, 1830. F. B. Hough, his youngest son, graduated at Union College, Schenectady, in 1843, and at the Cleveland

Medical College in 1848. He was several years engaged in teaching; practised medicine from 1848 to 1852, at Somerville, New York; resided at Albany from 1854 to 1860; and is now (1873) living at Lowville, Lewis county, New York, chiefly engaged in literary pursuits. He has been a diligent student of the history of the State of New York, and is a proficient in her statistics and antiquities. The following is a list of his publications: *A Catalogue of Plants growing without Cultivation in Lewis County*, N. Y. (Albany, 1847, 8vo, pp. 36, in the Regent's Report and separately); *A History of St. Lawrence and Franklin Counties, N. Y.* (Albany, 1853, 8vo, pp. 720, with five maps, nine steel plates, and numerous wood-cuts); *A History of Jefferson County, N. Y.* (Albany, 1854, 8vo, pp. 602, with six steel plates and many wood-cuts); *Results of a Series of Meteorological Observations, made at sundry academies in New York, from 1826 to 1850* (Albany, 1854, 4to, pp. 502; published by legislative authority; second series, 1850 to 1863 (Albany, 1872, 4to, pp. 436); *The New York Civil List*, containing the names and origin of the civil divisions, and the names and dates of election or appointment of the principal State and county officers, from the Revolution to the present time (Albany, 12mo, Weed, Parsons & Co.). This has passed through seven editions, viz., 1855, pp. 446; 1857, pp. 430; 1858, pp. 444; 1860, pp. 474; 1861, pp. 480; 1862, pp. 487; and 1863, pp. 492. From its being bound in green morocco, it is often called the "Green Book." It has been ordered by the State Legislature many successive years. *Census of the State of New York for 1855* (Albany, 1857, fol., pp. 526, by legislative authority); also, *Instructions and Circulars for taking the Census, and the Preliminary Report* (8vo), of which two editions were issued; *A History of Lewis' County, N. Y.* (Albany, 1860, pp. 320, with twenty-two plates, mostly portraits); *Munsell's Guide to the Hudson River* (Albany, 1859, 12mo, pp. 58, with eight colored maps); *The Comprehensive Farm Record, with Directions for its Use* (New York, Saxton, Barker & Co., 1860, 4to, pp. 160). An annotated translation of Banden's "Guerre de Crimée," under the title, *On Military and Camp Hospitals, and the Health of Troops in the Field; being the Results of a Commission to inspect the Sanitary Arrangements of the French Army in the Crimean War* (12mo, pp. 260, New York, Baillière Brothers, 1862). In the same year Dr. Hough entered the United States volunteer service as regimental surgeon, and served nine months in the campaigns in Virginia and Maryland. A record of this service has appeared from his pen, in a luxuriously printed volume, entitled, *History of Duryea's Brigade during the Campaign in Virginia under General Pope, and in Maryland under General McClellan, in the Summer and Autumn of 1862* (8vo, pp. 200, small subscription edition, 1864). In January of the next year (1865) Dr Hough again took charge of the New York State census, preparing the pamphlet of instructions, &c., by authority of the Legislature.

Of books partly written or edited by Dr. Hough, in addition to the foregoing, the follow-

ing is a list to the present time: *Gazetteer of the State of New York* (published under the direction of J. H. French, by R. P. Smith, of Philadelphia, 1860, large 8vo, pp. 740); nearly half of this volume was written by Dr. H., including most of the general articles; *Papers Relating to Nantucket*, * * * *while under the Government of New York* (Albany, 1856, large 4to, pp. 164, with map, privately printed for gifts); *Papers Relating to Pemaquid*, * * * *while under the Government of New York* (Albany, 1856, printed for the Maine Historical Society, and included in vol. 5 of their collections); *Narrative of the Causes which led to Philip's Indian War*, by John Easton, with introduction, &c. (Albany, 1858, cap 4to, pp. 208, Munsell's Historical Series, No. 2); *Proclamations for Thanksgiving issued by the Continental Congress, President Washington, the National and State Governments on the Peace of 1815, and by the Governors of New York, from the Introduction of the Custom, with those of the several States in 1858, with an Introduction* (Albany, 1858, large 8vo, pp. 182); *Diary of the Siege of Detroit, in the War with Pontiac*, with notes and introduction (Albany, 1860, cap 4to, pp. 304, Munsell's Historical Series, No. 4); *Life of Tehoraguanegen, alias Thomas Williams*, by Rev. Eleazer Williams, the reputed Bourbon (Albany, 1859, 8vo, pp. 92, privately printed); *Papers concerning the Attack on Hatfield and Deerfield, by a Party of Indians from Canada, September 19, 1677* (New York, 1859, 8vo, pp. 82; printed by Munsell, of Albany, No. 1 of Bradford Club series); *Plan for seizing and sending to New York Colonel William Goffe, the Regicide*, by John Loudon (historical tract, privately printed); *Washingtoniana, a Collection of Memorials upon the Death of General Washington, and the Honors paid to his Memory* (two volumes, royal 8vo and 4to). The chief merit claimed for this is a bibliographical list of tracts, &c., published in 1799-1801, embracing orations, eulogies, &c. It also contains a list of coins and medals bearing Washington's portrait. *New York Convention Manual: Part 1—Constitutions; Part 2—Statistics*, 2 vols, 1867; Besides editing many works on historical and statistical subjects, as well as several memorial volumes, Dr. Hough issued a *Gazetteer of the State of New York* in 1872, prepared entirely under his own editorial supervision (Albany, 8vo, pp. 740).

JOEL MUNSELL.

Mr. Munsell was born in Northfield, Mass., April 14, 1808. He established himself as a printer in Albany, N. Y., in 1827. From 1841 to 1843 he published and edited the *New York State Mechanic*. His *Annals of Albany*, a curious and useful historical compilation, extends to ten volumes, published in the years 1850-58. In 1857 he published a *Chronology of Paper and Paper Making*, later and enlarged editions of which appeared in 1864, and in 1870. In 1856 he published a volume, *The Every Day Book of History and Chronology: embracing the Anniversaries of Venerable Persons and Events in every Period and State of the World, from the Creation to the Present Time* (New York, Appletons, 8vo, pp. 537). Mr. Munsell has also ren-

dered an acceptable service to American historical literature by the "Historical Series" which he projected, in which appeared various original works of interest, edited by Dr. F. B. Hough, Winthrop Sargeant, and others. Besides this series, many choice historical publications of the day, of the "Bradford Club," and others, owe their elegance to the press of Mr. Munsell, who has established a reputation for his office in this department of literature. Mr. Munsell's chief publication, of which the four volumes, in royal 8vo, appeared in 1865-71, is of much interest. It is entitled, *Collections on the History of Albany, from its Discovery to the Present Time, with Notices of its Public Institutions, and Biographical Sketches of Citizens Deceased. A Manual of the First Lutheran Church in Albany*, 1670 to 1870—the oldest in America—appeared in 1871.

HENRY JARVIS RAYMOND.

Mr. Raymond was born in Lima, Livingston County, N. Y., January 24, 1820. His father was a farmer, and the son in his childhood shared in his rural labors. The latter was educated at the academy at Lima, and was sufficiently instructed to become a teacher, at the age of fifteen, of a district school. He subsequently entered the University of Vermont, and graduated at that institution in 1840. He came to New York, studied law in the office of Mr. Edward W. Marsh, supporting himself meanwhile by teaching the classics in a young ladies' seminary, and by contributing to the *New Yorker*, a literary journal of merit, edited by Horace Greeley. When the latter, in 1841, established *The New York Tribune*, Mr. Raymond became its assistant editor, and contributed much to its success by his ability as a writer, and particularly by his skill as a reporter, in the more intellectual requirements of the profession. In 1843, he became associated with James Watson Webb in the conduct of his journal, *The Courier and Enquirer*, writing largely for its pages, and discussing political and other questions in a liberal, philosophical spirit. By temper and education a conservative, he distinguished himself by his advocacy of well-founded religious and social principles, in opposition to such social theories and experiments as those of Fourier and others. A series of controversial articles on "socialism" from his pen, called forth by a newspaper discussion with Horace Greeley, were published in pamphlet form.

Mr. Raymond was elected by the Whigs a member of the New York State Legislature in 1849, and again in 1850, when he was chosen speaker of the Assembly. After a brief visit to Europe, at the close of the season he returned to New York, and in September, 1851, commenced the publication of *The New York Times*, which he afterwards edited. He was elected Lieutenant-Governor of the State of New York in 1854, and discharged the duties of this office to the expiration of the term, at the close of 1857. He was in the mean time engaged in the organization of the Republican party, drew up *The Address to the People*, sent forth by its first national convention at Pittsburgh, in 1856, and continued a leading member of its councils.

In 1864 he was elected a Representative to Congress from the city of New York.

In addition to his editorial labors, Mr. Raymond, who was one of the most accomplished orators of the day, has published numerous political speeches and addresses in pamphlet form, and is the author of a *Life, Administration, and State Papers of President Lincoln, from Official Documents and Private Papers* (New York, 8vo, 1865).

** Mr. Raymond was a member of the Thirty-ninth Congress, 1865-7, and warmly espoused the measures of President Johnson, thus practically separating himself from the Republican party. He assisted in the organization of the "National Union Convention," which met at Philadelphia in August, 1866, and was the author of the "Philadelphia Address" to the people of the United States. At the close of that term, Mr. Raymond resumed his editorial duties, determined to be "once more a journalist, never again to be a politician." The exhaustion of his strength by incessant labors and anxieties led him to seek a few months rest with his family in Europe in 1867. His departure was preceded by the compliment of a farewell dinner from his associates. He soon returned to his duties refreshed in health, and was subsequently called to preside at the farewell dinner given to Charles Dickens by the Press of New York in April, 1868, where he eloquently responded in behalf of "the New York Press." His life was prolonged a year longer, and his decease was most unexpected. "Returning to his residence in West Ninth street at about twelve o'clock on the night of Friday, the 18th of June, 1869, an attack of apoplexy prostrated him in a moment. Two hours later his stertorous breathing attracted the attention of one of his children. The alarmed family, hastening to assist him, found him lying in the hall-way, unconscious, and apparently dying. He had locked the outside door, and closed the inner one. The most eminent medical aid was summoned; but he remained unconscious, and died tranquilly about five o'clock in the morning. Thus ended the earthly life of Henry J. Raymond." * He had just entered on his fiftieth year, and had that morning paid a visit to the grave of a son who had died at the age of fifteen. On the 21st instant appropriate funeral services were performed at the University Place Presbyterian Church, by Rev. Drs. Tyng and Shedd, Revs. Henry Ward Beecher and Alfred A. Kellogg, and the following day he was laid at rest in Greenwood Cemetery.

Perhaps the best tribute to the powers of Hon. H. J. Raymond was from the pen of Horace Greeley: †

"Mr. Raymond's official career, though evincing ability, did less than justice to his comprehensive knowledge and rare intellectual powers. Never so positive and downright in his convictions as his countrymen are apt to be, he was often

misjudged as a trimmer and time-server, when in fact he spoke and wrote exactly as he felt and thought. If what he uttered to-day was not in accordance with what he said yesterday, the difference evinced in his essay was a true reflection of one which had preceded it in his mind. He saw both sides of a controverted issue, and if one of them seemed juster to-day, the other might nevertheless command his preference to-morrow. This mental constitution or mental habitude is rare with us, and he would have been more favorably judged as a journalist or politician in Great Britain than in this country. . . . There were probably others who evinced greater ability in some special departments, but, regarding journalism in its broadest aspects, we doubt whether this country has known a journalist superior to Henry J. Raymond. He was an admirable reporter, a discerning critic, a skilful selector and compiler of news, as well as an able and ready writer. There was nothing in the whole range of newspaper work that he could not do well, and (what is of equal importance) with unhesitating promptness. He was never too sick to work when work had to be done, and always able and willing to do any amount of labor that the exigency might require. Others may have evinced a rarer faculty, which some might term genius; but Mr. Raymond embodied talents that have rarely been surpassed.

WILLIAM SWINTON.

Mr. Swinton was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, April 23, 1833. He came in early life to America, and was educated at Amherst College, Massachusetts. He has been a frequent contributor to periodical literature in *Putnam's Magazine*, the *Atlantic Monthly*, &c., and has written much for the *New York Times*. He penned many of the literary articles, which attracted much attention in that journal, in 1858-59. During the war which ensued, he was military editor of the *Times*, and its special correspondent with the Army of the Potomac, describing most of its campaigns and battles in elaborate articles, distinguished by skill in narration and a critical estimate of men and events. In 1859, Mr. Swinton published in New York a work of English literary criticism, entitled, *Rambles among Words*, in which he traced their history and commented upon their peculiar force. The book was well received at home, and was republished in London.

** Mr. Swinton published in 1866: *The Campaign of the Army of the Potomac: a Critical History of Operations in Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania, from the Commencement to the Close of the War, 1861-5; Twelve Decisive Battles of the War: a History of the Eastern and Western Campaigns, in Relation to the Actions that Decided their Issue, 1867; and History of the Seventh Regiment, National Guard, during the War of the Rebellion, 1870*. In 1869 Mr. Swinton became professor of Belles-Lettres in the University of California. He has in preparation a series of educational text-books, of a high grade. Some of these have already appeared: *Word Analysis; Progressive Grammar; and A Condensed History of the United States*.

* Henry J. Raymond, and the New York Press for Thirty years, by Augustus Maverick, New York, 1870.

† New York Tribune, June 20, 1869.

BUCKINGHAM SMITH.

For the Spanish period or portion of our history, no one has rendered greater services to the cause of American literature than Buckingham Smith, of Florida, whose name happily carries down to the extremity of the Atlantic coast the name of Smith, already identified with Canada, New England, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Virginia.

Mr. Smith was born on Cumberland Island, Georgia, in 1810, but was a resident of Florida when it passed into the hands of the United States. He was educated at the Cambridge law-school, and began the practice of his profession in Maine. Entering the field of politics, he became a member of the Assembly, where, with the keen foresight and sound judgment characteristic of the man, he battled manfully against the mad policy which was overwhelming the Territory and State with debts, incurred without reflection or judgment, and for things useless to the people. At a later period he became Secretary of Legation to Spain; and in this congenial land, with all around to recall the heroic pioneers of civilization in Florida, he sought in libraries, public and private archives, in maps, globes, monuments, and family history, whatever bore any relation to the State to which he so entirely belonged.

A similar position in Mexico, where he was for a time *Chargé d'Affaires*, was similarly improved, and he acquired an immense mass of documents, books, portraits, and monuments of every kind, with that undefinable knowledge of sources and accessories that make a man master of an historic field. His freedom from all jealousy or literary avarice made this knowledge accessible to all; and Sparks, Bancroft, Parkman, and others who have touched the field of Spanish-American history, have been indebted to him for researches, which no other could have made. He has published: *The Narrative of Alvar Nuñez Cabeza de Vaca* (translated, 4to, Washington, 1851); *Letter of Hernando de Soto and Memoir of Hernando de Escalante Fontaneda* (same, 1854), each issued in 100 copies, at the expense of Geo. W. Riggs, Esq.; *Coleccion de Varios Documentos para la Historia de la Florida y tierras adyacentes* (4º, Madrid, 1857); *Rudo Ensayo, Tentativa de una Previsional Descripcion Geografica de la Provincia de Sonora, sus Terminos y Confines; ó mejor, Coleccion de Materiales para hacerla quien lo supiere mejor*, 5º San Agustin de la Florida, 1863; *An Inquiry into the Authenticity of Documents concerning a Discovery in North America, claimed to have been made by Verrazzano* (New York, 1864); *Grammar of the Pima or Nevome, a Language of Sonora, from a Manuscript of the XVII Century* (New York, 1862); *Doctrina Christiana y Confesionario en Lengua Nevome ó sea la Pima* (San Agustin, 1862). He prepared in 1866, to be issued by the Bradford Club of New York, *Narratives of the Career of Hernando De Soto in Florida*, with a number of documents not before published. These narratives consist of a new translation of the *Relaçam*, written by one of the company of Portuguese knights and gentlemen who joined in the expedition, covering a period from the time of their departure from

Elvas, in 1538, to the arrival of the relics of the army at the city of Mexico, in 1543; and a first direct translation in English of the *Relacion of Biedma*, a Spanish officer. He died in New York city, January 5, 1871.

GEORGE LONG DUYCKINCK.

George Long Duyckinck, an author and man of letters, was born in the city of New York, October 17, 1823, where his father, Evert Duyckinck, was a leading book publisher, his name being found on the title-page of most of the standard literature issued in the city during the first quarter of the present century. George, the younger of two sons, was educated at Geneva College, New York, and at the University of the City of New York, graduating at the last-named institution in 1843. His tastes and associations inclined him to a literary life, and an extended tour in Europe in 1847 and 1848, after the completion of his legal studies, gave him an opportunity of cultivating in a high degree, and by a diligent study of the works of the best schools, his natural love of art. On his return home, he found a congenial field of labor in the editorship, in conjunction with his elder brother, Evert A. Duyckinck, of the *Literary World*, a weekly journal, which, from 1848 to 1853, was an influential organ of opinion and criticism, numbering among its contributors many of the best writers of the country. At the close of this publication, with its thirteenth volume, Mr. Duyckinck engaged with his brother in the preparation of the *Cyclopædia of American Literature*, the first edition of which appeared in 1856, and to which he contributed many of its most thorough and elaborate articles. In the same year he revisited Europe, and upon his return, in 1857, he entered upon a separate career of authorship, in a department most congenial with his habits of thought and his matured convictions. He was, by early education and by deliberate choice, warmly attached to the Liturgy and Order of the Episcopal Church, and especially interested in its biographical literature. To this literature he devoted himself, and, having been elected Treasurer of the Sunday-School Union and Church Book Society, he commenced and prosecuted the task of contributing to the works published by that useful society a series of biographies of the worthies of the Church of England, written in a fresh and attractive style, so as to present their lives in a form calculated to interest readers on this side of the Atlantic, and especially those whose religious training would incline them to their perusal. The first of these biographies was the life of George Herbert, followed, in quick succession, by biographies of Bishop Ken, Latimer, and Jeremy Taylor. These memoirs, though unpretending in form, and not extended beyond the limits of condensed narrative, belong to the best class of biographies, reproducing, with singular fidelity and a rare sympathy, the best traits of the pure and noble characters which they portray. They were received with warm commendation by the most competent critics, and are contributions of high value to the class of works to which

they belong, being characterized throughout by the marks of patient and thorough investigation, and by a tender and elevated tone of thought and piety. This well-chosen path of literary labor invited Mr. Duyckinck to further efforts in the same direction, including a life of Archbishop Leighton; but before entering upon its preparation, he was seized with the illness which terminated his life. He died at New York, March 30, 1863, in the fortieth year of his age. The volumes to which this supplement is added bear ample testimony to the patience and fidelity with which he pursued his literary labors.

****EVERT AUGUSTUS DUYCKINCK.**

MR. EVERT AUGUSTUS DUYCKINCK, whose name, —with that of his younger brother, George Long Duyckinck, —is borne by the title-page of this work, was born in the city of New York, on the 23d of November, 1816. The family had long been residents in that city, the name appearing in its earliest Dutch annals. Christopher Duyckinck took an active part, on the popular side, in the movements of the Revolution. His son Evert, father of the subject of this notice, about the beginning of the present century became established as a publisher in the book-trade; and for nearly thirty years was actively engaged in the business, being at the time of his retirement the oldest publisher in New York.

Evert A. Duyckinck was educated at Columbia College, New York, a graduate of the class of 1835. After pursuing a course of legal reading in the office of John Anthon, an eminent counsellor of that city, he was admitted to the bar of the State in 1837. He then passed a year in Europe, chiefly in Holland and Great Britain, returning to New York to enter upon the course of literary employments in which, with varying intervals of leisure, he has since been actively engaged. Previously to going abroad he had contributed several articles, on the poet Crabbe, the works of George Herbert, Oliver Goldsmith, etc., to the early numbers of the *New York Review*. In 1840, with Cornelius Matthews, he entered upon the editorship of a new monthly periodical in New York, entitled, *Arcturus, a Journal of Books and Opinion*, which was continued through three volumes, closing in May, 1842. To this work he contributed essays, articles on old English authors, and reviews of the rising authors of the time.

After various occasional contributions to the newspaper literature of the day, Mr. Duyckinck, in the early part of 1847, entered upon the editorship of *The Literary World*, a new weekly review of books, the fine arts, etc., which, with the exception of an interval of about a year, during which the work was conducted by Charles Fenno Hoffman, was carried on by the brothers Duyckinck to the close of 1853. This journal had many eminent contributors; its notices were confined mostly to subjects of permanent value and interest, and it was characterized by its liberal, appreciative tone.

In 1854, the brothers Duyckinck were again united in a work to which their familiarity with

the authors of the day, in the conduct of *The Literary World*, formed a useful preparation. *The Cyclopædia of American Literature*, projected by the publisher, the late Charles Scribner, was committed to their hands, and for about two years exclusively occupied their attention. The first edition of this work appeared in 1856, and ten years afterwards a *Supplement* was added by its senior author. To the merits of this standard work, welcomed as it has been by the scholars of this country, it can be scarcely necessary here to allude. Many voluntary testimonials bear witness to the conscientious spirit that animated its editors in their delicate and arduous task. We conceive that the discriminative and courteous tone in which it strives to truthfully narrate and illustrate the progress of our literature, is a happy medium between the laudatory and the censorious extremes of criticism.

Mr. Duyckinck in 1856 edited a volume entitled, *Wit and Wisdom of the Rev. Sydney Smith, being Selections from his Writings, and passages of his Letters and Table Talk, with a Biographical Memoir and Notes*, a work which has passed through several editions. In 1862 he became engaged in writing the letter-press to the *National Portrait Gallery of Eminent Americans*, issued by Messrs. Johnson, Fry & Co., New York, in two volumes, quarto, a series of Biographies, from the Revolutionary era to the present day, of which over a hundred thousand copies have been issued. He has also edited a contemporary *History of the War for the Union*, in three quarto volumes, as well as a *History of the World*, in four volumes, mainly arranged from the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, both for the same publishers, who have also now (1873) in course of publication from his pen an extensive series of Biographies of *Eminent Men and Women of Europe and America*, in two volumes, quarto.

Among other miscellaneous literary productions, Mr. Duyckinck has edited, with a memoir and notes, *Poems, Relating to the American Revolution*, by Philip Freneau, New York, 1865; and the American edition of *Poets of the Nineteenth Century*. He is also the author of a *Memoir of John Allan*, an eminent New York book-collector, printed by the Bradford Club in 1864; and Memorials of Francis L. Hawks, D. D., and Henry Theodore Tuckerman, read before the New York Historical Society, and printed for that institution.

****FREDERICK BUTLER.**

FREDERICK BUTLER, a New England writer of a half century since, who has written on historical and agricultural topics, has hitherto escaped the notice of writers on American biography and bibliography. The accessible data of his life and writings are but scanty. He was born about 1766-7, and was graduated at Yale College in 1795, being at that time a resident of Hartford, Connecticut. He published the following works: *A Complete History of the United States to 1820*; Hartford, 1821, and Elizabeth, New Jersey, 1822 (3 vols., 8vo., pp. 468, 459, 459); *The Farmers' Manual*; or, *The Art of Hus-*

bandry, with a Treatise on the Management of Bees; Weathersfield, Connecticut, 1821 (16mo., pp. 224); and *Memoirs of the Marquis de Lafayette, and his Tour in the United States*, with plates; Weathersfield, 1825 (12mo., pp. 418).

** JAMES RUSH,

A son of Dr. Benjamin Rush, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, was born in Philadelphia, March 1, 1786. He was educated at the College of New Jersey, in the class of 1805. After graduating, he studied medicine with his father, and received his degree in medicine from the University of Pennsylvania in 1809. His studies were continued at Edinburgh, Scotland, and he subsequently practiced his profession for some years in his native city. By his marriage to Miss Phœbe Ann Ridgway, who gained much celebrity as a brilliant leader of fashionable circles, he became possessed of a princely fortune; but he chose to lead a very retired and studious life. He is the author of four works of varying value, of which the first alone has been accepted as a standard authority: *Philosophy of the Human Voice*, 1827; *Hamlet, a Dramatic Prelude*, 1834; *Analysis of the Human Intellect*, 2 vols., 8vo, 1865; and *Rhymes of Contrast on Wisdom and Folly*, a series of verses in the form of a narrative dialogue, designed to illustrate some of the abstruse views of his philosophical books.

Dr. Rush died in Philadelphia, at the age of eighty-three, May 26, 1869. By his will he left his estate, valued at a million dollars, for the endowment of a library, which, at the option of the Library Company of Philadelphia, is to be either a branch of the latter, or else an independent institution. Some onerous conditions were attached to the acceptance of the bequest, including the use of a building site far from the centre of population; and after a course of legal proceedings, the question of its ultimate acceptance yet remains in abeyance.

Among the singular provisions of the testator, was one requiring stated issues of his own writings during the ensuing half-century, in editions of five hundred copies, to be sold at their cost price; and the following, whose singularity of opinion excited the criticism of the public press:

"Let it be a favor for the eminent works of fiction to be found upon its shelves; but let it not keep cushioned seats for time-wasting and lounging readers, nor places for every-day novels, mind-tainting reviews, controversial politics, scribblings of poetry and prose, biographies of unknown names, nor for those teachers of disjointed thinking, the daily newspapers, except perhaps for reference to support, since such an authority could never prove the authentic date of an event."

** L. Q. C. ELMER.

LUCIUS QUINTIUS CININNATUS ELMER, the son of an original member of the Society of Cincinnati, was born at Bridgeton, New Jersey, February 3, 1793. He was educated in the schools of that town, as well as at Woodbury, Bordentown, and Philadelphia. Although not a collegiate graduate, he received the honorary de-

gree of A. M. from Princeton in 1824, and that of LL. D. in 1865. He served in the militia during the war of 1812 as lieutenant of artillery, and was promoted to the rank of Brigade Major and Inspector. On the return of peace he was admitted to the bar of his native State; and he was a member of the assembly from 1821-3. He was U. S. Attorney for New Jersey during the terms of Presidents Monroe and Jackson, a member of Congress for one session, 1844-6, and was twice appointed Justice of the Supreme Court, for the term of seven years — in 1852, and in 1869. In the latter year he retired from public life. He was a trustee in Princeton College from 1829 till his resignation in 1864.

His father, Dr. Jonathan Elmer, delivered *An Eulogium on the Character of Gen. George Washington, at Bridge Town, Cumberland County, New Jersey, January 30, 1800* (8 vo, pp. 25), copies of which are now rarely to be met with.

Judge Elmer celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his marriage at his residence in Bridgeton, October 6, 1868. Two unmarried daughters, and two married daughters with their families, were present, including nine grandchildren.

He is the author of several works: *A Digest of the Laws of New Jersey*, 1838; a *Genealogical and Biographical Account of the Elmer Family*; *History of Cumberland County*, 1869; *History of the Constitution of New Jersey adopted in 1776, and of the Government under it*, 1870; *Eulogium on Hon. Garret D. Wall*, delivered before the Bench and Bar of New Jersey, at Trenton, April 2, 1871 (8 vo, pp. 44); and *Reminiscences of the Bench and Bar of New Jersey*, printed by the Historical Society, 1872.

** WILLIAM WILLIS,

An accurate antiquarian investigator and historian, traced his paternal ancestry to Michael Willis, a cutler of Dorchester, Massachusetts, and one of the founders of the Second Church in Boston, June 5, 1650. He was born at Haverhill, Massachusetts, August 31, 1794. He was prepared at Exeter Academy for an entrance into the Sophomore class of Harvard College, and took his first degree in 1813. While studying for the legal profession, he made a voyage to Portugal in 1815, returning by way of Norfolk, Virginia; and shortly after his admittance to the bar, in 1817, he visited the islands of Martinique and Guadaloupe in the West Indies. In 1819, at the invitation of Hon. Prentiss Mellen, who had been his preceptor, he removed to Portland for the practice of his profession; and sixteen years later he entered into a copartnership, which continued nearly twenty years, with the late Hon. William Pitt Fessenden, a distinguished senator from Maine. "As a lawyer, Mr. Willis stood high; a practitioner of sterling integrity, gentle and pleasing in address, a sound and safe counsellor, he had few superiors."

"In the prosperity of the Maine Historical Society he was much interested, and was elected a member in 1828, six years after its formation. In the first volume of its *Collections*, published in 1831, appeared Part I. of his *History of Portland*; Part II. being published in a separate form two

years later. He has been the chief editor of all the publications of the Society, and to most of them a valuable contributor. The second volume, published in 1847, contained *Supplementary Remarks to an Account of an Ancient Settlement on Sheepscot River*, and an appreciative notice of the character and writings of William Ladd, of Minot, both from his pen, while the fourth volume contains a most valuable contribution to American philology in an *Essay on the Language of the Abnauquis Indians*, with an appendix, in the shape of a letter to the author, from the late Hon. Chandler E. Potter, of New Hampshire; and an introductory address which he was invited to deliver before the Historical Society at its first public meeting, in Augusta, February 2, 1855, in which he gives a rapid glance at the history and statistics of the State and the requirements of the Society. In 1831, he had been elected Recording Secretary, and annually re-elected until 1834, the last year holding at the same time the office of Treasurer. In 1846, he was again chosen to the position of Secretary, and continued discharging the duties of this post until 1856, when he succeeded Hon. Robert H. Gardiner as President, and was successively re-elected until 1865, when he resigned and Hon. Edward E. Bourne was chosen his successor. Upon his accession to the President's chair he delivered an inaugural address dedicated to the memory of his predecessors in that office. A copy of this address he kindly sent me a few years since, enriched, not 'defaced' as he termed it, with his manuscript notes and additions. He had used it, he wrote me, in the preparation of *A History of the Law, the Courts, and the Lawyers of Maine*, an octavo volume of over seven hundred pages, published in 1863. In 1858, he delivered an interesting and valuable address on the Scotch-Irish emigration to Maine, giving incidentally a brief account of Presbyterianism, to which he subsequently added a *Genealogy of the M'Kinstry Family*, a second edition of which, much enlarged, was printed in 1866, and a copy presented by the author is in our library. His last literary enterprise for the Historical Society was the supervision last year (1869) of Dr. J. G. Kohl's learned history of the *Discovery of Maine*, forming the first documentary history of the State, published under the authority of the Legislature, which made a special appropriation for the purpose, and sent the Rev. Dr. Leonard Woods, late President of Bowdoin College, to Europe, to investigate the subject and secure every document and paper calculated to throw light upon it. To the *Register* of the N. E. Historic-Genealogical Society, of which he was from 1855 to 1859 one of the Vice-Presidents, he made many interesting contributions, the last to the number for April, 1869, entitled *A Summary of Voyages to the Northern Atlantic Coast of America in the Sixteenth Century*, based upon the work of Dr. Kohl just mentioned. He also wrote a *Bibliographical Essay on the Early Collections of Voyages to America*, a very careful and able paper, which was printed in the fifteenth volume of the *Register*. To the *Historical Magazine or American Notes and Queries*, for January, 1868, he contributed a *Sketch of the Origin and Progress of the Maine Historical Society*, and to No. 4. of *Norton's Literary Letter*, published at New York in 1859, a *Bibliography of the State of Maine*, a copy of which, with manuscript additions by himself, he presented to this Society. He was engaged upon an enlarged and revised edition of this work at the time of his death. The only works of Mr. Willis not enumerated that I can now recall are

Smith's and Deane's Journal, which he prepared for the press in 1849, with notes and biographical sketches, and a new edition of his *History of Portland*, a large volume of nearly one thousand pages, which appeared in 1865. The entire edition of this work which remained in the hands of the publisher, was utterly consumed in the great Portland fire of July 4, 1866.

"Mr. Willis was intrusted by his fellow-townsmen with many important and honorable positions. In 1855, he was a Senator in the Legislature of Maine, and in 1857, Mayor of the city of Portland, and was chosen an Elector of President of the United States in 1860, and appointed President of the Electoral College. He was for many years a Director and Vice-President of the Merchants' Bank of Portland, and President of the Portland Benevolent Society, and also of the Portland Institute, the latter taking the place of a public library. His last public act was as pall-bearer at the obsequies of Mr. Peabody, and in consequence of his fast declining strength, he alone was provided with a seat. Two years ago, Bowdoin College conferred upon him the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws, a well-merited and richly deserved distinction. He was a member of nearly all of the State Historical Societies, including that of Massachusetts. At the annual meeting of this Society, in December, 1867, he was selected as one of its honorary Vice-Presidents, and promptly accepted the position."*

Mr. Willis died at his residence in Portland, February 17, 1870, at the age of seventy-six, "of pure physical exhaustion induced by unceasing activity of brain," after an illness of only half a day. He bequeathed a large portion of his collection of books to the Public Library of that city.

** DORUS CLARKE.

REV. DORUS CLARKE, D. D., was born in West-hampton, Massachusetts, January 2, 1797. His ancestry on both sides were distinguished for those Puritan principles which have given to New England its proverbially distinctive character. He graduated at Williams College in 1817, and three years later at the Theological Seminary at Andover. To qualify himself more fully for his chosen profession, he accompanied the Rev. Asahel Nettleton, D. D., from place to place, to observe his method of preaching as an evangelist, in the revivals of religion then prevailing in Massachusetts and Connecticut. He also placed himself under the instruction of the Rev. Edmund D. Griffin, D. D., the newly appointed president of Williams College, and one of the most distinguished pulpit orators of that day. On the 5th of February, 1823, he was settled in the ministry as pastor of the Congregational church in Blandford, Massachusetts. After a pastorate of twelve years, he accepted a call to the Fourth Congregational Church in Springfield. While there he published a series of *Letters to the Hon. Horace Mann*, Secretary to the Massachusetts Board of Education, then recently formed, upon the proper relations of that board to the matter of religious instruction in the

* A Tribute to the Memory of Hon. William Willis, LL. D., of Portland, Maine. Read before the Numismatic and Antiquarian Society of Philadelphia, at its Stated Meeting, Thursday Evening, March 3, 1870. By Charles Henry Hart, Historiographer of the Society. Philadelphia, 1870; pp. 8.

schools of that State. He also prepared a volume of *Lectures to Young People in Manufacturing Villages*, with an introduction by the Rev. Amos Blanchard, D. D., of Lowell, which passed through two editions, one in Boston and another in New York. In 1841, Dr. Clarke removed to Boston to become associate editor and proprietor of *The New England Puritan*, a religious newspaper, published under the auspices of the Congregationalists. For several years he was engaged in editorial duties in connection with the religious press, both in Boston and New York. Subsequently he published a volume of miscellaneous articles, which had already appeared in the periodicals of the day, entitled: *Fugitives from the Escritoire of a Retired Editor*, 1864 (12 mo., pp. 235). In the more elaborate papers in that volume, may be found the author's views upon some of the profoundest problems of ethical and theological science. He also published *The Oneness of the Christian Church*, 1869 (12 mo., pp. 105); and *Orthodox Congregationalism and the Sects*, 1871 (12mo., pp. 169). Both these works have reached a second edition.

Since 1868, Dr. Clarke has been the historiographer of the New England Historic, Genealogical Society. A large number of biographical sketches of deceased members of that society, from his pen, have appeared in the *New England Historical and Genealogical Register*.

** MARSHALL P. WILDER.

MARSHALL PINCKNEY WILDER was born September 22, 1798, in Rindge, New Hampshire, where his father, Samuel Locke Wilder (named for his uncle, Rev. Samuel Locke, D. D., president of Harvard College), was a merchant. Marshall received his education in the town schools, excepting one year at the New Ipswich Academy, and a brief period spent in the study of the languages under the instruction of Rev. Joseph Brown. At the age of sixteen, he choseto be a farmer, in preference to the alternatives of a college education, or a mercantile life; but the rapid increase of his father's business led to his admission into the firm at the age of twenty-one. In 1825, he removed to Boston; and by an extended and prosperous business he has accumulated a handsome property. He is now the senior partner in the house of Parker, Wilder & Co., as well as a director in many financial and commercial institutions.

But trade and the acquisition of wealth have not been the all-engrossing pursuits of his life. He early devoted a large portion of his leisure to agriculture and horticulture. His fame in these sciences has not been confined to this country. One of the most eminent agriculturists of England spoke of him recently as: "One who by his zeal, industry and determination has not only conferred lasting benefits on his country, but has, by careful researches in hybridization and fruit culture, laid the horticulturists of all nations under heavy obligations." For eight years he was president of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society; for twenty years president of the Norfolk Agricultural Society; for six years president of the United States Agricultural Society, of which he was founder. He

was also a founder of the American Pomological Society, and has been its president from its organization in 1848 to the present time.

He was enrolled in the New Hampshire militia at sixteen years of age, and had attained the rank of colonel before his removal from that State. After declining four annual nominations, he accepted in 1857 the command of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, the oldest military corps in the New World, as it was organized at Boston in 1638, eight years after that town was founded. A number of political offices have also been given to him, such as State senator and member of the Governor's council. He was president of the Massachusetts senate in 1850, and was succeeded by Hon. Henry Wilson, now Vice-President of the United States.

The "Sons of New Hampshire" residing in Boston have had two public festivals in that city. The first, held November 7, 1849, was presided over by the eminent statesman, Daniel Webster. At the second, November 2, 1853, a year after Mr. Webster's death, Mr. Wilder, who had been a vice-president four years previous, was chosen to preside. On that occasion he delivered an eloquent and able address, containing a touching reference to the departed and lamented patriot.

The two hundred and twenty-fifth anniversary of the settlement of Dorchester, Massachusetts, was celebrated on the 4th of July, 1855. Edward Everett, a native of that town, was the orator of the day, while Mr. Wilder was the president, and delivered an eloquent address.

In January 1868, he was chosen president of the New England Historic-Genealogical Society, vacated by the death of John A. Andrew, the celebrated war-governor of Massachusetts, and has been annually re-elected. Through his efforts, the Society has been enabled to purchase and rent a building for its use at a cost of forty thousand dollars, and to establish a fund of thirteen thousand dollars toward the support of a librarian. He has annually delivered an address explaining the objects, and eloquently pressing the claims, of the Society, as a conservator of the history of New England.

The orations and addresses of Mr. Wilder, if collected, would fill several volumes, and would be a valuable legacy to posterity, replete as they are with enlarged and practical views, the result of original thought and an extensive acquaintance with the world.*

* The following are some of his principal writings:

Historical Addresses and Lectures: On laying the Corner-Stone of the first Massachusetts Horticultural Hall, Boston, 1844; Before the Sons of New Hampshire, Boston, 1849; As President of the Sons of New Hampshire, Boston, 1853; On the Reception of the Members of N. H. Legislature—Obsequies of Webster, Boston, 1852; On the 225th Anniversary of the Settlement of Dorchester, 1855; Annual Addresses before the New England Historic-Genealogical Society, Boston, 1868-73; Lecture on California, delivered in various cities, Boston, 1871; Lecture on the Hybridization of Plants, Boston, 1872; On the Progress and Influence of Rural Art; Boston, 1872; Speech at the 25th Anniversary of the Essex Institute, Salem, 1873.

Agricultural Addresses: Before the Norfolk Society at Dedham, at its Organization, 1849; Before the Bristol Society at Taunton, 1849; Speech in the Massachusetts Senate for an Agricultural College, 1850; Before the Berkshire Society at Pittsfield, 1851; Before the Hampshire Society at Amherst, 1851; Before the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture at Framingham, 1869; Before the New Hampshire Agricultural Society, at Manchester, 1861; Before the same at Pittsfield,

** JOHN A. DIX.

JOHN ADAMS DIX, who has won distinction by his administrative abilities in public life and in the military service during the late rebellion, was born in Boscaawen, New Hampshire, July 24, 1798. He attended the academies at Salisbury and Exeter, N. H., and spent one year in a French college at Montreal. In 1812, he entered the Military Academy at West Point, but left it soon after, on the declaration of war against Great Britain, to enlist as an ensign.



He was appointed an engineer in the Fourteenth Regular Infantry in 1813, and succeeded to a second lieutenancy the year after. In 1819, he became aide-de-camp to General Brown, then commander-in-chief, and six years later captain of artillery. He had meanwhile prepared himself for the legal profession, and in 1828, after his return from a visit to Cuba and Europe, he resigned his military commission, and settled at Cooperstown, New York. About this time, he published his first work, on the *Resources of the City of New York*, 1827. He received the degree of Master of Arts from Brown University in 1820, and that of Doctor of Laws from Geneva College in 1845.

1870; At the Graduation of the first class of the Massachusetts Agricultural College, at Amherst, 1871.

Addresses before the American Pomological Society: On the Inauguration of the Society, at New York, 1848; At its meeting in New York, 1849; At Philadelphia—Eulogy on Andrew Jackson Downing, 1852; At Boston, 1854; At Rochester, New York, 1856; At New York, 1858; At Philadelphia, 1860; At Boston, 1862; At St. Louis, 1867; At Philadelphia, 1869; At Richmond, 1871; At Boston, 1873.

Addresses before the United States Agricultural Society: At its formation, Washington, D. C., 1852; At Washington, 1853; At its First Exhibition, Springfield, Massachusetts, 1853; At Washington, 1854; At its Second Exhibition, Springfield, Ohio, 1854; At Washington, 1855; At its Third Exhibition, Boston, Massachusetts, 1855; At Washington, 1856-7; At its National Field Trial of Reapers and Mowers, Syracuse, New York, 1857; At its Fifth Exhibition, Louisville, Kentucky, 1857; At Washington, 1858; At Philadelphia, 1858.

Mr. Dix was speedily called to a number of public positions, and discharged all their duties with fidelity and zeal. In 1830, he became Adjutant-General of the State; and three years later, Secretary of State, *ex-officio*, Superintendent of Common Schools, a member of the Canal Board, and a Commissioner of the Canal Fund. In connection with these official duties, he published in 1837, *Decisions of the Superintendent of Common Schools, New York, and the Laws relating to Common Schools*. He was elected to the Assembly from Albany county in 1842, and three years later was chosen to fill a vacancy in the United States Senate, caused by the election of Silas Wright as Governor of the State, 1845-9. During that exciting period, he took a prominent part in the debates concerning the annexation of Texas, the war with Mexico, the Oregon boundary line, and the admission of slavery into the Territories. On his retirement, he visited the Madeira islands and the Continent, writing a description of his travels in a volume entitled: *A Winter in Madeira, and a Summer in Spain and Florence*, 1850. President Pierce tendered him the appointment of Secretary of State in 1852, which he declined in favor of Hon. William L. Marcy, becoming instead, for a short period, Assistant U. S. Treasurer in New York. In 1860 he was appointed Postmaster of New York city; and from January to March, 1861, he consented to fill the vacated post of Secretary of the Treasury in President Buchanan's cabinet. It was at this time of public danger and despondency that he sent that famous and characteristic despatch to W. H. Jones, then special agent of the Department at New Orleans, when informed that Captain Breshwood refused to obey instructions: "If any one attempts to haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot!"

In May, 1861, he was appointed Major-General of Volunteers, with his headquarters at Baltimore, and subsequently he commanded at Fortress Monroe and the peninsula. In September, 1862, he received the command of the Seventh Army Corps, and was, immediately after the draft riots in New York, July, 1863, transferred to the Department of the East, with his headquarters in that city. He resigned his commission the same year and became a leader of the War Democracy, which co-operated in the re-election of President Lincoln. He was chairman of the National Union Convention at Philadelphia, August 14, 1866, and served as Minister to France for two years, 1867-9. He held the presidency of the New York and Erie Railroad for a short term in 1872, and was elected that same year Governor of New York, by a large popular majority. In 1864 his *Speeches and Occasional Addresses* were published in two octavo volumes. They chiefly related to the leading questions of the day discussed by him while representing the State of New York in the U. S. Senate, to which are added some lectures and addresses delivered before prominent societies.

** CHARLES HUDSON

Is the only son of Stephen Hudson, a revolutionary soldier, who was taken prisoner by the

British and incarcerated in the "Philadelphia Jail." Charles was born November 14, 1795, at Marlboro', Massachusetts, and a part of that town has since been incorporated as Hudson, in his honor. He was a teacher in early life, and afterwards a student in theology. He was settled in Westminster over a society of Restorationists, of which he was pastor twenty years. He represented that town four years in the Massachusetts House of Representatives; the county of Worcester six years in the Senate, and three years in the executive council; and his district eight years in the United States Congress. On leaving Congress, he was appointed naval officer of the port of Boston. He has also been a member of the State Board of Education, an United States assessor of internal revenue, and has filled other public stations. In 1849, he removed from Westminster to Lexington, where he now resides. For a number of years he edited the Boston *Daily Atlas*, a Whig newspaper.

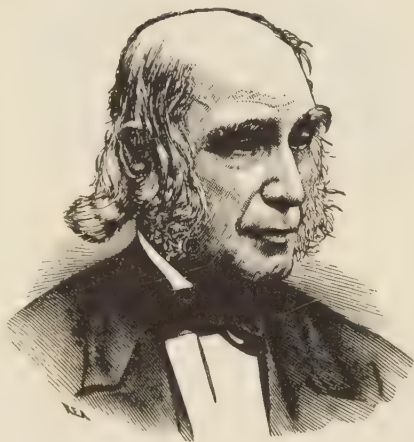
Mr. Hudson is the author of a *History of Westminster* (1832, 8vo., pp. 32); *Historical Address at the Centennial at Westminster* (1859, 8vo., pp. 128); *History of Marlboro'* (1862, 8vo., pp. 544); *History of Lexington* (1868, 8vo., pp. 449), to which is appended a *Genealogical Register of Lexington Families* (pp. 296); *Doubts Concerning the Battle of Bunker Hill* (1857, 12mo.); *Letters to Rev. Hosea Ballou* (1827, 12mo., pp. 800); *Reply to Walter Balfour* (1829, 16mo.); *Sacred Memoirs* (2 vols., 12mo.), and a series of Sunday-school text-books (4 vols., 30 to 130 pages each). He has prepared Congressional reports on the *Protective Policy*; legislative reports on *Capital Punishment*, *The North-Eastern Boundary*, and *The Incompetency of Witnesses on Account of Religious Belief*; besides numerous articles for periodicals and newspapers. The amount of printed matter of which he is the author exceeds four thousand pages. His works all give evidence of conscientious care and fidelity to truth. "He has shown great industry in every position in which he has been placed," states a friend. "His life has been one of toil, and few persons have performed as much labor, both bodily and mental, as he has."

** AMOS BRONSON ALCOTT,

"A PHILOSOPHER devoted to the science of education,"* was born at Wolcott, Connecticut, November 29, 1799. His early manhood was given to the teaching of young children, in which he achieved a large measure of success, at first in his native State till 1828, and subsequently in Boston. In that connection, he published two little volumes in 1836, entitled *Conversations with Children on the Gospels*.

Mr. Alcott subsequently removed to Concord, where he became a contributor to the *Dial*, and gave his time to the study and discussion of the chief reformatory measures of the age. In 1842 he attempted, with several English friends, to establish a new community on a farm called "Fruitlands," at Harvard: but the pro-

ject was soon abandoned. He has since been a resident of Boston, and has led, as his friend states, "the life of a Peripatetic philosopher, conversing in cities and in villages, wherever invited, on divinity, on human nature, on ethics, on dietetics, and a wide range of practical questions. These conversations, which were at first casual, gradually assumed a more formal character, the topics being often printed on cards, and the company meeting at a fixed time and place.† Mr. Alcott attaches great importance to diet and government of the body; still more to race and complexion. He is an idealist, and we should say platonist, if it were not doing injustice to give any name implying secondariness to the highly original habit of his salient and intuitive mind."



Amos Bronson Alcott.

He is the author of two scholarly and meditative volumes. *Tablets*, 1868, is a discussion of various subjects grouped into two books, termed practical and speculative, such as the garden, which is latitudinarian enough to include the orchard and rural culture; recreation, fellowship, books and councils; mind, instruments, genesis, etc. *Concord Days*, 1872, under the headings of the months from April to September, groups together many charming fragmentary papers on literary subjects, like Thoreau, Margaret Fuller, Plato, Goethe, and Carlyle; on rural affairs, speculative philosophy, etc.

** SCHOLARSHIP—FROM CONCORD DAYS.

Wednesday April, 28.

Apart they sit, the better know,
Why towns and talk away men below,

Freedom from affairs, and leisure to entertain his thoughts, is the scholar's paradise. Hardly less the delight in comparing notes with another in conversation. It is the chiefest of satisfactions this last, where sympathy is possible and perfect. One does not see his thought distinctly till it is reflected in the image of another's. Personal

* Biographical sketch in Appleton's Cyclopædia, vol. 1., by Ralph Waldo Emerson.

† A recent conversational tour in the West by Mr. Alcott, is described in the Springfield Republican, April 11, 1873.

perspective gives the distance necessary to bring out its significance. "There are some," says Thoreau, "whose ears help me so much that my things have a rare significance when I read to them. It is almost too good a hearing, so that, for the time, I regard my writing from too favorable a point of view." Yet the criticism of admiration is far more acceptable and the more likely to be just than that of censure. Much learning does not make an accomplished critic; taste, sensibility, sympathy, ideality, are indispensable. A man of talent may apprehend and judge fairly of works of his class. But genius alone comprehends and appreciates truly the works of genius.

Nor are all moods equally favorable for criticism. "It may be owing to my mood at the time," says Goethe, "but it seems to me, that as well in treating of writings as of actions, unless one speak with a loving sympathy, a certain enthusiasm, the result is so defective as to have little value. Pleasure, delight, sympathy in things, is all that is real; and that reproduces reality in us; all else is empty and vain." One must seize the traits as they rise with the tender touch, else they elude and dissolve in a moment; pass into the obscurity out of which they emerged, and are lost forever. Much depends upon this, that one make the most of his time, and miss no propitious moods.

Rarely does one win a success with either tongue or pen. Of the books printed, scarcely never the volume entire justifies its appearance in type. Much is void of deep and permanent significance, touches nothing in one's experience, and fails to command attention. Even subjects of gravest quality, unless treated suggestively, find no place in a permanent literature. It is not enough that the thing is literally defined, stated logically; it needs to be complemented ideally, — set forth in lucid imagery, — to tell the story to the end. Style carries weight oftentimes when seemingly light itself. Movement is necessary, while the logic is unapparent, — all the more profound and edifying as it appeals to and speaks from the deeper instincts, and so makes claims upon the reader's mind. That is good which stands strong in its own strength, detached from local relations. So a book of thoughts suggests thought, edifies, inspires. Whatever interests at successive readings has life in it, and deserves type and paper.

My code of composition stands thus, and this is my advice to whom it may concern:—

Burn every scrap that stands not the test of all moods of criticism. Such lack longevity. What is left gains immensely. Such is the law. Very little of what is thought good at the writing holds good over night. Sleep on your writing; take a walk over it; scrutinize it of a morning; review it of an afternoon; digest it after a meal; let it sleep in your drawer a twelvemonth; never venture a whisper about it to your friend, if he be an author especially. You may read selections to sensible women, — if young the better; and if it stand these trials, you may offer it to a publisher, and think yourself fortunate if he refuse to print it. Then you may be sure you have written a book worthy of type, and wait with assurance for a publisher and reader thirty years hence, — that is, when you are engaged in authorship that needs neither type or publisher.

"Learning," says Fuller, "hath gained most by those books by which the printers have lost." It must be an enlightened public that asks for works

the most enlightened publishers decline printing. A magazine were ruined already if it reflected its fears only. Yet one cannot expect the trade to venture reputation or money in spreading unpopular views.

Ben Jonson wrote to his bookseller:—

"Thou that mak'st gain thy end, and wisely well
Call'st a book good or bad, as it doth sell,
Use mine so too; I give thee leave, but crave
For the luck's sake, it thus much favor have;—
To lie upon thy stall, till it be sought,
Not offered as it made suit to be bought;
Nor have my title-page on posts or walls,
Or in cleft-sticks advanced to make calls
For terms, or some clerk-like serving man
Who scarce can spell the hard names, whose knight
less can.
If, without these vile arts it will not sell,
Send it to Bucklersbury, there 't will, well."

Time is the best critic, and the better for his intolerance of any inferiority. And fortunate for literature that he is thus choice and exacting. Books, like character, are works of time, and must run the gauntlet of criticism to gain enduring celebrity. The best books may sometimes wait for their half century, or longer, for appreciative readers — create their readers; the few ready to appreciate these at their issue being the most enlightened of their time, and they diffuse the light to their circle of readers. The torch of truth thus transmitted sheds its light over hemispheres, — the globe at last.

"Hail! native language, that with sinews weak
Didst move my first endeavoring tongue to speak,
And mad'st imperfect words with childish trips
Half unpronounced slide through my infant lips,
Driving dull silence from the portal door
Where he had mutely sat two years before—
Here I salute thee, and thy pardon ask
That now I use thee in my latter task.
Now haste thee strait to do me once a pleasure,
And from thy wardrobe bring thy chiefest treasure,
Not those new-fangled toys, and trimming slight,
Which takes our late fantastics with delight,
But cull those richest robes, and gay'st attire,
Which deepest spirits and choicest wits admire."

Thus wrote Milton at the age of nineteen, and made his college illustrious and the language afterwards. Yet the purest English is not always spoken or written by graduates of universities. Speech is the fruit of breeding and of character, and one shall find sometimes in remote rural districts the language spoken in its simplicity and purity, especially by sprightly boys and girls who have not been vexed with their grammars and school tasks. Ours is one of the richest of the spoken tongues; it may not be the simplest in structure and ease of attainment; yet this last may be facilitated by simple and natural methods of studying it. Taught by masters like Ascham or Milton, students might acquire the art of speaking and of writing the language in its purity and elegance, as did these great masters in their day. Ascham lays down this sensible rule: "He that will write well in any tongue, must follow this advice of Aristotle: '*to speak as the common people do, to think as wise men do, and so should every man understand him, and the judgment of wise men about him.*'"

George Chapman, the translator of Homer, thus speaks of the scholarly pedantries of his time, of which ours affords too many examples:—

"For as great clerks can use no English words,
Because (alas! great clerks) English affords,
Say they, no height nor copy, — a rude tongue,
Since 't is their native, — but, in Greek and Latin
Their wits are rare, for thence true poesy sprung,
Through which, truth knows, they have but skill to
chat in,
Compared with what they might have in their own."

Camden said, "that though our tongue may not be as sacred as the Hebrew, nor as learned as the Greek, yet it is as fluent as the Latin, as courteous as the Spanish, as court-like as the French, and as amorous as the Italian; so that, being beautified and enriched out of these tongues, partly by enfranchising and endenizing foreign words, partly by implanting new ones with artful composition, our tongue is as copious, pithy, and significative as any in Europe."

If one would learn its riches at sight, let him glance along the pages of Richardson's Dictionary; and at the same time survey its history from Gower and Chaucer down to our time.

"If there be, what I believe there is," says Dr. Johnson, "in every nation, a style which never becomes obsolete, a certain mode of phraseology so component and congenial to the analogy and principles of its respective language as to remain settled and unaltered, this style is probably to be sought in the common intercourse of life, among those who speak only to be understood, without ambition of eloquence. The polite are always catching modish expressions, and the learned depart from established forms of speech, in hope of finding or making it better; those who wish for distinction forsake the vulgar when the vulgar is right; but there is a conversation above grossness and below refinement, where propriety resides, and where Shakespeare seems to have gathered his comic dialogues. He is therefore more agreeable to the ears of the present age than any other author equally remote, and among his other excellences deserves to be studied as one of the original masters of the language."

** ROBERT DALE OWEN.

ROBERT DALE OWEN was born November 7, 1801, in the city of Glasgow, Scotland. His paternal ancestors, as the name indicates, were Welsh. His father, Robert Owen, born in Newtown, Montgomeryshire, North Wales, a well-known philanthropist and reformer, was the founder of Infant Schools and the advocate of co-operative labor. On the mother's side, his ancestors were from the Highlands of Scotland; his great-great-grandfather, the Hon. Colin Campbell of Ardmaddie, being the youngest son of John Campbell of Glenorchy, first Earl of Breadalbane. The son of this Colin Campbell was cashier of the Royal Bank of Scotland, and saved a large sum of money to the Government, during the rebellion of 1745, by conveying the specie belonging to his bank to the Castle of Edinburgh, which held out against the Pretender. Mr. Owen's grandfather, David Dale (from whom he derives his middle name), married the cashier's daughter. Mr. Dale was a self-made man of humble birth, who worked his way to riches and position; ere he had passed middle age he was already a wealthy merchant and bank-director. In connection with Sir Richard Arkwright, the inventor of the spinning-jenny, he built the village and cotton mills of New Lanark, where fifteen hundred work-people were employed. Mr. Owen's father married Mr. Dale's eldest daughter, and purchased from Mr. Dale the New Lanark establishment, which he conducted for nearly thirty years, amassing a large fortune, while also greatly improving the condition of his work-people. All the

children of the villagers, from the age of two years to twelve, were educated gratuitously, and free evening schools were established for the young men and women employed in the mills. Intemperance was eradicated, and the establishment became celebrated for the order, intelligence, and good conduct of the operatives.



Robert Dale Owen

In this village Robert Dale Owen was brought up, chiefly under a private tutor, until the age of seventeen, when he was sent to complete his education at the college of Hofwyl, situated two leagues from Berne, in Switzerland. That institution had then a world-wide reputation, having been founded by the celebrated M. de Fellenberg, a Bernese Patrician, who still continued its president. It was peculiar in this, that it was entirely self-governing, the students enacting and enforcing their own laws. Mr. Owen remained there upwards of three years. He has recently written a full account of the College.*

Mr. Owen came to this country in 1825, and has been a citizen of the United States ever since. His residence, for upwards of forty-five years, has been at New Harmony, in South-western Indiana, where his father had bought in 1824, from Rapp and his German community, a village capable of containing eight hundred people, together with twenty thousand acres of land. Robert Owen had intended to reside there; but finding that the climate did not suit his health, he returned to England, leaving the property in charge of his sons.

Mr. R. D. Owen was elected a member of the Legislature of Indiana in 1835, and he was twice re-elected. During his term of service he procured, after a stormy struggle, the passage of a law by which half the surplus revenue was appropriated to the common schools.

* Atlantic Monthly, May, 1873.

From 1843 to 1847, he was a member of Congress. In January, 1844, he introduced into the House a joint resolution relative to the occupation of Oregon, which, though it failed at that session, passed during the next, and became the basis of the settlement of our North-western boundary, effected in 1846. He also introduced (in December, 1845), the bill under which the Smithsonian Institution was organized, and was chairman of the select committee appointed on that subject, having as a colleague Hon. John Quincy Adams (who had made two unavailing attempts, in former sessions, to procure action in this matter). Mr. Owen was afterward appointed one of the Regents of the Smithsonian Institution, as well as chairman of its building committee. His speeches in Congress on the Oregon Question, the Tariff, and the annexation of Texas, had a wide circulation.

In 1850, he was elected a member of the Convention called to remodel the Constitution of Indiana, and was chosen first chairman of its Committee on Rights and Privileges, and afterward chairman of its Revision Committee, which was composed of the chairmen of all the other committees. The next year he was a member of the Legislature which revised the laws, in accordance with the new Constitution; was again chosen chairman of the Committee on Revision; and was the author of a bill, which has ever since been a law of the State, securing to widows and to married women independent rights of property.

The women of Indiana, grateful for these efforts in their favor, procured, by a subscription which was limited to one dollar each, a large silver pitcher, classical in form and richly chased, for presentation to their advocate. It bore the inscription: "Presented to the Honorable Robert Dale Owen by the Women of Indiana, in acknowledgment of his true and noble advocacy of their independent rights to property, in the Constitutional Convention of the State of Indiana, convened at Indianapolis, 1850." The services were held at a large public meeting in the hall of the House of Representatives, May 28, 1851. Judge Smith of the Supreme Court presided, and the Rev. W. C. Larrabee, afterward State Superintendent of Public Instruction, made the presentation address.

In 1853, Mr. Owen was appointed American Minister to Naples, where he remained five years, and negotiated two important treaties with the Neapolitan government, including the treaty of amity and commerce still existing.

Besides the historical drama of *Pocahontas*, in 1837, Mr. Owen is the author of a volume on *Public Architecture*,* issued in 1849 by Putnam, in quarto form and with numerous illustrations; and of a short treatise on the Population question, entitled, *Moral Physiology*, appearing in 1830, some sixty or seventy thousand copies of which have been sold in this country and England. But his principal works, published later in life, relate to the question, much agitated throughout the last twenty years, whether oc-

casional interferences from another world in this are reality or delusion; and whether there is experimental proof of immortality and a life to come. Two works on this subject have appeared from his pen: the first, entitled *Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World*, was issued at Philadelphia, in 1860; the second, with the title *The Debatable Land between this World and the Next*, at New York, in December, 1871. In these two volumes the general ground taken by Mr. Owen, as stated by one thoroughly conversant with his works, is: "That in all ages of the world, there has been more or less intercourse, sometimes direct, more frequently indirect, between the denizens of the next world and the inhabitants of this; one form of such intercourse, Inspiration, being a general element influencing favored individuals; the result showing itself in eminent literary efforts, in masterpieces of art, possibly in wonderful scientific discoveries and mechanical inventions; more especially in the highest order of musical compositions; the most marked phase, however, being of a spiritual character, and Christ being the crowning exemplar of the Inspired. He does not look upon it, however, as an exceptional and miraculous gift of God, restricted to one century and a few favored children of preference; but as a mental or psychical phenomenon, strictly law-governed, often imparting invaluable knowledge to man, but never infallible teachings; the source not of one religion alone, but, in phase more or less pure, of all religions, ancient or modern, that have held persistent sway over any considerable portion of mankind. He holds that the signs and wonders alleged to have been wrought by Jesus did occur, substantially as represented by the Evangelists, and that when they are no longer loaded down by the claim to be miraculous, they will be much more generally believed, especially by men of science." He further holds that "the occurrence among us of spiritual phenomena under law tends to reconcile Scripture and sound philosophy, helps to attest the doctrine of the universal reign of law; and thus explains and confirms the general accuracy of the Gospel narratives."*

As chairman of a Government Commission, appointed by the Secretary of War, in March, 1863, to examine the condition of the recently emancipated Freedmen of the United States, he published the result of his observations in a volume the year following: *The Wrong of Slavery, the Right of Emancipation, and the Future of the African Race in the United States*. He served also during the war, with Judge Holt, on another Commission, relative to Ordnance and Ordnance Stores. To this Commission accounts amounting in the aggregate to forty-nine millions and a half were referred for audit; and the decisions of the commission, which sat between three and four months, reduced the liabilities of the Government by about fourteen millions of dollars, while not one of their decisions was ever reversed. During the war he wrote and printed a letter to the President, one to the Secretary of War, one to the

* Hints on Public Architecture; containing, among other Illustrations, Views and Plans of the Smithsonian Institution; with an Appendix relative to Building Materials; 113 illustrations, 1849.

* Preface to *The Debatable Land*.

Secretary of the Treasury, and another to the Secretary of State. These letters, chiefly devoted to the advocacy of the policy of Emancipation, as a measure sanctioned alike by the laws of war and by the dictates of humanity, had, through the periodical press, a circulation almost unexampled in the case of a private individual, and averaging from one to two million copies of each.

In March and April, 1860, Mr. Owen had a debate on the policy of Divorce, with Horace Greeley. These articles appeared originally in the New York *Tribune*, and were afterwards circulated widely in pamphlet form.

He was married in April, 1832, to Miss Mary Jane Robinson, daughter of a New York merchant. He is now a widower, having lost his wife in August, 1871.

Mr. Owen has written one novel, which first appeared in *Lippincott's Magazine*, in 1870: *Beyond the Breakers: A Story of the Present Day*. It graphically described village life in the West, and has some powerful scenes elsewhere, noticeably in the case of a conviction for larceny at Philadelphia on fraudulent circumstantial evidence, and in the masterly picture of the destruction of a lake steamer by fire, with the loss of several hundred passengers. In 1873, he contributed to the *Atlantic Monthly*, as a serial, his *Autobiography*. It will probably appear, when completed, in book form.

****THE LAKE STEAMER AFIRE—FROM BEYOND THE BREAKERS.**

The alarm gained the crowd below, which swayed to and fro. Women and children shrieked in terror as the press came upon them. Men's voices rose—a hoarse murmur, like the gathering of a great wind. Tyler endeavored to make his way to the bow, but found that impossible: several stout Irish laborers turned threateningly upon him, "I'll risk my chance above," he said to Hartland, but the latter stayed below.

When the miller reached the upper deck a sheet of fire already rose nearly as high as the smoke-stacks, and the roof of the main cabin had caught. But he saw also in a moment a change that kept hope alive. The smoke and flames, instead of drifting aft, now blew dead to larboard. The captain's command to the pilot had been to port the helm and run the boat on shore.

But this change, bringing the mass of flame closer to the passengers, so that those nearest the cabin felt the hot breath on their cheeks, at first increased their alarm. They crowded fearfully toward the bow, and many must have been thrown into the water then and there, had not a voice called out, "Don't crowd: they're heading her for land." This assurance in a measure quieted the terror-stricken throng. There was the suppressed voice of lamentation, an appeal to Heaven for mercy here and there, but still no clamorous shout, no wild outcry. There could be seen, by that red glare, on some faces the calm of resignation, on others the stillness of despair.

Though the flames spread steadily, the engine continued to work, the wheels did their duty, and the pilot—noble fellow!—still kept his post, though smoke, mingled with thick sparks, swept in circling eddies around him.

Each minute was bearing these four hundred souls nearer and nearer to safety, and all eyes

were now strained in the direction of the vessel's course. The blaze from that terrific bale-fire lighted up the lake waters far and wide, and—yes! was at last reflected on a low shore and trees. Some one near the bow cried out, "Land! land!" Others caught and repeated the soul-stirring cry. And though the passengers in the rear of the crowd were already in perilous vicinity to the spreading flames, a faint shout of exultation went up.

But terrible and speedy came the reaction! The boat had been headed more and more to the left, and ere five minutes had elapsed—with a *thud* so heavy that she shuddered through all her timbers—the vessel struck a hidden sandbar, remaining fast, but before she settled swinging by the stern till her after cabin lay directly to windward. Thus the breeze, which had freshened, blew right from stern to bow.

Fearful was the result! In an instant the whole body of flame swept straight over the masses that had huddled together on the forward decks. At the same moment the huge smoke-stacks, loosened by the violent shock, fell, with a loud crash, down through the cabin, their fall being succeeded by a sudden and tremendous burst of surging fire.

No restraint now! No thought among that doomed multitude save one—escape from the most horrible of all deaths, to be burned alive! In the very extremity of despair they crowded recklessly on each other, sweeping irresistibly forward till the front ranks were borne sheer off the bow: then the next, then the next! Ere three minutes had elapsed the water swarmed with a struggling throng—men, women, children battling for their lives.

A few of the passengers in the rear rushed to the stairs, but they were in flames. No escape from that scene of horror, except by a leap of some twenty feet—from the upper guards down to the waves below, already covered with a floundering mass. But most of those who were left accepted the desperate alternative, flinging themselves over the side of the boat. Many fell flat and became senseless at once, sinking hopelessly to the bottom; others, dropping straight down, soon rose again to the surface. Now and then an expert swimmer, watching an opening in the living screen, dived down head foremost. Scarcely a score remained, the miller among them, on the extreme bow. Even at that appalling moment, his attention was arrested by a brief episode in the scene of horror before him. A young mother—tall, graceful, with a look of refinement and a pale Madonna face, her arms around a baby asleep, it seemed, in their shelter—stood on the very edge of the deck where the rush of the headlong crowd had broken down the guards—alone!—her natural defender—who knows?—swept away by the human torrent, or perhaps, under the tyrant instinct of self-preservation, a deserter from her whom he had sworn to cherish and protect. All alone, to earthly seeming at least, though she might be communing even then with the Unseen, for her colorless face was calm as an angel's, and her large, dark eyes were raised with a gaze so eager it might well be penetrating the slight veil, and already distinguishing, beyond, guardian intelligences bending near, waiting to welcome into their radiant world one who had been the joy and the ornament of this.

As Tyler watched her, a tongue of flame swept so close he thought it must have caught her light drapery. A single look below, a plunge, and she

committed herself and her babe to the waves and to Him who rules them.

Tyler rushed to the spot where she had stood, but mother and child had already sunk. For a brief space—moments only, though he thought of it afterward as a long, frightful dream—he gazed on the seething swarm of mortality beneath him—poor, frail mortality, stripped of all flaunting guise, and exhibiting, under overwhelming temptation, its most selfish instincts bared to their darkest phase.

The struggle to reach the various floating objects, and the ruthlessness with which a strong swimmer occasionally wrenched these from the grasp of some feeble old man or delicate woman—it was all horrible to behold. Then again, many swimmers, striking without support for shore, were caught in the despairing clutch of some drowning wretch, unconscious perhaps of what he did, and dragged down to a fate from which their strength and courage might have saved them. From the midst, however, shone forth examples of persistent self-devotion: husbands with but one thought, the safety of their wives; a son sustaining to the last an aged parent; but above all the maternal instinct asserted its victory over death. Tyler, even in those fleeting moments, caught sight, here and there among the crowd, of a woman with one hand clutching a friendly shoulder or a floating support, holding aloft in the other an infant all unconscious of impending fate. In one instance, even, a chubby little fellow, thus borne above the waters, clapped his tiny hands and laughed at the gay spectacle of the bright flames.

Meanwhile, the wind, veering a little to the south, and thus blowing fire and smoke somewhat to larboard, had left, on the starboard edge of the forward deck a narrow strip, on which, though the heat was intense, some ten or twelve persons still lingered beyond actual contact with the flames. But each moment the fire swept nearer and nearer, and Tyler felt that the last chance must now be risked. He dropped into the water, feet foremost, and disappeared.

While these things passed, Hartland, below with the steerage passengers, had witnessed similar scenes. Human nature, cultivated or uncultivated, is, as a general rule, in an extremity so dire, mastered by the same impulses. The difference inherent in race, however, was apparent. The sedate German, schooled to meet hardship and suffering with silent equanimity, and now standing mute and stolid—eyes fixed in despair—contrasted with the excitable Celt, voluble in his bewailings. Hartland, like Tyler, had kept himself aloof from the dense crowd, and so escaped being carried along by the frenzied fugitives when the flames first swept the forward deck. He was one of those men whose perceptions are quickened by imminence of danger. He noticed that the starboard wheel-house, which had not yet caught, afforded a temporary shelter from the drifting fire; and acting on a sudden conviction, he climbed over the guards on that side of the vessel, a little forward of the wheel, and let himself down till his feet rested on the projecting wale of the boat. Thus, holding on by the rail, he was able to maintain himself outside of the blazing current until only a few stragglers were left on deck.

There he remained some time, deliberately thinking over the situation. As a boy he had learned to swim, but for the last fifteen years he had been almost wholly out of practice. He called to mind the rules with which he had once

been familiar, and the necessity of keeping the eyes open so as to elude the grasp of drowning men. As he held on there the risk from such a contingency was painfully brought to his notice. From time to time several of the passengers from the upper deck had slid down near him. At last one heavy body, from immediately above, dropped so close that it brushed his clothes and almost carried him down with it. He turned to see the fate of this man. After ten or fifteen seconds he saw him rise to the surface again, and with a start recognized Nelson Tyler. He was struggling violently, and Hartland observed that some one, as the stout miller rose, had clutched him by the left arm with the tenacity of despair. Both sank together, and Hartland saw them no more.

Several times he was about letting himself down, but held back because of the crowds that he saw rising to the surface and wrestling with death and with each other beneath him. At last he was warned that his time had come. Looking toward the bow, where several men, imitating his example, were holding on outside the bulwarks, but unprotected by the wheel-house, he saw the flames catch and terribly scorch their hands, the torture causing them to quit their grasp and fall back headlong into the waves. Still he watched, until, seeing a whole mass of bodies sink together, and thus leave an empty space just below him, he commended his soul to God, and, springing from his support, sank at once to the bottom.

After a brief space, when his eyes had cleared a little, he saw what it has seldom been the lot of human being to witness. On the sand, there in the lower depths of the lake, lighted by the lurid glare of the burning boat, loomed up around him ghastly apparitions of persons drowned or drowning—men, women, small children too; some bodies standing upright as if alive; some with heads down and limbs floating; some kneeling or lying on the ground; here a muscular figure, arms flung out, fingers convulsively clenched, eyeballs glaring; there a slender woman in an attitude of repose, her features composed, and one arm still over the little boy stretched to his last rest by her side. Of every demeanor, in every posture they were—a subaqueous multitude! A momentary gaze took it all in, and then Hartland, smitten with horror, struck upward, away from that fearful assemblage, and reached the surface of the lake and the upper world once more.

There he found the water, not only around the bow, whence most of the passengers had been precipitated, but also between himself and the shore, so overspread with a motley throng that he resolved to avoid them, even at risk of considerably lengthening the distance. He swam toward the stern, where the surface was comparatively free, and after passing one or two hundred yards beyond, seeing no one now in the line of the land, which was distinctly visible, he struck out vigorously in that direction.

Then he swam on, but with gradually diminishing strength and courage, and a little nervous trembling.

He estimated the distance to the land at half a mile. It was, however, in reality, a quarter of a mile farther. But the air was balmy, and, though the wind blew, the waves were not sufficient to impede a stout swimmer. There are hundreds among us who can swim a much greater distance. Yes, if they start fair, mind and body unexhausted. But after such a terribly wearing scene of excitement as that—the man fifty-seven years old, too—will his strength hold out to reach the land?

** WILLIAM WILDER WHEILDON

Was born in Boston, October 17, 1805. His father was a native of Birmingham, England, and his mother of Groton, Mass. He was educated in the public schools of Boston, and in 1820, in his sixteenth year, commenced an apprenticeship at the printing business at Haverhill, with Nathaniel Greene, who was then printing a small newspaper and a Concordance to the Bible. The next year, Mr. Greene established, in Boston, the *American Statesman*, a democratic newspaper, of which Judge Henry Orne was principal editor. Under Mr. Greene, Mr. Wheildon soon became foreman of the printing-office and assistant editor; and remained here in frequent association with Jonathan Russell, one of the Commissioners at Ghent; David Henshaw, afterward Collector of the Port and Secretary of the Navy; Andrew Dunlap, U. S. District Attorney, and other leading spirits of the Democratic party, during the Adams and Crawford campaign in 1823-4.

In May, 1827, Mr. Wheildon commenced the *Bunker Hill Aurora* at Charlestown, which he continued to edit and publish until September, 1870, a period which gave him nearly half a century's experience as a journalist. The *Aurora* was commenced under the favor and personal friendship of Edward Everett, then member of Congress,—afterward Governor of the Commonwealth and Secretary of State under President Fillmore,—with whom the friendship then formed continued, with a single interruption, until Mr. Everett's death in 1863. The *Aurora* always maintained a highly respectable position and character, and received many complimentary notices from its contemporaries. To the influence of the *Aurora* was justly attributed the first defeat of the Know-Nothing political organization in Massachusetts.

Mr. Wheildon's first publication, excepting an occasional pamphlet upon some local subject, was a little volume entitled *Letters from Nahant, Historical, Descriptive, and Miscellaneous*, concerning that fashionable peninsula, for many years the summer resort of the citizens of Boston. The early history of this famous peninsula, once the favorite resort of the Indian tribes, afterward the herding pasture of the colonists, and finally the fashionable summer residence of Prescott, the historian, and the elite of the city, is full of interest.

In 1862-3, Mr. Wheildon, as chairman of a committee of the Bunker Hill Monument Association, prepared a *Memoir of Solomon Willard*, its architect and superintendent (8vo., pp. 372). This volume contains a complete history of the great obelisk, and much matter connected with the architecture and public buildings of Boston. It is a handsomely printed volume, and its entire execution, excepting the press-work, was by the author, much of the composition having been performed without previous writing—a method which Mr. Wheildon had occasionally adopted with his editorial articles, and in which he acquired remarkable facility: in these respects the book, which in correctness and smoothness of style will bear very close criticism, is believed to be unique. The whole work was done in odd hours of time during two years of ordinary occupation.

For many years Mr. Wheildon had made the Arctic regions and the voyages of explorers a subject of study, and became impressed with the belief in an ameliorated climate and a probable open sea in the region of the theoretic pole of the earth, and at the same time was led to reject the idea of the influence of the Gulf stream in the higher latitudes as an adequate cause for the known phenomena. In 1860, he read a paper before the American Association for the Advancement of Science, at Newport, on this subject, in which he presented what he terms the "Atmospheric Theory of the Open Polar Sea," which is published in the *Proceedings* of that association (vol. xiv.), and in 1872 was issued in a separate form. At the meeting of the same Association, at Dubuque, in 1872, Mr. Wheildon read a second and more extended paper on this subject, printed in the *Proceedings* of that year, together with a narrative of a Scientific Excursion across the State of Iowa. He has also published an account of the discovery of the new Arctic Continent, "Wrangell's Land,"* in pamphlet form, accompanied by a map of the region, furnished by the government; and has now in press (1873), a new volume entitled *Contributions to Thought*, comprising lectures and essays on "Maternal Progress," "The Principle of Life," the "Origin of the Races of Men," etc., a duodecimo of about 250 pages. Also a historical monograph of "*Sentry or Beacon Hill, the Beacon and the Monument*"—the latter erected by John Hancock and citizens of Boston, to commemorate the American Revolution, in 1790, which was destroyed by digging away the hill, in 1811, and which the Bunker Hill Monument Association now contemplates rebuilding.

Mr. Wheildon has held various public offices in Charlestown, its Savings Banks and other corporations; in the Massachusetts Mechanics' Association and Grand Lodge of Freemasons; is a member of the Massachusetts Historic-Genealogical Society, and is the author of numerous odes and occasional poems. For the last twenty-five years he has resided at Concord, Mass., where he has a private printing-office for his own use.

** WINSLOW LEWIS.

DR. WINSLOW LEWIS, son of the late Captain Winslow and Elizabeth (Greenough) Lewis, and a lineal descendant of Edward Winslow, Governor of Plymouth Colony in 1633, was born in Boston, July 8, 1799. He graduated at Harvard College in 1819, where his ancestor, Rev. Ezekiel Lewis, in 1695, and his great grandfather, Rev. Isaiah Lewis, in 1723, had been educated. He studied Medicine and Surgery under the late distinguished Dr. John C. Warren. So anxious was he to acquire a thorough knowledge of his profession, that, after he had been admitted to practice, he crossed the Atlantic and attended a course of lectures in London by the celebrated Abernethy, and another in Paris by Dupuytren, a surgeon of great eminence. After a visit to the Continent, he returned home and commenced his professional life in Boston, hav-

* See *Proceedings of the American Association for the Advancement of Science*, 1868, at Chicago, vol. xvii.

ing married Emeline, daughter of Captain Benjamin Richards, of New London. He soon became known for his tact and science, and rose to distinction. On the death of Dr. Warren, he was chosen to fill his place as consulting surgeon in the Massachusetts General Hospital. His practice was extensive and prosperous. During the period of thirty-five years that preceded his retirement from the toils of his profession, when he relinquished his active duties to his son-in-law, George H. Gay, M. D., now at the head of the Faculty in Surgery, his private pupils numbered nearly four hundred. "No one in his vocation could have been more deserving of success. For, with an unflinching eye and a firm hand he could apply the scalpel to the living body, and, after a painful operation, often dismiss the sufferer, if a poor man, without fee or reward. The poor man always found a friend in Dr. Lewis.

"During a long and large practice he never forgot his academic love of classic literature, and, whenever his leisure permitted, was fond of retirement to a library where he had collected many choice books and specimens of art. He translated from the French *Gall on the Structure and Functions of the Brain*, which was printed in six volumes; edited *Paxton's Anatomy*, and another practical work on the same subject. He also made numerous addresses which were published.

"Dr. Lewis was for three years chosen a member of the Massachusetts Legislature from Boston; was Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts three years; has been a member of the city government; was one of the Board of Overseers of Harvard University; and was President of the New England Historic-Geographical Society, which he saw on his retirement from that office taking a high and permanent stand among the finest institutions in the United States.

"Blessed with a competency and health, retaining his taste for literature and the fine arts, and surrounded by troops of friends, while his beloved daughters are happily settled near him, Dr. Lewis, with his amiable and devoted partner, still enjoys the sweets of retirement in a vigorous old age. A more unselfish, generous, genial man we have not among us. Long may they both live and find in a Golden Wedding, to which they are fast approaching, another epoch of felicity rising on hearts which have so often gone out of themselves to think and feel for others."*

** WILLIAM CUTTER.

WILLIAM CUTTER, a native of North Yarmouth, Maine, was born May 15, 1801. He graduated at Bowdoin College in his twentieth year, and settled at Portland, where his parents then resided. In 1831, he edited the *Sabbath-School Instructor*, a weekly published at Portland. A few years later he removed to Brooklyn, New York, and in 1839 he was associated with Grenville Mellen in editing the *Monthly Miscellany*, published by Samuel Colman, which had a short existence. He wrote a *Life of General Putnam*

in 1846, and a *Life of General LaFayette*, which appeared in 1849. To the magazines and newspapers of the day, he contributed many articles, in prose and poetry, some of which were extensively copied. He died at Brooklyn, February 8, 1867, aged 65.

REV. EDWARD FRANCIS CUTTER, D. D., a younger brother, was born at Portland, Maine, January 20, 1810. He graduated at Bowdoin College in 1828, and at Andover Theological Seminary three years later. He has been settled in the ministry at Warren and Belfast, Maine, and has preached as a stated supply at Beardstown, Illinois, and Rockland, Maine. In 1856 he edited the *Christian Mirror*, at Portland. He has published several juvenile books, a sermon before the Maine Missionary Society, and a discourse on the death of President Lincoln.

** RICHARD STOCKTON FIELD,

A GRANDSON of Richard Stockton, a Signer of the Declaration of Independence, was born at Whitehill, in the county of Burlington, New Jersey, December 31, 1803. Soon after the death of his father in 1810, the family made their permanent residence at Princeton, and he graduated with high honors at the College of New Jersey in 1821. He studied law with his uncle, Richard Stockton, a distinguished member of the State bar, and was admitted to practice four years later. Thereupon he made Salem his home till his return to Princeton in 1832.

"For several years Mr. Field was a member of the State Legislature, and in February, 1838, he was appointed Attorney General by Governor Pennington, and in this high and responsible position, which he resigned in 1841, he acquitted himself with ability and honor. He was a leading member of the Convention which met at Trenton on the 14th of May, 1844, and formed the present constitution of the State, and when in 1851 it was resolved to form an Association of the surviving members of that Convention, he was appointed to deliver the address at its first annual meeting. This address, which was delivered February 1st, 1853, has been printed, and contains an eloquent memorial of the great Convention which, sixty-six years before, met in Philadelphia, and with Washington as its President framed the Constitution of these United States.

"In the New Jersey Historical Society, of which he was at the time of his death its third President, he always took a lively interest. To its publications he contributed his most elaborate work, *The Provincial Courts of New Jersey, with Sketches of the Bench and Bar*. It forms the third volume of the *Collections of the Society*, and was the subject of two discourses delivered by him in January and May, 1848. At the meeting of the Society in September, 1851, he read a valuable paper on the celebrated *Trial of the Rev. William Tennent for Perjury in 1742*, which was printed in the proceedings of the meeting, and to the *Princeton Review* for July, 1852, he contributed the leading article, on *The Publications of the New Jersey Historical Society*, but more particularly noticing its latest issue, *The Papers of Governor Lewis Morris*. 'Elected one of the Executive Committee in 1851, he continued to hold the position till 1860, when, on the elevation of the Hon. James Parker to the presidency on the death of the Hon. Joseph C.

* Sketch of Dr. Lewis, in manuscript, by Mr. John H. Shepard, of Boston.

Hornblower, he was chosen First Vice President, and on the death of Mr. Parker in 1868, succeeded him in the Presidency.* At the annual meeting in January, 1865, he delivered *An Address on the Life and Character of Chief Justice Hornblower*, and at the January meeting, 1869, a similar one on his predecessor, President Parker." *

Mr. Field was a professor in the New Jersey Law School from 1847 to 1855. In the latter year he was appointed president of the board of trustees of the State Normal School, then just organized, and, till his death, he wrote every one of its annual reports to the Legislature. *The Power of Habit*, an address before Edgehill School at Princeton in 1855, was printed. On the 4th of July, 1861, he delivered a public oration at Princeton, entitled *The Constitution not a Compact between Sovereign States*. He was appointed to the U. S. Senate in November, 1862, to fill the unexpired term made by the death of Hon. John R. Thompson, and while a member of that body he delivered an able argument on the *Discharge of State Prisoners*, which, in harmony with the pamphlets of Horace Binney on the *Suspension of the Writ*, declared that the right to suspend the writ of habeas corpus was vested in the President, and not in Congress. Two weeks later, January 21, 1863, he was appointed, by President Lincoln, Judge of the United States District Court for the District of New Jersey. He took his seat on the bench April 21, 1863, and then delivered "a most learned and excellent charge to the grand jury, which has been printed in a pamphlet of twenty-four pages." Three years later, Mr. Field delivered before the Legislature of New Jersey, at its request, and on the anniversary of the late President's birthday, Feb. 12, 1866, an *Oration on the Life and Character of Abraham Lincoln*. His last public address, on the subject of Education, was delivered in June, 1869, at the centennial celebration of the American Whig Society of the College of New Jersey. In April, 1870, Judge Field was prostrated by a stroke of paralysis while officiating on the bench, and after several weeks of unconsciousness he died May 25, 1870, and was buried at Princeton, "beside the wife he lost eighteen years before."

** CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS,

THE son and grandson of Presidents of the United States, was the only child who survived John Quincy Adams. He was born at Boston, Massachusetts, August 18, 1807. The appointment of his father as Minister to Russia in 1809, gave the child some years of excellent training abroad, wherein he acquired the Russian, German, and French languages. After the conclusion of peace with Great Britain in 1815, his father was appointed Minister to that country, and young Adams was then placed at an English school.

Two years later, on his father's return to America, he entered the Boston Latin School, and in 1825 he was graduated at Harvard College. The two years succeeding were spent at Washington, where his father then filled the presidential chair, and in 1827 Mr. Adams began the study of law in the office of the late Daniel Webster. He was called to the bar in 1828, and the year following he married a daughter of the wealthy merchant, Peter C. Brooks, another of whose daughters was the wife of Hon. Edward Everett. After declining one nomination to the Massachusetts legislature, he accepted a similar invitation to enter public life in 1840. By successive elections, he served the next three years as a representative, and for two years after in the State Senate.

"Opposition to slavery," states Mr. Duyckinck, in an appreciative sketch of his career,* "was a duty which he inherited from his father, and the year 1848, in which President Adams died, saw his son the candidate of the new Free-Soil party for Vice-President, on the ticket with Martin Van Buren as President. The men then enlisted in support of the principles of freedom proved to be in a minority, but from the seed sown at that time sprang the great political party in the duties and triumphs of which Mr. Adams was largely to participate. Previously to the election he edited for several years a political daily paper in Boston, advocating the principles which were afterwards incorporated in the Republican creed. He had at different times been an active writer, contributing articles to the *North American Review* and *Christian Examiner*, and had given particular attention to the preparation of the writings and Revolutionary memoirs of his family. In 1840 he published two volumes of the Letters of his grandmother, Mrs. Abigail Adams, accompanied by a biographical sketch from his pen, and the following year edited a similar collection of the Letters of John Adams addressed to his wife. A more important literary labor, however, occupied him for many years, in preparing for the press and editing the extensive series of the Diaries and other writings of John Adams, to which he prefixed an elaborate biography. The Life of John Adams, the first of the series of ten volumes in which the works of that author are included, but the last in order of publication, was given to the world by his grandson in 1856. It displayed close and accurate study of historical events, with special reference to diplomatic questions and the political agitations in which the elder Adams bore so prominent a part. It was a difficult subject, involving great labor and wide research, with much nice discussion of disputed topics, and it was admitted by those best acquainted with the history of the times that the author fairly met its requisitions."

Mr. Adams was elected a member of the National House of Representatives in 1858, and his patriotic course in the momentous debates of 1859-61 have been well characterized as "firm but conciliatory." He was re-elected to the

* A Necrological Notice of the Hon. Richard Stockton Field, LL. D., of Princeton, New Jersey. Read before the Numismatic and Antiquarian Society of Philadelphia at its Regular Monthly Meeting, Thursday Evening, October 6, 1870. By Charles Henry Hart, LL. B., Historiographer of the Society. Philadelphia, 1870; pp. 10.

* National Portrait Gallery of Eminent Americans, by Evert A. Duyckinck; vol. ii., p. 521-7.

Thirty-seventh Congress, and his appointment as Minister Plenipotentiary at the Court of St. James followed in the spring of 1861. "From that moment Mr. Adams," continues Mr. Duyckinck, "during the long four years of the civil war, was employed in an unintermitted effort to enlighten or restrain the untoward policy of the British Cabinet and Parliament, using every endeavor of argument, courtesy, sober appeal or remonstrance, to counteract the threatened interference of the nation to which he was accredited with the public rights or domestic policy of his country. The joint labors of Mr. Seward, the Secretary of State, at Washington, and of Mr. Adams, at London, in their unceasing correspondence with one another, and negotiations with the British Foreign Minister, Lord Russell, are recorded at length in the ample collections of *Diplomatic Correspondence*, published under the direction of Congress. On every page of these transactions we shall find evidence of the vigilance and energy, the good temper and perseverance of the American minister."

Mr. Adams returned home in 1868. He delivered before the New York Historical Society, in December, 1870, a discourse on *American Neutrality*, which has been printed; and republished, with slight alterations, the biography of his grandfather, entitled *The Life of John Adams, Begun by John Quincy Adams, Completed by Charles Francis Adams*, revised and corrected; 2 vols., 1871.

He had also a life of his father in contemplation, but its preparation was suspended for a season by his appointment as the American arbitrator to the international conference at Geneva. After an honorable discharge of the responsible duties arising out of the treaty of Washington, Mr. Adams again returned to private life. By invitation of the New York Legislature, he delivered at Albany, April 18, 1873, *The Memorial Address on the Life, Character, and Services of William H. Seward*, wherein he paid a glowing tribute to the character and abilities of that late statesman and friend. The address has been printed in pamphlet form, as well as *An Address Delivered at Cambridge before the Society of the Phi Beta Kappa*, 26 June, 1873.

** SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH,

THE author of "My Country, 'tis of thee," was born at Boston, October 21, 1808. He was graduated at Harvard at the age of twenty-one, in the class with O. W. Holmes, James Freeman Clarke, etc., and then studied theology at Andover. In a private letter to a reverend brother, he gives the following sketch of his busy literary career:

"My first efforts in poetry commenced before I entered college, and found their way into print while I was yet a boy. From that period to the present I have continued to print often in our periodical literature, . . . and before I was twenty-one years of age, had contributed in translations from the German Conversations-Lexicon about one entire volume to the *Encyclopædia Americana*. I at once became editor of the *Baptist Missionary Magazine*, in 1834 was pastor of the First Baptist Church in Waterville, Maine, and professor in modern languages. After holding those offices eight years, I removed to Newton, and became editor of the

Christian Review, which I conducted seven years, and wrote nearly fourteen hundred pages in that work, besides most of the shorter book notices and literary intelligence. After twelve and a half years of my pastorate at Newton, I devoted myself to literary pursuits and private teaching, at the same time resuming my literary connection with the Baptist Missionary Union, taking charge of the periodicals of the Union, and translating the documents of the Union which pertain to the French and German departments of our operations abroad. The "National Hymn" was written at Andover, in 1831 or 1832, first used at a children's Fourth of July celebration at Park Street Church, and made a national hymn without my planning or seeking for such distinction; because the people, unasked, took it up and would sing it.*

"I edited *The Psalmist* in connection with Dr. Baron Stow, which was brought out in 1843, also the *Social Psalmist*, the same or the next year; and about the same time *The Lyric Gems*—for the title the publishers are responsible, not I. I wrote largely for the *Missionary Magazine* in 1833, and at various times, with considerable frequency, since. Few magazines of a literary character have been published, whether now living or dead, which have not had more or less aid from my pen. The *Life of Mr. Grafton* grew out of my connection with the parish over which he once presided (1845). My poetical contributions to religious and secular papers, ordination and dedication, and anniversary services, have been numerous. I have read anniversary poems three times at Waterville College, twice at Providence, once at the Phi Beta Kappa at Cambridge, once at Bowdoin, at the Oread in Worcester, at Auburn-dale, at Andover, etc. I have also contributed nearly two hundred pages to the *Baptist Jubilee*—a resume of our progress as a denomination for fifty years. I have also contributed two or more papers to Dr. Sprague's *Annals*, besides occasional sermons."

** MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE.

I.

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

* Rev. Dr. Smith has also given this more detailed account of its composition, in a letter to George Henry Preble, U. S. N., dated Boston, Sept. 12, 1872. "In the year 1831, Mr. William C. Woodbridge returned from Europe, bringing a quantity of German music-books, which he passed over to Lowell Mason. Mr. Mason, with whom I was on terms of friendship, one day turned them over to me, knowing that I was in the habit of reading German works, saying, 'Here, I can't read these, but they contain good music, which I should be glad to use. Turn over the leaves, and if you find anything particularly good, give me a translation or imitation of it, or write a wholly original song, anything so I can use it.' Accordingly, one leisure afternoon, I was looking over the books and fell in with the tune of 'God save the King,' and at once took up my pen and wrote the piece in question. It was struck out at a sitting, without the slightest idea that it would ever attain the popularity it has since enjoyed. I think it was written in the town of Andover, Massachusetts, in February, 1832. The first time it was sung publicly, was at a children's celebration of American Independence, at the Park Street Church, Boston, I think July 4, 1832. If I had anticipated the future of it, doubtless I would have taken more pains with it. Such as it is, I am glad to have contributed this little to the cause of American freedom."—Preble's *Origin and Progress of the Flag of the United States*, pp. 510-11.

II.

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free, —
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and hills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

III.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees,
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

IV.

Our fathers' God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee I sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God our King.

** JOHN S. HART.

JOHN SEELY HART, LL. D., who has had a large and varied experience of more than forty years as an American teacher, and in that period has had the direct training of over seven thousand pupils confided to his care, was born in Stockbridge, Massachusetts, January 28, 1810. In his infancy his parents removed to the neighborhood of Scranton, Pennsylvania, and settled near Wilkesbarre when he had reached the age of thirteen. He was fitted at the Wilkesbarre Academy for an entry into the sophomore class at Princeton in 1827, and three years later he graduated with the first honors. After serving one year as principal of Natchez Academy, Mississippi, and two years as tutor in his *alma mater*, he became adjunct professor of Ancient Languages at Princeton in 1834. At this time he gave special attention to Hebrew and Arabic, studying the latter under Addison Alexander. The Edgehill School at Princeton absorbed his attention from 1836 to 1841, and the seventeen years following (1842-59) he served as principal of the Philadelphia High School, in which period he brought the latter institution to a high condition of scholarship and discipline.

Dr. Hart began to write for publication as early as his twenty-fifth year, by contributing to the *Princeton Review* a series of articles, at various times, comprising Jenkyn on the Atonement; The English Bible; Tyndale's New Testament; The Revised Webster; An Argument for Common Schools; Normal Schools; and The English Language. In connection with his professional duties, and partly in aid of them, he has since continued to give no little time to authorship, particularly in the latter stages of his career, but mainly in the two lines of educational and religious literature. In 1844 he edited *The Pennsylvania Common School Journal*; *The Class Book of Poetry*, and *The Class Book of Prose*; and in 1845-6 the philological volume of the United States Exploring Expedition, during the absence of its author, Mr. Hale,

in Europe. His first original volume was published in 1847: *An Essay on Spenser and the Fairy Queen* (8 vo., p. 512), which reached a new edition in 1856. From January, 1849, to July, 1851, he edited *Sartain's Magazine*. An *Exposition of the Constitution of the United States*, for the use of Schools, 1845; an *English Grammar*, 1845; a *Greek and Roman Mythology*, 1853; *Female Prose Writers of America*, 1851, and an enlarged edition, 1856, besides the editing of some eight or ten literary annuals, are to be assigned to this period.

Dr. Hart spent the year 1860 in the service of the American Sunday School Union. At that time he projected the *Sunday School Times*, to the publication of which he gave the year following, and thereafter remained its senior edi-



John S. Hart

tor, from 1862 to the spring of 1871. During this period of nine years he was also connected with the New Jersey State Normal School at Trenton, for one year as head of the Model Department, and subsequently as principal of the entire institution. In 1872 he accepted the professorship of Rhetoric and of the English Language and Literature at Princeton, having previously delivered several courses of lectures at that College on English Literature.

For some years the press of educational duties confined the pen of Dr. Hart to a series of pamphlets and minor writings. These comprised: *The Bible as an Education Power among the Nations*, 1862; *Mistakes of Educated Men*, 1862, an essay full of wise hints to scholars on health of brain and body; *Pennsylvania Coal and its Carriers*; *Thoughts on Sabbath Schools*, 1864; *Counsels for the School Room*; *The Golden Censer*; *Thoughts on the Lord's Prayer*, 1864. These were succeeded by several attractive works on practical piety: *The Sunday-School Idea: Its*

Objects, Organization, etc., 1860; and *Removing Mountains: Life Lessons from the Gospels*, 1870. A series of educational text-books, compact and very clear in thought, comprise his latest publications: *In the School Room*, 1868, an illustration of the theory and practice of teaching; *Manual of Composition and Rhetoric*, and *First Lessons in Composition*, 1870; *A Manual of English Literature*, 1872; *A Manual of American Literature*, 1873, 641 pages,—a work on the biographic plan, with comparatively few extracts, having some new data about minor writers—*A Short Course in Literature, English and American*, 1873.

If gathered into book-form, Dr. Hart's Annual Reports of the Philadelphia High School, and of the State Normal School at Trenton, prepared during a term of twenty-five years, would make up a half dozen more volumes of five hundred pages each.

** RAREY AS AN EDUCATOR.

Parents, teachers, and all who are charged with the duty of training the young, may learn important lessons from the example of the late Mr. Rarey. The principles on which the horse is rendered obedient and docile do not differ essentially from those to be employed in the government of children, or of men.

Some of the accounts of Mr. Rarey's system, however, which have been published, are liable to mislead, and to foster a mischievous error. His procedure was eminently kind and gentle. The horse became fully assured that no harm was intended towards him. This conviction is essential to success in securing a perfect and willing obedience, whether from brute or human. But the distinctness with which this feature of the treatment was brought out in Mr. Rarey's exhibitions led some apparently to think, that this was the main, if not the only feature. Kindness alone, however, will not tame, and will not govern, brutes or men. There must be power. There must be, in the mind of the party to be governed, a full conviction that the power of the other party is superior to his own—that there is, in the party claiming obedience, an ample reserve of power fully adequate to enforce the claim. The more complete this conviction is, the less occasion there will be for the exercise of the power. The most headstrong horse, once convinced that he is helpless in this contest of strength, and convinced at the same time that his master is his friend, may be led by a straw.

Mr. Rarey went through various preliminary steps, the object of which was to make the horse acquainted with him, and to prevent fright or panic. But obedience was not claimed, and was not given, until there had been a demonstration of power—until the horse was convinced that the man was entirely too much for him. By a very simple adjustment of straps to the forefeet of the animal, he became perfectly helpless in the hands of his tamer. The struggle, indeed, was sometimes continued for a good while. The horse put forth his prodigious strength to the utmost. He became almost wild at the perfect ease and quietude with which all his efforts were baffled, until at length, fully satisfied that further struggles were useless, he made a complete surrender, and lay down as peaceful and submissive as an infant.

This point is of some importance. I do not

underrate the value of kindness and love in any system of government, whether in the household, the school, the stable, the menagerie, or in civil society. But love is not the basis of government. Obedience is yielded to authority, and authority is based on right and power. The child who complies with his father's wishes, only because a different course would make his father grieve, or give his mother a headache, or because his parents have reasoned with him and shown him that compliance is for his good, or who has been wheedled into compliance by petty bribes and promises, has not learned that doctrine of obedience which lies at the foundation of all government, human and divine. God has given the parent the right to the obedience of his children, and the power to enforce it. That parent has failed in his duty who has not trained his child, not only to love him, but to obey him, in the strict sense of the word; that is, to yield his will to the will of a superior, from a sense of appointed subordination and rightful authority. This sense of subordination and of obedience to appointed and rightful authority, is of the very essence of civil government, and the place where it is to be first and chiefly learned is in the household. To teach this is a main end of the parental relation. The parent who fails to teach it, fails to give his child the first element of good citizenship, and leaves him often to be in after-years the victim of his own uncontrolled passions and tempers. The want of a proper exercise of parental authority is, in this age of the world, the most prolific source of those frightful disorders that pervade society, and that threaten to rupture the very foundations of all civil government. The feeling of reverence, the sense of a respect for authority, the consciousness of being in a state of subordination, the feeling of obligation to do a thing simply because it is commanded by some one having a right to obedience—all these old-fashioned notions seem to be dying out of the minds of men. The popular cry is: Don't make your children fear you; govern them by love; conquer them by kindness; treat them as Mr. Rarey did his horses.

I protest against the notion. It is a misconception of Mr. Rarey's system, and it is not the true basis for government, whether for brutes or men. The doctrine may seem harsh in these dainty times. But, in my opinion, a certain degree of wholesome fear, in the mind of a child towards its parent, is essential, and is perfectly compatible with the very highest love. I have never known more confiding, affectionate, and loving children, than those who not only regarded their parents as kind benefactors and sympathizing friends, but who looked up to them with a certain degree of reverence. The fear spoken of in the Bible, as being cast out by perfect love, is quite a different emotion. It is rather a slavish fear, a feeling of dread and terror. It sees in its object not only power but hostility. It awakens not only dread but hate. The child's fear, on the contrary, sees power united with kindness. It obeys the one, it loves the other. It is the exact attitude of mind to which Mr. Rarey brought the horse that was subjected to his management.

** CONVERSATION.

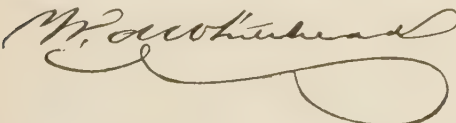
To converse well is not to engross the conversation. It is not to do all the talking. It is not necessarily to talk with very great brilliancy. A man may talk with such surpassing power and splendor as to awe the rest of the company

into silence, or excite their envy, and so produce a chill where his aim should be to produce warmth and sunshine. He should seek the art of making others feel quite at home with him, so that, no matter how great may be his attainments or reputation, or how small may be theirs, they find it insensibly just as natural and pleasant talking to him, as hearing him talk. The talent for conversation, indeed, more almost than anything else in life, requires infinite tact and discretion. It requires one to have most varied knowledge, and to have it at instant and absolute disposal, so that he can use just as much, or just as little, as the occasion demands. It requires the ability to pass instantly and with ease from the playful to the serious, from books to men, from the mere phrases of courtesy to the expressions of sentiment and passion.

The mere possession of knowledge does not make a good talker. The most learned men are often the very dulllest in society. Their learning is of no more use in ordinary conversation, than is the antiquated lumber stowed away in your grandmother's garret. Yet these men of learning are the very ones who of all men in the community have it most in their power to redeem conversation from its too common insipidity. Those antique pieces of furniture, if only cleared a little of the dust and cobwebs, and brought down from their hiding-places into the light of day, might add a sober dignity to the ordinary uses of life. It needs, however, a nice sense of propriety to be able in general conversation to use one's special professional knowledge so as not to be offensive or pedantic,—so as to avoid the appearance of lecturing. Yet the thing may be done. Every one has some special point on which he is better informed than any one else in the company. The skillful converser is one who can both use his own special knowledge, and can subsidize equally the several specialities of his companions, to the common pleasure of all,—who can do this without constraint, without apparent effort, and in such a manner that every one else in the company thinks himself acting quite spontaneously.

WILLIAM A. WHITEHEAD.

WILLIAM ADEE WHITEHEAD, an antiquarian scholar who has contributed some valuable monographs to the history of his native State, was born at Newark, New Jersey, February 19, 1810. He attended no educational institution as a pupil after he reached his thirteenth year, and entered at an early age into business pursuits,



serving at first in a banking institution, and afterward practicing surveying. At the age of eighteen he made a survey of the island of Key West, Florida, and, while engaged there in commercial pursuits, was appointed U. S. Collector of Customs at that place in 1830. He held that post eight years, at the same time filling several minor offices. He removed to New York city in 1838 and became a stock-broker. From 1849 to 1855 he was secretary, and from 1859 to 1871

was either executive agent or cashier of the New Jersey Railroad and Transportation Company; during the intervening years, from 1855 to 1859, he was treasurer of the New York and Harlem R. R. Company, and since November, 1871, he has been treasurer of the American Trust Company of New Jersey at Newark. Mr. Whitehead was a commissioner of Public Schools at Newark from 1859 to 1871, when he became president, for one year, of the City Board of Education. He was appointed a trustee of the State Normal School in 1862, and was chosen its president on the death of Hon. Richard S. Field, nine years later. He is also vice-president of the State Board of Education. He was one of the founders, and is now president of the Newark Library Association. Since the organization of the New Jersey Historical Society, in 1845, he has been its corresponding secretary. He is a member of the Historical Societies of New York, Vermont, Georgia, Pennsylvania, and Long Island, as well as the New York Biographical Society, the American Antiquarian Society, the Massachusetts Historic-Genealogical Society, and the Numismatic and Antiquarian Society of Philadelphia, in the last two being one of the honorary vice-presidents.

Mr. Whitehead contributed various articles to the newspapers at Key West prior to 1838. In the latter year, he printed a series of "Letters from Cuba" in the *Newark Daily Advertiser*; and for over thirty years past he has furnished numerous articles to its columns, on historical, literary and social subjects, including an unbroken series of monthly reports of meteorological phenomena from May, 1843, to the present time. His chief writings comprise: *East Jersey under the Proprietary Governments*, printed by the New Jersey Historical Society, as volume i. of their *Collections*, 1846; *Biographical Sketch of William Franklin, Governor of New Jersey*, 1763 to 1776, 1848; *Robbery of the Treasury of East Jersey in 1768*, a paper printed in their *Proceedings*, 1850-1; *Papers of Lewis Morris, Governor of New Jersey*, from 1738 to 1746, edited with a memoir and notes, *Collections*, vol. iv., 1852; *Contributions to the Early History of Perth Amboy and Adjoining Country, with Sketches of Men and Events in New Jersey during the Provincial Era*, 1856; a paper *On the Appointment of Nathaniel Jones as Chief Justice of New Jersey in 1759*, *Proceedings*, 1857; *An Analytical Index to the Colonial Documents of New Jersey in the State Paper Office in England*, edited, with large additions of original matter, *Collections*, vol. v., 1858; a brief paper *On the Facts connected with the Origin, Practice and Prohibition of Female Suffrage in New Jersey*, *Proceedings*, 1858; *The Circumstances leading to the Establishment, in 1769, of the Northern Boundary Line between New Jersey and New York*, *Proceedings*, 1859; *Records of the Town of Newark, from its Settlement in 1666 to its Incorporation as a City in 1836*, edited in part, *Collections*, vol. vi., 1864; *Historical Memoir on the Circumstances leading to, and connected with, the Settlement of Newark, on the Bi-centennial Public Celebration of the event*, *Supplement to Collections*, vol. vi., 1866;

The Eastern Boundary of New Jersey: Review of the Hon. John Cochrane's Paper on the Waters of East Jersey, Proceedings, 1866; A Review of some of the Circumstances connected with the Settlement of Elizabeth, New Jersey, Proceedings, 1869. With some exceptions, these articles were read before the New Jersey Historical Society; and all the volumes of their *Proceedings* have been edited by Mr. Whitehead. He has also written, besides some minor contributions to reviews and magazines: *What is the Worship of the Protestant Episcopal Church?* an article contributed to *The Episcopalian* of Philadelphia, and reprinted by the Evangelical Knowledge Society as one of its publications.

**** GEORGE SHARSWOOD,**

A LEARNED and eminent jurist of the age, is a native and resident of Philadelphia. He was born July 7, 1810. His ancestor, George Sharswood, an English emigrant, settled in New London, Connecticut, about 1665. His great-grandfather, George Sharswood, who was born at Cape May, New Jersey, in 1696, removed to Philadelphia at the age of ten, and died there in his eighty-fourth year. His grandfather, James Sharswood, who was born March 24, 1747-8, old style, was engaged as a captain of a company of "associators" in the brilliant movement against Trenton in December, 1776. As he was yet suffering from serious injuries received by a fall the year previous, the exposures of a winter's campaign soon disabled him for active service. In 1804 he was a member of the General Assembly, and five years later he declined a commission as Associate Judge of the Common Pleas. He was the author of various articles adverse to the Bank of the United States, which were published in the *Aurora* in 1817, under the signature of "Nestor," and afterwards collected in pamphlet form.* His last care was the education of his grandson, the subject of this sketch, whose father, George, died at the early age of twenty-two years. This grand-parent died September 14, 1836, in his eighty-ninth year.

George Sharswood was graduated at the University of Pennsylvania in 1828. He studied law with the late Joseph R. Ingersoll, and was admitted to practice at the Philadelphia bar September 5, 1831. Six years later, he was elected a member of the legislature of his State, and that service was followed by a term of three years in the Select Council of Philadelphia. In 1841 and 1842, he was again sent to the legislature. The main labors of his life, however, have been connected with the bench, which he has adorned by his abilities, scholarship, and impartial spirit. He was appointed Judge of the District Court of Philadelphia, April 8, 1845, and its President in February, 1848. Two popular re-elections to that responsible position, in October 1851 and 1861, attested the public confidence and favor. He became Professor of Law in the University of Pennsylvania, April 9, 1850, and discharged the

duties for eighteen years, till his resignation, April 30, 1868. The latter act, as well as his retirement from the District Court in December, 1867, resulted from his election as an Associate Justice in the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, in October, 1867, which position he still occupies. The honorary degree of LL. D. was conferred on him by the University of the City of New York, and also by Columbia College.

Judge Sharswood is the author of three original treatises on legal science and the practice of law, which have been accepted as standards in their respective departments. His essay on *Professional Ethics: a Compend of Lectures on the Aims and Duties of the Profession of the Law*, was issued in 1854, and new editions were prepared in 1860 and 1869. *Popular Lectures on Commercial Law* followed in 1856, and *Lectures Introductory to the Study of Law* in 1870. He has also edited a number of professional treatises, which have been accorded the same high favor. These comprise: *Roscoe's Digest of the Law of Evidence in Criminal Cases*, various American editions since 1836; *Russell on Crimes and Misdemeanors*, 1836, etc.; *Leigh's Abridgment of the Law of Nisi Prius*, 1838; *Stephens' Law of Nisi Prius Evidence in Civil Actions, and Arbitrations and Awards*, 1844; *Byles' Law of Bills of Exchange, Promissory Notes, Bank Notes*, etc., 1853; *Blackstone's Commentaries on the Laws of England, with Notes, and a Life of the Author*, 1859; the standard American edition; *Smith's Lectures on the Law of Contracts*, 1856; *Starkie's Practical Treatise on the Law of Evidence*, 1860; *English Common Law Reports*, vols. 66 to 90; and a continuation of *Story's Public and General Statutes passed by the Congress of the United States*, from 1828 to 1846, vols. iv. and v.; and *Tudor's Leading Cases on Mercantile and Maritime Law, with American Notes and References*, 1873.

**** THADDEUS NORRIS,**

A NATIVE of Warrenton, Virginia, was born August 15, 1811. He removed to Philadelphia in 1829, and engaged in mercantile business. From his boyhood an ardent lover of angling, he was in after years well known for his knowledge of the habits, haunts, and instincts of fishes, and for his skill as a fly-fisher, as he spent a greater part of his summers on the fine trout streams in the mountains of Pennsylvania and the northern portion of New York.

When over fifty years of age, Mr. Norris entertained the notion of writing a book on the natural history of what, in sportsmen's phrase, are termed the "game fish" of our country, and the most approved modes of angling for them. He began the task in 1857, and after throwing aside his pages of manuscript more than once—for he wrote during his leisure hours, and with more of the spirit of the sportsman than the ambition of an author—he recommenced his work in 1862, at the earnest solicitation of some old angling associates. Collecting the articles he had written, and preparing his illustrations, he published his book, an octavo of six hundred pages, with eighty engravings, in 1864. It was entitled: *The*

* *The Lives of Eminent Philadelphians Now Deceased. Collected from Original and Authentic Sources, by Henry Simpson, 1869; Article, James Sharswood, pp. 882-6.*

American Angler's Book; Embracing the Natural History of Sporting Fish, and the Art of taking them; with Instructions in Fly-fishing, Fly-making, and Rod-making, and Directions for Fish Breeding; to which is appended Dies Piscatoriæ, describing noted fishing places, and the pleasure of solitary fly-fishing. Its happy vignettes and tail-pieces were drawn by a brother angler, Mr. Walter Brown, of New York. It won the favor of educated and amateur anglers, so that a second edition was needed within six months. Indeed, its "*Dies Piscatoriæ*" (*days of fishing*) have the racy flavor of old Izaak Walton.



Mr. Norris has also made occasional contributions to a number of the leading weeklies and monthlies, and has prepared one other illustrated work, which has been accepted as a standard: *American Fish Culture; Embracing all the Details of Artificial Breeding and Rearing of Trout, the Culture of Salmon, Shad, and other Fishes.* Porter & Coates, Philadelphia; Sampson Low, Son & Co., London, 1868; pp. 304.

**** TROUT FLY-FISHING — FROM THE AMERICAN ANGLER'S BOOK.**

But of all places commend me in the still of the evening to the long, placid pool, shallow on one side, with deeper water and an abrupt overhanging bank opposite. Where the sun has shone all day, and legions of ephemera sported in its declining rays; the bloom of the rye or clover scenting the air from the adjoining field! Now light a fresh pipe, and put on a pale Ginger Hackle for a tail fly, and a little white-winged Coachman for a dropper. Then wade in cautiously — move like a shadow — don't make a ripple. Cast slowly; long, light; let your stretcher sink a little. There, he has taken the Ginger — lead him around gently to the shallow side as you reel him in, but don't move from your position —

let him tug awhile, put your net under him, break his neck and slip him into your creel. Draw your line through the rings — cast again; another, and another. Keep on until you can see only the ripple made by your fly; or know when it falls by the slight tremor it imparts through the whole line down to your hand — until the whip-poor-will begins his evening song, and the little water-frog tweets in the grass close by. Not till then is it time to go home.

If you have dined on the stream, it may be that the trout you roasted were too highly seasoned, and you are thirsty; if so, stop at the old spring by the road-side.

* * * * *

And so my friend asked me if it was not very lonesome, fishing by myself. Why, these little people of the woods are much better company than folks who continually bore you with the weather, and the state of their stomachs or livers, and what they ate for breakfast, or the price of gold, or the stock-market; when you have forgotten whether you have a liver or not, and don't care the toss of a penny what the price of gold is; or whether "Reading" is up or down. Lonesome! — It was only just now the red squirrel came down the limb of that birch, whisking his bushy tail, and chattering almost in my face. The mink, as he snuffed the fish-tainted air from my old creel, came out from his hole amongst the rocks and ran along within a few feet of me. Did he take my old coat to be a part of this rock, covered with lichens and gray mosses? I recollect once, in the dim twilight of evening, a doe with her fawns came down to the stream to drink; I had the wind of her, and could see into her great motherly eyes as she raised her head. A moment since the noisy king-fisher poised himself on the dead branch of the hemlock, over my left shoulder, as if he would peep into the hole of my fish-basket. The little warbler sang in the alders close by my old felt hat, as if he would burst his swelling throat with his loud glad song. Did either of them know that I am of a race whose first impulse is to throw a stone or shoot a gun at them? And the sparrow-hawk on that leafless spray extending over the water, sitting there as grave and dignified as a bank president when you ask him for a discount; is he aware that I can tap him on the head with the tip of my rod? — These are some of the simple incidents on the stream, which afterwards awaken memories,

"That like voices from afar off
Call to us to pause and listen,
Speak in tones so plain and childlike,
Scarcely can the ear distinguish
Whether they are sung or spoken."

But I must start for the open water below — What a glorious haze there is just now, and how demurely the world's great eyes peeps through it! Trout are not very shy though, before the middle of May, even when the sun is bright. I have sometimes taken my best fish at high noon, at this season of the year. — I am as hungry as a horse-fly, though it is only "a wee short hour ayont the twal." So I'll unsling my creel by that big sycamore, and build my fire in the hollow of it for a trout-roast. If I burn the tree down, there will be no action for trespass in a wooden country like this.

What boys are those crossing the foot-log? I'll press them into my service for awhile, and make them bring wood for my fire. I know them now; the larger one has cause to remember me "with tears of gratitude," for I bestowed on him last

summer a score of old flies, a used-up leader, and a limp old rod. He offered me the liberal sum of two shillings for the very implement I have in my hand now; and to buy three flies from me at four cents apiece.—Halloo, Paul! what have you done with the rod I gave you—caught many Trout with it this season? Come over the creek, you and your brother, and get me some dry wood, and gather a handful or two of the furze from that old birch to light it with. I'll give you a pair of flies—real gay ones.

** NOAH PORTER,

THE President of Yale College, who is recognized as one of the ablest modern writers on Psychology, is the son of Rev. Noah Porter, who died at Farmington, Connecticut, in 1866, after a ministry of fifty-five years. In 1811, the former was born at Farmington. He was graduated at Yale College at the age of twenty, and in 1846 he was appointed its Clark Professor of Moral Philosophy and Metaphysics. His early writings embrace a *Historical Discourse at Farmington*, November 4, 1840, in commemoration of the settlement of that ancient town; and a small volume, printed in 1851, entitled *The Educational Systems of the Puritans and Jesuits Compared*.

On the death of his father-in-law, Prof. Nathaniel W. Taylor, D. D., in 1858, he assumed the duties of the professorship of Systematic Theology, which he discharged till the appointment of Rev. Dr. Samuel Harris to that responsible position, seven years later.*

Professor Porter, after the death of Dr. Chauncey A. Goodrich in 1860, was called to the chief editorship of the revision of Noah Webster's Dictionary; and he exercised a vigilant oversight over the preparation of the edition of 1864. Years previously, he had "communicated in writing his views of the changes which ought to be made in the matter and form of the Dictionary; and with a full knowledge of these views, Professor Goodrich had earnestly solicited him to undertake the entire responsibility and direction of the work. When the proposal was renewed by the proprietors of the copyright and by the family of Dr. Webster, it could not easily be declined; for it was enforced by considerations of affection and of duty both to the living and to the dead. But the service was assumed by him with great reluctance, as being foreign to his special studies, and incompatible with very pressing occupations."†

The greatest of his works, *The Human Intellect: with an Introduction upon Psychology and the Human Soul*, was published in 1868 (8vo, pp. 673). As a contribution to an intricate department of mental science, it is unsurpassed for its clearness of thought, breadth of scholarship, and sound judicial decisions. "The philosophy taught in this volume," states its exact prefatory words, "is pronounced and positive in the spiritual and theistic direction, as contrasted with the materialistic and anti-theistic tendency which is so earnestly defended by its advocates as alone worthy to be called scientific.

The author, though earnest in his own opinions, has aimed to adhere most rigidly to the methods of true science, and to employ no arguments which he did not believe would endure the severest scrutiny." An abridgment, entitled *Elements of Intellectual Philosophy*, was prepared in 1870, as a text-book for students.

Besides contributions to the *Reviews* and to religious periodicals, he has also written a critical and suggestive volume on *Books and Reading: What Books Shall I Read? And How Shall I Read Them?* 1870; *American Colleges and the American Public*; and *Sciences of Nature vs. Science of Man*. His address at his inauguration into the presidency of Yale College in October, 1871, was a masterly analysis of *The Higher Education*, as adapted to and required by the present generation. Having shown the need of a more consummate culture than collegiate graduates have yet attained, he sketched, in some forcible sentences, the efforts making by Yale towards that ideal—not by providing "university studies for undergraduate students," but by making its "undergraduate departments preparatory for university classes and schools."

** GEORGE WASHINGTON LIGHT,

A PRINTER and publisher of Boston, was born in Portland, Maine, January 21, 1809, and died at Somerville, Massachusetts, January, 27, 1868, aged fifty-nine years. He began to learn his trade at Portland, and finished it at Boston, where, at an early age, he established himself in the printing business, to which he subsequently added bookselling. In 1829, he commenced the publication of a quarto weekly paper called *The Essayist*. This periodical, which he edited with ability, was devoted to the improvement of young writers, and to the elevation of character in young men. In its original form, it was issued nearly two years, and was then changed to a monthly octavo magazine which reached its twelfth number. Many who have since gained a reputation as writers contributed to its pages. He afterwards edited and published *The Young Mechanic* and *The Young Merchant*, two monthlies. In 1851 a small volume of his poetry was printed at Boston, under the title of *Keep Cool, Go Ahead, and a Few Other Poems*, 18mo., pp. 35. His poetry is said to be highly finished, and to abound in pleasant satire and practical maxims of sterling value. "The verses are of that manly, hopeful, animating kind, which is good to have sounding, like stirring music, in the ear, bracing the nerves, quickening the step, and helping one to face trial all the more cheerfully."*

** SYLVESTER BLACKMORE BECKETT,

A NATIVE of Portland, Maine, where he was born in May, 1812, has followed the trade of a printer in that city. In 1846, he edited with his friend, Daniel C. Colesworthy, the *Portland Empire*, a weekly newspaper published by John Edwards. He published, in 1860, in a volume of 336 pages, *Hester, the Bride of the Island*, a poem. In 1870, he made a European tour, during which he cor-

* Ante, vol. i., p. 99.

† Preface to Webster's Dictionary, edition 1864, p. iv.

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responded regularly with the Portland newspapers, and these letters were favorably received.

** JEREMIAH COLBURN,

ONE of the founders of the Boston Numismatic Society, and of the Prince Society for Mutual Publication, was born in Boston, Massachusetts, January 12, 1815. At the age of fifteen he began to form a collection of coins, which was at first, as might be expected, of a miscellaneous character. Subsequently, without abandoning his former pursuit, he turned his attention to minerals and shells, and lastly to books, autographs, manuscripts, portraits and engravings relating to America, including colonial and continental money, supplemented by the early and recent issues of paper tokens, from one penny upwards. At the suggestion of Joseph G. Morris of Philadelphia, who was lost at sea in the steamer "Arctic" on her passage to Liverpool in 1840, he began a collection of bank notes, including those of broken banks and the counterfeit bills of the period, his friend believing the day to be not far distant when paper money would be among the things of the past, or at least of great rarity.

When *The Historical Magazine* was commenced in 1857, Mr. Colburn, at the request of the editor, Mr. Dean, contributed a number of articles on American coins and coinage, which were followed for several years by short articles on these subjects in the department of "Notes and Queries." At various times, and to a number of historical publications, he has communicated copies of valuable documents in his possession, many of which contained important facts relating to the period of the American Revolution. In 1866, at the request of the Rev. Elias Nason, then editor of the *Historical and Genealogical Register*, and other fellow-members of the New England Historic-Genealogical Society, he commenced the compilation of a catalogue of works on the local history of Massachusetts, which was published in successive numbers of the *Register*, and was subsequently issued in a royal octavo volume of 119 pages, under the title of *Bibliography of the Local History of Massachusetts*. It is Mr. Colburn's intention that this work, which has been a great aid to those investigating the history of that State and its several towns, shall be reissued with a greatly extended list of titles, and be brought down to the time of publication.

On the formation of the Prince Society for printing historical works, in 1858, Mr. Colburn was chosen one of the Council. From 1863-73, he held the office of treasurer. The second work issued by the Society, *Wood's New England's Prospect*, reprinted from the original edition of 1634, was edited by him.

He was one of the founders of the Boston Numismatic Society, formed in 1860, and was chosen vice-president and curator. On the resignation of its first president, Dr. Winslow Lewis, in 1865, he succeeded him as president, and still holds that position. In April, 1871, the Society assumed the publication of the *American Journal of Numismatics*, and Mr. Colburn became one of its associate editors. The *Journal*,

which is the only publication of its kind in the country, is highly creditable to the editors and the Society, and has been received with marked favor.

Mr. Colburn received the degree of A. M., in 1869, from Williams College. For the past twelve years he has been a member of the library committee of the New England Historic-Genealogical Society.

** WILLIAM HENRY BURLEIGH,

A LINEAL descendant of William Bradford, the second governor of Plymouth Colony, and son of Rinaldo Burleigh, a classical teacher of reputation, was born at Woodstock, Connecticut, February 2, 1812. As a boy, he was shy and sensitive, yet gifted with an inexhaustible stock of merry spirits, and addicted to verse-making. In early manhood he became an advocate of reforms then unpopular, and an acceptable lecturer on behalf of temperance and the anti-slavery cause. He removed to Pittsburg in 1837, where he published the *Christian Witness*, and afterwards the *Temperance Banner*. Six years later, he was invited to Hartford by the executive committee of the Connecticut Anti-Slavery Society, and assumed editorial charge of its organ, the *Christian Freeman*, which soon became the *Charter Oak*. His able services in that position led the Hon. Francis Gillette, in later years, to pay this tribute to his character and life, in the Hartford *Evening Post*: "As a writer, speaker, editor, poet, reformer, friend, and associate, it was the universal testimony of those who knew him best and esteemed him most truly, that he stood in the forefront of his generation." He entered the service of the New York State Temperance Society, as lecturer, editor, and corresponding secretary, in 1849, and continued therein five years, conducting during part of this time the *Prohibitionist* at Albany. In 1855 his limited income was enlarged by an unsolicited appointment as Harbor Master of New York, which post he held for one term. He was subsequently a member of the Board of Port Wardens till the year previous to his death, as well as a correspondent of several newspapers, and a hard-working writer. A succession of epileptic attacks shattered his health, and he died on March 18, 1871. The record of his modest, toilsome, and upright career, is fitly told in a memoir by his widow, a representative lady in the "Woman's Rights Reform." In 1871 appeared *Poems by William H. Burleigh, with a Sketch of his Life, by Celia Burleigh*. His poetry, animated by a deep love of nature, and a profound desire to uphold truth and justice, gives him a place with our first minor poets. The poems are grouped under various headings, such as, Voices of the Years; Songs of Love and Home; With Nature; Songs of Freedom and Fatherland; Faith and Aspiration.

** THE SPHYNX.

Hey diddle diddle! the cat and the fiddle!
Find me a Sser to read life's riddle!
The sable crows fly over the river—
Caw! caw! caw!

And their glossy wings in the sunlight quiver,

Evermore to their *Caw! caw!*

As they wheel and sink, or soar and turn;
But the wisest man cannot discern
Of their life and motion the hidden laws,
The why they fly, or the cause of their caws.

Hey diddle diddle! the cat and the fiddle!

Nature herself is an unguessed riddle!

On the warm hill-side the grass grows greenly

While the showers of the May-time fall;

And the yellow dandelions throw

O'er the meadows broad a golden glow;

But you cannot tell, for you do not know,

How the buds are born, or the grasses grow,

Or why by the stilly brook the lily,

Stately and tall, looks over them all,

With a regal pride, serenely, queenly,

That says as plainly as words can say,

"I am queen of all the flowers of May,

And by right of queenship, willy nilly,

Over them all assert my sway!"

Hey diddle diddle! the cat and the fiddle!

Man and his motives are all a riddle!

In the human heart, that wondrous thing,

Moved by many a hidden spring

To the noblest good or the meanest ill,

What passions fierce or dark are born,—

Love and hate, and fear and scorn,—

To lord it over the mighty will,

And make their parent the veriest slave

That ever crawled to a vassal grave!

You may trace their track by the gloom or glow

That over the path of life they throw;

But whence they come, or whither they go,

You cannot tell, for you do not know!

Hey diddle diddle! the cat and the fiddle!

The heart is a wonder and life is a riddle!

Alas! how little we know about

The world within or the world without!

From the sentinel soul to the lifeless clod

We can only see they are very odd.

Marvel and question and search may we,

But the credo ever ends in doubt;

And we turn from the Now to the dread To Be,

Baffled ever by all we see—

Mystery within mystery.

Hey diddle diddle! the cat and the fiddle!

The soul is a riddle involved in a riddle!

Then, mortal, rest your weary brain,

Since all your cudgelings are in vain,

And know that the best philosophy yet

Begins with "Don't" and ends with "Fret!"

Beginning, middle, and end—"Don't fret!"

Death will make the mystery plain,

And all that is dark in a clear light set;

And death is certain: so, *don't fret!*

Fussing and fuming disturb the brain,

And dash with acid the lacteal flow

Of human kindness, till, ere you know,

A pond'rous cheese usurps the breast,

Nightmare-y and heavy and Dutch at best.

Let the sable crows fly over the river,

Caw! caw! caw!

Let the grasses grow and the flowers bloom ever

Obedient to an unknown law;

And love and hate, and wrath and fear,

Fulfil their mission a few days here,

Till their force is spent, or their work is done,

Till we are cold in the dark, damp mould,

Till the song is sung and the tale is told,

And the secret of life in death is won!

Hey diddle diddle! the cat and the fiddle!

Death only—the Seer—can read life's riddle.

** ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

O, sorely tried, yet true in every trial!

With the sad burden of a nation's fate

Laid on thy heart, not crushed beneath the weight,

But with new strength endued and self-denial,

And serene patience—worthiest thou to mate

With the dear Pater Patriæ! Henceforth Fame

Keeps for thy guerdon a still prouder name,

Which a great people, saved from treason's hate

And from the curse which gave that treason birth,

Shall shout exultant to the populous earth—

Salvator Patriæ! So thy name shall be

The glorious synonym of faith sublime,

A power and impulse to the after-time,

A household word wherever man is free!

May 19th, 1862.

** JAMES W. DALE,

THE author of several works on Baptism that are generally accepted as authorities, was born at Cantwell's Bridge (now Odessa), Newcastle county, Delaware, October 16, 1812. He graduated at the University of Pennsylvania as the Valedictorian of his class, at the age of eighteen. He then became a student of law in the office of the Hon. Joseph R. Ingersoll, but soon



James W. Dale.

abandoned that profession for the Gospel ministry. His theological studies were pursued at Andover, under Drs. Wood, Stuart, and Robinson, and at Princeton, under Dr. Hodge and the Alexanders. While a student, he resolved to devote himself to a foreign mission. As the Presbyterian Board was not then in being, he applied to the American Board of Foreign Missions and was appointed to a new station to be established at Rajpootana in Northern India. Financial embarrassment throughout the country prevented his departure, and he meanwhile entered the medical department of the University of Pennsylvania. The subject of his thesis at graduation was the question, "Is Medical Science favorable to Scepticism?" This was published by the late Professor Hugh L. Hodge, M. D., brother of Charles Hodge, D. D., in the *Medical Journal*, and afterward as a pamphlet.

The lack of funds in the Board still delaying the missionary enterprise, Mr. Dale consented to take charge of the State of Pennsylvania in behalf of the Bible Society, and with the permission of the Foreign Board. This service, closely related to missionary work, was continued seven years, till a call from the Ridley and Middletown churches led him to another home-missionary ground. After continuing on this field for twenty-five years, and building several churches, a call to the pastorate of Wayne church, in the same county, was accepted in 1872.

A number of occasional sermons by Dr. Dale have been published, including one at the close of a *Twenty-five years' Pastorate*; *On the Early Settlement of the Shores of the Delaware by Presbyterians*; *A Sermon preached before the Brainard Society of Lafayette College*, printed by that Society; *The Cup of the Cross*; or, *the Baptism of Calvary*, preached before the Synod of Philadelphia as retiring Moderator, and printed by request of that body.

The principal works of Dr. Dale are four volumes on Baptism bearing the general title—*An Inquiry into the meaning of βαπτισμα as determined by Usage*. The separate titles are: *Classic Baptism*; *Judaic Baptism*; *Johannic Baptism*; and *Christic Baptism*. Immediately after the publication of the first of these volumes, the title of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon the author by Hampden-Sydney College in Virginia, and soon after by the University of Pennsylvania. This action indicates the estimate put upon these volumes, which have all received cordial commendations from the leading theological scholars of various evangelical denominations. This *Inquiry* includes every case of Classic, Jewish, as well as New Testament usage, with a detailed examination of each. The result lays a new and clear basis for the interpretation of the baptisms of the New Testament. Of these works a distinguished theological professor and scholar says, "*You open a new world to me on this subject*," and another adds: "I have sometimes spent an hour upon a line of Greek, but here are years spent upon a word. The result seems to me perfectly conclusive as to the use and meaning of the words under discussion." These works are published by Messrs. Wm. Rutter & Co., Philadelphia.

** WILLIAM BACON STEVENS,

THE youngest and only surviving son of William and Rebecca (Bacon) Stevens, was born at Bath, Maine, July 13, 1815. In early life losing his father—an officer in the United States army during the war of 1812—he was brought up in Boston, the home of his maternal and paternal ancestry. His preparations for college, and the ministry to which he had devoted his life, were interrupted by ill-health; and on the assurance of his physicians that pulmonary difficulties would prevent his entrance upon his chosen life-work, he left Phillips Academy, at Andover, and turned his attention to the study of medicine. An extended voyage having been recommended for the re-establishment of his health, he sailed from Boston at the age of eighteen; and in an absence from home of over

two years, he voyaged around the globe. During his absence he spent five months in the Sandwich Islands, and a like period in China and parts of the East Indies. Meanwhile he prosecuted his medical studies, and while in Canton, China, he gave his services at the American Hospital, then under the charge of the celebrated Dr. Peter Parker. On his return to this country, he went to Georgia, and in Savannah, under Edward Coppeé, M. D., and in Charleston, under Professor Samuel Henry Dickson, M. D., he continued his medical studies. In the fall of 1837, he was graduated a Doctor in Medicine at Dartmouth College. The following year he received an *ad eundem* doctorate from the Medical College of the State of South Carolina, where he had also been a student. Returning to Savannah, he entered upon the practice of his profession with distinguished success, finding time, in connection with abundant labors, for an active participation in the various literary, benevolent, and social efforts of the day.

In February, 1841, Dr. Stevens, who had been prominent in the organization of the Historical Society of the State, delivered an address at its anniversary which was published, and received the commendation of the most competent students of our American annals. In rapid succession appeared an interesting and exhaustive treatise on the *History of the Silk Culture in Georgia*, contributed as an appendix to *Harris's Memorials of Oglethorpe*; and two volumes of *Historical Collections*, of which he was the editor and annotator, as well as a large contributor of original and selected material. It was by the appointment of the Historical Society, with the approbation of the Governor, that Dr. Stevens was designated as the historian of the State; and the abundant manuscript collections gathered abroad by order of the Legislature were placed in his hands.

The early purpose of his life had not been forgotten, however, and with a complete recovery of health came the desire to enter upon the sacred ministry. Relinquishing a large and remunerative professional income, he pursued the usual theological studies under the direction of his personal friend, the first Bishop of Georgia (Stephen Elliott, D. D.), by whom he was ordained deacon and priest in 1843-4. Almost immediately upon his ordination, he was chosen to fill the chair of Belles-Lettres, Oratory, and Moral Philosophy in the University of Georgia, at Athens, where he also assumed the charge of an Episcopal Mission, which speedily developed into a flourishing Church.

At Athens, Dr. Stevens published several sermons and academic addresses, which were widely circulated, and contributed to his growing reputation. In 1847, the first volume of his carefully prepared *History of Georgia* appeared. This volume elicited the special commendation of Bancroft, Sparks, and Everett, and placed its writer at once in the fore-front of our State historians. The following year Dr. Stevens yielded to repeated invitations to remove to Philadelphia, to fill the rectorship of St. Andrew's Church; and, before this step was consummated, he was honored by the bestowal of

the Doctorate in Divinity from the University of Pennsylvania.

At St. Andrew's, Dr. Stevens's ministry was distinguished by the marked development of the liberality of an attached people, and by the evident prosperity of the parish under his charge, as shown in the large increase of its numbers, and in the inauguration of various and far-reaching schemes of parochial, diocesan, and general church work. In the midst of engrossing pastoral duties, he found time to prepare and publish a large number of occasional sermons, many of them running through several editions, as well as some important volumes of a religious character. The concluding volume of the *History of Georgia*,* the completion of which had been hindered by his removal from his adopted State, was published in 1859; and the whole work, to quote the language of Dr. A. P. Peabody, in the *North American Review*, "for thoroughness of research, aptness of method, and adequacy of style, at once took rank among our best State histories."

The works of a religious nature published during this incumbency at St. Andrew's, are notable for the elegance of their mechanical execution, as well as for their literary excellence. They include the *Bow in the Cloud*, 1855, and *The Parables Practically Unfolded*, 1855. These volumes were issued by E. H. Butler & Co., in the highest style of art, and were elegantly illustrated. After the lapse of a score of years, they are still favorites with the public, and many thousands of copies have been scattered abroad. *Home Service*, a manual for the use of those prevented from attending public worship, with a number of appropriate original sermons for private reading, followed in 1856. *The Past and Present of St. Andrew's*, a record of ten years' ministerial labor, was printed in 1858. Besides these, Dr. Stevens issued, in 1857, a serviceable contribution to the discussion respecting the observance of the Sabbath, in a little work entitled *The Lord's Day; its Obligations and Blessings*. He contributed to the furtherance of the work of the newly-established Episcopal Hospital in Philadelphia, an admirable address on "Hospitals and Churches," delivered at the laying of the corner-stone. Memorial addresses on the occasion of the decease of Bishops Bowman and Boone were noteworthy contributions, the one to the biography of one of the purest and best of American Bishops, and the other to the story of the mission work of the Church in China.

In 1861, Dr. Stevens was chosen to the Assistant Bishopric of Pennsylvania, succeeding the lamented Bowman; and, on the decease of Bishop Alonzo Potter, in 1865, he became Bishop of the Diocese. This extensive see, comprising at the time of his election the whole State of Pennsylvania, has been twice divided since his consecration in 1862. In the midst of his Episcopal duties, and though from time to time disabled by sickness and providential accident, he has published two charges to his clergy; the

first in 1864, on *The Undeveloped Powers of the Church*; the second in 1870, on *The Relations of the Clergy and the Laity*;—has issued a volume, *The Sabbaths of Our Lord*;—has published an exhaustive memorial discourse on the life of Bishop Alonzo Potter, and has given to the press a large number of sermons, historical and occasional. Among them was one entitled *Then and Now*, giving a résumé of the diocesan history of Pennsylvania for an hundred years. Besides these labors inherent in his episcopate, and these literary efforts, the Bishop has had charge of the churches of the American Episcopal Church on the Continent of Europe. He has made extensive and repeated visitations of these parishes, and, in addition to several sermons published abroad by request, has embodied the results of his investigations in a published address of great merit, entitled *A Glimpse at the Religious Aspects of Europe*. In 1869, the Bishop received the degree of LL. D. from Union College.

Bishop Stevens's style is always correct, abounding in illustrations drawn from a world-wide personal observation and a varied reading and study. Though ornate, it is never heavy. His polished sentences invite attentive perusal, and by their arrangement and finish impress the truths they contain upon the reader's mind. As an historian, he possesses the rare faculty of filling up the outline of historical facts with a vividness of description, and a fulness of appropriate illustration, which make a most readable work, as well as one which accurately reproduces the past. It were to be desired that the Bishop might yet add to his varied and most successful labors in the past some enduring contribution to the ecclesiastical history or biography of the land, fitting subjects for which cannot be wanting either in the Church of which he is an honored and influential prelate, or the diocese—oldest but one of the American Church—over which he so wisely presides.*

** S. AUSTIN ALLIBONE.

SAMUEL AUSTIN ALLIBONE, LL. D., an eminent bibliographer, who gave sixteen years of his life to the preparation of a monumental dictionary of the writers in English Literature, was born in Philadelphia in 1816. The main labor of his career was preceded by the printing of two minor books: *A Review, by a Layman, of "New Themes for the Protestant Clergy,"* 1853; and *New Themes Condemned*, 1854. At the age of thirty-four, while engaged in mercantile life, he projected, and three years later (August 1, 1853,) he began the compilation of, *A Critical*

* History of Georgia, from its First Discovery by Europeans to the Adoption of the present Constitution, in 1798; two vols., 8vo., 1847-59.

* This article is founded on, and closely follows, a manuscript sketch of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Stevens, by his nephew, Rev. Wm. Stevens Perry, D.D., of Geneva, New York. Dr. Perry, a scholarly writer on the early annals of his Church in America, was born at Providence, Rhode Island, in 1832, is a graduate of Harvard College, of the class of 1854, and was ordained to the priesthood of the Protestant Episcopal Church in 1858. He is the editor and author of some standard works, the chief of which are: *The Historical Collections of the American Colonial Church*, to comprise ten quarto subscription volumes, of which those on *Virginia, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts*, have appeared; *The Early Journals of the General Conventions of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, 1784-1835*, to appear in three octavo volumes, with notes and appendices; *Churchman's Year Book with Calendar for 1870*; *Life Lessons from the Book of Proverbs*; 8vo., pp. 361, etc.

Dictionary of English Literature and British and American Authors, Living and Deceased,

S. Austin Allibone
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from the Earliest Accounts to the Latter Half of the Nineteenth Century.

The toil and sedentary application which this great task imposed, are thus piquantly described by his amanuensis, in a privately printed "Memoranda Concerning a Book Worm," signed M. H. A.:

"The subject of this notice (whom I shall designate as Bibliophile) has naturally a disposition which might truthfully be termed 'energetic and persevering;' but a slavish devotion to literary pursuits has so intensified these characteristics as to render them meaningless when applied to him. An industrial fiend seems to have taken possession of both mind and body, and impelled him onward in the paths of self-inflicted labor and self-denying ease, so that the unsolved problem of perpetual motion is no longer without an exemplification. Rest is abhorrent to his soul and scarcely to be endured by his physical structure; sleep is a natural enemy to be fought and conquered, and relaxation or recreation are words yet to be inserted in his vocabulary.

"A delineation of the proceedings of one day in this remarkable being's life, may better serve to convey a distinct impression of his peculiar modes of action, than these general statements. In the first place, therefore, I would inform the interested reader that, after glancing at a portion of the morning paper (the remainder being kept for perusal toward midnight) the Untiring One takes a hasty breakfast, and enters his workshop. After a few minutes spent in the inspection and arrangement of his tools, he cheerfully commences his task of discovering how many books Thomas Wilson or James Johnson wrote, and also where the aforesaid Thomas and James lived, and moved, and had their being. The striking of the clock acts only as a reminder of the necessity of closer attention to his investigations, as the hours fly with alarming rapidity, instead of each being hailed as a signal for approaching rest. For Bibliophile does rest occasionally, and mechanically leaves the library at two o'clock, to endure a half hour's cessation from toil. Eating is a sad necessity, and the demands of custom, if not of appetite, are formally acquiesced in as a sort of fuel supplying agency to the machine, which is to work until thirty minutes before the next meal. During these precious hours of labor, a presumptuous visitor occasionally enters the library, unheralded and unwelcome, unconscious of the immensity of the evil he is perpetrating. His errand is perhaps to seek information with reference to some literary undertaking of his own; and with a forced smile and politely affected interest, the author answers his queries, and sometimes even rashly elicits his friend's opinions on other matters. Should he so far forget himself as to induce a prolonged conversation, a hair shirt and a cat-o'-nine-tails await him, in the shape of the retribution which is never failing. For at the moment of the visitor's entrance, a glance at

the clock informs the author of the position of the hands thereupon, and, when he leaves, the time is also conscientiously noted, to be 'made up' at the first opportunity. The Romish system of penances and works of supererogation enters largely into Bibliophile's literary pursuits, if not into his moral habits or theological tenets; and it is amusing to hear his chuckle of satisfaction over some successful carrying out of the 'doctrine of compensation.' In the course of the day, whilst searching for the date or the size of the work of some insignificant writer, his eye may be caught by an interesting passage not pertaining thereto; but with instant self-abnegation he avoids another glance at a page whose ensnaring contents might beguile a few moments. Here I would say, although perhaps unnecessarily, that time to this individual has an importance which can scarcely be estimated by ordinary expressions, or indeed comprehended by ordinary mortals. A moment of this mysterious article is considered equivalent to hours in the estimation of the majority of mankind; and lest the consciousness of its value should ever become dim, Bibliophile has made a calculation, and also has had it printed, to show what will be lost in one year by letting a few minutes slip away unemployed. This reminder is conspicuously posted in the library, as a warning to all intruders. By this valuable paper, we perceive that five minutes 'lost,' as it is termed, are in a year equal to three days (of eight working hours), two hours and five minutes; ten minutes thus lost become six days, four hours, ten minutes; and the dreadful sum of one hour daily lost results in thirty-nine days and one hour. Take warning from these statements, all ye lazy ones, and all who think yourselves industrious, but who, probably, would be considered quite the contrary, judged by Bibliophile's standard.

"The bracing winds of Autumn, the breezes of early Spring, and the invigorating days of Winter, equally fail to draw the recluse from his imprisonment. The influences of moonlight evenings are also resisted, except on rare occasions, when a partially enlightened conscience or the remonstrance of friends impels him to an owl's, *per functore* tramp of a few squares. That eyesight and health should remain after such a prolonged warfare against all the laws of nature, is certainly wonderful, and tends to prove how nearly the human frame can be converted into a machine. On Sunday, of course, the hermit emerges from his seclusion, and either as superintendent or teacher, allows himself no more rest on that day than during the remaining six. It must be acknowledged, however, that in spite of all efforts to listen attentively to the sermon, the minister does occasionally appear to be engaged in the announcement of editions of books; and it is fortunate that the delusion never has been sufficiently strong to provoke an audible comment."

The first volume, exceeding one thousand royal octavo pages, was published in December, 1858. Its notices extended from A to J inclusive; but the volume was subsequently made to include those under K and L also. The second volume, reaching to S inclusive, appeared in the spring of 1870; and the third, T to Z, in the year following. His only assistant was his wife, who copied the manuscript, covering about 20,000 foolscap pages, from his notes.*

* Supplement to the revised edition of Chambers' Cyclopædia, in vol. x, p. 388, art., S. A. Allibone; J. B. Lippincott & Co., 1872.

The entire work contains 3,140 double column pages, and mentions the writings, in articles varying in length from a couple of lines to that of forty-nine pages on Shakespeare, of about forty-seven thousand writers. It goes, at times, into the details of quite interesting memorabilia; but its chief value consists in its accuracy, and generally exhaustive, statement of the books prepared by each author, to which is added a comprehensive selection of critical judgments from those acknowledged as censors in literature. Considering the vast field herein sought to be gleaned, and the great lack of adequate apparatus, the instances of total, and even of partial, omissions, are surprisingly rare. The Indexes are the weak feature of the work, and are of little use, as might be easily illustrated.

While busied with his *Dictionary*, Dr Allibone prepared some valuable Indexes: one, of 396 columns, to *Orations and Speeches of Edward Everett*, 1850-9, 3 vols.; another, of 76 columns, to *The Life and Letters of Washington Irving*, 1861-4, 4 vols.; and also *An Alphabetical Index to the New Testament*, prepared in spare moments on Sundays.

Dr. Allibone has been secretary of the American Sunday-School Union and editor of its publications, giving his mornings to its service, since 1867. His recent works comprise: the *Union Bible Companion*, a compendium of Scriptural knowledge, 1871; *The New Explanatory Question-Book on the Harmony of the Gospels*, and *On the Acts*, 1869; *Poetical Quotations from Chaucer to Tennyson*, 8vo., 1873; and a companion volume of *Prose Quotations*, in preparation.

** GEORGE HENRY PREBLE,

A CAPTAIN in the United States Navy, the son of Captain Enoch Preble, and the nephew of Commodore Edward Preble.—who distinguished himself in 1803-4 by several bombardments of piratical Tripoli—was born at Portland, Maine, February 25, 1816. After a preparatory education in the public and private schools of that city, he entered the Latin and English High School, which he quitted to serve in the bookstore of Mr. Samuel Colman, at Portland. He was subsequently engaged with his father, for a short time, in the sale of West India goods, and then again with Mr. Colman in the publishing business, at Boston. At the age of nineteen he received an appointment as midshipman; and he graduated from the Naval School, then at the Naval Asylum, Philadelphia, in 1841. During a subsequent service of thirty years as a naval officer, he has circumnavigated the globe and visited all its chief countries, as well as the islands of the Pacific and the Atlantic, with the frozen regions north and south. He was engaged in the Seminole war of 1841-2, as well as in the Mexican war, during the attacks on Alvarado, Tampico, Vera Cruz, etc. He was transferred to the coast-survey, from 1847-51; and he did good service later in the destruction of piratical junks in the Chinese seas, in 1854-5. He was on active duty during the late war, and was present at numerous engagements, including the

attack on Vicksburg in 1862, and the capture of New Orleans.*

Captain Preble has been a constant contributor to newspapers and periodicals for many years, writing especially on descriptive, historical, and statistical objects connected with his professional life. His first article was composed in his fourteenth year, and appeared in the *Experiment*, a small quarto printed in Portland, under the *nom de plume* of Elberp—his family name reversed. These communications are scattered through various volumes of the *Portland Transcript*, *Portland Advertiser*, *Boston Journal*, *Army and Navy Journal*, *Commercial Bulletin*, *New York Herald*, *Ballow's Pictorial*, *Boston Transcript*, *Philadelphia Saturday Courier*, *Washington Army and Navy Chronicle*, *United States Nautical Magazine*, the *National Intelligencer*, etc.

His literary pursuits have made Captain Preble a welcome member of various leading literary associations of the country. These include the Portland Natural History Society; the New England Historic-Genaeological Society, in which he has been for several years on the committee of Papers and Essays; the Maine Historical Society; the State Historical Society of Wisconsin; the Numismatic and Antiquarian Society of Philadelphia; and the Historical Society of Pennsylvania. He has made numerous contributions to the *New England Historical and Genealogical Register* since 1854, chiefly relating to the Prebles in America; Shipbuilding in New Hampshire and Massachusetts; and a Memoir of William Pitt Fessenden, reprinted with portrait, 1871 (8vo., pp. 24).

His publications in book-form and pamphlets, most of which were privately printed in small editions, comprise: *The Chase of the Rebel steamer of War Oreto, Commander J. N. Maffitte, C. S. N., into the Bay of Mobile, by the United States Steam Sloop Oneida, Commander Geo. Henry Preble, U. S. Navy, Sept. 4, 1862* (Cambridge, 1862, 8vo., pp. 60); *The Preble Family in America, 1636-1870: Genealogical Sketch of the first three generations of Prebles in America, with an account of Abraham Preble the Emigrant, their common ancestor, and of his grandson, Brig. Gen. Jedidiah Preble, and his descendants* (Boston, 1868-70, pp. 340); *The First Cruise of the United States Frigate Essex, with a short account of her Origin and subsequent Career until Captured by the British in 1814, and her ultimate fate* (Salem, published by the Essex Institute, 1870; pp. 108); *U. S. Vessels of War built at Portsmouth, N. H.; Notes on Early Shipbuilding in Massachusetts; Ships of War built in Massachusetts and Boston, from the earliest times to the present*; besides sailing directions and charts for the Yang-tsi-Kiang, and for Keebung Harbor, in the island of Formosa. The *History of the American Flag*, a monograph of much interest and value, with an introductory history of flags and symbols, and some choice illustrations, was published in 1873. He has recently contributed to the *Boston Transcript* a series of fifty articles on "Whales and Whaling," which may appear in a volume.

* Hammersley's Living Officers of the United States Navy, revised edition, 1870. Drake's American Biography.

Captain Preble has ready for publication several volumes of manuscript. These include a History of the Seal and Arms of the United States, and of the States and Territories; Flotson and Jotsam, a series of leaves from a naval officer's commonplace book; a Sketch of the Discovery and Progress of Steam Navigation, arranged chronologically, complete to 1838; Notes of the Exploits and Actions of American Privateers; Statistics of the Personnelle of the Navy of the United States, from 1815 to 1871; and Longevity—a table of 765 persons who have reached the age of one hundred years, authenticated by notes.

**** EDMUND FARWELL SLAFTER,**

An active member of the New England Historic-Genealogical Society, and its corresponding secretary since 1866, was born in Norwich, Vermont, May 30, 1816. He graduated at Dartmouth College in 1840, studied divinity at the Theological Seminary at Andover, and in 1844 was ordained to the Protestant Episcopal ministry in Trinity Church, Boston. In the latter year he became rector of St. Peter's Church, Cambridge, and remained there till the autumn of 1846, when he removed to Roxbury and was instituted rector of St. John's Church (Jamaica Plain). Here he continued nearly eight years, till impaired health compelled him to retire from the duties of the pastorate. He then became assistant rector of St. Paul's Church, Boston, performing but nominal duties for several years.

He was appointed an agent of the American Bible Society in 1857, to advocate its claims and promote its interests in the Episcopal Church, which duty he has fulfilled to the present time, conducting a very wide correspondence.

While in college, Mr. Slafter printed *The Story of Pocahontas, the Indian Princess*; and, while in the theological seminary, a *Discourse on the Catechism of the English Church*. In 1850 he published a *Sermon on the occasion of the death of President Taylor*; in 1858, a *Critique on Sawyer's Translation of the New Testament*; in which he maintained that a revision is possible, but that a new translation cannot be successfully achieved; in 1863, a discourse delivered at Norwich University on *The Planting and Growth of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States*; in 1869, a *Memoir of John Slafter*, an octavo volume, containing a genealogical account of eight generations of this family, with biographical sketches of the earlier members; in 1870, a discourse on the history and future work of the New England Historic-Genealogical Society, delivered on the twenty-fifth anniversary of its incorporation; and, the same year, a *History of the Vermont Coinage*, originally contributed to the Vermont Historical Society's Collections. Mr. Slafter has also been a contributor to various periodicals. Clearness of thought, vigor of expression, and a mastery of the subject, characterize his writings.

In 1873 he edited a volume in the series of the Prince Society, entitled: *Sir William Alexander, and American Colonization*.

Besides extensive annotations, Mr. Slafter contributes to this volume a *Memoir of Sir William Alexander, the first Earl of Sterling*, giving an outline of the character and writings of this distinguished nobleman, especially elucidating his connection with American Colonization for a period of twenty years, from 1621 to 1641. This volume will be a standard work on this important but imperfectly known period of American history.

**** DANIEL STEELE DURRIE,**

The librarian of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin since 1858, and a prominent antiquarian scholar of that State, was born at Albany, New York, January 2, 1819. He received his education at that city and at South Hadley, Massachusetts. In his twenty-fifth year he engaged in the business of bookseller and stationer at Albany, and continued therein till his removal to the West in 1850, when he resumed and followed it at Madison, Wisconsin, from 1852-57. He subsequently received the degree of A. M. from the Galesville University, Wisconsin.

Mr. Durrie has held the office of town superintendent of schools at Roxbury, Dane County, Wisconsin. He has been a member of the Madison board of education, and its secretary for one year, and also secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association at Madison. In 1871 he was secretary of the Dane County Bible Society. Besides various fugitive articles for magazines and newspapers, he is the author of a *Genealogical History of the Steele Family*, and of the *Holt Family*; *Bibliographia Genealogica Americana*, or *Index to American Pedigrees*; of an article on the "Bibliography of the State of Wisconsin," printed in the *Historical Magazine*, July, 1869, and of a pamphlet on the *Utility of the Study of Genealogy*.

**** EUGENE ANTHONY VETROMILE,**

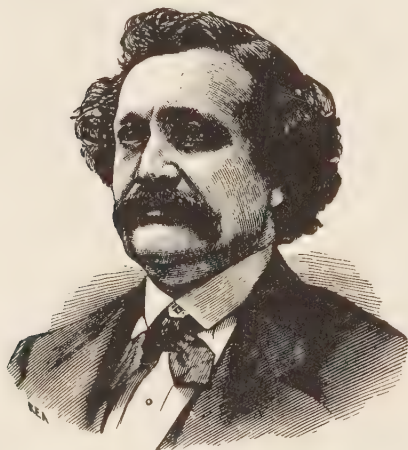
A DESCENDANT of a noble patrician family of Naples, and an apostolic missionary of the *Congregation de Propaganda Fide* in Rome to the American Indians, was born in the city of Gallipolis, in the province of Lecce (*terra d'Otranto*)—the ancient *Salentina litora in Iapygia, Magna Græcia*,—February 22, 1819. After an early training under private instructors, he graduated at the Seminary of Gallipolis, and finished his education as a Catholic priest in the Georgetown College, D. C., where he received the degree of Doctor of Divinity. He has held the professorships of Belles Lettres in the College of Naples, of Natural Philosophy in the College of Nobles in Naples, as well as of Natural Philosophy and Astronomy in the College of the Holy Cross, at Worcester, Massachusetts. His travels embrace every country of Europe except Russia, Norway, and Sweden, besides Egypt, Arabia, Palestine, Syria, and Asia Minor.

Dr. Vetromile has translated parts of various religious works into several Indian dialects. These include a manual of prayer; *Ahiame-wintuhangan* (the prayer-song), an abridgment of the Gregorian Chant, with other hymns and songs; *Wenessi Ubbian* (Holy Bible), a compendium of the historical and doctrinal parts

of the Old and New Testaments, in the Penobscot and Micmac languages, with a literal translation into English, and 112 illustrations, 1860; *The Abnakis, and their History*, 1866; and *Sande Awikhigan* (Indian Almanac), each year. In 1871 he issued, in two volumes, *Travels in Europe, Egypt, Arabia, Petra, Palestine, and Syria*. He has ready for publication a dictionary of the several dialects of the Abnaki language, in three folio volumes, and treatises on theology, philosophy, etc., in Latin.

** AUGUSTE LEO DE COLANGE.

DR. DE COLANGE was born in the old French province of Auvergne, in 1819. The cadet of an ancient and honorable family, he early entered the College of St. Louis, Paris, where he graduated in 1837, and in the following year received his diploma of Bachelor of Sciences. In 1838, he also made his first public appearance in the field of literature as author of a poem entitled *Toulouse et les Albigeois*, which gained for him the Eglantine prize of the *Académie des Jeux Floraux*.



Carrying into execution a long-cherished design of acquiring that practical knowledge of botany which is only attainable by the study of living nature, young Colange set out in 1839 on a tour of exploration among the Pyrenees, scaling their summits and inspecting their cliffs and crevasses, from the Atlantic to the Mediterranean, passing several months in this Alpine region, where he led the life of a mountaineer, sleeping at night in the huts of shepherds and cragsmen, and spending his days in researches into the flora of the country, and in taking observations of its meteorological phenomena. On his return home, he published the results of these studies from nature, in a series of papers contributed to the *Journal des Sciences Naturelles*; and then commenced a course of legal studies

in Paris, becoming Licentiate of Law in 1843, and Doctor of Law and Licentiate of Sciences in the two years immediately following.

M. de Colange subsequently married a lady of Toulouse and took up his residence in that city, where the possession of a competent fortune enabled him to relinquish his original intention of pursuing a career at the bar, and to devote his whole leisure and attention to those literary and scientific occupations which were most congenial to his mind. In this period of scholarly ease he established the *Journal de Droit Administratif*, in conjunction with M. Batbie (now one of the leaders of the Legitimist party in the French National Assembly), and held its editorship until 1858. He also published contemporaneously, *La Littérature en France au xvii. Siècle*, wrote the entire collection of articles on the Fine Arts in the great *Dictionnaire de la Conversation*, and acted as one of the chief contributors to the pages of the *Revue de Paris*, and other literary publications of that day.

Being fond of travel, and having besides a keen taste for and appreciation of archæology, as well as of the picturesque in whatever form it might appear, M. de Colange visited in succession England, the Netherlands and Germany, and the whole of Switzerland, Italy, and Spain, often making halts of long duration at places where natural scenery or rich antiquities charmed him, or where fine libraries and museums attracted his spirit of inquiry and investigation. The year 1858 found his course of foreign travel extended to Canada, the American Union, and the West Indies. In the United States, pleased alike with both the country and the people, he made quite a lengthened stay, returning to France only a short time before the breaking out of the Civil War, in 1861.

Resuming his literary functions after his arrival home, M. de Colange embodied much of the observation and experience he had acquired of men and things during his absence abroad, in the form of articles contributed to the leading Parisian reviews and newspapers; and, having directed his attention to the consideration of fiscal and financial questions, he originated and elaborated the banking system on which was afterward founded the institution known as the *Credit Foncier*. He is also said to have scattered about, and carelessly enough, other new and not less valuable ideas, which were destined to subsequently fructify in hands more practical and potential than were his own.

After losing the bulk of his fortune in disastrous stock speculations entered into at the time of the Italian War of 1859, M. de Colange associated himself with the editorial management of the *Encyclopédie Universelle*, and so remained until, being called by friends whose regard he had gained during his residence in the United States, he was induced to return to that country. Taking up his abode in Philadelphia and New York city for respective periods, he devoted several busy years to the chief editorship of *The Popular Encyclopedia*,* a work which achieved a high and well-deserved success, and

*Zell's Popular Encyclopedia, a Universal Dictionary of English Language, Science, Literature, and Art. By L. Colange, LL. D. In two volumes, new and revised edition. Philadelphia: Baker, Davis & Co., 1876; pp. 2576.

which was followed by *The National Encyclopedia*, a publication on a smaller scale than the former, though little less meritorious. Dr. de Colange has been since engaged in the preparation of the revised editions of his books, which their increasing popularity has called forth, and in the editorship of the *Picturesque World*, and other extensive publications.

** FREDERIC HUDSON,

THE late managing editor of the *New York Herald*, and author of the *History of Journalism*, was born in the town of Quincy, Norfolk county, Massachusetts, in 1819. He received such an education as was then accessible at Concord, to which town his parents removed in his childhood. In 1836, at the age of sixteen, he went to New York to seek his fortune; and after declining to engage in business with his brothers in that city, he entered the office of *The Herald*, then recently established. Active, energetic, and ambitious, he quickly developed his rare administrative abilities under the magnetic influence of the late James Gordon Bennett, who was the most enterprising and successful journalist of America—the land of newspapers.

Frederic Hudson,

Mr. Hudson continued as an *attaché* of *The Herald*, gradually rising to the responsible and final position of managing editor, under Mr. Bennett—and at times without Mr. Bennett—for thirty years. In 1866, warned by the failure of his health under the keen mental activity and constant excitements of journalism, combined with the arduous duties that devolved on him by day and night, he retired from the establishment. He has since lived a placid and domestic life in the intellectual town of Concord, where he had married his wife years before. His family, his garden, the cultured society for which Concord is peculiarly distinguished, and his record of *Journalism in the United States*, from 1690 to 1872, which has recently appeared, have since occupied his attention. An access for many years to nearly all the newspapers of the world, which enabled him to accumulate a vast amount of material, an intense affection for the profession of his life, and a picturesque, glowing style, make his work not only an accurate compendium of a vast deal of historic data elsewhere inaccessible, but also a vivid portraiture of the growth of the "fourth estate." It is understood that he has yet in his possession much interesting and valuable data on the same subject, which, it is hoped, will be preserved in a durable form by the issue of a second volume.

** E. L. YOUMANS.

EDWARD LIVINGSTON YOUMANS, a leading and popular writer on scientific themes, and the editor of the *Popular Science Monthly*, was born at Coeymans, Albany county, New York, June 3, 1821. His parents removed soon after to Saratoga, where his boyhood and youth were spent. He went to a country common school, and developed an early passion for reading, being especially fond of books of science. At the age of thirteen, he contracted a virulent dis-

ease of the eyes, which interrupted his studies. He had now to meet great embarrassments in continuing his favorite pursuits. His sister read for him, and assisted him in his chemical experiments, while he contrived to write by the aid of a pocket machine of his own invention. Four years later, an attendance of a few weeks at a neighboring academy cost him the remnant of his eyesight. In 1840 he visited New York city in a state of total blindness, in search of medical relief. Though his case was pronounced hopeless by several oculists, he was enabled, by the skilful and persevering attention of Dr. S. M. Elliott, after a long and painful struggle, to recover his vision sufficiently to read and write.

At that time, he marked out for himself the course of life he has since steadily pursued,



E. L. Youmans

largely influenced thereto by the writings of Prof. Liebig. Aware that it would be impossible for him, with his imperfect sight, to gratify his desire of making original researches, he devoted himself to the duty of promoting popular scientific education, and of adapting the results of science to the needs of the people. The obstacles in that path were many, but they were successively surmounted by his ardor and close application. Substantial honors attest the value of his services. The honorary degree of A. M. was conferred on him by Hamilton College, and that of M. D. by the University of Vermont, while Antioch College, in Ohio, appointed him professor of chemistry in 1866. Invitations to professorships followed from other collegiate institutions, but his defects of sight led to their declination. This affection, however, has not interfered with his lecturing extensively in the chief cities of the Union.

Dr. Youmans' first publications were devoted to expositions of Chemistry in a popular form. In 1851, he printed a *Chemical Chart of Colored Diagrams*, five feet by six, which was revised and enlarged five years later. A *Class-Book of Chemistry*, 1852, after passing through more than fifty editions, was re-written in 1863.

These were followed by: *Alcohol and the Constitution of Man*, 1853; *Chemical Atlas*; or, *The Chemistry of Familiar Objects*, 1855; and *The Hand-Book of Household Science: a Popular Account of Heat, Light, Air, Aliment, and Cleansing, in their Scientific Principles and Domestic Applications*, 1857.

In 1864, he introduced and popularized in America the generalizations of the chief scientific scholars of England, by the reprint of *The Correlation and Conservation of Forces: a Series of Expositions by Prof. Grove, Prof. Helmholtz, Dr. Mayer, Dr. Faraday, Prof. Liebig, and Dr. Carpenter; with an Introduction and Brief Biographical Notices of the Chief Promoters of the New Views*. Two years later he visited England, and delivered an able lecture before the London College of Preceptors, October 10, 1866, entitled: *Observations on the Scientific Study of Human Nature*. This was reprinted by him in 1867, with a series of suggestive and profound papers by Professors Tyndall, Huxley, Faraday, Whewell, Liebig, etc., in a volume: *The Culture Demanded by Modern Life; a Series of Addresses and Arguments on the Claims of Scientific Education; Edited, with an Introduction on Mental Discipline and Education*. By his care, an American edition of the profound philosophical works of Herbert Spencer was prepared, in a form more complete than the English.

Dr. Youmans paid another visit to Europe in 1871, to arrange with eminent authors of England, France, and Germany for the preparation of a series of books to be issued in those countries and the United States, under the title of the *International Scientific Series*. His application was successful. A committee of eminent gentlemen in London, and in Paris, and another in Leipsic, were formed to decide on the books, while each author is to receive a copyright from all the publishers. After his return the *Popular Science Monthly* was established, under his editorship, in May, 1872, and has already been accepted as a standard periodical.

WILLIAM JAY YOUMANS, a brother of Dr. E. L. Youmans, was born at Saratoga, New York, in 1838. He graduated at the medical department of the New York University, studied entomology under Dr. Fitch, and Biology with Prof. Huxley of London. With the latter he is the joint author of *The Elements of Physiology and Hygiene*; a *Text-Book for Educational Institutions*, 1868.

MISS ELIZA A. YOUMANS, the sister of the preceding, is the author of several original educational works on Botany. *The First Book of Botany, Designed to Cultivate the Observing Powers of Children*, was issued in 1870. It was followed three years later by *The Second Book of Botany*, a continuation of the same plan, and by a series of attractive *Botanical Charts*. Her plan is to make Botany a fourth fundamental branch of study in all primary schools, as a means of the systematic training of the observing powers. She aims to organize and give methodic shape to object-studies, by making the examination, analysis, and comparison of plants the constant and indispensable work, the books and charts merely guiding to this end.

** JAMES HAMMOND TRUMBULL,

A SCHOLAR of note in historical and philological subjects, and a descendant in the seventh generation from John and Elizabeth Trumbal, who emigrated from Northumberland to New England about 1636, was born at Stonington, Connecticut, December 20, 1821. He entered Yale College in 1838, but was prevented by ill health from graduating with his class. In 1850 he received an honorary degree of A. M., and that of LL. D. in 1871. He was Secretary of the State of Connecticut, by annual re-election, from 1861-5, having previously been General Registrar and State Librarian, 1854-5, also one of the committee to compile and prepare the Revised Statutes of the State, and Assistant Secretary of State, 1858-61.

Dr. Trumbull has held the presidency of the Connecticut Historical Society since 1863, having been an active member from 1847. He has also been a trustee of the Watkinson Library of Reference, and its superintendent since 1863; a director and the secretary of the Wadsworth Athenæum, Hartford, since 1864; one of the original members of the American Philological Association, and on its executive committee since 1869; a member of the American Oriental Society, the Connecticut Academy of Arts and Sciences, the American Ethnological Society; a corresponding member of the New York, Massachusetts, Maine, Vermont, Wisconsin, Long Island, Buffalo, and other Historical Societies, etc.

His publications comprise: *The Colonial Records of Connecticut*, edited, with notes and appendices, 1636-89, (3 vols., 8vo., 1850-9); *Historical Notes on some Provisions of the Connecticut Statutes*, a series of twelve papers contributed to the Hartford Evening Press, October 1860 to March 1861; *The Defence of Stonington, Connecticut, against a British Squadron, August, 1814* (privately printed, Hartford, 1864); Roger Williams' *Key into the Language of America*, edited, with introduction and copious notes, for the first volume of the "Narragansett Club Publications" (Providence, R. I., 1866); Thomas Lechford's *Plain Dealing, or News from New England*, 1642, edited, with introduction and notes, for Wiggan and Lunt's "Library of New England History," vol. iv. (Boston, 1867); *The Origin of M'Fingal*, reprinted from the Historical Magazine for January, 1868; *The Composition of Indian Geographical Names, illustrated from the Algonkin Languages*,* 1870; *On the Best Method of studying the American Languages*, 1871; *On Some Mistaken Notions of the Algonkin Grammar*,† etc., 1871.

Among various contributions to the proceedings of societies, to periodicals, and the daily press, may be specified papers on the meaning of the name "Massachusetts," in the Proceedings of the American Antiquarian Society, October, 1867; on "Shawmut," the supposed Indian name of Boston, in the Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society, December, 1866 (pp. 376-9); Letter to Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, establishing the authorship of the English translation of the Marquis de Chas-

* Also, Connecticut Historical Society's Collections, vol. II.

† Also, American Philological Society's Transactions, 1869-70.

tellus's *Voyages dans l'Amérique*, in the Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society, April, 1869; "On some alleged specimens of Indian Onomatopœia," in Transactions of the Connecticut Academy, (vol. ii. pp. 177-85); "Indian Names in Virginia," in the *Historical Magazine*, January, 1870 (pp. 47-8); and "On the Algonkin name of Manitou," in *Old and New*, February, 1870.

** SAMUEL GREENE ARNOLD,

A LEADING politician and historian of Rhode Island, and president of the Historical Society of that State, is closely related to several Revolutionary heroes. His grandmother was a cousin to Gen. Nathaniel Greene, and was brought up with him in childhood at the house of her father, Governor William Greene. His grandfather was a cousin of Jonathan Arnold, who wrote "the first declaration of independence, constituting Rhode Island by two months the oldest independent State in America," and which was passed by the General Assembly of Rhode Island on May 4, 1776. He was born at Providence, April 12, 1821, in the house, anciently an inn, wherein the plot was laid for the capture of the royal armed schooner *Gaspee*, which led to the shedding of the first British blood in the Revolution, June 9, 1772.

Mr. Arnold is a graduate of Brown University, of the class of 1841, and of the Dane Law School at Cambridge four years later, being a member of the last class that received its degree from the hands of Judge Story. He was admitted to the Rhode Island bar in 1845. He has travelled, at various times, in all parts of the world. In 1838-9 he visited Europe and Asia, taking a year out of his college course on account of his health, and going back one class in consequence. He visited Europe on commercial business in 1842, being then connected, for nearly two years, with an American importing house, and again in 1869-70, besides spending nearly four years, 1845-8, in a tour over the world, giving the last twelve months to South America. In 1852 he declined a nomination as Governor of Rhode Island on account of his youth, and was then elected Lieutenant Governor, being the only one chosen on the Whig ticket. The following year he was re-elected, and also chosen U. S. Senator. He was a delegate to the Peace Convention in 1861, and Lieutenant-Governor again in 1861-2. At the outbreak of the late war, he took command of the artillery of his State, and conveyed to Washington the first battery of rifled cannon ever in the national service. He served an unexpired term in the U. S. Senate, from August 1862 to March 1863, and then retired from public life, devoting himself mainly to commercial pursuits.

His writings, beside several articles contributed to the *North American Review* and the *Christian Review* from 1845-51,* include the *Anniversary Address before the American Institute*, October, 1850; *Spirit of Rhode Island History*, an address before the Rhode Island Historical Society, January, 1853, and another in June, 1869, *Greene, Staples, Parsons*, on three

eminent members of the Society who died in 1868, both of which were published by the Society; and the *History of the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, 1636-1790*, 2 vols., 8 vo., 1859-60.

** RICHARD GRANT WHITE

TWENTY YEARS ago had attained a reputation that entitled him to recognition in a Cyclopædia of American Literature, a reputation which he has since largely increased by his versatile writings; but, at his own special request, his name has until recently been omitted from this and all similar publications.



Rich^d. Grant White

Mr. Grant White, as he is usually called, was born in the city of New York, May 22, 1822. His grandfather, the Rev. Calvin White, was an Episcopal clergyman and a loyalist during the Revolution. The family is honorably known in the annals of New England, Mr. Grant White being the eighth in descent from John White, one of the founders of Cambridge and afterwards of Hartford, and his forefathers having sat for a hundred consecutive years in the General Courts of Massachusetts and Connecticut. His father, a merchant in New York, intended him for the church, to which calling, however, he showed an aversion before leaving college. He graduated at the University of New York in 1839; then studied medicine (although with no intention of practicing), and finally studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1845.

He had passed through his school and his collegiate years with a marked and unusual aversion to literary composition and rhetorical studies; but soon afterwards his powers developed themselves suddenly and strongly. When he was twenty-one years of age, he wrote the celebrated Washington sonnet, which, having got into print anonymously, was frequently quoted as Wordsworth's. The question as to

* Vide, Poole's Index to Periodical Literature.

its authorship having been started in the *Evening Post* some years afterward, it was attributed by Mr. Bryant to Landor, when Mr. Grant White, who was then in Boston, wrote to the *Post* and claimed its authorship.* His literary tendencies soon drew him away from the bar, and he became a contributor to the *New York Courier and Enquirer*, although without any avowed connection with the paper. His fondness for music, of which he had been from boyhood a loving student, led him to write a series of musical criticisms, which were so brilliant in style and so full of knowledge that they attracted attention, abroad as well as at home. But with a love of concealing his personality which seems never to have deserted him, he did not own these writings. He ere long was suspected to be their author, however, and was known for some time by the *sobriquet* of the "private gentleman of the *Courier*." He had now given himself up to the study of literature and art, and his criticisms on music, painting, and the drama, commanded such constant and admiring attention from the public that they made a literary reputation of themselves. A part of these pages made up his first volume, a *Biographical and Critical Hand-Book of Christian Art*, 1853.

Upon the publication of the now notorious Collier folio manuscript emendations of Shakespeare, which at first captivated the world, there appeared in *Putnam's Magazine*† a series of articles directed against the worth and even the asserted antiquity of the emendations. The acumen, learning, and spirited style of these articles compelled general admiration, if not assent. Anonymous at first, they were ere long owned by Mr. Grant White, and were embodied with other matter of the same kind in his *Shakespeare's Scholar*,‡ published in 1854. The strength and subtlety of criticism, and the research evinced in this volume, gave him immediately, both in Europe and America, a place in the front rank of English critics and scholars, a position which was afterward confirmed by his critical edition of Shakespeare's Works with Essays and Notes,§ upon which he was engaged seven years.

¶ Meantime he published a volume upon *National Hymns*,|| which was elicited by the appointment of a committee, of which he was one, in the first year of the civil war, to obtain a National Hymn for the people of the United States. Soon afterward he published anonymously a humorous satire entitled *The New Gospel of Peace*,|| which was the first of a series under the same title, which produced such an effect, and had such an enormous sale, that they became one of the moral forces of the time, and were reprinted

in England. Discussion was rife as to their authorship; but so unlike were they to Mr. Grant White's previous writings, that for a long time he was not suspected; and to this day he has never owned them even in their collected form, although it is now well known that he was their author.

During the war he also wrote a series of letters in the columns of the *London Spectator*, under the signature "A Yankee," which continued through four years. The calm boldness of these letters, their mastery of their subject, and their purity of style, gave them great influence in England, where it was confessed that they did much to restrain the British government from interfering in our affairs,* and caused Mr. Grant Duff, M. P., one of the most distinguished political writers of Great Britain, to say in one of his recent works, that without reading the "Yankee Letters" it was impossible to understand the politics of this country. Again the author kept his own counsel, and it was nearly two years before the authorship, which he has since avowed, was inferred in literary circles.

His last work, *Words and their Uses*,† a desultory study of the English language, enters upon a field for which his previous literary labor, particularly his Shakespeare, fully prepared him, and has had a marked success, although some of his views have been opposed by some philological writers.

Among his other works are, his volume upon the *Life and Genius of Shakespeare*,‡ his *Essay upon the Authorship of the Three Parts of Henry VI.*, 1859, of which Mr. J. R. Lowell has said that it settles that disputed point as far as it can be settled by criticism; and a volume of *Poetry, Lyrical, Narrative, and Satirical, of the Civil War*; selected and edited, 1866.

Mr. White's style is remarkable for purity and clearness, for its union of breadth of view and subtlety in criticism, and for the apparently unconscious ease with which it enlivens the gravest and driest subjects with vivacity and humor. A man of society, he is yet reserved in manner, and studiously avoids personal appearance before the public.

** WASHINGTON: PATER PATRIÆ.

High over all whom might or mind made great,
Yielding the conqueror's crown to harder hearts,
Exalted not by politicians' arts,
Yet with a will to meet and master Fate,
And skill to rule a young, divided state,
Greater by what was not than what was done,
Alone on History's height stands Washington;
And teeming Time shall not bring forth his mate.
For only he, of men, on Earth was sent
In all the might of mind's integrity:
Ne'er as in him truth, strength, and wisdom blent:
And that his glory might eternal be,
A boundless country is his monument,
A mighty nation his posterity.

* *New York Evening Post*, January 18, 1852.

† October and November, 1853.

‡ *Shakespeare's Scholar*: being Historical and Critical Studies of his Text, Characters, and Commentators; with an Examination of Mr. Collier's Folio of 1623; pp. 504. 1854.

§ *Plays and Poems: The Plays Edited from the Folio of MDCXXIII, with Various Readings from all the Editions and all the Commentators, Notes, Introductory Remarks, a Historical Sketch of the Text, an Account of the Rise and Progress of the English Drama, a Memoir of the Poet, and an Essay upon his Genius.* 12 vols., 1857-65.

|| *National Hymns*: How they are Written, and How they are Not Written: a Lyrical and National Study for the Times; October, 1861.

¶ *New Gospel of Peace*; According to St. Benjamin. In four books. 1863-64.

* See, also, article on Mr. White's patriotic services, by Mr. E. P. Whipple, in the *Boston Evening Transcript*, August 28, 1865.

† *Words and Their Uses, Past and Present*, 1870, a series of articles contributed to the *Galaxy*; revised edition, 1872.

‡ *Memoirs of the Life of William Shakespeare*, with an Essay towards the Expression of his Genius, and an Account of the Rise and Progress of the English Drama to the Time of Shakespeare, pp. 425. 1866.

**"GOD SAVE THE KING," AND THE "MARSEILLAISE"—
 FROM NATIONAL HYMNS.

How widely do the histories of these two hymns differ, and how characteristic is their difference of the two people who have adopted them! The British hymn, like the British constitution, the product of no man and of no time; the origin of its several parts various and uncertain, or seen darkly through the obscurity of the past; its elements the product of different peoples; broached at first in secret, and when brought to light, frowned down as treasonable, heretical, damnable; but at length openly avowed, and gradually growing into favor; modified, curtailed, added to in important points by various hands, yet remaining vitally untouched; at last accepted because it is no longer prudent to refuse to yield it place; and finally insisted upon as the time-honored palladium of British liberty. The Marseillaise, written to order, and in one night, to meet a sudden, imperative demand; struck out at the white heat of unconscious inspiration, perfect in all its parts, *totus, teres, atque rotundus*; and in six months adopted by the people, the army, and the legislature of the whole nation. The air of the one, simple, solid, vigorous, dignified, grand, the music of common sense and fixed determination; the words, though poor enough, mingling trust, and prayer, and self-confidence, and respect for whoever is above us, and a readiness to fight stoutly when God and the law are on our side: the other a war cry, a summons to instant battle, warning, appealing, denouncing, fiercely threatening the vengeance of the Furies; having no inspiration but glory, and invoking no god but liberty; beginning in deliberate enthusiasm, and ending in conscious frenzy.

How different the service too, to which the two songs have been put! The one used always to sustain, to build up, to perpetuate, to express loyalty and faithful endurance; a song of peace and plethoric festivity. The other, the signal of destruction, the warning note of revolution; the song that rises from the field where the ploughshare turns up petrified abuses to the light of heaven and vengeance stalks between the stilts; the howl of famished men, and the shriek of nursing mothers whose breasts are dry. The one at best a tonic, but mostly sedative in its operation, and harmless at any time: the other from the beginning a stimulant, and to be used on great occasions only, and for great objects. The Girondists sang the first four lines of it, as—except one who fell before his judges, struck through the heart with his own dagger—they turned away from the bloody tribunal which had condemned them to death in the name of the liberty they had done so much to gain. At the battle of Jemappes, at the most perilous hour of that long doubtful day, Dumouriez, finding his right wing almost without officers, and giving way before the fire of the Austrian infantry and a threatened charge of the huzzars, put himself at the head of his battalions and began to sing the Marseillaise hymn, then not many months old; the soldiers joined in the song, their courage rallied, they charged and carried all before them. And in August of the next year at the fête of the inauguration of the constitution (always a fête and an inauguration!) when the convention and the delegates from the primary assemblies, including eighty-six *doyens*—which seems to be French for the oldest inhabitant—to represent the eighty-six departments, assembled with a throng of "citizens gene-

rally" in the *Place de la Bastille* at four o'clock in the morning around a great fountain, called the Fountain of the Regeneration, as soon as the first beams of the sun appeared, they saluted him by singing stanzas to the air of the Marseillaise; and then the President took a cup, poured out before the sun the waters of regeneration, and drank thereof himself, and passed the cup to the oldest inhabitants, and they also drank thereof, in their parochial capacity. These ways are not the ways of our race. Indeed, even if Sir John Cope had begun to sing "God Save the King" at Preston-pans, or General Hawley had in like manner lifted up his voice at Falkirk, or General McDowell had favored the army with the "Star-Spangled Banner" at Manassas (always supposing it to be within the compass of his voice), I doubt much whether they would have produced any change in the fortunes of these battles; nay, I fear they would have been greeted only with unseemly merriment. Sir John Cope's regulars would still have "fled in the utmost confusion at the first onset;" General Hawley's veterans would have been "broke by the first volley" and "turned their backs and fled in the utmost consternation;" and General McDowell's raw volunteers, after fighting three hours and a half against an entrenched enemy in superior force, and driving him two miles before them, would still have been seized with a sudden panic and retreated in disgraceful disorder to Washington, leaving their enemy so crippled that he could not, even if he dared, pursue them.

But differing thus entirely in spirit and origin, these celebrated songs have one historical point in common, which is interesting in itself, and full of significance to such folk as say, Go to, let us make a national hymn:—they have both been perverted from their original purpose. The British hymn, made up, as we have seen, of an air from France, and words from Jacobite Scotland, into a song praying for the scattering, the confounding, the frustrating, and the general damnation of the reigning family, with its words altered by this man and the other, and its melody doctored by this musician and its harmony by the other, has come to be the recognized formal expression of loyalty to the very house for whose overthrow it first petitioned. And as to the Marseillaise, the purpose of its author is sadly told in his sad fate. Soon proscribed as a royalist, he fled from France, and took refuge in the Alps. But the echoes of the chord that he so unwittingly had struck pursued him even to the mountain tops of Switzerland. "What," said he to a peasant guide in the upper fastnesses of the border range, "is this song that I hear—*Allons, enfans de la patrie?*" "That? That is the Marseillaise." And thus, suffering from the excesses that he had innocently stimulated, he first learned the name which his countrymen had given to the song that he had written.

But from the purpose built into its very structure and breathing in its every word, the Marseillaise cannot be perverted. It is a war song, and is only suited to the periods when the liberties of the nation are threatened. Therefore, other national airs are performed on ordinary occasions. "*Partant pour la Syrie*," attributed to Queen Hortense, is, with no special propriety, the recognized French air at present. "God Save the King" has the advantage of being suited to all times and seasons; so while there is a king in Great Britain no other song will take its place.

And this will be a very long time; much longer than many people think. For not only is John Bull, as I heard a distinguished British statesman say, "a lord-loving animal;" he is a king-worshipping creature also. He may devote his own soul to perdition, but he devoutly prays for the queen and all the royal family. He delights in the very epithet royal, and unless some of his heartiness is bred out of him, utters it with unctuous relish. He rises in his own respect by dealing with the grocer to her Majesty; and his eye beams complacently upon the crown stamped on his pickle jar. Kingship will never be driven out from that land; it will be solicitously retained while it is gradually robbed of even the semblance of prerogative, until at length there will be somebody called a king there who has less power than a constable. And when at last the shadow of royalty has become so faint that even British eyes can see nothing on the throne but velvet and vacuity, and nothing in the crown but emptiness, when the game of monarchy is played out, and "God Save the King" cannot be sung because there is no king to save, be sure that a new national hymn will not be written. The old air will be preserved; the words will be altered as little as possible, and perverted as much as possible, so that Britons, though they no longer express their "respect for their monarch," can yet give utterance to their "national pride," as nearly as may be in the good old way.

**** SHAKESPEARE'S CREATIVE GENIUS.***

Shakespeare thus used the skeletons of former life that had drifted down to him upon the stream of time and were cast at his feet, a heap of mere dead matter. But he clothed them with flesh and blood, and breathed life into their nostrils; and they lived and moved with a life that was individual and self-existent after he had once thrown it off from his own exuberant intellectual vitality. He made his plays no galleries of portraits of his contemporaries, carefully seeking models through the social scale, from king to beggar. His teeming brain bred lowlier beggars and kingly kings than all Europe could have furnished as subjects for his portraiture. He found in his own consciousness ideals, the like of which for beauty or deformity neither he nor any other man had ever looked upon. In his heart were the motives, the passions, of all humanity; in his mind, the capability, if not the actuality, of all human thought. Nature, in forming him alone of all the poets, had laid that touch upon his soul which made it akin with the whole world, and which enabled him to live at will throughout all time, among all peoples. Capable thus, in his complete and symmetrical nature, of feeling with and thinking for all mankind, he found in an isolated and momentary phase of his own existence the law which governed the life of those to whom that single phase was their whole sphere. From the germ within himself he produced the perfect individual, as it had been or might have been developed. The eternal laws of human life were his servants by his heaven-bestowed prerogative, and he was yet their instrument. Conformed to them because instinct with them, obedient to, yet swaying them, he used their subtle and unerring powers to work out from seemingly trivial and independent truths the vast problems of humanity; and standing ever

within the limits of his own experience, he read and reproduced the inner life of those on the loftiest heights or in the lowest depths of being, with the certainty of the physiologist who from the study of his own organization recreates the monsters of the ante-human world, or of the astronomer who, not moving from his narrow study, announced the place, form, movement, and condition of a planet then hid from earthly eyes in the abyss of space.

Shakespeare thus suffered not even a temporary absorption of his personages; he lost not the least consciousness of selfhood, or the creator's power over the clay that he was moulding. He was at no time a murderer at heart because he drew Macbeth, or mad because he made King Lear. We see that, although he thinks with the brain and feels with the soul of each of his personages by turns, he has the power of deliberate introspection during this strange metempsychosis, and of standing outside of his transmuted self, and regarding these forms which his mind takes on as we do; in a word, of being at the same time actor and spectator.

**** EDWARD EVERETT HALE,**

A PROLIFIC and suggestive writer, and the editor of the *Old and New* of Boston, was born in that city, April 3, 1822. He is the son of Nathan Hale, LL.D., and of Sarah Preston Hale, a sister of Edward Everett. His father, a nephew of the Captain Nathan Hale executed in New York as a spy by Sir William Howe in 1776, became the proprietor of the Boston *Daily Advertiser* in 1814. It was "the first daily in New England, and for many years the only one, and established the principle of editorial responsibility distinct from that of individual contributors. Its influence was great."* He was a public-spirited citizen, and notably active in establishing a system of railroads in Massachusetts. In 1825 he prepared a map of New England, a standard authority, and three years later a work on the policy of a protective tariff. He was a member of the club that established the *North American Review* and the *Christian Examiner*. He died at Brookline, Mass., February 9, 1863, in his seventy-ninth year.

Edward Everett Hale was graduated at Harvard College in 1839. He was pastor of the Church of the Unity, at Worcester, Massachusetts, from 1846 to 1856; and of the South Congregational Church, Boston, since that time. He is an active member of the American Anti-quarian Society, and has contributed many papers to its publications, as well as to the *Christian Examiner*, and other leading periodicals. The American edition of Lingard's *History of England*, in thirteen volumes, was published at Boston under his editorial supervision, in 1853-4.

His original works comprise *Margaret Percival in America*, written as a sequel to a tale by Rev. William Sewall, 1850; *Sketches of Christian History*, 1850; *Kansas and Nebraska*, a sketch of the physical characteristics and political position of those Territories, 1854; and *Ninety Days' Worth of Europe*.

* Drake's Biographical Dictionary, art. Nathan Hale, p. 395. Allibone's Dictionary of English Literature.

* From *Life and Genius of Shakespeare*, 1865, pp. 288-90.

The Man Without a Country, a story having all the verisimilitude of actual fact, which he contributed to the *Atlantic Monthly* during the war, under the pen-name of Col. Frederick Ingham, won, as it deserved, the popular favor. Like it, his later writings show power of imagination and a definite moral purpose held in view, though not always such an artistic elaboration of their themes. These works comprise: *If, Yes, and Perhaps: Four Possibilities and Six Exaggerations, with some Bits of Fact*, 1868, a series of brilliant magazine articles; and *The Ingham Papers*, 1869. *Sybaris, and Other Homes*, 1869, sets out to picture what the homes of laboring men are, what they ought to be, and what they ought not to be. *Ten Times One is Ten; or, The Possible Reformation: A Story in Nine Chapters*, gives a plausible basis on which to inaugurate the millennial epoch, founded on these four principles of social conduct: "To look up and not down; to look forward and not back; to look out and not in; and, to lend a hand." *How to Do It*, 1871, purports to be a book of suggestions on talking, reading, writing, society, travel, etc. *Six of One by Half a Dozen of the Other*, 1872 a social romance, was jointly constructed by three lady writers—Harriet Beecher Stowe, Adeline D. T. Whitney, and Lucretia P. Hale; and three gentlemen—Frederick W. Loring, F. B. Perkins, and its projector, E. E. Hale. *Christmas Eve and Christmas Day*, 1873, a series of stories, with a sketch of the first Christmas celebrated by a king of Italy in Rome, was followed by *Ups and Downs, An Every-Day Novel*. Mr. Hale is also the editor of *Old and New*, a literary magazine established by him in 1869.

***THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY—FROM IF, YES, AND PERHAPS.

I suppose that very few casual readers of the New York Herald of August 13th observed, in an obscure corner, among the "Deaths," the announcement, —

"NOLAN. Died, on board U. S. Corvette *Levant*, Lat. 2° 11' S., Long. 131° W., on the 11th of May, PHILIP NOLAN."

I happened to observe it, because I was stranded at the old Mission-House in Mackinaw, waiting for a Lake Superior steamer which did not choose to come, and I was devouring to the very stubble all the current literature I could get hold of, even down to the deaths and marriages in the Herald. My memory for names and people is good, and the reader will see, as he goes on, that I had reason enough to remember Philip Nolan. There are hundreds of readers who would have paused at that announcement, if the officer of the *Levant* who reported it had chosen to make it thus: — "Died, May 11th, THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY." For it was as "The Man without a Country" that poor Philip Nolan had generally been known by the officers who had him in charge during some fifty years, as, indeed, by all the men who sailed under them. I dare say there is many a man who has taken wine with him once a fortnight, in a three years' cruise, who never knew that his name was "Nolan," or whether the poor wretch had any name at all.

There can now be no possible harm in telling this poor creature's story. Reason enough there

has been till now, ever since Madison's administration went out in 1817, for very strict secrecy, the secrecy of honor itself, among the gentlemen of the navy who have had Nolan in successive charge. And certainly it speaks well for the *esprit de corps* of the profession, and the personal honor of its members, that to the press this man's story has been wholly unknown, — and, I think, to the country at large also. I have reason to think, from some investigations I made in the Naval Archives, when I was attached to the Bureau of Construction, that every official report relating to him was burned when Ross burned the public buildings at Washington. One of the Tuckers, or possibly one of the Watsons, had Nolan in charge at the end of the war; and when, on returning from his cruise, he reported at Washington to one of the Crowninshields, — who was in the Navy Department when he came home, — he found that the Department ignored the whole business. Whether they really knew nothing about it, or whether it was a "*Non mi ricordo*," determined on as a piece of policy, I do not know. But this I do know, that since 1817, and possibly before, no naval officer has mentioned Nolan in his report of a cruise.

But, as I say, there is no need for secrecy any longer. And now the poor creature is dead, it seems to me worth while to tell a little of his story, by way of showing young Americans of today what it is to be A MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY.

Philip Nolan was as fine a young officer as there was in the "Legion of the West," as the Western division of our army was then called. When Aaron Burr made his first dashing expedition down to New Orleans in 1805, at Fort Massac, or somewhere above on the river, he met, as the devil would have it, this gay, dashing, bright young fellow, at some dinner-party, I think. Burr marked him, talked to him, walked with him, took him a day or two's voyage in his flat-boat, and, in short, fascinated him. For the next year barrack-life was very tame to poor Nolan. He occasionally availed himself of the permission the great man had given him to write to him. Long, high-worded, stilted letters the poor boy wrote and rewrote and copied. But never a line did he have in reply from the gay deceiver. The other boys in the garrison sneered at him, because he sacrificed in this unrequited affection for a politician the time which they devoted to Monongahela, hazard, and high-low-jack. Bourbon, euchre, and poker were still unknown. But one day Nolan had his revenge. This time Burr came down the river, not as an attorney seeking a place for his office, but as a disguised conqueror. He had defeated I know not how many district-attorneys; he had dined at I know not how many public dinners; he had been heralded in I know not how many Weekly Arguses, and it was rumored that he had an army behind him and an empire before him. It was a great day — his arrival — to poor Nolan. Burr had not been at the fort an hour before he sent for him. That evening he asked Nolan to take him out in his skiff, to show him a cane-brake or a cotton-wood tree, as he said, — really to seduce him; and by the time the sail was over, Nolan was enlisted body and soul. From that time, though he did not yet know it, he lived as A MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY.

What Burr meant to do I know no more than you, dear reader. It is none of our business just now. Only, when the grand catastrophe

came, and Jefferson and the House of Virginia of that day undertook to break on the wheel all the possible Clarendons of the then House of York, by the great treason-trial at Richmond, some of the lesser fry in that distant Mississippi Valley, which was farther from us than Puget's Sound is to-day, introduced the like novelty on their provincial stage, and, to while away the monotony of the summer at Fort Adams, got up, for *spectacles*, a string of court-martials on the officers there. One and another of the colonels and majors were tried, and, to fill out the list, little Nolan, against whom, Heaven knows, there was evidence enough,—that he was sick of the service, had been willing to be false to it, and would have obeyed any order to march any-whither with any one who would follow him had the order been signed, “By command of His Exc. A. Burr.” The courts dragged on. The big flies escaped,—rightly for all I know. Nolan was proved guilty enough, as I say; yet you and I would never have heard of him, reader, but that, when the president of the court asked him at the close, whether he wished to say anything to show that he had always been faithful to the United States, he cried out, in a fit of frenzy,—

“D—n the United States! I wish I may never hear of the United States again!”

I suppose he did not know how the words shocked old Colonel Morgan, who was holding the court. Half the officers who sat in it had served through the Revolution, and their lives, not to say their necks, had been risked for the very idea which he so cavalierly cursed in his madness. He, on his part, had grown up in the West of those days; in the midst of “Spanish Plot,” “Orleans Plot,” and all the rest. He had been educated on a plantation where the finest company was a Spanish officer or a French merchant from Orleans. His education, such as it was, had been perfected in commercial expeditions to Vera Cruz, and I think he told me his father once hired an Englishman to be a private tutor for a winter on the plantation. He had spent half his youth with an older brother, hunting horses in Texas; and, in a word, to him “United States” was scarcely a reality. Yet he had been fed by “United States” for all the years since he had been in the army. He had sworn on his faith as a Christian to be true to “United States.” It was “United States” which gave him the uniform he wore, and the sword by his side. Nay, my poor Nolan, it was only because “United States” had picked you out first as one of her own confidential men of honor that “A. Burr” cared for you a straw more than for the flat-boat men who sailed his ark for him. I do not excuse Nolan; I only explain to the reader why he damned his country, and wished he might never hear her name again.

He never did hear her name but once again. From that moment, September 23, 1807, till the day he died, May 11, 1863, he never heard her name again. For that half-century and more he was a man without a country.

Old Morgan, as I said, was terribly shocked. If Nolan had compared George Washington to Benedict Arnold, or had cried, “God save King George,” Morgan would not have felt worse. He called the court into his private room, and returned in fifteen minutes, with a face like a sheet, to say,—

“Prisoner, hear the sentence of the Court! The Court decides, subject to the approval of the Pres-

ident, that you never hear the name of the United States again.”

Nolan laughed. But nobody else laughed. Old Morgan was too solemn, and the whole room was hushed dead as night for a minute. Even Nolan lost his swagger in a moment. Then Morgan added,—

“Mr. Marshal, take the prisoner to Orleans in an armed boat, and deliver him to the naval commander there.”

The Marshal gave his orders and the prisoner was taken out of court.

“Mr. Marshal,” continued old Morgan, “see that no one mentions the United States to the prisoner. Mr. Marshal, make my respects to Lieutenant Mitchell at Orleans, and request him to order that no one shall mention the United States to the prisoner while he is on board ship. You will receive your written orders from the officer on duty here this evening. The court is adjourned without day.”

I have always supposed that Colonel Morgan himself took the proceedings of the court to Washington City, and explained them to Mr. Jefferson. Certain it is that the President approved them,—certain, that is, if I may believe the men who say they have seen his signature. Before the *Nautilus* got round from New Orleans to the Northern Atlantic coast with the prisoner on board the sentence had been approved, and he was a man without a country.

The plan then adopted was substantially the same which was necessarily followed ever after. Perhaps it was suggested by the necessity of sending him by water from Fort Adams and Orleans. The Secretary of the Navy—it must have been the first Crowninshield, though he is a man I do not remember—was requested to put Nolan on board a government vessel bound on a long cruise, and to direct that he should be only so far confined there as to make it certain that he never saw or heard of the country. We had few long cruises then, and the navy was very much out of favor; and as almost all of this story is traditional, as I have explained, I do not know certainly what his first cruise was. But the commander to whom he was intrusted,—perhaps it was Tingey or Shaw, though I think it was one of the younger men,—we are all old enough now,—regulated the etiquette and the precautions of the affair, and according to his scheme they were carried out, I suppose, till Nolan died. . . .

The rule adopted on board the ships on which I have met “the man without a country” was, I think, transmitted from the beginning. No mess liked to have him permanently, because his presence cut off all talk of home or of the prospect of return, of politics or letters, of peace or of war,—cut off more than half the talk the men liked to have at sea. But it was always thought too hard that he should never meet the rest of us, except to touch hats, and we finally sank into one system. He was not permitted to talk with the men, unless an officer was by. With officers he had unrestrained intercourse, as far as they and he chose. But he grew shy, though he had favorites: I was one. Then the captain always asked him to dinner on Monday. Every mess in succession took up the invitation in its turn. According to the size of the ship, you had him at your mess more or less often at dinner. His breakfast he ate in his own state-room,—he always had a state-room,—which was where a sentinel or somebody on the watch could see the door. And whatever

else he ate or drank, he ate or drank alone. Sometimes, when the marines or sailors had a special jollification, they were permitted to invite "Plain-Buttons," as they called him. Then Nolan was sent with some officer, and the men were forbidden to speak of home while he was there. I believe the theory was that the sight of his punishment did them good. They called him "Plain-Buttons," because, while he always chose to wear a regulation army-uniform, he was not permitted to wear the army-button, for the reason that it bore either the initials or the insignia of the country he had disowned.

I remember, soon after I joined the navy, I was on shore with some of the older officers of our ship and from the Brandywine, which we had met at Alexandria. We had leave to make a party and go up to Cairo and the Pyramids. As we jogged along (you went on donkeys then), some of the gentlemen (we boys called them "Dons," but the phrase was long since changed) fell to talking about Nolan, and some one told the system which was adopted from the first about his books and other reading. As he was almost never permitted to go on shore, even though the vessel lay in port for months, his time at the best hung heavy; and everybody was permitted to lend him books, if they were not published in America and made no allusion to it. These were common enough in the old days, when people in the other hemisphere talked of the United States as little as we do of Paraguay. He had almost all the foreign papers that came into the ship, sooner or later; only somebody must go over them first, and cut out any advertisement or stray paragraph that alluded to America. This was a little cruel sometimes, when the back of what was cut out might be as innocent as Hesiod. Right in the midst of one of Napoleon's battles, or one of Canning's speeches, poor Nolan would find a great hole, because on the back of the page of that paper there had been an advertisement of a packet for New York, or a scrap from the President's message. I say this was the first time I ever heard of this plan, which afterwards I had enough and more than enough to do with. I remember it, because poor Phillips, who was of the party, as soon as the allusion to reading was made, told a story of something which happened at the Cape of Good Hope on Nolan's first voyage; and it is the only thing I ever knew of that voyage. They had touched at the Cape, and had done the civil thing with the English Admiral and the fleet, and then, leaving for a long cruise up the Indian Ocean, Phillips had borrowed a lot of English books from an officer, which, in those days, as indeed in these, was quite a windfall. Among them, as the devil would order, was the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," which they had all of them heard of, but which most of them had never seen. I think it could not have been published long. Well, nobody thought there could be any risk of anything national in that, though Phillips swore old Shaw had cut out the "Tempest" from Shakespeare before he let Nolan have it, because he said "the Bermudas ought to be ours, and, by Jove, should be one day." So Nolan was permitted to join the circle one afternoon when a lot of them sat on deck smoking and reading aloud. People do not do such things so often now; but when I was young we got rid of a great deal of time so. Well, so it happened that in his turn Nolan took the book and read to the others; and he read very well, as I know. Nobody in the

circle knew a line of the poem, only it was all magic and Border chivalry, and was ten thousand years ago. Poor Nolan read steadily through the fifth canto, stopped a minute and drank something, and then began, without a thought of what was coming,—

"Breathes there the man, with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,—"

It seems impossible to us that anybody ever heard this for the first time; but all these fellows did then, and poor Nolan himself went on, still unconsciously or mechanically,—

"This is my own, my native land!"

Then they all saw something was to pay; but he expected to get through, I suppose, turned a little pale, but plunged on,—

"Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand?—
If such there breathe, go, mark him well,—"

By this time the men were all beside themselves, wishing there was any way to make him turn over two pages; but he had not quite presence of mind for that; he gagged a little, colored crimson, and staggered on,—

"For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,
Despite these titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentrated all in self,—"

and here the poor fellow choked, could not go on, but started up, swung the book into the sea, vanished into his state-room, "And by Jove," said Phillips, "we did not see him for two months again. And I had to make up some beggarly story to that English surgeon why I did not return his Walter Scott to him."

That story shows about the time when Nolan's braggadocio must have broken down. At first, they said, he took a very high tone, considered his imprisonment a mere farce, affected to enjoy the voyage, and all that; but Phillips said that after he came out of his state-room he never was the same man again. He never read aloud again, unless it was the Bible or Shakespeare, or something else he was sure of. But it was not that merely. He never entered in with the other young men exactly as a companion again. He was always shy afterwards, when I knew him,—very seldom spoke, unless he was spoken to, except to a very few friends. He lighted up occasionally,—I remember late in his life hearing him fairly eloquent on something which had been suggested to him by one of Fléclier's sermons,—but generally he had the nervous, tired look of a heart-wounded man....

Since writing this, and while considering whether or no I would print it, as a warning to the young Nolans and Vallandighams and Tatnalls of to-day of what it is to throw away a country, I have received from Danforth, who is on board the *Levant*, a letter which gives an account of Nolan's last hours. It removes all my doubts about telling this story.

To understand the first words of the letter, the non-professional reader should remember that after 1817, the position of every officer who had Nolan in charge was one of the greatest delicacy. The government had failed to renew the order of 1807, regarding him. What was a man to do? Should he let him go? What, then, if he were called to account by the Department for violating the order of 1807? Should he keep him? What, then, if Nolan should be liberated some day, and

should bring an action for false imprisonment or kidnapping against every man who had had him in charge? I urged and pressed this upon Southard, and I have reason to think that other officers did the same thing. But the Secretary always said, as they so often do at Washington, that there were no special orders to give, and that we must act on our own judgment. That means, "If you succeed, you will be sustained; if you fail, you will be disavowed." Well, as Danforth says, all that is over now, though I do not know but I expose myself to a criminal prosecution on the evidence of the very revelation I am making.

Here is the letter:—

"LEVANT, 2^o 2' S. @ 131^o W.

"DEAR FRED:—I try to find heart and life to tell you that it is all over with dear old Nolan. I have been with him on this voyage more than I ever was, and I can understand wholly now the way in which you used to speak of the dear old fellow. I could see that he was not strong, but I had no idea the end was so near. The doctor has been watching him very carefully, and yesterday morning came to me and told me that Nolan was not so well, and had not left his state-room,—a thing I never remember before. He had let the doctor come and see him as he lay there,—the first time the doctor had been in the state-room,—and he said he should like to see me. O dear! do you remember the mysteries we boys used to invent about his room, in the old Intrepid days? Well, I went in, and there, to be sure, the poor fellow lay in his berth, smiling pleasantly as he gave me his hand, but looking very frail. I could not help a glance round, which showed me what a little shrine he had made of the box he was lying in. The stars and stripes were triced up above and around a picture of Washington, and he had painted a majestic eagle, with lightnings blazing from his beak and his foot just clasping the whole globe, which his wings overshadowed. The dear old boy saw my glance, and said, with a sad smile, 'Here, you see, I have a country!' And then he pointed to the foot of his bed, where I had not seen before a great map of the United States, as he had drawn it from memory, and which he had there to look upon as he lay. Quaint, queer old names were on it, in large letters: 'Indiana Territory,' 'Mississippi Territory,' and 'Louisiana Territory,' as I suppose our fathers learned such things; but the old fellow had patched in Texas, too; he had carried his western boundary all the way to the Pacific, but on that shore he had defined nothing.

"O Danforth,' he said, 'I know I am dying. I cannot get home. Surely you will tell me something now?—Stop! stop! Do not speak till I say what I am sure you know, that there is not in this ship, that there is not in America—God bless her!—a more loyal man than I. There cannot be a man who loves the old flag as I do, or prays for it as I do, or hopes for it as I do. There are thirty-four stars in it now, Danforth. I thank God for that, though I do not know what their names are. There has never been one taken away: I thank God for that. I know by that that there has never been any successful Burr. O Danforth, Danforth,' he sighed out, 'how like a wretched night's dream a boy's idea of personal fame or of separate sovereignty seems, when one looks back on it after such a life as mine! But tell me,—tell me something,—tell me everything, Danforth, before I die!'

"Ingham, I swear to you that I felt like a mon-

ster that I had not told him everything before. Danger, or no danger, delicacy or no delicacy, who was I, that I should have been acting the tyrant all this time over this dear, sainted old man, who had years ago expiated, in his whole manhood's life, the madness of a boy's treason? 'Mr. Nolan,' said I, 'I will tell you everything you ask about. Only, where shall I begin?'

"O the blessed smile that crept over his white face! and he pressed my hand and said, 'God bless you!' 'Tell me their names,' he said, and he pointed to the stars on the flag. 'The last I know is Ohio. My father lived in Kentucky. But I have guessed Michigan and Indiana and Mississippi,—that was where Fort Adams is,—they make twenty. But where are your other fourteen? You have not cut up any of the old ones, I hope?'

"Well, that was not a bad text, and I told him the names in as good order as I could, and he bade me take down his beautiful map and draw them in as I best could with my pencil. He was wild with delight about Texas, told me how his brother died there; he had marked a gold cross where he supposed his brother's grave was; and he had guessed at Texas. Then he was delighted as he saw California and Oregon;—that, he said, he had suspected partly, because he had never been permitted to land on that shore, though the ships were there so much. 'And the men,' said he, laughing, 'brought off a good deal besides furs.' Then he went back—heavens, how far!—to ask about the Chesapeake, and what was done to Barron for surrendering her to the Leopard, and whether Burr ever tried again,—and he ground his teeth with the only passion he showed. But in a moment that was over, and he said, 'God forgive me, for I am sure I forgive him.' Then he asked about the old war,—told me the true story of his serving the gun the day we took the Java,—asked about dear old David Porter, as he called him. Then he settled down more quietly, and very happily, to hear me tell in an hour the history of fifty years.

"How I wished it had been somebody who knew something! But I did as well as I could. I told him of the English war. I told him about Fulton and the steamboat beginning. I told him about old Scott, and Jackson; told him all I could think of about the Mississippi, and New Orleans, and Texas, and his own old Kentucky. And do you think, he asked who was in command of the 'Legion of the West.' I told him it was a very gallant officer named Grant, and that, by our last news, he was about to establish his head-quarters at Vicksburg. Then, 'Where was Vicksburg?' I worked that out on the map; it was about a hundred miles, more or less, above his old Fort Adams; and I thought Fort Adams must be a ruin now. 'It must be at old Vick's plantation,' said he: 'well, that is a change!'

"I tell you, Ingham, it was a hard thing to condense the history of half a century into that talk with a sick man. And I do not now know what I told him,—of emigration, and the means of it,—of steamboats, and railroads, and telegraphs,—of inventions, and books, and literature,—of the colleges, and West Point, and the Naval School,—but with the queerest interruptions that ever you heard. You see it was Robinson Crusoe asking all the accumulated questions of fifty-six years!

"I remember he asked, all of a sudden, who was President now; and when I told him, he asked

if Old Abe was General Benjamin Lincoln's son. He said he met old General Lincoln, when he was quite a boy himself, at some Indian treaty. I said no, that Old Abe was a Kentuckian like himself, but I could not tell him of what family; he had worked up from the ranks. 'Good for him!' cried Nolan; 'I am glad of that. As I have brooded and wondered, I have thought our danger was in keeping up those regular successions in the first families.' Then I got talking about my visit to Washington. I told him of meeting the Oregon Congressman, Harding; I told him about the Smithsonian, and the Exploring Expedition; I told him about the Capitol, and the statues for the pediment, and Crawford's Liberty, and Greenough's Washington; Ingham, I told him everything I could think of that would show the grandeur of his country and its prosperity; but I could not make up my mouth to tell him a word about this infernal Rebellion.

"And he drank it in, and enjoyed it as I cannot tell you. He grew more and more silent, yet I never thought he was tired or faint. I gave him a glass of water, but he just wet his lips, and told me not to go away. Then he asked me to bring the Presbyterian 'Book of Public Prayer,' which lay there, and said, with a smile, that it would open at the right place, — and so it did. There was his double red mark down the page; and I knelt down and read, and he repeated with me, 'For ourselves and our country, O gracious God, we thank Thee, that, notwithstanding our manifold transgressions of Thy holy laws, Thou hast continued to us Thy marvellous kindness' — and so to the end of that thanksgiving. Then he turned to the end of the same book, and I read the words more familiar to me: 'Most heartily we beseech Thee with Thy favor to behold and bless Thy servant, the President of the United States, and all others in authority,' — and the rest of the Episcopal collect. 'Danforth,' said he, 'I have repeated those prayers night and morning, it is now fifty-five years.' And then he said he would go to sleep. He bent me down over him and kissed me; and he said, 'Look in my Bible, Danforth, when I am gone.' And I went away.

"But I had no thought it was the end. I thought he was tired and would sleep. I knew he was happy, and I wanted him to be alone.

"But in an hour, when the doctor went in gently, he found Nolan had breathed his life away with a smile. He had something pressed close to his lips. It was his Father's badge of the Order of the Cincinnati.

"We looked in his Bible, and there was a slip of paper at the place where he had marked the text: —

"They desire a country, even a heavenly: wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God: for he hath prepared for them a city."

"On this slip of paper he had written:

"Bury me in the sea; it has been my home, and I love it. But will not some one set up a stone for my memory at Fort Adams or at Orleans, that my disgrace may not be more than I ought to bear? Say on it: —

"In Memory of

"PHILIP NOLAN,

"Lieutenant in the Army of the United States.

"He loved his country as no other man has loved her; but no man deserved less at her hands."

** WILLIAM T. ADAMS

Is known to the boys and girls of this generation, under the familiar name of "Oliver Optic," as a fascinating story-teller, whose pen never tires or grows dull. He is of English descent, and allied to the parent stock of that family which has given such illustrious statesmen to the nation. His ancestor, Henry Adams, having escaped from the historic "Green Dragon Persecution," settled with several sons at Quincy, Massachusetts, in 1630. One of these sons moved to Medfield, in the same State, and from him descended William T. Adams, who was born at Medway, July 30, 1822. His father kept a hotel in that town till he removed to Boston, when he took charge of the Washington Coffee House, and subsequently had the famous Lamb Tavern. In these hotels young Adams passed his early days, attending the public schools of the city, and the private school of Abel Whitney in Harvard Place. In 1838 the residence of the family was changed to West Roxbury, where his education was continued. It was here that he made his earliest attempts at literary composition. His first piece was eight pages in length, his second twenty-five, and his third eighty pages! Not unfrequently he sat up all night, when his parents supposed him to be abed, writing with his great-coat and gloves on. His first article in print appeared in *The Social Monitor*, and others soon followed.



William T. Adams

William T. Adams, at the age of twenty, went to Dorchester to teach as a substitute for a month, and in the following spring (1843) he was chosen principal of what is now the Harris School of Boston, as Dorchester was annexed in 1870. The report of the committee speaks of this school as "one of the best, if not the very best, at present in the town." During these three years of teaching his mind and pen were actively

employed, while he acquired quite a reputation for songs, dialogues, speeches, and school exhibitions. In 1846, he became an assistant to his father in the management of the Adams House, then the best hotel in Boston, and named after the President. In accordance with his disposition for thoroughness, he visited all the Northern cities, also Richmond, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Buffalo, Montreal, etc., to inspect their hotels, and to advertise that establishment. The Adams House soon came into the hands of his brother Laban and himself, but the enterprise was not a success, perhaps for the rare reason, as his friends said, that they kept too good a house to succeed. After a Southern trip, the incidents of which suggested one of his stories, he entered the Boylston school as a substitute for the usher, and was soon chosen principal. When the Bowditch school was organized, he was put at its head, and continued to be its principal till 1865. In the latter year he resigned and paid a visit to Europe, visiting England, Ireland, Scotland, France, Switzerland, Germany, Holland, and Belgium, all the while collecting data for new books.

Mr. Adams' career as an author, a career free from the disappointments and annoyances that usually attend a literary life, may be said to begin at this date, when he accepted it as the duty of his life. His industry and his rare facility in composition are such that he has written over eight hundred stories, chiefly on domestic themes, besides sixty-two volumes. In all the years of his labors not one work has failed to achieve a pecuniary success, and their aggregate sale has been carefully estimated at not less than a million volumes. The elements of his popularity are to be found in his live sympathy with the young folks, and in his long and intimate connection with public schools, which has given him a thorough knowledge of childish character and habits. At one time he had twelve hundred scholars and twenty-five teachers under his immediate control; for twenty years he was a Sunday-school teacher, and for ten years a superintendent. His style is sprightly. His stories are entertaining illustrations of real life, devoid alike of all sickly sentimentality and precocity in the personages, as well as of the commonplace tendency to preach morality. Yet a sound morality pervades these parables, so that right and wrong are shown in the light of their results. His motto in writing for the young, as once given in conversation to a friend, is, "First, God; then country; then friends;" and his books illustrate this sentiment. As to the effect of such works on the minds of impressible children, it is a fact, recognized by those best qualified by experience to form a judgment, that the general tone of the present juvenile literature is too highly seasoned and excitable. On this score, this writer has fewer lapses than some of his brethren.

The first notable efforts of Mr. Adams were two temperance tales, originally published in the *Washingtonian*, in 1845. Four years later he wrote a "sensational" story, entitled *Hatchie*, the *Guardian Slave*; or, the *Heiress of Belle-ue*; and previous to its appearance in book-

form, he received his first fee as a writer, six dollars, for a story in *The True Flag*. This was followed by many other sketches for newspapers, which found ready purchasers. He varied his labors by occasional poems for societies and anniversaries, one of which, written for the "Boston Young Men's Total Abstinence Society," was printed in the *Flag of Our Union*, in 1851, with this caption: 1951: *A Poem delivered before the Mutual Admiration Society, by Oliver Optic, M. D.* This was the first use of that *nom de plume*. Mr. Adams took the name of "Dr. Optic" from a character in a play then being performed at the Boston Museum, and put to it the alliterative prefix of "Oliver." Since that time it has been attached to his domestic and juvenile writings. The success of *Hatchie*, which was published in 1854, led to the rapid issue of a volume made up of several of his stories, and of *The Boat Club*, the first half of which went to press before the second was written. The favorable comment on the latter work by *Putnam's Magazine*, then the chief critical authority—"Oliver Optic will do a good work in furnishing books of precisely this character for juvenile readers"—encouraged this author to devote his spare time to this line of literary labor.*

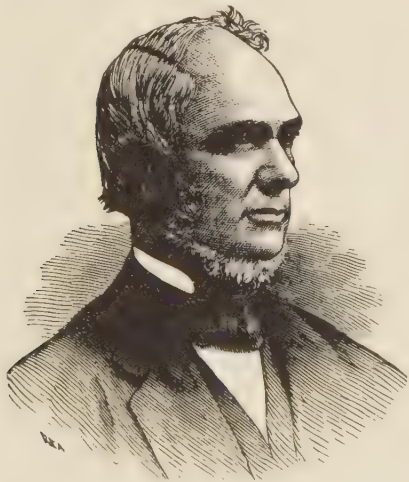
Mr. Adams edited the *Student and School-master*, a monthly magazine for young people, for nine years, 1858-66; and from 1867 to date, *Oliver Optic's Magazine for Our Boys and Girls*. He was elected a member of the school committee of Dorchester in 1867, receiving only one opposing vote in a ballot of 1050, and that cast by himself; and was re-elected in 1870 and 1873. He has acquitted himself with credit in other important positions, including a term in the State Legislature. In 1870 he made a second voyage to Europe to qualify himself to prepare the second series of *Young America Abroad*, by travel in Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Finland, Russia, Germany, Austria, Turkey, Greece, Italy, Spain, and Portugal.

*JAMES STRONG,

A LAYMAN with ministerial honors, who possesses in rare combination scholarly habits conjoined to active literary tastes and talents decidedly practical, was born in New York city, August 14, 1822. Left an orphan at an early age, and being a lover of books, he soon assumed the responsibility of obtaining an education. After a long training in boarding-schools,

*The following is a complete list of Mr. Adams' works, with the dates of publication. *Hatchie*: The Boat Club, 1854; All Aboard, 1855; Now or Never, 1856; Try Again, 1857; Poor and Proud, 1858; Little by Little, 1860; Riverdale Stories, 12 volumes, 1860-3; Rich and Humble; In School and Out; A Spelling-Book for Advanced Classes, 1863; Watch and Wait; The Soldier Boy; The Sailor Boy, 1864; Work and Win; The Young Lieutenant; The Yankee Middy; Fighting Joe, 1865; Hope and Have; Haste and Waste; Brave Old Salt; Outward Bound; The Way of the World, a Novel, 1866; Shamrock and Thistle; Red Cross; The Starry Flag; Breaking Away; Seek and Find, 1867; Dikes and Ditches; Palace and Cottage; Freaks of Fortune; Make or Break; Down the River, 1868; Down the Rhine; Our Standard Bearer; Through by Daylight; Lightning Express; On Time; Switch Off, 1869; Brake Up; Bear and Forbear; Field and Forest; Plane and Plank; Desk and Debit, 1870; Cringle and Cross Tree; Bivouac and Battle; Up the Baltic, 1871; Northern Lands; Sea and Shore; Cross and Crescent; Little Bobtail, 1872; The Yacht Club; Money-Maker; Victory of the Basilisk; Sunny Shores, 1873.

at the age of seventeen he went into the family of a physician at Lowville, in Lewis county, New York, to qualify himself for the practice of medicine; but the failure of his health from over study led to his retirement. After a period of rest, he prepared himself by a year's study to enter the Wesleyan University at Middletown, Connecticut, and graduated in 1844 with the highest honors. An appointment at once followed as teacher of languages in the Troy Conference Academy, at Poultney, Vermont. His associates here were Rev. Dr. J. T. Peck, afterward president of Dickinson College, and now a bishop in the Methodist Episcopal Church; Rev. Dr. Wentworth, afterward president of McKendree College, and now editor of the *Ladies' Repository*, and Rev. Dr. John Newman, later a professor at Union College till his resignation. After a service of two years, during which he was married to a lady graduate of that institution, another failure of his health led him to retire for some eighteen months to the keeping of a small farm at Newtown, Long Island. He then settled at the village of Flushing, where he devoted himself to a thorough course of Biblical studies. His practical talents were here utilized as a member of the board of education, as a justice of the peace, elected on the temperance ticket, and as the president of the first railroad from Flushing to the East river, besides the planning of a local cemetery and a new village.



James Strong

A course of gratuitous instruction to private classes, especially in the Greek and Hebrew languages, led Dr. Strong to his first literary labors—the preparation of brief manuals of grammar, so arranged that the important principles of those languages could be mastered in a few months; and to these were added similar manuals of Chaldee and Syriac grammar, the

first of which was printed. A brief *Theological Compend* followed, as an advanced catechism of doctrines. In 1852, he published an elaborate *Harmony and Exposition of the Gospels*; with an abridgment, entitled *Manual of the Gospels*, and a companion question-book, adapted to advanced Bible classes. A *Greek Harmony of the Gospels* appeared in 1854. A treatise on the importance of Sunday-school effort was prepared for the Sunday-School Union of the M. E. Church, and many contributions, chiefly on Biblical topics, were made to religious periodicals, especially to the *Methodist Quarterly Review*, and the *Christian Advocate*. In 1856 he received the honorary degree of S. T. D. from his *alma mater*—a rare honor for a layman. He served from 1858 to 1861 as professor of Biblical Literature and vice-president of the new University at Troy, and then returned to Flushing to engage in public improvements, including the construction of a second railroad. At this time, in connection with Dr. H. B. Smith, he edited an American reprint, from the Edinburgh translation, of *Stiers' Words of the Lord Jesus*, in three volumes. He also prepared, with some assistance from Mr. Orange Judd, of the *Agriculturist*, and Mrs. Dr. Olin, a four-volume series of *Lessons for Every Sunday in the Year*, which formed the model for later Sunday-school manuals, including the "International Series" now so generally adopted. In 1868, he was elected Professor of Exegetical Theology in the new Theological Seminary established by the munificence of Daniel Drew at Madison, New Jersey, and still continues to discharge its duties. He is an active member of the American branch of the "Palestine Exploration Committee," and also of the "Old Testament Company" of the "Committee for the Revision of the Authorized Version of the Bible."

Dr. Strong's chief work, prepared in connection with the late Dr. McClintock, is the *Cyclopedia of Biblical, Theological, and Ecclesiastical Literature*, the first volume of which appeared in 1867, and the fourth five years later, while the remainder are to follow at intervals of a year each. This standard work of reference, which covers all the subjects of sacred science, and is without a peer in any language for its comprehensive scope, contains contributions from the chief scholars of each denomination. Since the death of his associate, the whole task of its editing has devolved on him. He is also engaged on the translation, with additions, of *Lange's Commentary on Daniel*, in the series edited by Dr. Schaff. Some other works are also in progress: an *Exhaustive Concordance of the English Bible*; a *Scriptural Reader*; a *Historical and Critical Bible*; a *Sacred History*, and some minor writings.

** CHARLES PORTERFIELD KRAUTH,

A LEADING historian and theologian of the Lutheran Church in the United States, was born at Martinsburg, Virginia, March 17, 1823. His father, Dr. Charles Philip Krauth, who was born in Montgomery county, Pennsylvania, in 1777, held the presidency of the Pennsylvania College at Gettysburg from 1834 to 1847, and was

Professor of Biblical Philology and Ecclesiastical History in the Gettysburg Theological Seminary from 1847 till his death, May 3, 1867. He was the author of various addresses, as well as the associate editor of the *Lutheran Intelligencer* and the *Evangelical Review*.



C. P. Krauth.

Charles Porterfield Krauth was graduated at Pennsylvania College in 1839, and ordained to the Lutheran ministry three years later. He has held pastoral charges in Baltimore, Winchester, Pittsburg, and Philadelphia, officiating in the latter city four years, 1859-63. He became editor of the *Lutheran and Missionary* in 1861, and three years later was appointed Norton Professor of Theology and Church History in the Lutheran Seminary, Philadelphia. The University of Pennsylvania called him to its chair of Moral and Intellectual Philosophy in 1868, and in 1873 he was elected to the Vice-Provostship.

His writings, besides a series of discourses,* and a number of scholarly contributions to leading journals, include: *The Sunday Service, according to the Liturgies of the Churches of the Reformation*, 1853; *The Jubilee Service for the Seventh Jubilee of the Reformation*, 1867; an edition of *Fleming's Vocabulary of Philosophy*, with an original introduction, chronology of the history of Philosophy brought down to 1860, bibliographical index, syncretical tables, and other additions; and a translation of *Tholuck's Commentary on Saint John*, from the sixth German edition, 1859. He has now in press an edition of *Berkeley's Principles*, with copious annotations. His chief work is, *The Conservative Reformation and Its Theology: as Represented in the Augsburg Confession, and in the History and Literature of the Evangelical Lutheran Church*, 8vo., pp. 850, 1871. The theological position of its author is thus stated in his prefatory words:

"It is the Lutheran Reformation in those features which distinguish it from the Zwinglian and Calvinistic Reformations which forms the topic of this book. Wherever Calvin abandoned Zwinglianism he approximated Lutheranism. Hence, on important points, this book, in defending Lutheranism over against Zwinglianism, defends Calvinism over against Zwinglianism also. It even defends Zwinglianism, so far as, in contrast with Anabaptism, it was relatively conservative. The Pelagianism of the Zwinglian theology was corrected by Calvin, who is the true father of the Reformed Church, as distinguished from the Lutheran. The theoretical tendencies of Zwingle developed into Arminianism and Rationalism; his practical tendencies into the superstitious anti-ritualism of ultra-Puritanism: and both the theoretical and practical found their harmony and consummation in Unitarianism."

The work has been accepted as a standard in its departments, and the leading critics confirm the judgment of the *Princeton Review* that it has been executed with singular ability and fidelity.†

** LUTHER. — FROM THE CONSERVATIVE REFORMATION.

Among all the tributes which the centuries have laid at the feet or on the tomb of Luther, none are more touching than the words in which Melancthon showed that Luther's death had brought back, in all its tenderness, the early, pure devotion. Melancthon, the Hamlet of the Reformation, shrinking from action into contemplation, with a dangerous yearning for a peace which must have been hollow and transient, had become more and more entangled in the complications of a specious but miserable policy, which he felt made him justly suspected by those whose confidence in him had once been unlimited. Luther was saddened by Melancthon's feebleness, and Melancthon was put under restraint by Luther's firmness. Melancthon was betrayed into writing weak, fretful, unworthy words in regard to Luther, whose surpassing love to Melancthon had been sorely tested, but had never yielded. But death makes or restores more bonds than it breaks. When the tidings of Luther's death reached Wittenberg, Melancthon cried out in anguish: "O my father, my father, the chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof!" tributary words from one of the greatest, to the greatest. He was gone of whom Melancthon, cautious in praise, and measured in language, had said, from a full heart: "Luther is too great, too wonderful for me to depict in words."—"If there be a man on earth I love with my whole heart, that man is Luther." And again: "One is an interpreter; one, a logician; another, an orator, affluent and beautiful in speech; but Luther is all in all—whatever he writes, whatever he utters, pierces to the soul, fixes itself like arrows in the heart—he is a miracle among men."

What need we say more, after such eulogies?

The greatness of some men only makes us feel that, though they did well, others in their place might have done just as they did: Luther had that exceptional greatness which convinces the world that he alone could have done the work. He was not a mere mountain-top, catching a little earlier the beams, which, by their own course, would soon have found the valleys; but rather, by the divine ordination under which he rose, like the sun itself, without which the light on moun-

* *Ide*, Allibone's Dictionary of English Authors, vol. I.

† *Princeton Review*, July, 1871.

tain and valley would have been but a starlight or moonlight. He was not a secondary orb, reflecting the light of another orb, as was Melancthon and even Calvin; still less the moon of a planet, as Bucer or Brentius; but the centre of undulations which filled a system with glory. Yet, though he rose wondrously to a divine ideal, he did not cease to be a man of men. He won the trophies of power, and the garlands of affection. Potentates feared him, and little children played with him. He has monuments in marble and bronze, medals in silver and gold; but his noblest monument is the best love of the best hearts, and the brightest, purest impression of his image has been left in the souls of regenerated nations. He was the best teacher of freedom and of loyalty. He has made the righteous throne stronger, and the innocent cottage happier. He knew how to laugh, and how to weep; therefore, millions laughed with him, and millions wept for him. He was tried by deep sorrow and brilliant fortune; he begged the poor scholars' bread, and from emperor and estates of the realm received an embassy, with a prince at its head, to ask him to untie the knot which defied the power of the soldier and the sagacity of the statesman; it was he who added to the Litany the words: "In all time of our tribulation, in all time of our prosperity, help us, good Lord;" but whether lured by the subtlest flattery or assailed by the powers of hell, tempted with the mitre, or threatened with the stake, he came off more than conqueror in all. He made a world rich forevermore, and, stripping himself in perpetual charities, died in poverty. He knew how to command—for he had learned how to obey. Had he been less courageous, he would have attempted nothing; had he been less cautious, he would have ruined all: the torrent was resistless, but the banks were deep. He tore up the mightiest evils by the root, but shielded with his own life the tenderest bud of good; he combined the aggressiveness of a just radicalism with the moral resistance—which seemed to the fanatic the passive weakness—of a true conservatism. Faith-inspired, he was faith-inspiring. Great in act as he was great in thought, proving himself fire with fire, "inferior eyes grew great by his example, and put on the dauntless spirit of resolution." The world knew his faults. He could not hide what he was. His transparent candor gave his enemies the material of their misrepresentation; but they cannot blame his infirmities without bearing witness to the nobleness which made him careless of appearances in a world of defamers. For himself, he had as little of the virtue of caution as he had, towards others, of the vice of dissimulation. Living under thousands of jealous and hating eyes, in the broadest light of day, the testimony of enemies but fixes the result: that his faults were those of a nature of the most consummate grandeur and fulness, faults more precious than the virtues of the common great. Four potentates ruled the mind of Europe in the Reformation, the Emperor Erasmus, the Pope and Luther. The Pope wanes, Erasmus is little, the Emperor is nothing, but Luther abides as a power for all time. His image casts itself upon the current of ages, as the mountain mirrors itself in the river that winds at its foot—the mighty fixing itself immutably upon the changing.

**** THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON,**

A GENIAL essayist of ripe culture, whose pen has been the happiest union of the fire of the soldier

and the grace of the artist, was born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, December 22, 1823. His father, Stephen Higginson, formerly a merchant of Boston, was the steward of Harvard College, and was "habitually spoken of as the 'Man of Ross' of his day, from his profuse charities." His mother, Louisa (Storrow) Higginson, was a daughter of Captain Thomas Storrow, of the



Thos. Wentworth Higginson

British army. He is a lineal descendant, on the father's side, from Francis Higginson (1588–1630), who led the first large colony to the Massachusetts settlement, in 1629; and from his son, John Higginson† (1616–1708), who succeeded him in the Salem ministry. Both these were authors; as was also his grandfather, Stephen Higginson (1743–1828), who was a member of the Continental Congress, and navy agent under President Jefferson. The "Laco" letters of the latter, which assailed John Hancock, were famous in our post-revolutionary history, and have lately been reprinted. On his mother's side, he is a descendant from the families of Wentworth and Appleton, well known in New England history.

Mr. Higginson is the youngest of a family of fifteen children, his father having been twice married. He was fitted for college by William Wells, of Cambridge, an Englishman, and one of the pioneers of classical learning in America, to whose merit as a wise teacher he has paid a tribute in his writings.‡ James Russell Lowell and William W. Story were among his elder schoolmates. He was graduated at Harvard College in 1841, with the second rank in a class of which he was the youngest member. After some years spent in teaching and as a resident graduate at the University, he graduated at the Theological School of Cambridge in 1847, and was at once settled over the "First Religious Society" in Newburyport, Massachusetts.

* Drake's Biographical Dictionary, article Stephen Higginson.

† *Ante*, vol. I., p. 29.

‡ *Out-Door Papers*, "Saints and their Bodies," p. 15.

He left that church, owing to troubles growing out of the anti-slavery movement, in 1850, having meanwhile been nominated for Congress by the "Free Soil party" of that district, and defeated. In 1852 he removed to Worcester, Massachusetts, and was for six years minister of the "Worcester Free Church," with no denominational connexion. During this time he took an active part in the anti-slavery agitation. He was wounded in the "Anthony Burns riot" in 1853, and was indicted at that time with Theodore Parker, Wendell Phillips, and others, though all the prosecutions failed from a flaw in the indictments. He had much to do with the organization of emigration parties to Kansas in 1856, and was in that Territory during part of the civil strife, being on the staff of General James H. Lane, who commanded the "Free State forces." He had a general, though not a detailed, knowledge of Captain John Brown's movements, and organized an unsuccessful expedition into Virginia for the rescue of some of his associates.

In 1858 he retired from the pulpit, in order to devote himself permanently to literature; and he became one of the most frequent contributors to the *Atlantic Monthly*, then just established.

On the outbreak of the late war, he obtained authority from Governor Andrew to recruit a regiment in Massachusetts, and had made some progress when enlistments were temporarily stopped. In August, 1862, he recruited two companies for the Fifty-first Regiment Massachusetts Volunteers, and was commissioned as captain. Two months later he was promoted to be Colonel of the First South Carolina Volunteers—afterward the Thirty-third United States Colored Troops—the first slave regiment mustered into the national service. A vivid transcript of his military experiences with them is given in *Army Life in a Black Regiment*, 1870. He was in service two years, chiefly in South Carolina and Florida, acting part of the time as brigade commander, and making various expeditions into the interior, on one of which he took and held Jacksonville with a very small force. He was wounded in the side at Wiltown Bluff, South Carolina, in August, 1863, and had to retire from the service in consequence, in October, 1864. Since that time he has been devoted to literary pursuits, and has been an acceptable lecturer before popular lecture courses. He resides at Newport, Rhode Island.

He was married in 1847 to Mary E. Channing, a daughter of Dr. Walter Channing of Boston, a niece of the celebrated divine, and sister to the poet William Ellery Channing.

Mr. Higginson is a member of the American Oriental Society, the American Philological Society, the New England Historic-Genealogical Society, and the Boston Society of Natural History. He is also president of the American Woman's Suffrage Association, and vice-president of the Free Religious Association. His contributions to literature have a like comprehensive scope and high-toned character. He edited, with Mr. Samuel Longfellow, *Thalatta; a Book of Poetry for the Seaside*, in 1853; made a new translation of Epictetus, based on that of Elizabeth Carter, in 1865; and prepared for the

Harvard Alumni Association the *Harvard Memorial Biographies*, in commemoration of its graduates slain in the late war, in two volumes, 1866. Besides various pamphlets and speeches, he has contributed to *Scribner's Monthly* and *Macmillan's Magazine*, and also, editorially, to the *Independent*, *Tribune*, *Woman's Journal*, *Index*, and other newspapers. He wrote the biographies of Margaret Fuller Ossoli and Lydia Maria Child in *Eminent Women of the Age* (Hartford, 1868); and also a memoir of Dr. Thaddeus William Harris, prefixed to his *Entomological Correspondence*, 1869.

His purely original works, including *Army Life in a Black Regiment*, already mentioned, are four in number, and are all reprints, in part, from the *Atlantic*.

Out-Door Papers, a collection of essays, appeared in 1863. Its articles are divided between two leading topics—physical culture, and a study of nature with a lover's eye. The former is treated of with an enticing *vim*, in *Saints and their Bodies*, a *Letter to a Dyspeptic*, the *Murder of the Innocents* (a plea against the evil of over study required from children), a *New Counterblast* (against tobacco), the *Health of Our Girls*, etc. In the latter, after contrasting the climates and the peoples of England and America, he thus tersely sums up the result: "Physiologists must never forget that Nature is aiming at a keener and subtler temperament in framing the American—as beneath our dryer atmosphere the whole scale of sounds and hues and odors is attuned to a higher key—and that for us an equal state of health may yet produce a higher type of humanity." The other topic is artistically elaborated in *April Days*, *My Out-Door Study*, *Water Lilies*, the *Life of Birds*, the *Procession of the Flowers*, and *Snow*.

Malbone, an Oldport Romance, followed in 1869. It is a brilliant drama of home and social life, as seen at Newport, especially notable for its subtle delineations of temperaments and moods, having as its hero one with the fascinating grace of Rousseau, and, like him, with little moral stamina to curb the coquetry of his emotional nature. In its power of insight and its happy bits of description, this work recalls the skilful touch of Hawthorne, with whom its author has been ranked by the poet John G. Saxe. This and the next work were republished in England.

Atlantic Essays, 1871, contained a number of papers written between 1858 and 1870, each marked by its author's peculiar vigor of thought and graceful style. A part, advocating the claims of culture and the demands of literature, were connected by a unity of subject, as a *Plea for Culture*, *Literature as an Art*, *Americanism in Literature*, a *Letter to a Young Contributor*, and *Ought Women to Learn the Alphabet?* an argument for her civil emancipation, on the principle that "Woman must be a subject or an equal: there is no middle ground." The more miscellaneous articles included a *Charge with Prince Rupert*; *The Greek Goddesses*, a translation of which appeared in the *Revue Britannique* for October, 1869; *Sappho*; *The Puritan Minister*; *Mademoiselle's Campaigns*, a sketch of the career of the Duchesse de Mont-

pensier, who specially distinguished herself by the capture of Orleans, during the second war of the Fronde, in 1652; Fayal and the Portuguese, and one On An Old Latin Text-Book.

Mr. Higginson is understood to have in preparation a *Child's History of the United States*, to be constructed somewhat on the plan of Hawthorne's "Grandfather's Chair." His recent magazine papers about Newport are also to be collected into a volume, to be called *Old-port Days*.

**** WATER-LILIES — FROM OUT-DOOR PAPERS.**

The reader may not care to learn that the order of Nymphæacæ "differs from Ranunculacæ in the consolidation of its carpels, from Papaveracæ in the placentation not being parietal, and from Nelumbiacæ in the want of a large truncated disc containing monospermous achenia"; but they may like to know that the water-lily has relations on land, in all gradations of society, from poppy to magnolia, and yet does not conform its habits precisely to those of any of them. Its great black roots, sometimes as large as a man's arm, form a network at the bottom of the water. Its stem floats, an airy four-celled tube, adapting itself to the depth, and stiff in shallows, like the stalk of the yellow lily: and it contracts and curves downward when seed-time approaches. The leaves show beneath the magnifier beautiful adaptations of structure. They are not, like those of land-plants, constructed with deep veins to receive the rain and conduct it to the stem, but are smooth and glossy, and of even surface. The leaves of land-vegetation have also thousands of little breathing pores, principally on the under side: the apple-leaf, for instance, has twenty-four thousand to a square inch. But here they are fewer; they are wholly on the upper side, and, whereas in other cases they open or shut according to the moisture of the atmosphere, here the greedy leaves, secure of moisture, scarcely deign to close them. Nevertheless, even these give some recognition of hygrometric necessities, and, though living on the water, and not merely christened with dewdrops like other leaves, but baptized by immersion all the time, they are yet known to suffer in drought and to take pleasure in the rain.

After speaking of the various kindred of the water-lily, it would be wrong to leave our fragrant subject without due mention of its most magnificent, most lovely relative, at first claimed even as its twin sister, and classed as a Nymphæa. I once lived near neighbor to a *Victoria Regia*. Nothing in the world of vegetable existence has such a human interest. The charm is not in the mere size of the plant, which disappoints everybody, as Niagara does, when tried by that sole standard. The leaves of the *Victoria*, indeed, attain a diameter of six feet; the largest flowers, of twenty-three inches,—four times the size of the largest of our water-lilies. But it is not the measurements of the *Victoria*, it is its life which fascinates. It is not a thing merely of dimensions, nor merely of beauty, but a creature of vitality and motion. Those vast leaves expand and change almost visibly. They have been known to grow half an inch an hour, eight inches a day. Rising one day from the water, a mere clenched mass of yellow prickles, a leaf is transformed the next day to a crimson salver, gorgeously tinted on its upturned rim. Then it spreads into a raft of green, armed with long thorns, and supported by

a framework of ribs and cross-pieces, an inch thick, and so substantial that the Brazil Indians, while gathering the seed-vessels, place their young children on the leaves,—*grupe*, or water-platter, they call the accommodating plant. But even these expanding leaves are not the glory of the *Victoria*; the glory is in the opening of the flower.

I have sometimes looked in, for a passing moment, at the green-house, its dwelling-place, during the period of the flowering,—and then stayed for more than an hour, unable to leave the fascinating scene. After the strange flower-bud has reared its dark head from the placid tank, moving it a little, uneasily, like some imprisoned water-creature, it pauses for a moment in a sort of dumb despair. Then trembling again, and collecting all its powers, it thrusts open, with an indignant jerk, the rough calyx-leaves, and the beautiful disrobing begins. The firm, white, central cone, first so closely infolded, quivers a little, and swiftly, before your eyes, the first of the hundred petals detaches its delicate edges, and springs back, opening towards the water, while its white reflection opens to meet it from below. Many moments of repose follow,—you watch,—another petal trembles, detaches, springs open, and is still. Then another, and another, and another. Each movement is so quiet, yet so decided, so living, so human, that the radiant creature seems a *Musidora* of the water, and you almost blush with a sense of guilt, in gazing on that peerless privacy. As petal by petal slowly opens, there still stands the central cone of snow, a glacier, an alp, a jungfrau, while each avalanche of whiteness seems the last. Meanwhile a strange, rich odor fills the air, and Nature seems to concentrate all fascinations and claim all senses for this jubilee of her darling.

So pass the enchanted moments of the evening, till the fair thing pauses at last, and remains for hours unchanged. In the morning, one by one, those white petals close again, shutting all their beauty in, and you watch through the short sleep for the period of waking. Can this bright transfigured creature appear again, in the same chaste loveliness? Your fancy can scarcely trust it, fearing some disastrous change; and your fancy is too true a prophet. Come again, after the second day's opening, and you start at the transformation which one hour has secretly produced. Can this be the virgin *Victoria*,—this thing of crimson passion, this pile of pink and yellow, relaxed, expanded, voluptuous, lolling languidly upon the water, never to rise again? In this short time every tint of every petal is transformed; it is gorgeous in beauty, but it is "*Hebe turned to Magdalen*."

Such is the *Victoria Regia*. But our rustic water-lily, our innocent Nymphæa, never claiming such a hot-house glory, never drooping into such a blush, blooms on placidly in the quiet waters, till she modestly folds her leaves for the last time, and bows her head beneath the surface forever. Next year she lives for us only in her children, fair and pure as herself.

Nay, not alone in them, but also in memory. The fair vision will not fade from us, though the paddle has dipped its last crystal drop from the waves, and the boat is drawn upon the shore. We may yet visit many lovely and lonely places,—meadows thick with violet, or the homes of the shy *Rhodora*, or those sloping forest-haunts where the slight *Linnæa* hangs its twin-born

heads,—but no scene will linger on our vision like this annual Feast of the Lilies. On scorching mountains, amid raw prairie-winds, or upon the regal ocean, the white pageant shall come back to memory again, with all the luxury of summer heats, and all the fragrant coolness that can relieve them. We shall fancy ourselves again among these fleets of anchored lilies,—again, like Urvashi, sporting amid the Lake of Lotus.

For that which is remembered is often more vivid than that which is seen. The eye paints better in the presence, the heart in the absence, of the object most dear. "He who longs after beautiful Nature can best describe her," said Bettine; "he who is in the midst of her loveliness can only lie down and enjoy." It enhances the truth of the poet's verses, that he writes them in his study. Absence is the very air of passion, and all the best description is *in memoriam*. As with our human beloved, when the graceful presence is with us, we cannot analyze or describe, but merely possess, and only after its departure can it be portrayed by our yearning desires; so it is with Nature: only in losing her do we gain the power to describe her; and we are introduced to Art, as we are to Eternity, by the dropping away of our companions.

**A CHARGE WITH PRINCE RUPERT—FROM
ATLANTIC ESSAYS.

It is Sunday morning, June 18, 1643. The early church-bells are ringing over all Oxfordshire,—dying away in the soft air, among the sunny English hills, while Englishmen are drawing near one another with hatred in their hearts,—dying away, as on that other Sunday, eight months ago, when Baxter, preaching near Edgehill, heard the sounds of battle, and disturbed the rest of his saints by exclaiming, "To the fight!" But here are no warrior-preachers, no bishops praying in surplices on the one side, no dark-robed divines preaching on horseback on the other, no king in glittering armor, no Tutor Harvey in peaceful meditation beneath a hedge, pondering on the circulation of the blood, with hotter blood flowing so near him; all these were to be seen at Edgehill, but not here. This smaller skirmish rather turns our thoughts to Cisatlantic associations; its date suggests Bunker Hill,—and its circumstances, Lexington. For this, also, is a marauding party, with a Percy among its officers, brought to a stand by a half-armed and an angry peasantry.

Rupert sends his infantry forward to secure the bridge, and a sufficient body of dragoons to line the mile and a half of road between,—the remainder of the troops being drawn up at the entrance of a cornfield, several hundred acres in extent, and lying between the villages and the hills. The Puritans take a long circuit, endeavoring to get to windward of their formidable enemy,—a point judged as important, during the seventeenth century, in a land fight as in a naval engagement. They have with them some light field-pieces, artillery being the only point of superiority they yet claim; but these are not basilisks, nor falconets, nor culverins (*colubri, couleuvres*), nor drakes (*dracones*), nor warning-pieces,—they are the leathern guns of Gustavus Adolphus, made of light cast-iron and bound with ropes and leather. The Roundhead dragoons, dismounted, line a hedge near the Cavaliers, and plant their "swine feathers"; under cover of their fire

the horse advance in line, matches burning. As they advance, one or two dash forward, at risk of their lives, flinging off the orange scarfs which alone distinguish them, in token that they desert to the royal cause. Prince Rupert falls back into the lane a little, to lead the other forces into his ambush of dragoons. These tactics do not come naturally to him, however; nor does he like the practice of the time, that two bodies of cavalry should ride up within pistol-shot of each other, and exchange a volley before they charge. He rather anticipates, in his style of operations, the famous order of Frederick the Great: "The King hereby forbids all officers of cavalry, on pain of being broke with ignominy, ever to allow themselves to be attacked in any action by the enemy; but the Prussians must always attack them." Accordingly he restrains himself for a little while, chafing beneath the delay, and then, a soldier or two being suddenly struck down by the fire, he exclaims, "Yea! this insolvency is not to be endured." The moment is come.

"God and Queen Mary!" shouts Rupert;—"Charge!" In one instant that motionless mass becomes a flood of lava; down in one terrible sweep it comes, silence behind it and despair before; no one notices the beauty of that brilliant array,—all else is merged in the fury of the wild gallop; spurs are deep, reins free, blades grasped, heads bent; the excited horse feels the heel no more than he feels the hand; the uneven ground breaks their ranks,—no matter, they feel that they can ride down the world: Rupert first clears the hedge,—he is always first,—then comes the captain of his life-guard, then the whole troop "jumble after them," in a spectator's piquant phrase. The dismounted Puritan dragoons break from the hedges and scatter for their lives, but the cavalry "bear the charge better than they have done since Worcester,"—that is, now they stand it an instant, then they did not stand it at all; the Prince takes them in flank and breaks them in pieces at the first encounter,—the very wind of the charge shatters them. Horse and foot, carbines and petronels, swords and pole-axes, are mingled in one struggling mass. Rupert and his men are refreshed, not exhausted, by the weary night,—they seem incapable of fatigue; they spike the guns as they cut down the gunners, and, if any escape, it is because many in both armies wear the same red scarfs. One Puritan, surrounded by the enemy, shows such desperate daring that Rupert bids release him at last, and sends afterwards to Essex to ask his name. One Cavalier bends, with a wild oath, to search the pockets of a slain enemy;—it is his own brother. O'Neal slays a standard-bearer, and thus restores to his company the right to bear a flag,—a right they lost at Hopton Heath; Legge is taken prisoner and escapes; Urry proves himself no coward, though a renegade, and is trusted to bear to Oxford the news of the victory, being raised to knighthood in return.

**A PLEA FOR LITERARY STYLE.*

Granted, that foreign systems of education may err by insisting on the arts of literary structure too much; think what we should lose by dwelling on them too little! The magic of mere words; the mission of language: the worth of form as

* From the Essay "On an Old Latin Text-Book," in *Atlantic Essays*.

well as of matter; the power to make a common thought immortal in a phrase, so that your fancy can no more detach the one from the other than it can separate the soul and body of a child;—it was the veiled half-revelation of these things that made that old text-book forever fragrant to me. There are in it the still visible traces of wild flowers which I used to press between the pages, on the way to school; but it was the pressed flowers of Latin poetry that were embalmed there first. These are blossoms that do not fade. Horace was right in his fond imagination, and his monument has proved more permanent than any bronze, *vere perennius*. "Wonderful is it to me," says Boccaccio, in Landor's delicious *Pentameron*, "when I consider that an infirm and helpless creature, such as I am, should be capable of laying thoughts up in their cabinet of words, which Time, as he moves by, with the revolution of stormy and eventful years, can never move from their places."

One must bear in mind the tendencies of the times. If the danger were impending of an age of mere literary conceits, every one should doubtless contend against it; for what is the use of polished weapons, where there is no ammunition? But the current tendency is all the other way,—to distrust all literary graces, to denude English style of all positive beauty, and leave it only the colorless vehicle of thought. There must not even be the smoothness of Queen Anne's day, still less the delicacy of the current French traditions; but only a good, clear, manly, energetic, insular style, as if each dwelt on an island, and hailed his neighbor each morning in good chest tones, to tell him the news. It is the farthest possible from the style of a poet or an artist, but it is the style of that ideal man for whom Huxley longs, "whose intellect is a clear, cold logic engine, with all its parts of equal strength and in smooth working order, ready, like a steam-engine, to be turned to all kinds of work." In Huxley himself this type of writing is seen at the greatest advantage; Froude and Seeley have much the same; and books like the "Essays on a Liberal Education," put together by a dozen different Oxford and Cambridge men, exhibit but one style,—a style that goes straight to the mark, and will stand no nonsense. It is all very well, so far, and this is doubtless better than carving the bow till it breaks, as in *Esop's* fable; but is there not room in the world for both science and art, use and beauty? If a page is good that tells truth plainly, may not another page have merit that sets truth in words which linger like music on the ear? We are outgrowing the foolish fear that science is taking all poetry away from the facts of nature; but why should it set itself against the poetry of words? The *savans* themselves recognize the love of beauty as quite a respectable instinct, when it appears paleontologically. When, in the exploration of bone-caves, they find that some primeval personage carved a bird or a beaver upon his hatchet, they are all in ecstasies, and say, "This is indeed a discovery. About the year of the world thirty-three thousand, art was born!" But if art took so long a gestation, is it not worth keeping alive, now that we have got it? Why is it that, when all these added centuries have passed, the writer must now take the style, which is his weapon, must erase from it all attempt at beauty, and demand only that, like the barbaric hatchet, it shall bring down its man?

** ADVENTURE WITH A BLACK SENTINEL — FROM ARMY LIFE IN A BLACK REGIMENT.

It is this capacity of honor and fidelity which gives me so much entire faith in them as soldiers. Without it, all their religious demonstration would be mere sentimentality. For instance, every one who visits the camp is struck with their bearing as sentinels. They exhibit, in this capacity, not an upstart conceit, but a steady, conscientious devotion to duty. They would stop their idolized General Saxton, if he attempted to cross their beat contrary to orders: I have seen them. No feeble or incompetent race could do this. The officers tell many amusing instances of this fidelity, but I think mine the best.

It was very dark the other night,—an unusual thing here,—and the rain fell in torrents; so I put on my India-rubber suit, and went the rounds of the sentinels, incognito, to test them. I can only say that I shall never try such an experiment again, and have cautioned my officers against it. 'Tis a wonder I escaped with life and limb,—such a charging of bayonets and clicking of gun-locks. Sometimes I tempted them by refusing to give any countersign, but offering them a piece of tobacco, which they could not accept without allowing me nearer than the prescribed bayonet's distance. Tobacco is more than gold to them, and it was touching to watch the struggle in their minds; but they always did their duty at last, and I never could persuade them. One man, as if wishing to crush all his inward vacillations at one fell stroke, told me stoutly that he never used tobacco, though I found next day that he loved it as much as any one of them. It seemed wrong thus to tamper with their fidelity; yet it was a vital matter to me to know how far it could be trusted, out of my sight. It was so intensely dark that not more than one or two knew me, even after I had talked with the very next sentinel, especially as they had never seen me in India-rubber clothing, and I can always disguise my voice. It was easy to distinguish those who did make the discovery; they were always conscious and simpering when their turn came; while the others were stout and irreverent till I revealed myself, and then rather cowed and anxious, fearing to have offended.

It rained harder and harder, and when I had nearly made the rounds I had had enough of it, and, simply giving the countersign to the challenging sentinel, undertook to pass within the lines.

"Halt!" exclaimed this dusky man and brother, bringing down his bayonet,— "de countersign not correck."

Now the magic word, in this case, was "Vicksburg," in honor of a rumored victory. But as I knew that these hard names became quite transformed upon their lips, "Carthage" being familiarized into Cartridge, and "Concord" into Corn-cob, how could I possibly tell what shade of pronunciation my friend might prefer for this particular proper name?

"Vicksburg," I repeated, blandly but authoritatively, endeavoring, as zealously as one of Christy's Minstrels, to assimilate my speech to any supposed predilection of the *Ethiop* vocal organs.

"Halt dar! Countersign not correck," was the only answer.

The bayonet still maintained a position which, in a military point of view, was impressive.

I tried persuasion, orthography, threats, tobacco, all in vain. I could not pass in. Of course my pride was up; for was I to defer to an untutored African on a point of pronunciation? Classic shades of Harvard, forbid! Affecting scornful indifference, I tried to edge away, proposing to myself to enter the camp at some other point, where my elocution would be better appreciated. Not a step could I stir.

"Halt!" shouted my gentleman again, still holding me at his bayonet's point, and I wincing and halting.

Explained to him the extreme absurdity of this proceeding, called his attention to the state of the weather, which, indeed, spoke for itself so loudly that we could hardly hear each other speak, and requested permission to withdraw. The bayonet, with mute eloquence, refused the application.

There flashed into my mind, with more enjoyment in the retrospect than I had experienced at the time, an adventure on a lecturing tour in other years, when I had spent an hour in trying to scramble into a country tavern, after bedtime, on the coldest night of winter. On that occasion I ultimately found myself stuck midway in the window, with my head in a temperature of 80°, and my heels in a temperature of -10°, with a heavy window-sash pinioning the small of my back. However, I had got safe out of that dilemma, and it was time to put an end to this one.

"Call the corporal of the guard," said I, at last, with dignity, unwilling either to make a night of it or to yield my incognito.

"Corporal ob de guard!" he shouted, lustily, — "Post Number Two!" while I could hear another sentinel chuckling with laughter. This last was a special guard, placed over a tent, with a prisoner in charge. Presently he broke silence.

"Who am dat?" he asked, in a stage whisper. "Am he a buckra [white man]?"

"Dunno whether he been a buckra or not," responded, doggedly, my Cerberus in uniform; "but I's bound to keep him here till de corporal ob de guard come."

Yet, when that dignitary arrived, and I revealed myself, poor Number Two appeared utterly transfixed with terror, and seemed to look for nothing less than immediate execution. Of course I praised his fidelity, and the next day complimented him before the guard, and mentioned him to his captain; and the whole affair was very good for them all. Hereafter, if Satan himself should approach them in darkness and storm they will take him for "de Cunnel" and treat him with special severity.

** JOHN FOSTER KIRK,

A HISTORICAL writer of ability and culture, and the present editor of *Lippincott's Magazine*, was born at Fredericton, New Brunswick, in 1824. He received a classical education, "chiefly in Nova Scotia," states Dr. Hart, "under the private tuition of a graduate of one of the English universities."* He came to the United States in 1842, and was secretary to Mr. William H. Prescott during the last ten years of his life, 1848-59. In 1850, he accompanied that gentleman on his visit to England; and the late Mr. Ticknor, in the memoir of Mr. Prescott, terms

Mr. Kirk "his faithful and intelligent secretary." He was also in his company at the time of the sudden and fatal stroke of apoplexy, January 28, 1859. He continued to live in Boston till 1870, when he became a resident of Philadelphia. Meanwhile he had made two visits to Europe, chiefly, as he has stated, "for purposes of historical investigation in the archives and libraries of France, Switzerland, etc." He has written some literary and historical articles for American periodicals, including the *North American Review*, *Atlantic Monthly*, and *Lippincott's Magazine*.

J. F. Kirk

His chief work is the *History of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy*, published at London and Philadelphia in three octavo volumes, 1864-8. In the preface to his first volume, he gratefully acknowledges his indebtedness to Mr. Prescott, for kindly procuring him the larger part of the authorities needed for his researches. The history begins with an outline of the position of France at the close of the fourteenth century and during the first half of the fifteenth. A picture of the dominions, court, and policy of Philip the Good of Burgundy follows, with a narrative of the events of his reign till the accession of Charles in 1467. It then traces the troublous rule of Charles the Bold, who came at the age of thirty-three "into the possession of an inheritance not surpassed by that of any prince in Christendom," but yet, in a brief reign of ten years, earned the name of the "Great Disturber," and was crushed by the enmities he had excited.

Mr. Kirk has recently prepared a revised edition of Mr. Prescott's works, in which he has incorporated the corrections and additions left by that author in manuscript.

** CHARLES'S LAST FIGHT AT NANCY — FROM HISTORY OF CHARLES THE BOLD.

The "Vigil of the Kings" — Sunday, the 5th of January, 1477 — had come, and the reveille sounded, calling men to wake and die.

Heavy rains, the day before, had washed the earth, the flooded rivers rushing over a frozen current beneath, — impetuous, noisy, full, like the tides of life rolling above the frozen sea of death. But the night had been calm and cold; at dawn the shrunken waters gurgled faintly under a new surface of ice, and the gathering clouds were charged afresh with snow.

Charles had been busy throughout the night. He had resolved neither to abandon the siege nor to await the attack in his camp, but to meet and repel the enemy's advance. His force being too small for him to leave a sufficient guard against sallies from the town, he had drawn off his troops as noiselessly as possible under cover of the darkness.

"A short half league" southeast of Nancy the road through Jarville and Laneuville to Saint-Nicolas entered a forest extending from the Meurthe on the east across the range of highlands bounding the horizon on the south and west. Near the verge of the wood, the road was intersected by a rivulet, called now, in commemoration

* Hart's Manual of American Literature, p. 529.

of the events of the day, *Le Ruissau de Bonsecours*. On both banks, to its junction with the Meurthe, it was thickly planted with hedges of thorn.

Behind this stream the duke posted his troops — the artillery in front, on a mound commanding the road; behind it the infantry, — archers and pikemen, — drawn up in a single oblong square, in imitation of the Swiss. Here he took his own station, surrounded by his nobles and personal attendants, and mounted on a powerful black horse, called from its race and color *Il Moro*. Two slender bodies of cavalry composed the wings. The right, under Josse de Lalain, was placed on the high ground towards the source of the brook, but somewhat in the rear of the line; the left, under Galeotto, occupied a meadow, covered partially on the front as well as flank by the Meurthe, which here makes a double bend to the east and north, and is fordable in the angle. The evident object was to arrest and crush the enemy's columns while debouching from the forest. It was the sole chance of coping with a force so superior.

At Saint-Nicolas, after mass had been celebrated in the church, food and wine were served out in abundance, and consumed with gayety and relish by men familiar with dangers and now confident of an easy victory. At eight o'clock they began their march. The troops were about equally divided between the vanguard and the "battle," — the former comprising seven thousand spears and halberds and two thousand cavalry, the latter a thousand more foot and somewhat fewer horse. Eight hundred arquebusiers followed as a reserve. Herter led the van, with Thierstein as commander of the horse. René, with his suite, rode beside the main corps, on a spirited gray mare called *La Dame*. He wore over his armor a short mantle of cloth of gold embroidered with the double white cross of Lorraine, the sleeves trimmed with his colors — gray, white, and red. His standard of white satin, decorated with a painting of the Annunciation, floated among a group of banners in the centre.

For him all around, all within, was bright. After a long train of misfortunes, bitter mortifications, cruel disappointments, the hour of assured triumph was at hand. Mingled with the exultation of that thought was a natural pride in seeing himself the sole chief of such an army. But the real leaders — Herter, Waldmann, Kätz, Hassfurter — were not the men to commit the conduct of an enterprise like the present to inexperienced hands. After passing Laneuville a halt was called and a consultation held. Through scouts, deserters, and reconnoitering parties, the enemy's position and arrangements had been fully learned. The sentiment of the Swiss — expressed in the final charge of the authorities at home — was a determination to finish up the work, to end by a single and decisive stroke a war of which the gains and the glory had been counterbalanced by vexations and estrangements. At Grandson, with inferior numbers, they had met the enemy's attack and seen his forces scatter "like smoke dispersed by the north wind." At Morat, with equal numbers, they had struck his lines obliquely, — shattering, crushing, routing, yet not with the complete destruction necessary for the object. Now, with more than double his numbers, — their men all fresh and bold, his all dismayed and spent, — they had only to close upon and overwhelm him. It was arranged that, while the main body held back, — only a few skirmishers showing themselves on the road, which here inclined towards the river,

making the passage straight and perilous, — the vanguard, guided by the Swiss deserters, should strike off to the left, by an old road leading from Jarville up to a farm named *La Malgrange*, and thence by another turn to the outskirts of the forest directly on the Burgundian flank. These were the tactics of men who had the game in their hands, and who knew how to play it.

René was now told that the safety of his person, being a thing of high importance, required that he should take his station in the centre of the main body, where a hundred men of the corps of Berne would serve as his body-guard. When the hostile force was broken, he would be free to join in the pursuit.

It was noon when the march was resumed. Before the troops had reached the farm-house on which they were to pivot, the snow fell so thickly that no one could see beyond his nearest comrade. In crossing a stream which runs past the building, the new-formed ice soon broke beneath their heavy tread, and left them wading, floundering, sometimes swimming. The road, or "hollow way," as it is also called, seems to have differed from the forest only in being more difficult to traverse. It was overgrown with a stubby and prickly brush. When at last the clearing was reached, the ranks were in disarray and the men half frozen. Sitting down, they poured the water from their shoes and arranged their clothing and arms.

Without having ocular proof of it, they had reached their position, facing the enemy's right flank. Suddenly the squall passed over and the sun shone forth. The hostile forces were in full sight of each other. The Swiss horn, blown thrice with a prolonged breath, sent a blast of doom into the ears of the Burgundians. Wheeling rapidly into line, the troops began to descend the slope at a quick run.

On first catching sight of the foe in this unexpected quarter, the gunners made an effort to turn their pieces. But the process was then a laborious one, not to be effected in alarm and confusion. After a single wild discharge, killing but two men, the guns were abandoned.

But the Swiss were now stopped by the hedge. Charles had time to make a change of front and send forward his archers. The assailants suffered severely. Their weapons got caught in the brambles, and they were unable to break through. A troop of French horse was the first to clear a passage. It was met by a squadron under the Sire de la Rivière and driven from the field. Meanwhile Galeotto had been attacked and was giving way. Lalain was ordered to go to his support. But the arquebusiers, having come to the front, delivered a volley which arrested the charge. Many saddles were emptied. Lalain fell badly wounded. The affrighted horses galloped at random. Galeotto, who was soon after taken prisoner, made off with his men towards the ford.

Charles saw himself stripped of both his wings, assailed at once on both his flanks. He had his choice between a rapid flight and a speedy death. Well then — death!

As he fastened his helmet, the golden lion on the crest became detached and fell to the ground. He forbade it to be replaced. *Hoc est signum Dei!* — "It is a sign from God," — he said. From God? Ah, yes, he knew now the hand that was laid upon him!

Leading his troops, he plunged into the midst of his foes, now closing in on all sides. Among enemies and friends the recollection of his sur-

passing valor in that hour of perdition, after the last gleam of hope had vanished, was long preserved. Old men of Franche-Comté were accustomed to tell how their fathers, tenants, and followers of the Sire de Cîtey, had seen the duke, his face streaming with blood, charging and recharging "like a lion," ever in the thick of the combat, bringing help where the need was greatest. In Lorraine the same tradition existed. "Had all his men," says a chronicler of that province, "fought with a like ardor, our army must infallibly have been repulsed."

But no; so engaged, so overmatched, what courage could have availed? "The foot stood long and manfully," is the testimony of a hostile eye-witness. But the final struggle, though obstinate, was short. Broken and dispersed, the men had no recourse but flight. Some went eastward, in the direction of Essey, such as gained the river crossing where the ice bore, and breaking it behind them. The greater number kept to the west of Nancy, to gain the road to Condé and Luxembourg. Charles, with the handful that still remained around him, followed in the same direction. The mass, both of fugitives and pursuers, was already far ahead. There was no choice now. Flight, combat, death—it was all one.

Closing up, the little band of nobles, last relic of chivalry, charged into the centre of a body of foot. A halberdier swung his weapon, and brought it down on the head of Charles. He reeled in the saddle. Cîtey flung his arms around him and steadied him, receiving while so engaged a thrust from a spear through the parted joints of his corselet.

Pressing on, still fighting, still hemmed in, they dropped one by one. Charles's page, a Roman of the ancient family of Colonna, rode a little behind, a gilt helmet hanging from his saddle-bow. He kept his eye upon his master—saw him surrounded, saw him at the edge of a ditch, saw his horse stumble, the rider fall. The next moment Colonna was himself dismounted and made prisoner by men who, it would appear, had belonged to the troop of Campobasso.

None knew who had fallen, or lingered to see. The rout swept along, the carnage had no pause. The course was strewn with arms, banners, and the bodies of the slain. Riderless horses plunged among the ranks of the victors and the vanquished. There was a road turning directly westward; but it went to Toul—French lances were there. Northward the valley contracted. On one side was the forest, on the other the river; ahead, the bridge of Bouxières—guarded, barred, by Campobasso. Arrived there, all was over. A few turned aside into the forest to be hunted still, to be butchered by the peasantry, to perish of hunger and cold. Others leaped into the river, shot at by the arquebusiers, driven back or stabbed by the traitors on the opposite bank, swept by the current underneath the ice. The slaughter here was far greater than on the field. No quarter was given by the Swiss. But the cavalry, both of Lorraine and the allies, received the swords of men of rank, as well from the sympathy of their class as for the sake of ransom. When René came up the sun had long set. There was little chance, less occasion, for further pursuit. The short winter's day had had its full share of blood. Merciful Night came down, enabling a scanty remnant to escape.

* * * * *
If the duke of Burgundy were still alive—that was the thought that now occupied every breast.

If he were alive, no doubt but that he would return, no hope that the war was over. Messengers were sent to inquire, to explore. The field was searched. Horsemen went to Metz and neighboring places to ask whether he had passed. None had seen him, none could find him, none had anything to tell. Wild rumors started up. He had hidden in the forest, retired to a hermitage, assumed the religious garb. Goods were bought and sold, to be paid for on his reappearance. Years afterwards, there were those who still believed, still expected.

Yet intelligence, proof, was soon forthcoming. In the evening of Monday Campobasso presented himself, bringing with him Colonna, who told what he had seen, and gave assurance that he could find the spot. Let him go then and seek, accompanied by those who would be surest to recognize the form—Mathieu, the Portuguese physician, a valet-de-chambre, and a "laundress," who had prepared the baths of the fallen prince.

They passed out at the gate of Saint John, descending to the low, then marshy, ground on the west of the town. It was drained by a ditch, the bed of a slender rivulet, that turned a mill in the faubourg. The distance was not great—less than half an English mile. Several hundred bodies lay near together. But these they passed, coming to where a small band, "thirteen or fourteen," had fallen, fighting singly, yet together. Here lay Cîtey, here Contay, here a Croy, a Belvoir, a Lalain,—as in every battle-field; here Bievre, loved by his enemies, his skull laid open "like a pot."

These are on the edge of the ditch. At the bottom lies another body,— "short, but thickset and well-membered,"—in worse plight than all the rest; stripped naked, horribly mangled, the cheek eaten away by wolves or famished dogs. Can this be he?

They stoop and examine. The nails, never pared, are "longer than any other man's." Two teeth are gone—through a fall years ago. There are other marks—a fistula in the groin, in the neck a scar left by the sword thrust received at Montiléry. The men turn pale, the woman shrieks and throws herself upon the body. "My lord of Burgundy! My lord of Burgundy!" Yes, this is he—the "Great Duke," the destroyer of Liège, the "Terror of France!"

They strive to raise it. The flesh, embedded in the ice, is rent by the effort. Help is sent for. Four of René's nobles come, men with implements, cloths, and bier; women have sent their veils. It is lifted and borne into the town, through the principal street, to the house of George Marqueiz, where there is a large and suitable chamber. The bearers rest a moment—set down their burden on the pavement. Let the spot be forever marked with a cross of black stones.

It is carried in, washed with wine and warm water, again examined. There are three principal wounds. A halberd, entering at the side of the head, has cloven it from above the ear to the teeth. Both thighs have been pierced by a spear. Another has been thrust into the bowels from below.

It is wrapped in fine linen and laid out upon a table. The head, covered with a cap of red satin, lies on a cushion of the same color and material. An altar is decked beside it. Waxen tapers are lighted. The room is hung with black.

Bid his brother, his captive nobles, his surviving servants, come, and see if this be indeed their prince. They assemble around, kneel and weep, take his hands, his feet, and press them to their

lips and breast. He was their sovereign, their "good lord," the chief of a glorious house, the last, the greatest, of his line.

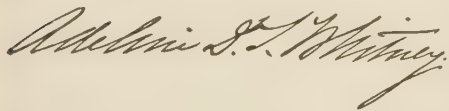
Let René come—to see and to exult. Let him come in the guise of the paladins and *preux* on occasions of solemnity and pomp—in a long robe sweeping the ground, with a long beard inwoven with threads of gold!

So attired he enters, stands beside the dead, uncovers the face, takes between his warm hands that cold right hand, falls upon his knees and bursts into sobs. "Fair cousin," he says,—not accusingly, but self-excusingly,— "thou broughtest great calamities and sorrows upon us; may God assail thy soul!"—Gentle René, good and gentle prince, God, we doubt not, hath pardoned many a fault of thine for those tender thoughts, those charitable tears, in the hour of thy great triumph beside the corpse of thy stern foe!

A quarter of an hour he remains, praying before the altar; then retires, to give orders for the burial. Let him who for a twelvemonth was duke of Lorraine be laid in the Church of Saint George, in front of the high altar, on the spot where he stood when invested with the sovereignty won by conquest, to be so lost!

** ADELINE D. T. WHITNEY,

A DAUGHTER of the late Enoch Train, a well-known ship-owner and merchant of Boston, was born in that city in 1824. She was educated at the school of George B. Emerson, a professor whom Dr. Hart has styled a "prince of teachers." At the age of nineteen, she was married to Mr. Seth D. Whitney, of Milton, Massachusetts, and resided in that town till her return to Boston in 1871. Till the year 1859, the duties of home left her little time for the absorbing claims of literature, excepting occasional contributions to magazines, particularly to the *Monthly Religious Magazine*, then edited by Dr. (now Bishop) Huntington. *Footsteps on the Seas: a Poem by A. D. T. W.*, a first venture of fifty pages, was published in 1857. It was followed two years later by *Mother Goose for Grown Folks*.



Mrs. Whitney during the war wrote some half a dozen "Poems of Occasion," inspired by the incidents and lessons of the civil strife, which were printed in the *Atlantic Monthly*. They form the first part of her volume of poems issued in 1872, and are accompanied by one on the Atlantic Cable, dated 1858, and entitled "Consummation."

To these contributions succeeded a series of entertaining and pure-spirited novels of real, every-day life, which have steadily grown in merit and popular favor. They have naturalness of incident, sprightly dialogues, sharply lined characterizations, and an earnest desire, artistically directed, to show the beauty of duty and the strength of love. *Boys at Chequasset*, issued in 1862, was followed by *Faith Gartney's Girlhood*, 1863. *The Gayworthys: A Story of*

Threads and Thrums, to illustrate the mishaps of life easily flowing out of misunderstandings, appeared in 1865; it had a reprint and large circulation in England. *Hitherto: A Story of Yesterdays*, which sets forth the sanctity and solemn obligations of marriage, and attempts a solution of some of its problems, was published in 1869; and *Patience Strong's Outings* in 1868. The latter, a prose poem of still home-life, pictures how the "comings-in" to a little competence can be made a blessing to many households. *A Summer in Leslie Goldthwaite's Life*, issued in 1866, formed the opening book of the "Real Folks' Series," having three companion volumes: *We Girls: A Home Story*, 1870; *Real Folks*, 1872; and *The Other Girls*, 1873. They show the privileges, with the resulting responsibilities, of family and social life, as well as the narrowness of pharisaism and exclusiveness. *Zerub Throop's Experiment*, 1871, is a story of how a bequest of many thousands was quaintly left, in the charge of Providence, for a poor widow; and how the trust was finally discharged to the letter.

Pansies—For Thoughts, 1872, "only a handful—of thoughts that have blossomed to words, and so been gathered," has some pleasing and suggestive verses in its threefold groupings, poems "of occasion," "of suggestion," and "of interpretation and hope." Among these are: Under the Cloud and Through the Sea, The Army of the Knitters, Larvæ, Sunlight and Starlight, Christmas, A Violet, and Released.

** LARVÆ.

My little maiden of four years old—

No myth, but a genuine child is she,

With her bronze-brown eyes and her curls of gold—

Came, quite in disgust, one day, to me.

Rubbing her shoulder with rosy palm,

As the loathsome touch seemed yet to thrill her,

She cried, "O mother! I found on my arm

A horrible, crawling caterpillar!"

And with mischievous smile she could scarcely smother,

Yet a glance in its daring half awed and shy,

She added, "While they were about it, mother,

I wish they'd just finished the butterfly!"

They were words to the thought of the soul that turns

From the coarser form of a partial growth,

Reproaching the infinite patience that yearns

With an unknown glory to crown them both.

Ah, look thou largely, with lenient eyes,

On whatso beside thee may creep and cling,

For the possible glory that underlies

The passing phase of the meanest thing!

What if God's great angels, whose waiting love

Beholdeth our pitiful life below

From the holy height of their heaven above,

Could n't bear with the worm till the wings should grow?

** SUNLIGHT AND STARLIGHT.

God sets some souls in shade, alone;

They have no daylight of their own:

Only in lives of happier ones
They see the shine of distant suns.

God knows. Content thee with thy night,
Thy greater heaven hath grander light.
To-day is close; the hours are small;
Thou sit'st afar, and hast them all.

Lose the less joy that doth but blind;
Reach forth a larger bliss to find.
To-day is brief: the inclusive spheres
Rain raptures of a thousand years.

** CHRISTMAS.

What is the Christ of God?
It is His touch, His sign, His making known.
His coming forth from out the all-alone.
The stretching of a rod,

Abloom with His intent,
From the invisible. He made worlds so:
And souls, whose endless life should be to know
What the worlds meant.

Christ is the dear "I Am,"
The Voice that the cool garden-stillness brake, —
The Human Heart to human hearts that spake,
Long before Abraham.

The word, the thought, the breath, —
All chrism of God that in creation lay, —
Was born unto a life and name this day, —
Jesus of Nazareth!

With man whom He had made
God came down side by side. Not from the
skies
In thunders, but through brother-lips and eyes,
His messages He said.

Close to our sin He leant,
Whispering, "Be clean!" The High, the Awful-
Holy, —
Utterly meek, — ah! infinitely lowly, —
Unto our burden bent

The might it waited for.
"Daughter, be comforted. Thou art made whole.
Son, be forgiven through all thy guilty soul.
Sin — suffer ye — no more!"

"O dumb, deaf, blind, receive!
Shall He who shaped the ear not hear your cry?
Doth He not tenderly see who made the eye?
Ask me, that I may give!

"O Bethany and Nain!
I show your hearts how safe they are with me.
I reach into my deep eternity
And bring your dead again!

"My kingdom cometh nigh,
Look up, and see the lightening from afar.
Over my Bethlehem behold the star
Quickening the eastward sky!

"From end to end, alway,
The same Lord, I am with you. Down the night,
My visible steps make all the mystery bright.
Lo! it is Christmas Day!"

** A VIOLET.

God does not send us strange flowers every
year.
When the spring winds blow o'er the pleasant
places,
The same dear things lift up the same fair faces.
The violet is here.

It all comes back: the odor, grace, and hue;
Each sweet relation of its life repeated:
No blank is left, no looking-for is cheated;
It is the thing we knew.

So after the death-winter it must be.
God will not put strange signs in the heavenly
places:

The old love shall look out from the old faces.
Veilchen! I shall have thee!

*** "THE CLEAR FIDGETS" — FROM PATIENCE STRONG'S
OUTINGS.

"Don't ever do that," said Aunt Hetty Maria.
"Carry your candle as straight as you can, but
never go prowling back into dark closets to look
after mischief that you haven't done."

"It's clear fidget, I know," said mother; "but
I've done it many a time myself."

I had been looking for something in the little
clothes-room. I knew perfectly well that my
candle had n't snapped while I was there, and that
I had n't held it near anything; and yet, after I
brought it back to mother's room, and gave her
the roll of linen she wanted, I went quietly to the
closet again, and shut myself in, in the dark, and
looked. When I came back the second time and
sat down, Aunt Hetty Maria said that.

"Don't do it," she repeated. "Clear fidget is
the worst thing you can give up to. It'll come
back at times when you *can't* satisfy yourself.
It's a way you get into, and it'll follow you up.
Don't get out of bed to see if you have locked the
door, when you know there isn't one chance in a
hundred that you haven't. Don't pull your letter
open to see if the money is safe and right, when
you know you had it in your hand to put in and
it can't be anywhere else. Don't keep making
crazy dives into your pocket and bags, to see if
your purse and your keys are there, after you've
started on your journey, and you can't help it if
they ain't. It's an awful habit, I tell you. You'll
go back into actions and reasonings and happen-
ings, just so; into trouble, and sickness, and death
too. Looking after what never was in 'em; and
doubting what you know there certainly was. I
tell you, for I know."

Aunt Hetty Maria had had troubles in her life,
notwithstanding the silk gown and the white caps,
and the looking-up-to of all Dearwood. There
were things she was n't sure she had n't made mis-
takes in, though she was a woman who had al-
ways tried thoroughly to do her duty. Perhaps
in some other place I shall say more of what I
know about it. I understood enough about it
then, to feel that she spoke out of a deep place,
and that the strong sense that advised me against
the "clear fidgets" had had sore battles to fight
against them, before it stood up in her so, com-
manding them all down.

"If I had my life to live over again, there's no
rule I'd lay down for myself firmer. And that's
why I speak to you."

As if I had my life to live — at thirty-eight!

And, yet — as if I had n't!

I think, sometimes, we don't any of us find out
how to live till we have pretty well used up —
spoiled, perhaps — one life.

Did anybody ever knit a perfect stocking, right
off, at the first learning? Isn't the first experi-
ment a tangle, more or less, of dropped stitches,
run all through, or twisted in the picking up; of
puckers and stretches, — unpremeditated and mis-
placed widenings out and narrowings in?

Are n't there patient eyes over the needles, perhaps, in our life-learnings? Is all the yarn spoiled in conquering the stitch? Are we to wear our first poor work, inevitably and always? Or when, out of the knowledge gained at it, we can accomplish a better, shall it not be given us to do and to possess, and the old puckers be quietly unravelled for us and laid away out of our sight?

If mother and Aunt Hetty Maria give me loving and watchful counsel at thirty-eight, looking upon all these years of mine as a mere "setting up," how will the good angels, out of their deep eternity and its holy wisdoms, look at theirs?

The very calm and beauty that sits upon them now, — is it not the smoothing out for a fair and glad beginning again?

"Don't go back into the dark closets!"

It was a dear, bright word to me. Perhaps it is the word that will be said to us in heaven, when we come out into the light there that is fulfilling and absolving love. Perhaps we shall be comforted and forgiven beyond what we can think or hope.

** WILLIAM M. BAKER,

Who has graphically pictured the peculiar aspects of life in the Southwestern States before and during the late rebellion, is the youngest son of Rev. Daniel Baker, D. D. The father was born at Midway, Liberty county, Georgia, in 1791, and died at Austin, Texas, in 1857. He labored successfully as an evangelist and Presbyterian pastor in Washington, D. C., Savannah, Georgia, Frankfort, Kentucky, Tuscaloosa, Alabama, and Holly Springs, Mississippi. His chief works were a *Plain and Scriptural View of Baptism*, and two series of *Revival Sermons*.

William Munford Baker was born at Washington, D. C., in 1825. He graduated with honor at Princeton College, at the age of twenty-one. After studying theology one year at Princeton Seminary, and two years under his father, he served as pastor at Galveston and at Austin, in Texas, for fifteen years, from 1850 to 1865. During this period he published the *Life and Labors of Rev. Daniel Baker, D. D.*, 1858. As a Union man, and on conscientious grounds, Mr. Baker carried his church at Austin with him, through the rebellion, in unbroken connection with the General Assembly at the North, to a Presbytery of which it now gives its name. His experiences in those troublous times, only so far modified as to impart dramatic power, are embodied in *Inside, a Chronicle of Secession*. This powerful tale, which consists of a series of sharply outlined scenes and as keenly individualized characters, forming a vivid panorama, photographic in its fidelity to nature, first appeared in *Harper's Weekly*. It was published in book form in 1866, under the *nom de plume* of G. F. Harrington. The hardest hits in the volume are at the men most bitter of all for secession, — the Northern men then resident in the South. As the author and all of his relatives were of Southern birth and residence, it results naturally, as his works testify, that he has never written a line inconsistent with the most ardent love to his section, as well as to his country.

Rev. Mr. Baker in 1865 accepted the charge of the Second Presbyterian Church at Zanesville, Ohio, and he now (1873) ministers to a congregation at Newburyport, Massachusetts. Although he has contributed for years to the various religious journals and magazines of the



Wm M. Baker

country, he has always made his literary labors incidental and subordinate to his pastoral duties, to which he gives the chief energies of his hand and heart. His later writings include: *Oak Mot*, 1868, a Sabbath School volume prepared for the Presbyterian Board of Publication; *The Virginians in Texas*, which appeared serially in *Harper's Magazine*; and *The New Timothy*, 1870. The latter sketches the odd phases of ministerial and social life in the rude frontier settlements of the Southwest, the rollicking humors, boisterousness, and vicious characters of the borders, and the experiences by which the young pastor was taught the tact of becoming "all things to all men." His latest work, *Mose Evans*, first appeared, in 1873, in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

* * THE HUNT OF THE BEARS — FROM THE NEW TIMOTHY.

"Breakfast!" says Bob Long, in the ear of our hero, and he wakes to find it broad day. He dresses rapidly. Washes out under the shed still more rapidly, as the tin pan has a hole in the bottom. Breakfast. Old Man Meggar remains bundled up in bed in a corner of the room in which they eat, only a small opening left through the bed-clothes as an outlet for his oaths. He is perishing for whisky! His sons also suffer; but being younger they can bear the privation better. The boy sent for whisky has not yet returned. As wondering curses fall on him therefore, Mr. Long looks peculiarly solemn. Mrs. Meggar pauses once in pouring out the coffee, glances at Mr. Long, and continues to pour with an inward, "Yes. Bless the Lord, I see!"

The jar of plum-jelly is on the table. Mrs. Meggar's reasoning on that point has been brief but conclusive: "Well, let it all be eaten up this mornin', so that *he* gets some more!" Very sour it is indeed! Its acidity sharpens Mr. Wall's teeth as for battle, yet, under the circumstances, he makes a religion of eating it.

Out in the yard, after breakfast, he finds the canine lazzaroni in a state of wildest excitement. What remains to them of tails is being violently wagged, and the howling—Thunder augustly silent—is awful. Not a dog there but has entirely forgotten the hope of breakfast which fed his soul during the night, in prospect of a hunt on hand. When at last they ride off from the fence, the feast of a Montfaucon would not have held back for an instant from following the ignobler cur there. An air of even gravity has settled down upon the men as they ride—they have entered on business now. Doc. Meggar, the eldest son and sententious gentleman of the family, is now profoundly silent, swearing inwardly only as he rides, a kind of dignity, even, in the man. By common consent, after they have got a mile or two from the house into the woods, all the rest fall behind to let him ride in front. Mr. Long has the aspect of going to battle. His soul also is troubled, "Sing'lar, I never thought of it onst," he says to Mr. Wall, riding close to him and speaking in a low tone.

"How in the world will we manage to find you afterwards? After we get into the thick of the bresh it'll be like looking for a needle in the biggest sort of a haystack. When we start, you keep as near me as you can. I'll ride as slow as I can, too. An' when you are left behind, don't be skeared too much. You listen for the dogs, an' ride for them. Ef you don't hear them, I can yell—a little. Ef it's too far for that, don't you be skeared, and try to hunt us up—don't get yourself deranged. Jest stay still where you happen to be, and keep firing your rifle every quarter or so. Climb a tree if night ketches you; and when mornin' comes agin, you jest keep a-firin'. Here's a hunk of bread, put it in your pocket, case you should need it!"

This was altogether a new view of the matter to the person in question. He was about to reply, but a huge grape-vine dangling from a tree overhead at this moment separated them as they rode. In fact, riding together was now becoming impossible as the woods became thicker. Doc. Meggar, too, leading the van, sends back over his shoulder the Parthian arrow of a single oath. Silence is the law now. Mr. Wall notices that all the dogs have fallen into a solid group, and trot along with one large black dog well in front of them. Thunder is *his* name, as our hero knows by this time from the perpetual mention made of him last night and before starting. No tail whatever has Thunder, only one eye is left him, accompanied by the merest fragment of a left ear. A long scar extends from ear to tail. As yet the young minister is unacquainted with his bark; if Thunder had ventured on that anywhere about the house, even if it had been at midnight, not a man in the same but would have sprung for his rifle. He now leads the van, bearing with him the profound respect of every animal there behind him, on foot or in saddle.

As they ride, our novice must needs entangle himself in the branches of a huge tree fallen to the ground. While toiling to force his way through, not unblessed of Toad and Zed, he

catches a sudden vision of a brown animal running down the trunk of a tree. To bring his heavy gun to his shoulder and send the contents of one of its barrels after the animal is the work of an instant.

"He's been hunted off of before, that horse, young as he is!" is the exclamation of Jake behind him, however, with increased admiration of the animal. Well he had been, or his rider would have been left at the shot, torn out of his saddle by the brush. Mike only quivers, as it is, with a sense of unpleasant warmth in the tips of his intelligent ears, now browned from the discharge. Thunder pauses a moment on three feet, while his associates break ranks and plunge amidst the brush in search of the wounded animal. No wild-cat there! It is a quarter of a mile away, unhurt. And so the dogs resume their trot behind their leader, now far in advance. The unsuccessful marksman disentangles himself from the brush, and reloads his gun. Mr. Long reins in his temper and his pony and waits for him, while the others ride on, disgusted, after the dogs.

For full an hour our hero winds his horse around the trees and through the dense thickets in call of Mr. Long, but silent. Suddenly he observes off to the left a kind of furrow among the fallen leaves, their under and damper sides being turned up.

"I say, Mr. Long, here a moment. Isn't this the path of a bear?" he calls, reining up. Mr. Long is sorely tempted to vexation. Out of courtesy he rides back to look.

"Hi! Thunder!" he yells, as his eye catches the bear-trail; "good for you, Mr. Wall!" he pauses to say, and calls again and again until the woods ring. Thunder is half a mile off to the right; but in a few minutes he is under their hoofs. Silent until his nose touches the trail, then he opens like the boom of a bell, and disappears along the trail, his nose to the ground. At the sound every dog in the forest opens also through the whole gamut, and soon are following in the wake of Thunder, while the hunters spur and yell after, Doc. Meggar silent but soon far in front. Alas for Mr. Long's good resolutions! At the first sound from Thunder the existence of his friend has passed utterly from his mind. With a yell to Bobasheela he dashes after through the thicket and is soon lost to sight.

Favoring Mike with a cry such as he has never before heard—at least from his present master, and digging both heels convulsively into his flanks, Mr. Wall speeds along behind. Mike catches the enthusiasm, and on they tear. It would never have done for the young clergyman to have ridden at anything like this rate through the Institution grounds, or even through Hoppleton. Astonishing the degree to which circumstances alter cases! He has not gone a quarter of a mile, however, before he reins up with a jerk. In attempting to dash through a thicket his hat has been jerked from his head, his powder-horn and shot-pouch torn from around his neck, his double-barrelled gun lies, twitched from his grasp by a grape-vine, upon the ground twenty yards behind, the bridle half plucked off his horse, and broken at that. It is dreadful to stop an instant, for the cry of dogs and men is already far ahead, growing fainter every moment.

Only one course to pursue. The rider dismounts, mends his bridle, puts it on again and fastens his horse. He then mends the shoulder-strap of his powder-horn and pouches, takes off

his outer coat, puts his pouffies on again, his coat on over that, and buttons it up from neck to waist. He has lost a handful of silver. Never mind, no time to look for that. Future antiquarians coming upon it may wonder and theorize and publish as to how on earth the money ever got there. No time for that now! He then regains his hat and forces it down upon his head, so that if torn off again his head will accompany it. Next a stout switch is cut to assist his spurs. Then the girth of his saddle is drawn up a hole or two, the blanket first pulled well forward. Last, his gun is secured. Remounting, he addresses himself to his task with a sort of desperation. All sounds of dogs and men have now died entirely away. Was he wrong in breathing a swift prayer as he applies switch and spurs to his horse? Right or wrong, wise or foolish, it was a spontaneous act. Let us photograph the man or leave him alone.

He felt amazed at himself as he dashed along in the direction from which the sounds had last come. Ravines over which he would not have dreamed of leaping at any other time, dense thickets through which he would never in a saner moment have supposed it possible for a human being to pass, on and on through a kind of whirlwind of saplings and forest-trees, brambles and grape-vines, he rushed, his hat down over his eyes, his left hand holding his gun upon his shoulder, his right plying the switch. Cabined up all his life, he now gave absolute rein to himself as well as to his horse, enjoying the excitement with all his soul. "And if a bear, say, or a buck *had* burst through the Institution ground, students, pale tutors, spectacled professors, every soul therein, would have abandoned, for the moment, Church and world too in the mad chase. Esau was born before Jacob!" So he reasons as he rides. If Mr. Wall indeed had a guardian angel, that angel used his wings to some purpose to keep in full charge of him as he dashes on, reckless of himself. He has by far the best horse on the ground; he rides at least as headlong as any man there; craziest there of all for the time, he soon makes up for his delay, comes in hearing of the dogs and men again. He observes that the hunters have been left far to the right, while the dogs are off to the other side. An idea strikes him and he turns sharply to the left, for the animal, whatever it is, is evidently making a circuit in that direction. In a few minutes' hard riding he finds that the dogs are ahead of him, while the men are shouting on his trail far behind. To be at last the foremost one in the race! The thought inspires him. He uses switch and spurs with double energy. He has ceased to shout. He finds it is only exhausting him without accomplishing any object. And so he rides silently on. He is evidently coming nearer and nearer upon the dogs.

Suddenly he turns off still more to the left from their cry. Before he knows it he comes upon the object of pursuit—a black bear! It seems immensely large as it shambles along; seems to be going very slow too, considering the eagerness of his friends behind. But the excitement on seeing it! The rider has for a moment forsaken his profession as a minister. He has abandoned his very senses. He yells at his horse, he halloos for the dogs, he screams to Mr. Long. In his frenzy he takes out his penknife, and opens it savagely, with the purpose of jumping off his horse, rushing in upon the monster and slaughtering him upon the spot. Then it flashes upon him to ride his

horse upon the animal and beat him over the head with one of the stirrup-irons, which he insanely unbuckles, as he rides, from the saddle for that purpose. Mike is as excited as his rider, he gets within ten steps of the bear, but declines going nearer. In vain the spurs and switch and yells of his rider. If that rider has lost his wits, Mike hasn't his. So the insane sportsman hurls his stirrup, leather and all, at the bear, trundling so leisurely along, a black mass of wool and fat.

Suddenly he remembers his gun. Leaping from his horse, he runs almost upon the bear, levels his weapon, with hands shaking with excitement, full upon it, cocks one barrel, and pulls desperately away at the trigger of the other. The instant he had left his horse Mike entered upon the sport on his own account, and gallops furiously along in the direction of the hunt. The bear goes crushing through the thicket, the dogs now well upon him, Thunder in advance. The dismounted Nimrod can hear the faint cries of the rest of the party far behind. He dashes on after the bear on foot. See! It has turned to bay. He comes full upon it, seated upright, with its back against a tree, wiping at the dogs swarming upon it, right and left, with its huge paws, its red mouth open and foaming. The last particle of sense forsakes the young fool. He advances directly upon the animal, levels his short, heavy gun full at its breast, a small white spot furnishing the mark, cocks both hammers, pulls both triggers, and finds himself at the discharge lying flat upon his back. He has a general impression that the bear will be upon him in an instant, and he scrambles, quivering and shaking with excitement, upon his feet. He need not fear! There had been powder and buck-shot in his rifle sufficient for quite a long campaign of shooting. He was so near, too! There it lies upon the ground, the great unwieldy mass of wool, dead, the dogs yelling and biting at it in a whirlwind of excitement.

The hunter can not believe his eyes. That he — *he* should actually have killed the bear! He drives off the dogs with difficulty with his empty gun, and seats himself exhausted upon his prey — and a most luxuriant cushion it is—never king happier on his throne!

It occurs to him, panting with exertion, to see if his pockets have not been emptied in his fall, and he takes therefrom knife, pocket Testament, and all. The shouts of the men are coming nearer and nearer. The dogs have fallen exhausted around—these, too, panting for dear life. Two of them are apparently dying—one lies dead from the fight. Thunder is reposing at a little distance looking gravely, not so much at the bear as at the individual seated upon him, ceasing now and then to pant as if he had been struck by some new idea about it. At last he rises with the utmost dignity, approaches the young minister, smells him carefully, elaborately all around, and from head to foot, and resumes his lying down and panting. Not having a tail, it is impossible for him to express the result of his investigation. It is highly flattering to his new acquaintance, but he keeps it gravely to himself.

The cries of the rest of the party draw nearer and nearer. It may be it was from fatigue, but it may be it was from affectation; at any rate our reader keeps his seat upon the bear. Here comes the foremost of the party behind—Doc. Meggar! The blood is streaming down his face from a gash laid open in his cheek by the branch of a tree. He dashes up, jumps from his sweating horse,

stands a moment in stupefied astonishment, and then, most emphatically,

"Look here," he says at last. "I say, you, stranger, give us your hand!" very gravely too.

Mr. Wall cordially complies; it is shaken long and vigorously, even solemnly, by Doc., who then falls on the ground and proceeds to drink ravenously from a little pool of green water in which the bear is half lying. There is more mud than water, and as much blood as either, in the pool. It strikes the stranger that Doc. drinks as much for the blood as for the water. He swallows down his exclamation, however, and receives with a vast deal more coolness and indifference of manner than of heart the rest of the Meggars who now pour in, tattered from the brush, excited, wondering, and awfully profane. Mr. Wall feels called upon to apologize.

"It is all a mere accident, gentlemen," he says, rising and standing off to one side. "I happened to have a tolerably good horse; and then I happened to be so I could head the bear. It is the first time I ever was on a hunt."

The Meggars have nothing to say at the moment, being busy fastening their horses and getting their knives ready for work on the bear. They have a unanimous and decided opinion on the point; and Zed and Toad know exactly what that opinion is. Not in vain have these eat at the table of the Meggars, slept on the floor of their cabin, had "chaws" from their bars of tobacco, drinks from their whisky-jugs, the use of their greasy decks of cards for so long. Had the Meggars entertained even the least hostile feeling towards the successful hunter, Zed and Toad would have proceeded in advance to curse him for them on the spot; held themselves ready to do any thing besides which their relation to the Meggars demanded. In fact, what Thunder was to the dogs at home, so are these battered, dilapidated, unutterably degraded specimens of the race to the Meggar boys. It is amazing the swarm of just such lice as these this Meggar family are infested by! And then those who dreaded as death to offend them! They were kings—the Meggars—of the whole section! Of course, they drew their followers toward all evil with vastly more ease than if they were working in the opposite direction. Yet Bob Long knew exactly what he undertook; and it was worth the effort. Bob's attempt on them was an effort, in fact, for the whole section through them—an axe struck at the very root of the Banian wickedness of the entire region—a Napoleonic charge upon the very centre of the forces of the devil there. "May talk of accident," says Zed for his patrons; "but it's only to fus-class folks sech accidents happen. Never happen to me!" Zed, as being the last of the alphabet. "Headin'!" yelps the other jackal. "An' a good horse? But it takes a clipper of a chap to make the dash you did, stranger, through these here woods. Wish had a drink of whisky to offer ye!"

The unaccountable failure of the boy to appear with the whisky the night before, and the consequent absence of that essential beverage during the hunt, had been a grief that had accompanied the Meggars and their hangers-on, from the instant they left their suffering parent, through brush and brier, up to the present instant. Mr. Long's reasoning, from long observation and experience, had been that the excitement of the whisky, together with that of the hunt, might be a little too much even for him to manage. By a

bold stroke he had cut off the supply of whisky—only the excitement of a slain bear remained.

And this was of a wolfish nature. Hardly had the jackals agreed in their eulogy upon Mr. Wall than they fell into a sudden disagreement in regard to the inches of fat on the bear. Before the young hunter knew a quarrel was brewing, Zed and Toad were rolling over and over upon the bloody ground, their hands twisted in each other's hair, pounding, kicking, cursing each other. It excited not a particle of interest in the others, who were now at work upon Bruin, divesting that stray Russian of his furry robe.

**HENRY HOWARD BROWNELL,

The gifted Union lyrist of the late war, was born in East Hartford, Connecticut, in 1820. He was the son of Dr. Pardon Brownell, and a nephew of the late Dr. Thomas Church Brownell, bishop of Connecticut. He was graduated at Trinity College, Hartford, and then studied law; but literary pursuits proved to be the more attractive. "A little volume of lyric poems, published by him as early as 1850," records a sympathetic biographer,* "gave evidence of rare power and brilliancy. For a time he turned his attention to other fields of literary labor, which if less inviting, yet offered fairer prospect of remuneration. He wrote a History of the War of 1812, giving special prominence to the naval portion of the war, and two or three books of a somewhat similar character.† At the opening of the late war, his whole soul was absorbed by it; he entered first the army, and then the navy, as a volunteer, was a participator in the naval battles of the Gulf and lower Mississippi, and became the intimate friend and private secretary of that noble hero, Admiral Farragut. He was with Farragut at that famous fight in Mobile Bay, and his poem, 'The Bay Fight,' which subsequently gave the title to his volume of war lyrics, was the finest descriptive poem of the war. Mr. Brownell had the dramatic power of Robert Browning, in a large degree, and a rare humanity, which softened and rendered beautiful all the creations of his fancy, all the transcripts of his large and varied experiences. He was a *genre* poet; he caught his inspiration directly from common things, and rendered them enduring and sublime in the spirited and picturesque forms in which he embodied them. As the war grew in dignity and scope, so grew his poems. He wrote in strong, broad *American*; sometimes his language was not gracious, but it had meaning; even the rough expression of the tyro soldier bent into poetic form under his facile pen."

He published two later volumes of his poems, the first anonymously: *Lyrics of a Day; or Newspaper Poetry, by a Volunteer in the U. S. Service*, 1864; *War Lyrics, and Other Poems*, 1866, dedicated to Vice-Admiral David Farragut. Among these vigorous and imaginative verses occur *The River Fight*, on the Mississippi, in April, 1862; *Bury Them* (the dragon's teeth), a memory of Fort Wagner, July 18, 1863; April

* Appleton's Annual Cyclopædia, 1872, art. Henry Howard Brownell, p. 71.

† Pioneer Heroes of the New World; from the Earliest Period (182) to the Present Time, 1855. The Eastern or Old World. 2 vols., 1856.

19, 1775-1861; contrasting Lexington and Baltimore; Let Us Alone, a satiric answer to an anti-war outcry; The Burial of the Dane; a version of the Song of the Archangels, from Faust, and another of *Dies Irae*. He died in his native city, October 30, 1872. This tender sonnet to his memory is from the pen of a brother poet, Thomas Bailey Aldrich.*

HENRY HOWARD BROWNELL.

They never crowned him, never knew his worth,
But let him go unlaurell'd to the grave.
Hereafter—yes!—are guerdons for the brave,
Roses for martyrs who wear thorns on earth,
Balsms for bruised hearts that languish in the dearth

Of human love. So let the lilies wave
Above him, nameless. Little did he crave
Men's praises. Modestly, with kindly mirth,
Not sad nor bitter, he accepted fate,—
Drank deep of life, knew books and hearts of men,
Cities and camps, and War's immortal woe;
Yet bore through all (such virtue in him sate
His spirit is not whiter now than then!)
A simple, loyal nature, pure as snow.

**THE BATTLE SUMMERS.

Again the glory of the days!

Once more the dreamy sunshine fills
Noon after noon,—and all the hills
Lie soft and dim in autumn haze.

And lovely lie these meadows low
In the slant sun—and quiet broods
Above the splendor of the woods
All touched with autumn's tenderest glow.

The trees stand marshalled, clan by clan,
A bannered army, far and near—
(Mark how yon fiery maples rear
Their crimson colors in the van!)

Methinks, these ancient haunts among,
A fuller life informs the fall—
The crows in council sit and call,
The quail through stubble leads her young.

The woodcock whirrs by bush and brake,
The partridge plies his cedar-search—
(Old Andy says the trout and perch
Are larger now, in stream and lake.)

O'er the brown leaves, the forest floor,
With nut and acorn scantily strewed,
The small red people of the wood
Are out to seek their winter store.

To-day they gather, each and all,
To take their last of autumn suns—
E'en the gray squirrel lithely runs
Along the mossy pasture wall.

By marsh and brook, by copse and hill,
To their old quiet haunts repair
The feeble things of earth and air,
And feed and flutter at their will.

The feet that roved this woodland round,
The hands that scared the timid race,
Now mingle in a mightier chase,
Or mould on that great Hunting-Ground.

Strange calm and peace!—ah, who could deem,
By this still glen, this lone hill-side,

How three long summers, in their pride,
Have smiled above that awful Dream?—

Have ever woven a braver green,
And ever arched a lovelier blue;
Yet Nature, in her every hue,
Took color from the dread Unseen.

The haze of Indian Summer seemed
Borne from far fields of sulphury breath—
A subtle atmosphere of death
Was ever round us as we dreamed.

The horizon's dim heat-lightning played
Like small-arms, still, thro' nights of drouth,
And the low thunder of the south
Was dull and distant cannonade.

To us the glory or the gray
Had still a stranger, stormier dye,
Remembering how we watched the sky
Of many a waning battle day,

O'er many a field of loss or fame:
How Shiloh's eve to ashes turned,
And how Manassas' sunset burned
Incarnadine of blood and flame.

And how, in thunder, day by day,
The hot sky hanging over all,
Beneath that sullen, lurid pall,
The Week of Battles rolled away!

"Give me my legions!"—so, in grief,
Like him of Rome, our Father cried:
(A Nation's Flower lay down and died
In yon fell shade!)—ah, hapless chief—

Too late we learned thy star!—o'er'ta'en,
(Of error or of fate o'erharsh,)—
Like Varus, in the fatal marsh
Where skill and valor all were vain!

All vain—Fair Oaks and Seven Pines!
A deeper hue than dying fall
May lend, is yours!—yet over all
The mild Virginian autumn shines.

And still a Nation's Heart o'erhungs
The iron echoes pealed afar,
Along a thousand leagues of war
The battle thunders tossed and flung.

Till, when our fortunes paled the most,
And Hope had half forgot to wave
Her banner o'er the wearied brave—
A morning saw the traitor host

Rolled back o'er red Potomac's wave.
And the Great River burst his way!—
And all on that dear Summer's Day,
Day that our fathers died and gave.

Rest in thy calm, Eternal Right!
For thee, though levin-scarred and torn,
Through flame and death shall still be borne
The Red, the Azure, and the White.

We pass—we sink like summer's snow—
Yet on the mighty cause shall move,
Though every field a Cannæ prove,
And every pass a Roncesvaux.

Though every summer burn anew
A battle-summer,—though each day
We name a new Acladema,
Or some dry Golgotha re-dew.

And thou, in lonely dream withdrawn!
What dost thou, while in tempest dies
The long drear Night, and all the skies
Are red with Freedom's fiery Dawn!

* Atlantic Monthly, May, 1873.

Behold, thy summer days are o'er —
 Yet dearer, lovelier these that fall
 Wrapped in red autumn's flag, than all
 The green and glory gone before.

'Twas well to sing by stream and sod,
 And they there were that loved thy lays —
 But lo, where, 'neath yon battle-haze,
 Thy brothers bare the breast for God!

Reck not of waning force nor breath —
 Some little aid may yet be thine,
 Some honor to the All-Divine, —
 To-day, where, by yon River of Death,

His stars on Rosecrans look down —
 Or, on the morrow, by moat and wall,
 Once more when the Great Admiral
 Thunders on traitor fleet and town.

O wearied heart! O darkening eye!
 (How long to hope and trust untrue!)
 What in the hurly can ye do?
 Little, 'tis like — yet we can die.

October, 1863.

**** WOOD AND COAL.**

(NOVEMBER, 1863.)

Farmer Smith shakes his old white head,
 Fuel, he says, will be scarce and dear —
 Half our young men are gone to the wars,
 Little wood has been cut this year.

Skipper Jones strokes his grizzled beard,
 Freights, he expects, were never so high —
 Half our hands are shipped on the fleets,
 Coals must be awful, by and by!

Are ye glad, O Cedar and Fir?
 Will ye sing with the Seer of yore,
 Rejoice! no feller, axe in hand,
 Cometh against us more!

Hush, with your wavy boast,
 Your flutter of leafy words!
 The funeral train of your Lords
 Goes down from mountain to coast.

Their dirge is strident and hoarse —
 Screech of bob-sled and chain,
 Groan of drag and of wain,
 Reeling under the giant corse
 Of Oak from Merrimac's rugged source
 And Pine from the hills of Maine.

And down where the dock-yard sits,
 With mighty derrick and sheers —
 Keel and carline, transom and bitts,
 The mammoth Skeleton grows and knits
 The spoil of your hundred years.

Are ye quiet, Kobold and Gnome?
 Can ye crouch and whisper at will,
 By lodge and drift, in your sullen home,
 Untroubled with pick or drill?

Hark, how angry and fast,
 By valley and mountain-gorge,
 By port and foundry vast,
 The roar of furnace and blast,
 The clang of anvil and forge!

For the powers of Earth to-day
 Are sounding an old, old Song —
 The loud and the dreadful Lay
 Of death to horror and wrong!

A thousand years hath it rang,
 "Crime shall go under!"

Is all but a vast, vain pang?
 God makes no blunder —
 How the armories bellow and clang!
 How the ship-yards thunder!

Ah, not for the fireside glow,
 With its cheery urn and tray,
 And the children's faces all a-row,
 Are the woods and the mines, to-day!

Scant is the spark ye spare for these,
 Dark-ledged caverns and moss-gray trees!
 A grimmer service is yours at last —
 To roll the plate and to melt the cast,
 Bolt the keelson and step the mast,
 And drive the war-ship through winter seas.

So hath it been from the days of old —
 Though the fire go out on the widow's hearth,
 And the orphans cuddle abed for cold —
 That is the way of our weary earth,
 These are the pangs of a Nation's Birth.

Trust and endure! — for 't is all of Fate —
 And the end shall come, be it soon or late —
 Better that one generation die,
 Than a hundred live in horror and hate —
 There's room for us all in God's fair sky.

**** NIGHT-QUARTERS.**

Tang! tang! went the gong's wild roar
 Through the hundred cells of our great Sea-Hive!
 Five seconds — it could n't be more —
 And the whole Swarm was humming and alive —
 (We were on an enemy's shore).

With savage haste, in the dark,
 (Our steerage had n't a spark,) —
 Into boot and hose they blundered —
 From for'ard came a strange, low roar,
 The dull and smothered racket
 Of lower rig and jacket
 Hurried on, by the hundred —
 How the berth deck buzzed and swore!

The third of minutes ten,
 And half a thousand men,
 From the dream-gulf, dead and deep,
 Of the seaman's measured sleep,
 In the taking of a lunar,
 In the serving of a ration,
 Every man at his station! —
 Three and a quarter, or sooner! —
 Never a skulk to be seen —
 From the look-out aloft to the gunner
 Lurking in his black magazine.

There they stand, still as death,
 And, (a trifle out of breath,
 It may be,) we of the Staff,
 All on the poop, to a minute,
 Wonder if there's anything in it —
 Doubting if to growl or laugh.

But, somehow, every hand
 Feels for hilt and brand,
 Tries if buckle and frog be tight —
 So, in the chilly breeze, we stand
 Peering through the dimness of the night —
 The men, by twos and ones,
 Grim and silent at the guns,
 Ready, if a Foe heave in sight!

But, as we looked aloft,
 There, all white and soft,
 Floated on the fleecy clouds,
 (Stray flocks in heaven's blue croft) —

How they shone, the eternal stars,
 'Mid the black masts and spars
 And the great maze of lifts and shrouds!
 Flag Ship Hartford, May, 1864.

**** PLACE DE LA REVOLUTION.**

(10 THERMIDOR, 1794.)

"When the wicked perish, there is shouting."

Here let us stand — windows, and roofs, and leads,
 Alive with clinging thousands — what a scene!
 And in the midst, above that sea of heads,
 Gooms the black Guillotine.

A scene like that in the Eternal City,
 When on men's hearts the Arena feasted high —
 While myriads of dark faces, void of pity,
 Looked on to see them die.

How the keen Gallio eyes dilate and glare!
 The flexile brows and lips grimace and frown —
 How the walls tremble to their shout, when'er
 That heavy steel comes down!

'Tis nearly over — Twenty heads have rolled,
 One after one, upon the block — while cheers,
 And yells, and curses howled by hate untold,
 Rang in their dying ears.

One more is left — and now, amid a storm
 Of angry sound from that great human Hive,
 They rear upright a dizen'd ghastly form,
 Mangled, yet still alive.

Like one emerging from a deadly swoon,
 His eyes unclosed upon that living plain —
 Those livid, snaky eyes! — he shuts them soon,
 Never to ope again.

As that forlorn, last, wandering gaze they took,
 Perhaps those cruel eyes, in hopeless mood,
 Sought, in their agony, one pitying look
 'Mid that vast multitude.

Sought, but in vain — inextricably mixed
 On square and street and house-top — he surveys
 A hundred thousand human eyes, all fixed
 In one fierce, pitiless gaze.

Down to the plank! the brutal headsmen tear
 Those blood-glued rags — nay, spare him need-
 less pain!

One cry! God grant that we may never hear
 A cry like that again!

A pause — and the axe falls on Robespierre.
 That trenchant blade hath done its office well —
 Hark to the mighty roar! down, Murderer —
 Down to thy native Hell!

Again, that terrible Shout! till suburb far
 And crowded dungeon marvel what it mean —
 Hurrah! and louder, louder yet, hurrah
 For the good Guillotine!

And breasts unladen heave a longer breath —
 And parting footsteps echo fast and light —
 Our Foe is lodged in the strong Prison of Death!
 Paris shall sleep to-night.

**** HENRY C. LEA.**

HENRY CHARLES LEA, the author of some of the most scholarly historical monographs yet written in America, was born in Philadelphia, September 19, 1825. He is the son of Frances A. Carey and Isaac Lea, LL. D., a celebrated writer on natural history,* and president of the

Academy of Natural Sciences since 1858. His paternal ancestor was John Lea, who settled in Pennsylvania in 1700, and was prominent in the Friends' Meeting. On the mother's side, he descended from Mathew Carey,* who came from Ireland to Philadelphia in 1784, and founded a publishing house which is probably the oldest in the country, and was at one time the leading one, under the successive firms of M. Carey, M. Carey & Sons, Carey, Lea & Carey, Carey & Lea, Carey, Lea & Blanchard, Lea & Blanchard, Blanchard & Lea, and, since 1865, Henry C. Lea. Formerly, it was largely engaged in miscellaneous publications, — printing the Waverley Novels from advance sheets, as well as publishing for Cooper, Irving, Dickens, etc., — but for many years it has confined itself almost exclusively to works of a high grade on medicine and the allied sciences.

Henry C. Lea was educated at home, by private teachers, and never attended college nor school since he was seven years of age. He went into business in January, 1843, at the age of eighteen, and has been a bookseller and publisher for thirty years. He was married in 1850. His first effort as an author was a paper on the Salts of Manganese, contributed to Silliman's *American Journal of Science and Arts* at the early age of fourteen. This was followed by occasional articles on recent and fossil Conchology, printed in Silliman's *Journal*, the *Transactions* of the American Philosophical Society, etc. About the year 1845, he commenced to write on critical and literary subjects. Two years later, however, the attempt to combine study with close attention to business broke down his health from overwork, and for eight or ten years he was obliged to renounce literary pursuits almost entirely.

Mr. Lea was able to resume his studies about 1856, and his attention was then directed to mediæval European history. Soon finding how unsafe it was to trust to second-hand authorities, he endeavored to procure for himself all original sources of information. How he succeeded in his quest, has been incidentally stated by an appreciative critic.† "Mr. Lea's books — especially the one now before us — demonstrate what we have too willingly suffered to be called in question — the possibility of thorough, exhaustive research and truly erudite authorship on this side the Atlantic. Mr. Lea has written on subjects that demand for their study an ample supply of books, antique, rare, and precious; and he has been unwilling to enter seriously into any subject until he had provided himself with a competent apparatus for its investigation. He indeed has made liberal pecuniary outlays, and has had correspondents and agents wherever there was any hope of capturing a stray volume that might serve his purpose; and so entire has been his success that he can hardly be less fully furnished with original authorities in his own library than he would be were he to confine himself to any one of the great European libraries. His books, therefore, have it for the prime element of their

* *Anti*, vol. ii., p. 601.

* *Anti*, vol. ii., p. 601. Allibone's Dictionary, vol. i., p. 1071, gives a list of his papers to 1867.

† North American Review, vol. cxi., July, 1870; art., Studies in Church History.

value that they contain authentic history, drawn directly from its sources." At the outset of his serious labors, recognizing that the laws of a nation were the most faithful epitome of its condition, he was led to collect and study the earlier jurisprudence of the European races; and the inseparable connection, during the Middle Ages, between the secular and the canon law, drew him into an investigation of Ecclesiastical history. Such was the nature of the literary work which he adopted as a recreation, being able to give it merely the fragmentary leisure afforded by more pressing duties.

In 1866, he published, *Superstition and Force: Essays on the Wager of Law, the Wager of Battle, the Ordeal, and Torture*, in a royal duodecimo volume, a revised and enlarged edition of which appeared in 1870. *An Historical Sketch of Sacredotal Celibacy in the Christian Church*, illustrating the rise, progress, and pernicious influence of enforced celibacy, was issued in an octavo volume in 1867; and two years later followed, *Studies in Church History: The Rise of the Temporal Power — Benefit of Clergy — Excommunication*. Of the character of these works, the reviewer already quoted has well remarked, in a notice of the latter: "The author has, indeed, his historical theories; he marks with care the development of ideas and tendencies, and traces with delicate skill the filaments that bind seemingly isolated events and give unity to the collective movement of a race or an age; yet he never generalizes till he has all the facts within his grasp — his conclusions never furnish him his premises, he never picks over his materials to select only such as will sustain his theories. Still less does he subordinate history to rhetoric. He is guiltless of all attempts at fine writing. It is perfectly evident that he writes, not to attract but to instruct readers. He makes no draft upon his imagination, dresses up no scene, pieces out no imperfect narrative with the anachronisms which often make historical pictures at once vivid and grotesque, life-like, yet the reverse of truthful. He relates no more than he finds recorded, and gives his story the coloring of its time, and not of his . . . In fine, these essays are models in their kind, — the simple, orderly presentation of facts, events, and movements in their bearing on their respective subjects, — each a complete and exhaustive monograph, containing, with ample means of verification in references and extracts, all that the reader needs to place himself at the point of view which the author has attained by the most painstaking and elaborate research."

Mr. Lea has also contributed largely to periodicals and newspapers, and between 1863-8 he wrote many political pamphlets. During the war, he gave much time to matters connected with its progress. After the enactment of the "Enrolment Law" in June, 1863, he was largely instrumental, as a "Bounty Commissioner," in keeping the quota of his native city supplied. At present, he is president of the Philadelphia branch of the American Social Science Association, is actively engaged as a member of the executive committee of the Industrial League, and is president of the Citizens' Municipal Reform Association of Philadel-

phia. These manifold duties occupy most of the leisure hours which can be spared from business, so that literature has to receive scantier attention. This is the more to be regretted, as he has been for years collecting material for a detailed history of the Inquisition, and its speedy preparation is now a matter of uncertainty.

** PERPETUITY OF SUPERSTITION.*

Although we may hail the disappearance of the ordeal as marking an era in human progress, yet should we err in deeming it either the effect or the cause of a change in the constitution of the human mind. The mysterious attraction of the unknown and undefined, the striving for the unattainable, the yearning to connect our mortal nature with some supernal power — all these mixed motives assisted in maintaining superstitions similar to those which we have thus passed in review. The mere external manifestations were swept away, but the potent agencies which vivified them remained, not perhaps less active because they worked more secretly. Thus generation after generation of follies, strangely affiliated, waits on the successive descendants of man, and perpetuates in another shape the superstition which we had thought eradicated. In its most vulgar and abhorrent form, we recognize it in the fearful epidemic of sorcery and witchcraft which afflicted the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; sublimed to the verge of heaven, we see it reappear in the seraphic theories of Quietism; descending again towards earth, it assumes the mad vagaries of the Convulsionnaires. In a different guise, it leads the refined scepticism of the eighteenth century to a belief in the supernatural powers of the divining-rod, which could not only trace out hidden springs and deep-buried mines, but could also discover crime, and follow the malefactor through all the doublings of his cunning flight. Even at the present day, as various references in the preceding pages sufficiently attest, there is a lurking undercurrent of superstition which occasionally rises into view and shows that we are not yet exempt from the weakness of the past. Each age has its own sins to answer for, its own puerilities to bewail — happiest that which best succeeds in hiding them, for it can scarce do more. Here, in our boasted nineteenth century, when the triumph of human intelligence over the forces of nature, stimulating the progress of material prosperity with the press, the steam-engine, and the telegraph, has deluded us into sacrificing our psychical to our intellectual being — even here the duality of our nature reasserts itself, and in the obscene blasphemy of Mormonism and in the fantastic mysteries of pseudo-spiritualism we see a protest against the despotism of mere reason. If we wonder at these perversions of our noblest attributes, we must remember that the intensity of the reaction measures the original strain, and in the dismal insanities of the day we thus may learn how utterly we have forgotten the Divine warning, "Man shall not live by bread alone!"

Which age shall cast the first stone? When Cicero wondered how two soothsayers could look at each other without laughing, he showed that the grosser forms of superstition were not universally shared. Such, we may be assured, has been the case at every period; and, in our own

* From *Superstition and Force*.

day, can we, who proudly proclaim our disbelief in the follies which exist around us, assert individually that we have not contributed, each in his own infinitesimal degree, to the causes which have produced them?

**THE CHURCH AND FEUDALISM.

There are some crimes over which, for the sake of humanity, it would be well to draw the veil of oblivion, even though they have been perpetrated in the name of Christ, and under the direct supervision of His vicar. Of these is the rebellion of Henry V. against his unhappy father, and we will therefore dwell upon it as cursorily as may be compatible with its bearing on our theme.

Henry V., then a youth of twenty-three years, had been crowned some time previously as King of the Romans; and his father, with that mistrust which had been eaten into his soul by his countless experiences of treachery, had exacted of him a solemn oath never to conspire against him. The way to his succession seemed open and assured, yet he might well listen to the suggestion that, should his father die under the ban of the church, the heritage was liable to confiscation, and any able and powerful prince of the empire might prove a dangerous competitor for the throne. Bold, ambitious, and unscrupulous, he lent but too ready an ear to such promptings; nor was it difficult to find, among the turbulent nobles, chafing under the steady rule of the emperor, enough to organize a most formidable conspiracy. Towards the close of 1104, therefore, the son secretly left his father, and hastened into Bavaria, where his friends rapidly gathered around him. His first care was to dispatch envoys to Rome to demand whether, without injury to his soul, he could break the oath sworn to his father. The blessed Urban II., a few years before, had proclaimed to the world that oaths of fidelity given to an excommunicate were not to be kept, so there was small scruple at Rome in sending to the young paricide all the assurances of which his tender conscience stood in need; and he was speedily comforted with the presence of papal legates, who gave to his unnatural enterprise all the sanctity requisite to shield it from popular abhorrence. From first to last the grovelling ambitions and pervading selfishness which inspired it were carefully kept in the background, and zeal for religion was ostentatiously put forward as its sole and only motive. Funds were raised by inflicting heavy fines on cathedral chapters for their intercourse with excommunicated bishops. The first care of the young king was to expel his father's bishops, and to replace them with his own creatures; he sedulously dug up the bodies of those who had died and cast them out of consecrated ground; and he lost no opportunity of proclaiming that his object was, not to dethrone his father, but to lead him to the reconciliation with the Apostolic See, necessary to his own salvation and to that of the empire. His effrontery of hypocrisy even went so far as to repeat this to the face of his wretched parent when the latter, abandoned by his friends, was forced to surrender, and clasped the knees of his son in agonized pleadings for his life. So the assembly which was convened at Nordhausen, in June, 1105, ostensibly confined itself to regulating the religious affairs of Germany, with a view to removing all traces of the schism. And in the manifesto which, in reply to the complaints of his father, the son published to the world through the Archbishop of Magdeburg,

the only reasons alleged for the movement were the destruction of the vineyard of the Lord, and the reduplicated crucifixion of Christ wrought by the hardened and irreligious heart of the emperor.

When Henry, after a vain show of resistance, finding nothing but treachery in those whom most he trusted, gave himself up to his son, it was under a pledge that life and dignity should be guaranteed him, and the opportunity afforded of reconciling himself with the church. Yet when he was brought before the legates at Mainz, and he prostrated himself before his subjects, humbly confessing his rebellious disobedience, and only denying that he had been guilty of idolatry, he was thrown into close confinement, where, denied all the consolations of religion, he daily trembled for his life. In the most civilized parts of his dominions—in the cities, in the Rhinelands, and in Lorraine—Henry had ever been popular, and he had merited the affection of those whom he had endeavored to protect from the scourge of feudal tyranny. When, therefore, the people had recovered somewhat from the stupor caused by the sudden, audacious, and successful rebellion of the son, they rallied around the father, in whose favor all human instincts cried so loudly. Henry escaped from his imprisonment, and soon was able to make a show of strength by no means unimposing. His faithful citizens of Cologne gallantly resisted a protracted siege, which Henry V. was obliged to raise on the approach of his father with a heavy force. Fortune seemed to incline once more in favor of the emperor, and the son sought to open negotiations for an accommodation, when the weary monarch, after a few days' illness, suddenly died, his last act being to send the crown and imperial insignia to his ungrateful son, with the prayer that his body might be allowed sepulture at Speyer, and that those who had remained faithful to him might be pardoned. For the sake of human nature we may well hesitate to credit the assertion that he was poisoned with the cognizance of his son, but it would be no slander to attribute his end to the pious zeal of some enthusiastic son of the church. Urban II. had not long before declared it to be sound doctrine that the slaying of an excommunicate, through ardor for the church, was not homicide. Excommunicates had no rights which the orthodox were bound to respect, and in an age so faithless, turbulent, and ferocious, it was not easy, even were it desired, to impose limits on the devotion of those who had staked their own fortunes on the overthrow of an adversary so formidable to the custodian of the keys of heaven.

The enmity of Rome would not even allow Henry's wearied bones to rest quiet in the tomb. The faithful Liégeois had buried him honorably in the church of St. Lambert, but he had died unreconciled, and his son was warned that if he allowed the body of his excommunicated father to lie in consecrated ground, he would become his accomplice, and be liable to the same punishment. The young king was in the hands of the church; the church was unforgiving, and exacted of him the final act of parricide. He had done too much to hesitate now, and unflinchingly he ordered his father's corpse to be dug up and thrust into the earth in an island of the Rhine, where no religious services were permitted, save that a wandering pilgrim from Jerusalem lingered at the spot, and chanted a psalm over the grave of the once mighty kaiser, who had dared to defy the

whole power of the church, and had been broken in the hour of his triumph.

The impatient and unscrupulous ambition of Henry V. had thus thrown away recklessly all the fruits of his father's thirty years of labor and anguish. Hailed for the moment as the new Maczabee, and as the deliverer of the church, he had made himself of necessity the slave of the church. It was in vain that by personal violence he extorted from his accomplice Paschal II. the abandonment of the claim to the investitures. To save himself from being declared a heretic, the wretched pope was obliged to disown his own agreement. The chronic rebellion in Germany, revived by Henry, and carefully fostered by the church, rendered his excommunication in 1115 a fatal entanglement, from which he failed to extricate himself by repeating his father's experiment of setting up an anti-pope. His tool, the unhappy Martin Burdinus, paid the penalty of his perilous dignity; and Henry, after prolonging to the last the fruitless struggle, was finally obliged to yield in 1122. A country ruined by anarchy, and the abandonment of the investitures, were the natural results of his alliance with the church—the inevitable price paid for its assistance in destroying his father.

** PROGRESS OF CIVILIZATION.

In casting a retrospective glance over this long history of cruelty and injustice, it is curious to observe that Christian communities, where the truths of the Gospel were received with unquestioning veneration, systematized the administration of torture with a cold-blooded ferocity unknown to the legislation of the heathen nations whence they derived it. The careful restrictions and safeguards, with which the Roman jurisprudence sought to protect the interests of the accused, contrast strangely with the reckless disregard of every principle of justice which sullies the criminal procedure of Europe from the thirteenth almost to the nineteenth century. From this no race or religion was exempt. What the Calvinist suffered in Flanders, he inflicted in Scotland; what the Catholic enforced in Italy, he endured in England; nor did either of them deem that he was forfeiting his share in the Divine Evangel of peace on earth and goodwill to men.

The mysteries of the human conscience and of human motives are well-nigh inscrutable, and it may seem shocking to assert that these centuries of unmitigated wrong are indirectly traceable to that religion of which the second great commandment was that man should love his neighbor as himself. Yet so it was. The first commandment, to love God with all our heart, when perverted by superstition, gave a strange direction to the teachings of Christ. For ages, the assumptions of an infallible church had led men to believe that the interpreter was superior to Scripture. Every expounder of the holy text felt in his inmost heart that he alone, with his fellows, worshipped God as God desired to be worshipped, and that every ritual but his own was an insult to the Divine nature. Outside of his own communion there was no escape from eternal perdition, and the fervor of religious conviction thus made persecution a duty to God and man. This led the Inquisition, as we have seen, to perfect a system of which the iniquity was complete. Thus commended, that system became part and parcel of secular law, and when the Reformation arose,

the habits of thought which ages had consolidated were universal. The boldest Reformers who shook off the yoke of Rome, as soon as they had attained power, had as little scruple as Rome itself in rendering obligatory their interpretation of divine truth, and in applying to secular as well as to religious affairs the cruel maxims in which they had been educated.

Yet, in the general enlightenment which caused and accompanied the Reformation, there passed away gradually the necessity which had created the rigid institutions of the Middle Ages. Those institutions had fulfilled their mission, and the savage tribes that had broken down the worn-out civilization of Rome were at last becoming fitted for a higher civilization than the world had yet seen, wherein the precepts of the Gospel might at length find practical expression and realization. For the first time in the history of man the universal love and charity which lie at the foundation of Christianity are recognized as the elements on which human society should be based. Weak and erring as we are, and still far distant from the ideal of the Saviour, yet are we approaching it, even if our steps are painful and hesitating. In the slow evolution of the centuries, it may only be by comparing distant periods that we can mark our progress; but progress nevertheless exists, and future generations, perhaps, may be able to emancipate themselves wholly from the cruel and arbitrary domination of superstition and force.

** THE CHURCH AND THE BARBARIANS.†

Under Barbarian rule, the church found itself confronted by a new series of problems. In the Pagan Empire, the church consisted of pastors and people, with common interests and sympathies, exposed to the same evils, and forming an indivisible whole. Under the Christian Emperors, the clergy, endowed with certain privileges, gradually found their personal interests diverging from those of the populations who had been converted in masses. Though technically the church of Christ might still be held to comprehend the laity, yet practically it consisted of the ecclesiastics, with whom naturally the advancement of their order and the preservation and extension of its immunities became the first consideration. This divergence between the clergy and the people was rapidly developed by the incursions and conversion of the Barbarians. There could be little in common between the established clergy of Gaul, for instance, and the untamed German hordes which presented themselves for Christianization and civilization; and the antagonism naturally existing under such circumstances left its indelible impress on the character and policy of the church. The priest who undertook parish duty amid a clan of wild Frankish converts, however conscientiously he might labor for their salvation, could not but feel that in the flesh they were possible enemies who might at any moment drive him away or slay him; and the supernatural prerogatives which, under Roman civilization, were scarcely required to enforce respect for his authority, became the only weapons of self-defence upon which he could rely.

The Barbarian was a man of deeds rather than of words. His laws were few and simple, and for the most part resolved themselves, in their ultimate analysis, into provisions for the payment of damages, which could be eluded by an appeal to

† From *Studies in Church History*.

brute force. Rude as they were, the history of the times shows that these laws could easily be brushed aside by any one with power and audacity sufficient to disregard them; and it can readily be imagined how hopeless would be the application to the *mallum*, or court of freemen, by a clerk who would be regarded with double contempt, as a Roman by his conquerors, and as a man of peace by warriors emulous only of martial renown. The attempt to escape this danger introduced a further cause of separation between the clergy and their new converts. As all law under the Barbarians was personal and not territorial, the church found little difficulty at an early period in obtaining for its ministers the advantage of living under the Roman law, thus securing, nominally at least, the privileges and immunities granted by the Christian Emperors; and in addition to this the safety of the ordained clergy was provided for by increased *wehr-gilds*, or blood-money.

Yet, notwithstanding these favors, the church was sorely oppressed by the lawless warriors who found it easier to pass enactments than to observe them or to enforce their observance. In a previous essay we have seen some of the means adopted to meet the necessities of this position, in procuring special privileges with regard to tribunals, and exemptions from ordinary processes of law. But, while these concessions served to separate more than ever the clergy from the laity, they afforded little practical protection from wrong and outrage. What was wanted was some speedy process that should be prepared for every emergency. Every freeman relied on his sword and right hand for self-protection. If the priest were not to be reduced into hopeless servitude, he too must have some ever ready weapon like the freeman's sword, which would either prevent oppression by inspiring salutary fear, or avenge it on the spot.

The only weapon available for these purposes was to be found in excommunication. By heightening the supernatural attributes of the priest and of the sacrament which he made and controlled, he was invested with a vague and awe-inspiring sanctity, most conducive to his personal safety; and if, when no other means of righting himself were to be found, he had recourse to his power over the Eucharist on every trivial occasion, and distributed damnation freely in avenging every petty insult, we should remember the precariousness of his position, and the restrictions which debarred him from recourse to the only other arguments which his untamed flock was likely to respect. An illustration of this is to be found in the fearful curses which, about this time, came to be attached to the charters and privileges granted to monasteries and other religious foundations. The papal chancery had an ample store of formulas for these occasions, in which we see how the audacious violator of the rights of the church was condemned with an anathema which consigned him to hopeless and eternal hell-fire along with the devil and Judas Iscariot. Cursing was the only arm of the defenceless churchman, and if he cursed with heart and soul, we can only measure the apparent intensity of his malignity by the real intensity of his fear.

** NATHAN B. WARREN

Is a native of Troy, N. Y. His ancestors were colonists from England and France, who emigrated

to America early in the seventeenth century. His grandfather and father removed from Norwalk, Connecticut, to Troy in 1798, and were merchants successful in business. They were zealous patrons of religion and learning. St. Paul's Church, Troy, Trinity College, Hartford, and the General Theological Seminary of the Protestant Episcopal Church, in New York city, numbered them among their benefactors. From them Mr. Warren inherited an independent fortune, which has enabled him to gratify his cultured tastes in choral music, in literature illustrative of the old-time festivals, and in architecture, as the designer of his villa residence at Mt. Ida, built in a chastely ornamented Gothic style.

A delicacy of constitution and accidental injuries sustained in childhood deprived Mr. Warren of the advantages of a collegiate education. In 1841 he visited England in company with Bishop Doane of New Jersey, who had been invited by Dr. Hook (now Dean of Chester) to preach the sermon at the consecration of the noble church of Leeds. The English Cathedral-tour that followed suggested to him the idea of adopting the Cathedral or Choral Service of the Church to the American Book of Common Prayer. To further this end, he subsequently published two works: *The Order of Daily Service, with the Musical Notation as used in English Cathedral and Collegiate Churches; together with a Collection of Communion Services and Chants, for the Psalms for the Day and Canticles*, 1846; and *The Ancient Plain Song of the Church*, 1855. These services were first introduced, in 1844, into a mission church founded by his mother, and having a girl's school attached. He has also composed some anthem music, and has received the honorary degree of Mus. Doc. from Trinity College.

His chief works, however, are intended to describe and popularize the old-folk lore connected with the ancient holiday festivities. In 1868 appeared, from the press of Hurd & Houghton, *The Holidays: Christmas, Easter, and Whitsuntide; their Social Festivities, Customs, and Carols*. That volume collected from the standard authorities the traditions, usages, and superstitions connected with those happy anniversaries, using in illustration the language of quaint old writers, and freeing the subject from the misrepresentations of skeptical and rigidly puritanical writers. It was richly illustrated by F. O. C. Darley, and has reached a second edition. Four years later a companion volume was printed in the same choice style, for private circulation. In *Hidden Treasure; or, The Good St. Nicholas; A Goblin Story for Christmas, edited by the Author of The Holidays*, 1872, an attempt was successfully made to illustrate the Christmas Holidays in a work of fiction, by presenting in a set of characters and a series of probable events such ancient and picturesque customs and manners as have survived the revolutions of modern times.

** J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE, an able sketcher, in poetry as well as prose, of the scenes and humors of New England life, and the managing

editor of *Our Young Folks*, is the son of Windsor Stone Trowbridge. His father, a native of Framingham, Massachusetts, was left an orphan in early life, and was brought up by a farmer



J. Trowbridge

in the State of New York. In 1811, Windsor married a farmer's daughter, Rebecca Willey, and emigrated that winter to the wilderness of western New York. He crossed the Genesee river on the ice, near where Rochester now stands,—a site then marked by one house. He settled eight miles beyond, in the town of Ogden, cut down the trees, built a log-house, and made a clearing in the woods for a farm. In this log-house his son John Townsend was born, September 18, 1827, six months too early to make his advent in a new frame dwelling. He was the eighth child, and the youngest but one. His father, whose *physique* was almost too delicate for a life of hard labor, was passionately fond of music, which he taught in the early pioneer days, and a capital storyteller, often amusing his children with tales in rhyme. His mother, who is still living, is a woman of strong devotional feelings and a sensitive temperament, combined with great energy of character.

John Townsend lived the ordinary life of a country boy, going to school six months in the year till he was fourteen, after which he had to work on the farm in summer. But books had more interest to him than his work, and he managed to learn more out of school than in it. He taught himself to read and translate French before he was fifteen, and also undertook Latin and German without an instructor, but did not quite master them. A public library in the town gave him the works of Scott and Byron, which powerfully impressed his imagination, so that he began to plan romances and make

endless rhymes while following the plow. At sixteen he wrote articles, in verse and prose, for rural magazines and journals. At the age of seventeen, and in the winter after his father's death, he attended a classical school at Lockport for one term, and passed the next summer on a visit to a sister in Illinois. He taught school the following winter, and then tried farming for one season in the prairie State, but said good-bye to the plow forever when the rust struck his crop of wheat. Returning to Lockport, he again taught school for a term; and soon after, at the age of nineteen, he set off for New York city, where he knew nobody, armed with a little stock of sketches, and the fond hope of earning a modest living by his pen.

Old Major M. M. Noah, then editor of the weekly *Sunday Times*, kindly received the young aspirant, and counselled him to make literature a profession, but to write prose instead of poetry if he wished to make it "pay." He introduced him to some publishers, who bought a few of his tales and sketches, and one magazine paid him a dollar a printed page for his contributions. As that price would not support him, he ventured to send an article to the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, which was speedily printed; but the polite editor merely paid in thanks, as was his custom to new contributors. So, after his little stock of money was exhausted, the young writer was often reduced to a last loaf, which he would carry under his arm up four flights of stairs, and eat in the solitude of his chamber on Broadway, while a band stationed in the balcony of the *Café* opposite would entertain him with melody gratis. But he never lost heart in the darkest of those dark days, and perhaps has reason to be thankful for the fruits of such a severe discipline. Some money was occasionally earned, for a few months, by the engraving of gold pencil cases for a manufacturer in Jersey City. After that work had given out, and he had eaten his last loaf, a kind French family opened their doors to him. With them he obtained some practice in speaking the language, and profited by the chance to feast on countless French romances. He was writing for the press again, but, finding it still difficult to meet his weekly board-bills, in August, 1848, he paid a visit to Boston, and concluded to make that city his home, as a better market for small literary wares than New York. The stories and sketches in those times were written under the name of "Paul Creyton."

After the failure of a newspaper venture at Boston in 1849, Mr. Trowbridge, then at the age of twenty-two, edited Ben Perley Poore's *Sentinel* during the absence of its proprietor in Washington, and nearly put it to a premature death by writing an article on the Fugitive Slave Law, which cost the journal many subscribers. In 1853 he issued his first book, *Father Brighthopes; or, An Old Clergyman's Vacation*, by Paul Creyton, which had a large sale. It was quickly followed by four other little books; and these together made up the *Brighthope Series*:—*Burreliff: Its Sunshine and Its Clouds*, 1853; *Hearts and Faces*; or, *Home Life Unveiled*, 1853; *Ironthorpe*, 1855;

and in 1859 *The Old Battle Ground* was added. In 1854, he printed *Martin Merrivale: His X Mark*, in monthly parts; but the market was not ripe for the serial style of publication, and the enterprise was not a success.

He sailed for Europe in April, 1855, passed through England, and spent the summer in Passy, between Paris and the wood of Boulogne. Here he wrote *Neighbor Jackwood*, an attractive novel of New England life and character. During its composition, he was living two lives, in the greatest possible contrast — one with his friends, in the atmosphere of the brilliant metropolis; the other in the plain Vermont farmhouse. The following winter he passed in Italy, chiefly in Florence, Rome, and Naples. In 1856 he returned home, and soon after published *Neighbor Jackwood*, also dramatizing the story and bringing it out on the Boston stage, — in both of which forms it was a favorite.

Mr. Trowbridge was one of the original corps of contributors to the *Atlantic Monthly*. He has printed a large number of papers in that magazine, including poems, stories, sketches of travel, book-notices, and political articles. *The Vagabonds*, afterward issued in an elegant illustrated volume, and *Coupon Bonds*, both appeared originally in its pages. He has been a constant contributor to *Our Young Folks* since its start, and its managing editor for some years past. He was married in 1860 to Miss Cornelia Warren, of Lowell, Massachusetts, who died four years later, leaving him an infant son. His residence is at Arlington, seven miles from Boston.

During the great rebellion, he wrote several stories of the war: *The Drummer Boy*, 1863; *Cudjo's Cave*, 1864; and *The Three Scouts*, 1865. On the return of peace, he spent some four months in the principal Southern States, for the purpose of gaining accurate views of the condition of society there after the war. The result of these observations appeared in June, 1866, in an octavo subscription volume of 600 pages, entitled, *The South*.

A collected edition of his poems was published in 1869, entitled, *The Vagabonds, and other Poems*. The volume contains some powerful realistic pictures, the first of which is already a standard favorite; a delicate fantasy, "The Name in the Bark;" several quaintly humorous pieces, and a few "Lyrics of the War." "Author's Night," the longest and most dramatic of his poems, appeared in the *Atlantic* in August, 1872.

In 1871-2, three volumes of contributions to *Our Young Folks* were reprinted in book form: *Lawrence's Adventures Among the Ice Cutters, Glass Makers, Coal Miners, Iron Men, and Ship Builders*; *Jack Hazard and His Fortunes*, the story of a boy who left the Erie canal to better himself; and the continuation of his haps and mishaps in *A Chance for Himself*; or, *Jack Hazard and His Treasure*. These show the same artistic and conscientious treatment of details as his larger works, with the same life-likeness in incident and idiosyncracies of character. *Coupon Bonds, and Other Stories*, a series of some ten piquant novelettes, mainly on the humorous characteristics of New England life, followed in 1872; and *Doing His Best*, in 1873.

** THE VAGABONDS.

We are two travellers, Roger and I.

Roger's my dog. — Come here, you scamp.
Jump for the gentleman, — mind your eye!

Over the table, — look out for the lamp! —
The rogue is growing a little old;

Five years we've tramped through wind and
weather,

And slept out doors when nights were cold,
And ate and drank — and starved — together.

We've learned what comfort is, I tell you!

A bed on the floor, a bit of rosin,

A fire to thaw our thumbs, (poor fellow,

The paw he holds up there has been frozen),

Plenty of catgut for my fiddle,

(This out-door business is bad for strings),

Then a few nice buckwheats hot from the griddle,

And Roger and I set up for kings!

No, thank you, Sir. — I never drink;

Roger and I are exceedingly moral, —

Aren't we, Roger? — see him wink! —

Well, something hot, then, we won't quarrel.

He's thirsty, too — see him nod his head?

What a pity, Sir, that dogs can't talk —

He understands every word that's said, —

And he knows good milk from water and chalk.

The truth is, Sir, now I reflect,

I've been so sadly given to grog,

I wonder I've not lost the respect

(Here's to you, Sir!) even of my dog.

But he sticks by, through thick and thin;

And this old coat with its empty pockets,

And rags that smell of tobacco and gin,

He'll follow while he has eyes in his sockets.

There isn't another creature living

Would do it, and prove, through every disaster,

So fond, so faithful, and so forgiving,

To such a miserable thankless master!

No, Sir! — see him wag his tail and grin!

By George! it makes my old eyes water!

That is, there's something in this gin

That chokes a fellow. But no matter!

We'll have some music, if you are willing,

And Roger (hem! what a plague a cough is,
Sir!)

Shall march a little. — Start, you villain!

Stand straight! 'Bout face! Salute your officer!

Put up that paw! Dress! Take your rifle!

(Some dogs have arms, you see!) Now hold

Your cap while the gentlemen give a trifle,

To aid a poor old patriot soldier.

March! Halt! Now show how the rebel shakes,

When he stands up to hear his sentence.

Now tell how many drams it takes

To honor a jolly new acquaintance.

Five yelps, that's five; he's mighty knowing!

The night's before us, fill the glasses!

Quick, sir! I'm ill, — my brain is going;

Some brandy, — thank you; there, — it passes!

Why not reform? That's easily said;

But I've gone through such wretched treatment.

Sometimes forgetting the taste of bread,

And scarce remembering what meat meant,

That my poor stomach's past reform;

And there are times when, mad with thinking,

I'd sell out Heaven for something warm

To prop a horrible inward sinking.

Is there a way to forget to think?

At your age, Sir, home, fortune, friends,

A dear girl's love, — but I took to drink; —

The same old story; you know how it ends.

If you could have seen these classic features,

You need n't laugh, Sir, they were not then

Such a burning libel on God's creatures;

I was one of your handsome men!

If you had seen her, so fair, and young,

Whose head was happy on this breast!

If you could have heard the songs I sung

When the wine went round, you would n't have
guessed

That ever I, Sir, should be straying

From door to door, with fiddle and dog,

Ragged and penniless, and playing

To you to-night for a glass of grog.

She's married since, a parson's wife;

'Twas better for her that we should part;

Better the soberest, prosiest life

Than a blasted home and a broken heart.

I've seen her! Once: I was weak and spent

On the dusty road; a carriage stopped:

But little she dreamed, as on she went,

Who kissed the coin that her fingers dropped!

You've set me talking, Sir; I'm sorry;

It makes me wild to think of the change!

What do you care for a beggar's story?

Is it amusing? you find it strange?

I had a mother so proud of me!

'Twas well she died before. Do you know

If the happy spirits in Heaven can see

The ruin and wretchedness here below?

Another glass, and strong, to deaden

This pain; then Roger and I will start.

I wonder, has he such a lumpish, leaden,

Aching thing, in place of a heart?

He is sad sometimes, and would weep, if he could,

No doubt, remembering things that were, —

A virtuous kennel, with plenty of food,

And himself a sober, respectable cur.

I'm better now: that glass was warming, —

You rascal! limber your lazy feet!

We must be fiddling and performing

For supper and bed, or starve in the street. —

Not a very gay life to lead, you think?

But soon we shall go where lodgings are free,

And the sleepers need neither victuals or drink; —

The sooner the better for Roger and me.

** GREEN APPLES.

Pull down the bough, Bob! Is n't this fun?

Now give it a shake, and — there goes one!

Now put your thumb up to the other, and see

If it is n't as mellow as mellow can be!

I know by the stripe

It must be ripe!

That's one apiece for you and me.

Green, are they? Well, no matter for that.

Sit down on the grass, and we'll have a chat;

And I'll tell you what old Parson Bute

Said last Sunday of unripe fruit.

"Life," says he,

"Is a bountiful tree,

Heavily laden with beautiful fruit.

"For the youth there's love, just streaked with
red,

And great joys hanging just over his head;

Happiness, honor, and great estate,

For those who patiently work and wait; —

Blessings," said he,

"Of every degree,

Ripening early, and ripening late.

"Take them in season, pluck and eat,
And the fruit is wholesome, the fruit is sweet;

But, O my friends! —" Here he gave a rap

On his desk, like a regular thunder-clap,

And made such a bang,

Old Deacon Lang

Woke up out of his Sunday nap.

Green fruit, he said, God would not bless;

But half life's sorrow and bitterness,

Half the evil and ache and crime,

Came from tasting before their time

The fruits Heaven sent.

Then on he went

To his *Fourthly* and *Fifthly*: — was n't it prime?

But, I say, Bob! we fellows don't care

So much for a mouthful of apple or pear;

But what we like is the fun of the thing,

When the fresh winds blow, and the hang-birds
bring

Home grubs, and sing

To their young ones, a-swing

In their basket-nest, tied up by its string.

I like apples in various ways:

They're first-rate roasted before the blaze

Of a winter fire; and, O my eyes!

Are n't they nice, though, made into pies?

I scarce ever saw

One, cooked or raw,

That was n't good for a boy of my size!

But shake your fruit from the orchard tree,

And the tune of the brook, and the hum of the bee,

And the chipmonks chattering every minute,

And the clear sweet note of the gay little linnet,

And the grass and the flowers,

And the long summer hours,

And the flavor of sun and breeze, are in it.

But this is a hard one! Why did n't we

Leave them another week on the tree?

Is yours as bitter? Give us a bite!

The pulp is tough, and the seeds are white,

And the taste of it puckers

My mouth like a sucker's!

I vow, I believe the old parson was right!

**MR. BLAZAY'S EXPERIENCE — FROM COUPON BONDS.

. . . That afternoon, having dressed, dined, and finished my cigar, I sallied forth from the "Shoe-make Hotel" to call on my future bride.

I found the cottage; a neat little cream-colored house on a bank of the river; doors and windows festooned with prairie roses; an orchard behind, and maple-trees in front; and an atmosphere of rural beauty and quietude over all.

I opened the little wooden gate. It clicked cheerily behind me, and the sound summoned from the orchard a laboring man in rolled-up shirt-sleeves, who approached as I was lifting the brass knocker under the festoons of roses.

"How de do, sir? Want anything o' Mr. Thornton's folks?"

I looked at him. He might have been a porter (at least, he was a *brown stout* fellow); not above five feet five, and rather familiar for such a *short* acquaintance.

"I should like to see Mr. Thornton," I said, talking down at him from my six-foot dignity on the doorstep.

"O, wal! walk right in! We're all in the orchard jest now, gitting a hive of bees."

"Be so kind then, my good fellow," said I, producing Jones's letter, "as to hand this to Mr. Thornton."

He received the letter in his great, brown, horny hands, stared at the superscription, stared at me, "Oh! Jones!" and opened it. "I am Mr. Thornton," he informed me, before beginning to read.

When the letter was read he looked up again, smilingly.

"This is Mr. Blazay, then!" he said.

"Delighted to meet you, Mr. Thornton," I said.

He reached up, I reached down. He got hold of my hand as if it had been a bell-rope, and wrung it cordially. I knew he was glad to see me, as well as if he had told me.

"Will you step into the house or into the orchard?" said Mr. Thornton.

House or orchard, I felt my foot was in it, and it made little difference which way I stepped.

"Wal," said he, as he was taking me to see the bees: "so you've come up here, thinking mabby you'd like to marry our Susie?"

I stopped aghast.

"I—I wasn't aware, sir, that Jones had written anything to that effect!"

"A private letter I got from him yis'd'y," said Mr. Thornton; "he seemed to think's best to kinder explain things 'fore you got along. I think about so myself. He gives you a tolerable fair character, and, fur's I'm concerned, if you and Susie can make a bargain, I sha'n't raise no objections."

"Have you," I gasped, "mentioned it to Susie?"

"O, sartin!" said Mr. Thornton. "Mother and I thought best to talk the matter over with her, so's to have everything open and above-board, and save misunderstandings in the futur'."

"And, may I ask, how did Susie regard a—such a—very singular arrangement?"

"Singular? How so? Mother and I looked upon it as very sensible. You come and git acquainted and marry her, if agreeable; or if not, not. That's what I call straightfor'a'd."

"Straightfor'a'd? O yes, to be sure!" I said, and essayed to laugh, with very indifferent, if not with ghastly, success.

A little too straightforward, wasn't it? It was well enough, of course, for a couple of hardened wretches like Jones and myself to talk over a matrimonial project in business fashion, and for me to come up and look at the article of a bride he recommended, to see if she suited; but to know that the affair had been coolly discussed by the other party to the proposed bargain made it as awkward and unromantic as possible. I even suspected that I was the victim of a hoax, and that Jones was at that moment chuckling over my stupendous gullibility.

"That there's my darter, and them's the bees," said Mr. Thornton.

"What! that thing in the tree?" said I, using my eye-glass. "It looks like a shocking bad hat!"

"That's the swarm stuck on to the limb," said Mr. Thornton. "We'll have Susie to thank if we save 'em. She heard 'em flying over, and run out with the dinner-bell and called 'em."

"Called 'em to dinner?" I said absent-mindedly.

"Ringin' the bell called 'em down, till bimeby they lit on that tree. A swarm 'll gen'ly come to such noises. And Susie's a master-hand to look arter bees."

"What's she doing up on the ladder there?"

"She's cutting off the limb. It's curi's," said Mr. Thornton, with fatherly pride, "bees never tech her, though she goes right in among 'em. Sting me, though; so I keep a little back. Susie's mother, Mr. Blazay!"

At that a freckled, good-natured woman, who stood at a little distance from the tree, with her arms rolled up in a calico apron, took them out to shake hands with me, and rolled them up again.

"What are these little negro boys doing?" I inquired.

"Nigger boys! Ho! ho! ho!" laughed the paternal Thornton.

"Them's our little boys, sir," said the maternal Thornton, with an amused smile. "What you see is veils tied over their faces to keep the bees from stinging on 'em. That's George Washington holding the ladder for Susie; and that's Andrew Jackson tending the clo'es-line."

"This is the second swarm Susie has stopped this season," said Mr. Thornton. "Both wild swarms from the woods, probbly. We consider it quite a prize."

"Hive of bees in May, wuth a ton of hay; hive of bees in June, wuth a silver spoon; hive of bees in July, not wuth a fly. That's the old adage," smiled Mrs. Thornton.

"But Susie has good luck with her bees, let 'em swarm when they will," said Mr. Thornton.

"Look out down there!" cried a clear, shrill, feminine voice from the tree.

The fibres of the bough began to crack; and somewhat to my alarm I saw the great, black, hat-like mass swing down as if about to fall to the ground. But I soon perceived that it was secured by the rope, which was passed over a limb above, and then down to Andrew Jackson's hand, who stood looking up through his veil, waiting for orders. Susie severed the bark and splinters that still held the branch, then dropped her little handsaw on the grass.

"Now, Jackson!" Slowly the boy played out the line, and slowly the bough descended with its burden. "Hold on, Georgie!" Georgie held on, and down the ladder came Susie.

Animated, agile, red as a rose, she ran to her bees, I regarding her meanwhile with anxious interest. Taking hold of the bough where it hung, she ordered Andrew Jackson to "let it come," lowered it almost to the ground and shook it. The bees fell off in great bunches and clusters, which burst into buzzing, crumbling, crawling multitudes on the grass,—wave on wave dark surging. George Washington stood ready with a bee-hive, which he clapped over the living heap. And the job was done.

"There, father!" cried Susie, merrily, "what are you going to give me for that? Hive of bees in June—"

She stopped, seeing me.

"You shall have your silver spoon," said Mr. Thornton. "This is Mr. Blazay, Susie."

Determined to perform my part with becoming gallantry, I advanced. Unluckily, I am tall. My bow was lofty; the bough of the tree was low. Before I could take off my hat my hat was taken off for me. Attempting to catch it, I knocked it like a ball straight at Susie's head. She dodged it, and it fell by the bee-hive. At that the Father of his Country rushed to the rescue, and brought it back to me with the air of a youngster who expects a penny for his services.

I was finishing my bow to Susie, when I ob-

served a number of swift, zigzag, darting insects circling about us.

"Stand still and they wont hurt ye," said George Washington, handing me my hat. "Make 'em think you're a tree!"

I assumed the role accordingly, — rooted myself to the spot, — held my tall trunk erect — kept my limbs rigid, — and, I am confident, appeared verdant enough to deceive even a bee. In that interesting attitude I looked as unconcerned as possible, grimaced at Susie, said what a delightful orchard it was, and felt a whizzing, winnowing sensation in my foliage, otherwise called hair.

"There's a bee!" screamed Andrew Jackson.

The General was right, — there was a bee. I began to brush.

"Don't yestir!" shouted Washington. "That'll only make him mad! Keep jest as still!"

It was easy for the first President to stand there, with his face veiled, and promulgate that theory. But I wasn't up to it. I found myself stirring my stumps involuntarily. I dropped my hat and stepped in it. The bee whizzed and winnowed; I flinched and brushed. Then came a poignant thrill! The assassin had his poisoned dagger in me.

The sublime Washington continued to shout, "Keep still, keep jest as still!" But already my movements had quite dispelled the illusion that I was a tree, and the darting and dinning about my ears became terrific. I endeavored to smile calmly at Susie, and talk as became a man of my politeness and dignity. But it was no use. Panic seized me. I stamped, I swung my crushed hat, I took to my heels. I ran like a Mohawk; and I should never, probably, have stopped until I reached a railroad train, had not the same destiny that brought me to Shoemake conspired to keep me there by casting a dead branch in my way. In giving my head a brush I neglected the brush at my feet. They became entangled in it, and I sprawled my six feet of manly dignity ingloriously on the turf.

The first thing I heard, on recovering my faculties and sitting up, was laughter. George Washington and Andrew Jackson were rolling and keeling over with laughter. Mrs. Thornton was eating her calico apron. Mr. Thornton was suffering from an excruciating attack of colic, while Susie indulged without restraint her very ill-timed merriment.

As I got upon my feet the whole family came forward to see if I was hurt.

"Children! Susie!" I could hear Mr. Thornton saying; "hush! don't ye know better'n to laugh? Did you, sir, git stung?"

"I — I thought the bees were coming rather near," I remarked, cheerfully, pressing my hat into shape, "so I concluded to stand back a little."

"Sartin, sartin!" said Mr. Thornton.

"Susie!" giggled George Washington, "he thought he'd stan' back a little! he, he, he!"

"Did n't his arms and legs fly for about a minute, though!" snickered Andrew Jackson.

"Shall we go and examine the operations of the bees? I feel a lively interest in bees." And I put on my hat, pulling it gayly over the aching eyebrow.

"I'm afraid," said Mr. Thornton, "the bees have been so kind o' shook up 't won't be very safe to go near 'em right away."

"Ah! you think so? A sting is nothing — a — nothing dangerous, is it?"

"O no; but it's sometimes plaguy uncomfortable," said Mr. Thornton, "that's all."

"That all?" said I, glad to hear it. "I'm sure that's nothing so very dreadful. However, if you think we'd better wait until the bees get a little quiet, I can restrain my curiosity."

Susie had found an excuse to go back to the hive. I should have been glad of any excuse to return at the same instant to the hotel. I had seen enough of her, and certainly had heard enough. My interest in the Thorntons was satiated. I had made up my mind that I didn't want to marry. The country was not so charming as I had anticipated. I very much preferred the town.

** CHARLES ELIOT NORTON,

THE son of the late Rev. Andrews Norton,* an eminent Unitarian divine, was born in Boston, November 16, 1827. He was graduated at Harvard College in 1846, and then travelled abroad. After his return, he published in 1852 *Considerations on some Recent Social Topics*. Three years later, he edited from his father's manuscript, in conjunction with Mr. Ezra Ab-

C. E. Norton

bott, *A Translation of the Gospels, with Notes*, in two octavo volumes.

The seventeen months following (December 1855 to April 1857), were passed by Mr. Norton in Italy, chiefly at Rome, though Genoa, Florence, Orvieto, Naples and Venice were visited and explored. He observed with keen interest the peculiar phases of Italian society, government, and ecclesiasticism, many of which are now merely historic. He paused as well to study the monuments of the mediæval and renaissance periods, being particularly attracted to the aspects of Rome in the times of Dante and of Petrarch. In 1860, he published his *Notes of Study and Travel in Italy*, wherein he states: "The Middle Ages still possess Italy. In these country towns, even in enlightened Sardinia, one feels himself a contemporary of Boccaccio, and might read many of the tales of the 'Decameron' as stories of the present day. The life of the common people has much the same aspect now as it had centuries ago. Italy has undergone many vicissitudes, but few changes." He continued to say, with a keen forecast which later events have fully justified: "The success of the experiment of constitutional government in Sardinia is at this moment the chief hope of Italy. A liberal and wise spirit of reform is uniting the interests of all classes, and a steady, gradual progress proving the ability of Italians to govern themselves without the excesses of enthusiasm, or the evils of extravagant and undisciplined hopes. While Milan and Venice are hemmed round by Austrian bayonets, and Florence is discontented under the stupid despotism of an insane bigot, — while Rome stagnates under the superstition of priests, and Naples under the brutality of a Bourbon, Turin and Genoa are flourishing and independent."

* *Ante*, vol. i., pp. 776-7.

Mr. Norton prepared, in 1862, the American edition of the *Poems of Arthur Hugh Clough, with a Memoir*. During the war, he edited the *Broad-sides*, and other issues of the Loyal Publication Society, from 1861 to 1865. He was also a frequent contributor to the *North American Review*, and its editor-in-chief from 1863 to 1868.

In 1867 he published, in an imperial octavo volume, the *New Life of Dante, Translated, with Essays and Notes*. These scholarly Essays were three in number, and related to the *Vita Nuova*, the date of its composition, and its structure. A portion of this translation, accompanied by a part of what afterward appeared as the Essays and Notes, had appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1859, and was printed in a volume for private circulation that same year. This work, which was the earliest of Dante's writings, as well as the most autobiographic in form and intention, gives, in the words of its translator, "the story of his early love—its beginning, its irregular course, its hopes and doubts, its exaltations and despairs, its sudden interruption and transformation by death." The spirit that controlled its translator was a sympathetic literalness, eager to preserve its natural grace—"a regard for the letter of the original, in a belief that thus its essential spirit could be best rendered. In dealing with the intimate revelations of a character so great and so peculiar as that of Dante, a respectful deference is required for the very words in which they are contained. Dante has a right to demand this homage of his translator."

** THE LADY BEATRICE — FROM DANTE'S NEW LIFE.

XXVI.

This most gentle lady, of whom there hath been discourse in the preceding words, came into such favor among the people, that, when she passed along the way, persons ran to see her, which gave me wonderful delight. And when she was near any one, such modesty came into his heart that he dared not raise his eyes, or return her salutation; and of this many, as having experienced it, could bear witness for me, to whose might not believe it. She, crowned and clothed with humility, took her way, displaying no pride in that which she saw and heard. Many said, when she had passed, "This is not a woman; rather she is one of the most beautiful angels of heaven." And others said, "She is a marvel. Blessed be the Lord who can work thus admirably!" I said that she showed herself so gentle and so full of all pleasantness that those who looked upon her comprehended in themselves a pure and sweet delight, such as they could not after tell in words; nor was there any who might look upon her but that he needs must sigh at the beginning. These and more admirable things proceeded from her admirably and with power. Wherefore I, thinking upon this, desiring to resume the style of her praise, resolved to say words in which I would set forth her admirable and excellent influences, to the end that not only those who might actually behold her, but also others, might know of her whatever words might tell. Then I devised this sonnet: —

So gentle and so modest doth appear
My lady when she giveth her salute,
That every tongue becometh, trembling, mute;
Nor do the eyes to look upon her dare.

Although she hears her praises, she doth go
Benignly vested with humility;
And like a thing come down, she seems to be,
From heaven to earth, a miracle to show.
So pleaseth she whoever cometh nigh,
She gives the heart a sweetness through the eyes,
Which none can understand who doth not prove.
And from her countenance there seems to move
A spirit sweet and in Love's very guise,
Who to the soul is ever saying, Sigh!

This sonnet is so easy of understanding, through that which hath been narrated, that it hath no need of any division, and therefore leaving it,

XXVII.

I say that this my lady reached such favor that not only was she honored and praised, but through her were many ladies honored and praised. Wherefore I, seeing this, and wishing to manifest it to whoever saw it not, resolved further to say words in which this should be set forth; and I devised this sonnet, which relateth how her virtue wrought in other ladies: —

All welfare hath he perfectly beheld
Who amid ladies doth my lady see;
And whoso goeth with her is compelled
Grateful to God for this fair grace to be.
Her beauty of such virtue is indeed,
That ne'er in others doth it envy move;
Rather she makes them like her to proceed,
Clothed on with gentleness and faith and love.
Her sight creates in all humility,
And maketh not herself to please alone,
But each gains honor who to her is nigh.
So gentle in her every act is she,
That she can be recalled to mind by none
Who doth not, in Love's very sweetness, sigh.

This sonnet hath three parts: in the first, I say among what people this lady appeared most admirable; in the second, I say how gracious was her company; in the third, I speak of those things which she wrought with power in others. The second beginneth here: "And whoso goeth;" the third, here: "Her beauty of such virtue." This last part is divided into three: in the first, I tell that which she wrought in ladies, namely, as regards themselves; in the second, I tell that which she wrought in them in respect to others; in the third, I tell how she wrought not only in ladies, but in all persons, and how she marvellously wrought not only in presence, but also in memory. The second beginneth here: "Her sight;" the third, here: "So gentle."

** WILLIAM DWIGHT WHITNEY,

A BROTHER of the eminent scientist, Josiah Dwight Whitney, who holds the professorship of practical geology in Harvard College, was born at Northampton, Massachusetts, February 9, 1827. He was graduated at Williams College in 1845, and studied at Berlin and Tübingen in 1850-3. He was called to the professorship of Sanscrit and Comparative Philology at Yale College in 1854. He published at Berlin, in 1856, "in conjunction with Professor R. Roth, the Sanscrit text of Atharva-Veda, from a collation of all the known manuscripts in Europe. Since 1857 he has been corresponding secretary of the American Oriental Society, and a principal editor of its Journal, to which his most important contributions have been a translation, with notes, of the 'Surya-Siddhānta,' fully illustrated editions of two of the 'Prāti-çākhyas,' criticisms on the Standard Alphabet of Lepsius, and on the views of Biot, Weber, and Muller on the Hindoo and Chinese Asterisms, etc. He has also furnished many articles to the *North American Review*, *New Englander*,

Nation, and to the *New American Cyclopædia*. He has contributed valuable material to the great Sanscrit Dictionary of Böhtlingk and Roth, now in course of publication at Saint Petersburg. His other published works have been a volume of *Lectures on Language and the Study of Language*, 1867; *A Compendious German Grammar*, 1869; and a *German Reader*, 1870. He received the honorary degree of Ph.D. from the university of Breslau in 1861, and that of LL. D. from Williams College in 1868, and from William and Mary College, Virginia, in 1869. In 1869 he was chosen first president of the American Philological Association. In 1870 his 'Tāittiriya-Pratiā khyā' received the Bopp prize from the Berlin Academy. As a critic and writer on subjects connected with philology, Professor Whitney is no less distinguished for his clear insight and sound judgment than for his accurate, profound, and varied learning."^{*}

Dr. Whitney published in 1873 *Oriental and Linguistic Studies*, a series of Essays on the Veda, the Avesta, and the Science of Language. These were written at various times, and the original paper on the Vedas was the first that made accessible to English readers the main results of modern study respecting the most ancient period in Indian history.

**** JULIA C. R. DORR.**

Mrs. JULIA CAROLINE RIPLEY DORR is the daughter of Mr. William Young Ripley, for many years president of the Rutland county bank, Vermont, and of Zulma Caroline Ripley.



Julia C. R. Dorr

Her maternal grand-parents were Jean Jacques Thomas and Suzanne De Lacy, both natives of France, who were forced to flee from San Domingo to Charleston, S. C., by the insurrection of the slaves in that island. She was born at

Charleston, S. C., and lost her mother while an infant, whereupon her father removed to New York city and engaged in mercantile pursuits.

Miss Ripley was married in 1847 to the Hon. Seneca M. Dorr, of Chatham, New York, — a gentleman of liberal culture. Subsequently they settled at Rutland, Vermont, whence Mr. Dorr has been repeatedly called to fill positions of trust and honor in the State. A year after her marriage, Mrs. Dorr, who had written since early childhood, became a contributor to Sartain's and Graham's Magazines. "Isabel Leslie," her first prose tale sent to the press, gained one of the hundred dollar prizes offered by the former. Her first novel, *Farmingdale*, was published in 1854, under the *nom de plume* of "Caroline Thomas." Two years later, she issued a second novel, *Lanmere*, in her own name. Both of these books were acceptable to the public, though now out of print. The *North American Review* awarded her a high rank for "the capacity of managing a sufficient number of side scenes, underplots and episodes, to sustain dramatic interest, without violating dramatic unity." *Sibyl Huntingdon*, esteemed by many as her best work of fiction, appeared in 1869; and a fourth novel, *Expiation*, followed in 1872. Its characters are clearly and strongly drawn; and as the story goes on, the reader is fascinated by the tragic intenseness of the plot. A series of "Letters," warmly welcomed as they appeared weekly in a New England journal, were gathered into a volume in 1873, entitled *Bride and Bridegroom*; and they constitute twenty-six consecutive essays on Marriage.

Much of Mrs. Dorr's writings yet remain distributed through the leading periodicals, such as *Putnam's*, *Harper's*, and *Scribner's Magazines*, *Appleton's Journal*, the *Galaxy*, *Aldine*, etc. In 1871, a number of her rhythmical and thoughtful *Poems* were put into book-form. The leading poem, *The Dead Century*, is a powerful and sustained effort. Outgrown, one of the pure-toned lessons wherewith lady writers are leavening our literature; Elsie's Child and Margery Gray are pleasing narratives in verse, and the choice In Memoriam series, illustrate the versatility and womanliness of the themes.

**** OUTGROWN.**

Nay, you wrong her, my friend, she's not fickle;
her love she has simply outgrown;
One can read the whole matter, translating her
heart by the light of one's own.

Can you bear me to talk with you frankly? There
is much that my heart would say,
And you know we were children together, have
quarreled and "made up" in play.

And so, for the sake of old friendship, I venture
to tell you the truth,
As plainly perhaps, and as bluntly, as I might in
our earlier youth.

Five summers ago, when you wooed her, you stood
on the self-same plane,
Face to face, heart to heart, never dreaming your
souls could be parted again.

^{*} Thomas's Universal Pronouncing Dictionary of Biography and Mythology.

She loved you at that time entirely, in the bloom
of her life's early May,
And it is not her fault, I repeat it, that she does
not love you to-day.

Nature never stands still, nor souls either. They
ever go up or go down;
And hers has been steadily soaring, — but how
has it been with your own?

She has struggled, and yearned, and aspired, —
grown purer and wiser each year;
The stars are not farther above you, in yon lumin-
ous atmosphere!

For she whom you crowned with fresh roses,
down yonder, five summers ago,
Has learned that the first of our duties to God and
ourselves is to grow.

Her eyes they are sweeter and calmer, but their
vision is clearer as well;
Her voice has a tenderer cadence, but is pure as
a silver bell.

Her face has the look worn by those who with
God and his angels have talked;
The white robes she wears are less white than the
spirits with whom she has walked.

And you? Have you aimed at the highest? Have
you, too, aspired and prayed?
Have you looked upon evil unsullied? have you
conquered it undismayed?

Have you, too, grown purer and wiser, as the
months and the years have rolled on?
Did you meet her this morning rejoicing in the
triumph of victory won?

Nay, hear me! The truth cannot harm you.
When to-day in her presence you stood,
Was the hand that you gave her as white and
clean as that of her womanhood?

Go measure yourself by her standard. Look back
on the years that have fled;
Then ask, if you need, why she tells you that the
love of her girlhood is dead!

She cannot look down to her lover; her love, like
her soul, aspires;
He must stand by her side, or above her, who
would kindle its holy fires.

Now, farewell! For the sake of old friendship I
have ventured to tell you the truth,
As plainly, perhaps, and as bluntly, as I might in
our earlier youth.

**** THREE WHITE MICE.**
A crumb for the wee ones.

I will tell you a story of three little mice,
If you will keep still and listen to me,
Who live in a cage that is cosy and nice,
And are just as cunning as cunning can be.
They look very wise, with their pretty red eyes,
That seem just exactly like little round beads;
They are white as the snow, and stand up in a row
Whenever we do not attend to their needs.

Stand up in a row, in a comical way, —
Now folding their forepaws as if saying
“please;”
Now rattling the lattice, as much as to say,
“We shall not stay here without more bread
and cheese.”

They are not at all shy, as you'll find, if you try
To make them run up in their chamber to bed;

If they don't want to go, why, they won't go, —
ah! no,
Though you tap with your finger each queer
little head.

One day as I stood by the side of the cage,
Through the bars there protruded a funny,
round tail;
Just for mischief I caught it, and soon, in a rage,
Its owner set up a most pitiful wail
He looked in dismay, — there was something to
pay, —

But what was the matter he could not make
out;
What was holding him so, when he wanted to go
To see what his brothers up-stairs were about?

But soon from the chamber the others rushed
down,
Impatient to learn what the trouble might be;
I have not a doubt that each brow wore a frown,
Only frowns on their brows are not easy to see.
For a moment they gazed, perplexed and amazed.
Then began both together to—gnaw off the tail!
So quick I released him, — do you think that it
pleased him?
And up the small staircase they fled like the
gale.

**** DE PROFUNDIS.**

Tossed by the heaving of passion's wild billows,
Struggling with anguish and doubt and despair.
Ere the dark waters close o'er him forever,
Hearken, O God, to his agonized prayer!
There is no star in the heavens above him,
There is no rift in the dark rolling cloud;
Only the thunder of storm-beaten surges, —
Only the roar of the waves swelling loud!

Thou who art sitting serene in the heavens,
Judging the ways that Earth's children have
trod,

Art thou unmoved by the cry of his anguish?
Dost thou not hear it, Omnipotent God?
Didst thou not fashion him out of the darkness,
Moulding him even when hid in the womb?
Not of his seeking the life that thou gavest,
Burdened with sorrow and heavy with gloom!

Fettered by circumstance, place, and position,
Tempted by foes from without and within,
Wrestling with Evil, alone, single-handed,
After long conflict he yielded to sin.
O thou Immaculate! Thou, the Unsinning!
Thou whose own being is spotless and pure,
How from the heights of thy sinless perfection,
Canst judge us with judgment, just, righteous,
and sure?

Ah! dare I question thee, Thou, the All-loving?
Lo! this the answer we find in thy Word:
“Sitting serene on my throne in the heavens,
Never one cry floateth past me unheard!
O ye disconsolate, heartsick, and erring,
Tempted and languishing, lost and undone,
How can ye question the love that I bear ye
When out of its fullness I gave ye my Son?”

Thou who didst wander in lone wildernesses!
Thou who didst suffer all pain and all loss!
Thou who didst moan in Gethsemane's garden!
Thou who didst hang on the terrible cross!
Thou who wert tempted as never another, —
Thou who wert man but yet sinless and pure, —
Out of the depths do we lift up our voices,
Only in Thee find we strength to endure!

** HEIRSHIP.

Little store of wealth have I;
 Not a rood of land I own;
 Nor a mansion fair and high
 Built of towers of fretted stone.
 Stocks nor bonds, nor title-deeds,
 Flocks nor herds have I to show;
 When I ride, no Arab steeds
 Toss for me their manes of snow.

I have neither pearls nor gold,
 Massive plate, nor jewels rare;
 Broidered silks of worth untold,
 Nor rich robes a queen might wear
 In my garden's narrow bound
 Flaunt no costly tropic blooms,
 Ladening all the air around
 With a weight of rare perfumes.

Yet to an immense estate
 Am I heir by grace of God,—
 Richer, grander than doth wait
 Any earthly monarch's nod.
 Heir of all the Ages, I—
 Heir of all that they have wrought,
 All their store of emprise high,
 All their wealth of precious thought.

Every golden deed of theirs
 Sheds its lustre on my way;
 All their labors, all their prayers,
 Sanctify this present day!
 Heir of all that they have earned
 By their passion and their tears,—
 Heir of all that they have learned
 Through the weary, toiling years!

Heir of all the faith sublime
 On whose wings they soared to heaven;
 Heir of every hope that Time
 To Earth's fainting sons hath given!
 Aspirations pure and high,—
 Strength to dare and to endure,—
 Heir of all the Ages, I—
 Lo! I am no longer poor!

** IDLE WORDS.

I.

Once I said,
 Seeing two soft starry eyes
 Darkly bright as midnight skies,—
 Eyes prophetic of the power
 Sure to be thy woman's dower,
 When the years should crown thee queen
 Of the realm as yet unseen,—
 "Some time, sweet, those eyes shall make
 Lovers mad for their sweet sake!"

II.

Once I said,
 Seeing tresses, golden-brown,
 In a bright shower falling down
 Over neck and bosom fair
 As yon sculptured angel's are,—
 Odorous tresses drooping low
 O'er a forehead pure as snow,—
 "Some time, sweet, in thy soft hair
 Love shall set a shining snare!"

III.

Once I said,
 Seeing lips whose crimson hue
 Mocked the roses wet with dew,—
 Warm, sweet lips, whose breath was balm,—
 Pure, proud lips, serenely calm,—

Tender lips, whose smiling grace
 Lit with splendor all the face,—
 "Sweet, for kiss of thine some day
 Men will barter souls away!"

IV.

Idly said!
 God hath taken care of all
 Joy or pain that might befall!
 Lover's lip shall never thrill
 At thy kisses, soft and still;
 Lover's heart shall never break
 In sore anguish for thy sake;
 Lover's soul for thee shall know
 Nor love's rapture, nor its woe;—
 All is said!

** MARY CLEMMER AMES,

THE daughter of Abram Clemmer and Margaret Kniel, was born in the town of Utica, New York. Her father's ancestry was of a French and a German stock, while her mother was descended from a Celtic family of the Isle of Man, which, through many generations, was notable for its unworldliness, devout piety, and fondness for books.

Mary Clemmer as a child manifested extreme sensibility, a ceaseless attachment to her friends, a passion for books, pictures, and music, and a love for nature which made all beautiful objects living beings. And as early as six years of age, she was known to have sung her little sister to sleep with songs of her own making. She was married in extreme youth to Rev. Daniel Ames, of Massachusetts, and devoted the spare moments of a purely domestic life to literary studies.



Mary Clemmer Ames

Mrs. Ames began her career as a writer by the composition of many poems, and the contribution of occasional letters to the *Utica Herald* and the *Springfield Republican*. In 1865, *Victoire*, an anonymous novel, was published, a larger part of which had been written before

her twenty-first year. It was a dramatic illustration of the text, "He that ruleth his spirit is greater than he that taketh a city." In the following year, she began a famous series of letters from the National Capital to the New York *Independent*, under the title of "A Woman's Letters from Washington." These exhibited a keen perception of character, a clear analysis of public men and measures, and a strict devotion to truth. In 1870, the exigencies of fortune led her to adopt journalism as a profession. She entered the editorial staff of the *Independent* and the Brooklyn *Union*, binding herself by written contracts to furnish an article every week-day for three years. This onerous engagement she fulfilled to the letter.

Her second novel, *Eirene; or, A Woman's Right*, a plea for the womanliness of woman, and an argument, couched in scenes of social life, for her right to make the freest use of her intellectual powers, appeared in 1870. It was followed three years later by her *Memorial of Alice and Phæbe Cary*. This worthy tribute of affection to the lives of these two estimable sisters, was written at the request of their executors. Its author was admirably qualified for the task by her personal intimacy with those lady poets, as she had resided at several periods in their cultured home in New York city. She has since edited two posthumous volumes of their poems for publication, 1873-4.

The poems and letters of Mrs. Ames, which cover ten years of emotion, thought, and labor, have not yet been made the basis of a single volume. To quote her own words: "As a worker, my impulse and purpose is, first, to fulfil every obligation of my personal life; next, to serve my generation, so far as I am able, by meeting the demand of every hour. To do these, is more than I can do perfectly, without making the futile attempt, in this era of many and vociferous voices, to speak to posterity." She has lately issued: *Ten Years in Washington: Sketches of Life in the National Capital; and Outlines of Men, Women, and Things*, 1873; and has nearly ready for publication a novel bearing on a vital question of the times, entitled *His Two Wives*.

** MARGARET J. PRESTON

Is a daughter of the Rev. Dr. George Junkin, an eminent clergyman of the Presbyterian Church, and a man of letters, who lived from 1790 to 1868. He was the founder of Lafayette College, at Easton, Pa., and was President of Washington College, at Lexington, Va., till succeeded by the late Gen. Robert E. Lee.

Margaret J. Preston

Miss Junkin was married to Col. Preston, of the Virginia Military Institute, and has resided a large part of her life at Lexington. From childhood, she has made the pursuit of literature a pleasure and pastime, though not a vocation.

Her first printed work was a quiet, purely-written volume of prose, *Silverwood, a Book of Memories*, which was commended as an exponent of a true culture. Her early fugitive poems are to be chiefly met with in the Southern journals of ante-war times.

Beechenbrook, a story in verse of the late struggle, was issued in Baltimore in 1865. By its tender pathos and strong Southern sympathies, it reached an eighth edition within a year, and was read from the Potomac to the Gulf. Among its pathetic pieces are *Slain in Battle*, and *Stonewall Jackson's Grave*.

A second volume of Mrs. Preston's poems appeared in 1870, entitled *Old Song and New*; and deservedly won high praise from leading critics. The New York *Evening Post* characterized her poetry as belonging "to the school of Mrs. Browning," and stated: "No American woman has evinced a truer appreciation of what the poet owes to the art of poetry, and the reader will not find on the three hundred pages of this volume, one careless line or one trivial thought. There is great variety in the contents of this book. From the most unstudied expression of sensibility to the beautiful in the external world, and to the dramatic presentation of ideal or historic characters, they touch the whole circle of art." This book contains poems from Hebrew and Greek story, as well as ballads and verses on domestic themes, sonnets, and religious pieces.

Mrs. Preston, upon the recent illness of the Prince of Wales, wrote a poem, *Sandringham*, which, when reprinted in England, elicited an autograph letter of thanks from the Princess of Wales. A number of art-poems printed in the leading magazines, such as *Victoria Colonna* to Michael Angelo, and *Mona Lisa's Picture*, have been regarded with special favor by readers of high culture. Some ballad-like pieces, illustrative of the teachings of the old legends—The Bishop's Ban, St. Gregory's Supper, and Dorothea's Roses—and *Through the Pass*, a tender monody on Matthew F. Maury, have had a wide popularity.

** RHODOPÉ'S SANDAL — FROM OLD SONG AND NEW.

Slant, arrowy beams from sheath of Helios dropt,
With golden lustre tipped the willowy marge

Of a pellucid stream that slid
Seaward with low, recurrent lapse,
That lulled the senses like a Lydian flute.

The lotus bowed above the tide and dreamed;
The broad-leaved calamus arose and fell
As on a lover's breast the head
His beating heart hath rocked to sleep;
And all the air was drowsed with tropic calm.

Parting aside the willows, coyly came
A maiden, — stealing on with furtive step
And shy, quick-glancing eyes that turned
Hither and thither, like a bird's,
Who fears invasion of her callow brood.

She stood and listened: There, — a heron's
plash, —
O'erhead, the sunset crooning of a dove, —
The shrill cicala's cry — the purl
Of rushes laughing in their sleep —
Were all the sounds that broke the solitude.

Then, unafraid, she loosed her sandals off,
And hung her fillet on a pensile bough;

And from her virgin waist unbound
The crimson zone of broi'dery-work
And slipt her garments from her crouching form.

Instant, she leaped, chin-deep, within the flood,
Waking the water-lilies with her plunge,
And scattering sparkles all about,
Until her clinging hair was crowned
With jewels bright as queenly diadem.

As thus she sported, careless and secure,
An eagle sailing from his cryed height,
—(Her fate beneath his wings,) swooped
down,

And snatched her sandal silver-webbed,
And bore it in his beak, straight up the blue.

Across bare, yellow sands he floated high,
And poised above a royal city, saw
A king sit on his judgment seat;
And in his bosom dropt the prize,
As if some winged thing sought shelter there.

Amazed, the king from out his mantle drew
The delicate sandal, — marvelling much, if foot
Of zephyr or of goddess fair
Was fashioned in such dainty wise,
As never yet beseeemed a mortal maid's.

"Now search the land!" — the monarch cried
amain;

"Fly east, — fly west and south and north, — nor
stay

Until ye find the foot that wore
This little sandal silver-webbed,
And lead the wearer to my palace gates."

Fast sped the messengers, — nor sped they far:
For soon they found the silver sandal's mate,
And fitted both upon the feet
That were like Psyche's, white and small
As only formed to skim Olympian floors.

They drew the maiden from her olive's shade,
And in the simple garments that she wore,
Led her all-blushing, to the king,
Who smiling, raised her to his throne:
And thus fair Rhodopé became a queen.

** WINE ON THE LEES.

"Twelve years ago to-day: — how short it seems!
And but that you have calendared the time
Beyond disproof, I should affirm it less
By half a dozen, since that English June
Gave me the English Margaret for my wife.
Do you remember how we wrangled, strove,
Grew angry and made up a score of times,
Ere we made sure the memorable day —
The golden pivot upon which should turn
Our circling future?"

"Ah, — so like a man,
To question my remembrance! Woman's heart
Is not the waxen tablet that you feign;
Love's stylus wears, for her, a diamond point,
And smooth the plastic surface as she may,
It cuts into the ivory beneath,
And leaves its sharp, incisive characters
Graven there for ever. Wiser man, you see,
Gives Love a reed to write with: there's the dif-
ference."

"My inconclusive, sweet philosopher!
Was it a reed I wrote with, when I scored
Down in my scroll of life, that Tenth of June?"

"Nay, — for the nonce, I lent my diamond point:
Or rather, I insist it *was* a reed,
But that the tablet being a woman's heart,
Love's lightest mark became indelible.

— Once groove your name upon a sapling's rind,
And all the erasing years of storm and shine
Will only greaten it, until the scar
Become exaggerate in its knotted bole:
And even so . . ."

"I do accept it, Sweet!
But memory cannot hold a mirror up
Clearer to you, reflecting fairly back
The precious nothings of that bridal-morn
Than now to me. How well I can recall,
Each sense seemed doubly keen: how full I heard
A lark's song, dropping from a loftier height
Than ever before; and even the overmuch
Oppressive hawthorn-scents, — and how I saw
The bridal-favors at your horses' ears
A long half mile off —"

"If it comes to that,
I know the moment when your eye first caught
Sight of our carriages; you stopped to take
The hedge-rose offered by the cottage-girl —"

"Yes! — with the 'fair good-morrow,' that I
thought
So fortunate an omen —"

"That you gave
It me before our greeting, — I remember!
I have it yet, prest 'twixt our wedding cards,
To show to Madge, when she is old enough: —"

"And I, — you know the box of sandal-wood
That holds my dear dead mother's tress of hair,
And other precious things: — this golden key
Here on my chain unlocks it; — Well, beneath
Those packages of lavender'd letters, tied
With ribbon fresh a dozen years ago,
I hide with jealous care, a torn, white glove.
Do you forget, that as we stood together
One moment in the porch of Thorncliffe Church,
Just ere we walked the aisle, — you strove to
draw

Your glove with tremulous fingers on your hand,
And rent it piteously? A pretty passion
It was to watch!"

"O, ay, — I see it all!
You, looking down in your seigneurial calm,
On the close-hooded falcon at your wrist,
For whom the jess was fastening!"

— "Mock on so!
I love to feel the flutter of your wings
Under my hand, full conscious all the while,
That did I spread it wide and bid you fly,
I could not shake you from your chosen perch.
Yet say, — the truth bears thousand repetitions. —
Say that you would not, were the power vouch-
safed,
Stand in your still unclaimed and girlish grace
Free, in the porch of Thorncliffe Church again."

"So would not I: — For me these years have
wrought
To their full round, all woman's experiences, —
Wifehood most blessed, — precious motherhood:
And so with leave to choose, I would not be,
From queen to peasant, aught else than what
I am.

And yet the gift of gifts is youth: I scarce
Was twenty then —"

"And twenty cannot be
Full-sunned, heart-savour'd, mellow as thirty-two.
For youth's acerbities can set the teeth
At times on edge, — its alternating airs
Of gust and calm, most easy to be borne
By lovers in patient faith, may yet become
Siroccos unto husbands; — its weak gauge

Of life and life's significant loveliness,
 Be reconciliation for the easy loss
 Of tendril graces that climb about the heart,
 And smother it with overflush of bloom.
 Give me then, summer with the sheen of spring,—
 The tropic fruit, inclusive of the flower,—
 Noon with the dew still on it,—progressive years,
 With childhood's zest,—an't please you, thirty-
 two!

"But see,—the veil of woven gold pales off
 The sunset hills; and now before our Madge
 Comes clamoring for her nightly cradle-song,
 Or Harry with his tangled paradigms
 Beseeches furtherance with *amo*,—*amare*,—
 Let loose your fingers on the ivory keys,
 And sing the snatch I scribbled you yesterday."

"Fill the jewel-crueted beaker
 From the earliest vine;
 Gather grapes, ambrosia-fruited,
 And express their wine:

"Honey'd, lucent, amber-tinted;
 — Could old Massie shine
 With a foam whose beaded opals
 Sunnier globes enshrine?

"When did ivy-crown'd Bacchanté
 Warmer clusters twine
 Round a Ganymedian chalice?
 Yet these lips of mine

"Sometimes crave a racier vintage,—
 Sometimes dare to pine
 For that wondrous, witching essence,
 Orient muscadine,—

"Balmed with immemorial richness,
 Like a royal line,—
 Such as slumbrous decades ripen
 Through their long decline.

"Hence then, young love's pearl-rimm'd
 flagon!
 Keep the pale-flushed wine;
 Earth it, till its juices fruited —
 Till the lees refine; —

"Till each tinge of harshness mellows,—
 Till all sweets combine
 To prepare a draught quintessent,
 Rapturous, pure, divine!"

** THE MORROW.

Of all the tender guards that Jesus drew
 About our frail humanity, to stay
 The pressure and the jostle that alway
 Are ready to disturb, whate'er we do,
 And mar the work our hands would carry
 through,—

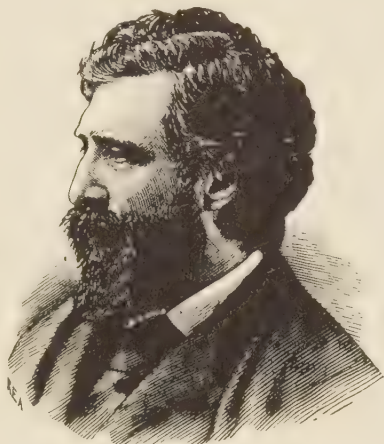
None, more than this, environs us each day
 With kindly wardenship: — "Therefore, I say,
 Take no thought for the morrow." Yet we pay
 The wisdom scanty heed, and impotent
 To bear the burden of the imperious Now,
 Assume the future's exigence unsent.

God grants no overplus of power: 'T is shed
 Like morning manna: Yet we dare to bow
 And ask,— "Give us to-day our *morrow's* bread!"

** CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER, the author of some recent volumes of sketches marked by great geniality, by careful observation of social manners, and by a humor alternately fresh and quaint, delicate and pungent, was born Septem-

ber 12, 1829, in the rugged town of Plainfield, Hampshire county, Massachusetts. He lost his father—a farmer and a man of considerable culture—at the age of five, and from that time until he was thirteen, was obliged to content himself with the scanty training of a district school at Charlemont, near his native place. He had access, in his earlier boyhood, to few books of a character more enlivening and edifying



Chas. D. Warner

than the ponderous biblical commentary, the half-dozen biographies of eminent and austere divines, and the shelf or two of inflexibly Calvinistic treatises, which formed, until within the last quarter of a century, the whole library of so many remote New England households. In 1842 he removed, with his mother, to Cazenovia, in central New York. At that place better opportunities for an education were open to him, and he attended, for several terms, the Oneida Conference Seminary. During these school years he supplemented his classical studies by a zealous and extended reading of English authors, and acquired a maturity of literary taste which afterward gave him distinction at college. He received his bachelor's degree at Hamilton College in 1851, writing the successful English prize essay of that year.

While still an undergraduate he contributed articles to the *Knickerbocker*, and, at a later period, to the first series of *Putnam's Magazine*. He also prepared in 1853, for a publication-house at Cazenovia, the *Book of Eloquence*, a minor compilation of the "Elegant Extracts" sort, which not only evinced his familiarity with English and American literature, but displayed a critical and appreciative judgment. Soon afterward he went to the West, his mind filled with literary plans, among them a projected monthly at Detroit, which miscarried by reason of the unexpected failure of the publisher. Forced to abandon for a while the path of letters, he joined a surveying party on the Missouri frontier, and during the year 1853-4

became familiar with the varied phases of border life. He then returned to the East, devoted some months in New York to literary investigation at the Astor library, engaged in the study of the law, and was admitted to the bar at Philadelphia in 1856, receiving the diploma of the Law Faculty of the University of Pennsylvania.

Mr. Warner practiced his profession at Chicago until the spring of 1860, when he became assistant editor of the *Press*, an evening newspaper at Hartford, Connecticut, of which, at the outbreak of the civil war, in the following year, he assumed the chief control. Under his management it speedily acquired a high reputation for its sagacious comments on political matters, but particularly for its literary and critical articles — a reputation since transferred to the *Hartford Courant*, one of the oldest of New England journals, with which the *Press* was consolidated in January, 1867. His letters to the *Courant* — of which he is part proprietor — from the White Mountains and the Adirondacks, during his summer vacations, as well as from Europe, where he passed fourteen months in 1868-9, were widely copied, and displayed the same comic humor and sportive satire which has since become familiar to a larger circle of readers.

He was married in 1856 to Susan S., daughter of William Elliot Lee of New York, and resides in a pleasant suburban home at Hartford. He is a frequent contributor to the leading magazines and literary weeklies of the day, and has taken an active part in the treatment of some questions of social science in Connecticut, such as those connected with advanced education and prison reform. His occasional addresses have been mostly pleas for a higher individual and national culture, for an enlargement of our collegiate courses, and for an improvement of our collegiate methods. The most noteworthy of them are those delivered at Hamilton College in 1864, before the convention of the Psi Upsilon fraternity, on "Individual Character in the State;" at Bowdoin College in 1871, on "Higher Education;" and again at Hamilton College in 1872, on "What is your culture to me?"

In the spring and summer of 1870, Mr. Warner wrote for the *Courant* a series of weekly sketches, lightly and humorously depicting the experiences of an amateur gardener, with which were ingeniously interwoven caustic hits at some of the foibles of social and political life. These sketches were directly afterwards published, with a prefatory note by the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, under the title of *My Summer in a Garden*. The amusing descriptions of domestic incidents in this volume, its droll glimpses of the woes and delights of the horticulturist, and the freshness of color with which it invests the most commonplace topics, gave it an immediate popularity with the American public, and led to its speedy republication, by two different houses, in England. It was followed, in 1872, by *Saunterings*, reminiscences of the author's European trip, portions of which had previously appeared in the *Courant* and in the *Old and New of Boston*. They are the sauntering notes of an atten-

tive, cultivated traveller, made principally in the picturesque cities of the Low Countries, among the Alps, at Munich and in Italy, in which especially the incidents of a winter's sojourn in the midst of the orange groves, the sunshine and the poetical associations of Sorrento, are portrayed with vivacity and vividness, and with all the writer's wonted pleasantry.

Mr. Warner's latest production is *Backlog Studies*, a collection of essays of the highest class, a part of which were first published in *Scribner's Monthly*, and which, while retaining some of his earlier peculiarities of manner, evince a notable growth in vigor of expression and thought. The style exhibits greater ease and care, the purity and clearness of diction often recalling the best school of English essayists, while the subjects extend over a wider range and are treated in a higher speculative spirit than in either of his previous volumes. The book is a panegyric of the kindly influences clustering around the old-time, open hearth-fire, before which the author seats himself and about which he groups his characters — the whole fireside circle discussing current social topics in a vein both of humor and good humor, inspired by the cheerful blaze, the lively crackling of the faggots and the fervid glow of the embers. The opinions expressed, always, however, without any trace of subservience, show that their author belongs in the advanced ranks of American thinkers.*

** MORAL QUALITIES OF VEGETABLES — FROM MY
SUMMER IN A GARDEN.

I am more and more impressed with the moral qualities of vegetables, and contemplate forming a science which shall rank with comparative anatomy and comparative philology, — the science of comparative vegetable morality. We live in an age of protoplasm. And, if life-matter is essentially the same in all forms of life, I purpose to begin early, and ascertain the nature of the plants for which I am responsible. I will not associate with any vegetable which is disreputable, or has not some quality that can contribute to my moral growth. I do not care to be seen much with the squashes or the dead-beats. Fortunately I can cut down any sorts I do not like with the hoe, and, probably, commit no more sin, in so doing, than the Christians did in hewing down the Jews in the middle ages.

This matter of vegetable rank has not been at all studied as it should be. Why do we respect some vegetables, and despise others, when all of them come to an equal honor or ignominy on the table? The bean is a graceful, confiding, en-

* Professor Willard Fiske, to whose scholarly pen we are indebted for the above article, is a native of Ellipsisburg, New York, where he was born of New England parents, November 11, 1832. He studied at Hamilton College, whence he went to the University of Upsal, Sweden, where, and at Copenhagen, he spent some years in the study of Icelandic and the other Scandinavian languages. On his return in 1853, he was, during six years, assistant librarian of the Astor library. He edited the *Chess Monthly* at New York from 1857 to 1860, and in 1859 the *Book of the American Chess Congress*. In 1862 he was temporarily connected with the United States legation at Vienna, under Minister Motley. He was general editor of the *Syracuse Daily Journal* in 1865-6, and of the *Hartford Daily Courant* in 1867. He visited Italy and the East in 1868, and was elected the same year professor of North-European languages and librarian in Cornell University, which positions he still holds. He has written many articles for the *New American Cyclopædia*, beside contributions to various periodicals in this country, Sweden, and Germany.

gaging vine; but you never can put beans into poetry, nor into the highest sort of prose. There is no dignity in the bean. Corn, which, in my garden, grows alongside the bean, and, so far as I can see, with no affectation of superiority, is, however, the child of song. It waves in all literature. But mix it with beans, and its high tone is gone. Succotash is vulgar. It is the bean in it. The bean is a vulgar vegetable, without culture, or any flavor of high society among vegetables. Then there is the cool cucumber, like so many people, — good for nothing when it is ripe and the wildness has gone out of it. How inferior in quality to the melon, which grows upon a similar vine, is of a like watery consistency, but is not half so valuable! The cucumber is a sort of low comedian in a company where the melon is a minor gentleman. I might also contrast the celery with the potato. The associations are as opposite as the dining-room of the duchess and the cabin of the peasant. I admire the potato, both in vine and blossom; but it is not aristocratic. I began digging my potatoes, by the way, about the 4th of July; and I fancy I have discovered the right way to do it. I treat the potato just as I would a cow. I do not pull them up, and shake them; but I dig carefully at the side of the hill, remove the fruit which is grown, leaving the vine undisturbed; and my theory is, that it will go on bearing, and submitting to my exactions, until the frost cuts it down. It is a game that one would not undertake with a vegetable of tone.

The lettuce is to me a most interesting study. Lettuce is like conversation: it must be fresh and crisp, so sparkling, that you scarcely notice the bitter in it. Lettuce, like most talkers, is, however, apt to run rapidly to seed. Blessed is that sort which comes to a head, and so remains, like a few people I know; growing more solid and satisfactory and tender at the same time, and whiter at the centre, and crisp in their maturity. Lettuce, like conversation, requires a good deal of oil, to avoid friction, and keep the company smooth; a pinch of attic salt; a dash of pepper; a quantity of mustard and vinegar, by all means, but so mixed that you will notice no sharp contrasts; and a trifle of sugar. You can put any thing, and the more things the better, into salad, as into a conversation; but every thing depends upon the skill of mixing. I feel that I am in the best society when I am with lettuce. It is in the select circle of vegetables. The tomato appears well on the table; but you do not want to ask its origin. It is a most agreeable *parvenu*. Of course, I have said nothing about the berries. They live in another and more ideal region; except, perhaps, the currant. Here we see, that, even among berries, there are degrees of breeding. The currant is well enough; clear as truth, and exquisite in color; but I ask you to notice how far it is from the exclusive *hauteur* of the aristocratic strawberry, and the native refinement of the quietly elegant raspberry.

I do not know that chemistry, searching for protoplasm, is able to discover the tendency of vegetables. It can only be found out by outwaded observation. I confess that I am suspicious of the bean, for instance. There are signs in it of an unregulated life. I put up the most attractive sort of poles for my Limas. They stand high and straight, like church-spires, in my theological garden, — lifted up; and some of them have even budded, like Aaron's rod. No church-

steeple in a New England village was ever better fitted to draw to it the rising generation on Sunday, than those poles to lift up my beans towards heaven. Some of them did run up the sticks seven feet, and then straggled off into the air in a wanton manner; but more than half of them went gallivanting off to the neighboring grape-trellis, and wound their tendrils with the tendrils of the grape, with a disregard of the proprieties of life which is a satire upon human nature. And the grape is morally no better. I think the ancients, who were not troubled with the recon-dite mystery of protoplasm, were right in the mythic union of Bacchus and Venus.

Talk about the Darwinian theory of development, and the principle of natural selection! I should like to see a garden let to run in accordance with it. If I had left my vegetables and weeds to a free fight, in which the strongest specimens only should come to maturity, and the weaker go to the wall, I can clearly see that I should have had a pretty mess of it. It would have been a scene of passion and license and brutality. The "pusley" would have strangled the strawberry; the upright corn, which has now ears to hear the guilty beating of the hearts of the children who steal the raspberries, would have been dragged to the earth by the wandering bean; the snake-grass would have left no place for the potatoes under ground; and the tomatoes would have been swamped by the lusty weeds. With a firm hand, I have had to make my own "natural selection." Nothing will so well bear watching as a garden, except a family of children next door. Their power of selection beats mine. If they could read half as well as they can steal a while away, I should put up a notice, "*Children, beware! There is Protoplasm here.*" But I suppose it would have no effect. I believe that they would eat protoplasm as quick as any thing else, ripe or green. I wonder if this is going to be a cholera-year. Considerable cholera is the only thing that would let my apples and pears ripen. Of course I do not care for the fruit; but I do not want to take the responsibility of letting so much "life-matter," full of crude and even wicked vegetable-human tendencies, pass into the composition of the neighbors' children, some of whom may be as immortal as snake-grass. There ought to be a public meeting about this, and resolutions, and perhaps a clam-bake. At least, it ought to be put into the catechism, and put in strong.

* * * WORKING BY THE HOUR — FROM MY SUMMER IN A GARDEN.

And, speaking of the philosophical temper, there is no class of men whose society is more to be desired for this quality than that of plumbers. They are the most agreeable men I know; and the boys in the business begin to be agreeable very early. I suspect the secret of it is, that they are agreeable by the hour. In the driest days, my fountain became disabled: the pipe was stopped up. A couple of plumbers, with the implements of their craft, came out to view the situation. There was a good deal of difference of opinion about where the stoppage was. I found the plumbers perfectly willing to sit down and talk about it, — talk by the hour. Some of their guesses and remarks were exceedingly ingenious; and their general observations on other subjects were excellent in their way, and could hardly have been better if they had been made by the

job. The work dragged a little,—as it is apt to do by the hour. The plumbers had occasion to make me several visits. Sometimes they would find, upon arrival, that they had forgotten some indispensable tool; and one would go back to the shop, a mile and a half, after it; and his comrade would await his return with the most exemplary patience, and sit down and talk,—always by the hour. I do not know but it is a habit to have something wanted at the shop. They seemed to me very good workmen, and always willing to stop and talk about the job, or any thing else, when I went near them. Nor had they any of that impetuous hurry that is said to be the bane of our American civilization. To their credit be it said, that I never observed any thing of it in them. They can afford to wait. Two of them will sometimes wait nearly half a day while a comrade goes for a tool. They are patient and philosophical. It is a great pleasure to meet such men. One only wishes there was some work he could do *for* them by the hour. There ought to be reciprocity. I think they have very nearly solved the problem of life: it is to work for other people, never for yourself, and get your pay by the hour. You then have no anxiety, and little work. If you do things by the job, you are perpetually driven: the hours are scourges. If you work by the hour, you gently sail on the stream of Time, which is always bearing you on to the haven of Pay, whether you make any effort or not. Working by the hour tends to make one moral. A plumber working by the job, trying to unscrew a rusty, refractory nut, in a cramped position, where the tongs continually slipped off, would swear; but I never heard one of them swear, or exhibit the least impatience at such a vexation, working by the hour. Nothing can move a man who is paid by the hour. How sweet the flight of time seems to his calm mind!

**** THE PRICE OF ORANGES — FROM SAUNTERINGS.**

If ever a Northern wanderer could be suddenly transported to look down upon the Piano di Sorrento, he would not doubt that he saw the Garden of the Hesperides. The orange-trees cannot well be fuller: their branches bend with the weight of fruit. With the almond-trees in full flower, and with the silver sheen of the olive leaves, the oranges are apples of gold in pictures of silver. As I walk in these sunken roads, and between these high walls, the orange boughs everywhere hang over; and, through the open gates of villas, I look down alleys of golden glimmer, roses and geraniums by the walk, and the fruit above,—gardens of enchantment, with never a dragon, that I can see, to guard them.

All the highways and the byways, the streets and lanes, wherever I go, from the sea to the tops of the hills, are strewn with orange-peel; so that one, looking above and below, comes back from a walk with a golden dazzle in his eyes,—a sense that yellow is the prevailing color. Perhaps the kerchiefs of the dark-skinned girls and women, which take that tone, help the impression. The inhabitants are all orange-eaters. The high walls show that the gardens are protected with great care; yet the fruit seems to be as free as apples are in a remote New England town about cider-time.

I have been trying, ever since I have been here, to ascertain the prices of oranges; not for purposes of exportation, nor yet for the personal importation that I daily practice, but in order to

give an American basis of fact to these idle chapters. In all the paths, I meet, daily, girls and boys bearing on their heads large baskets of the fruit, and little children with bags and bundles of the same, as large as they can stagger under; and I understand they are carrying them to the packers, who ship them to New York, or to the depots, where I see them lying in yellow heaps, and where men and women are cutting them up, and removing the peel, which goes to England for preserves. I am told that these oranges are sold for a couple of francs a hundred. That seems to me so dear that I am not tempted into any speculation, but stroll back to the Tru-montano, in the gardens of which I find better terms.

The only trouble is to find a sweet tree; for the Sorrento oranges are usually sour in February; and one needs to be a good judge of the fruit, and know the male oranges from the female, —though which it is that is the sweeter I can never remember (and should not dare to say, if I did, in the present state of feeling on the woman question),—or he might as well eat a lemon. The mercenary aspect of my query does not enter in here. I climb into a tree, and reach out to the end of the branch for an orange that has got reddish in the sun, that comes off easily and is heavy; or I tickle a large one on the top bough with a cane or pole; and if it drops readily, and has a fine grain, I call it a cheap one. I can usually tell whether they are good, by splitting them open and eating a quarter. The Italians pare their oranges as we do apples; but I like best to open them first, and see the yellow meat in the white casket. After you have eaten a few from one tree, you can usually tell whether it is a good tree; but there is nothing certain about it,—one bough that gets the sun will be better than another that does not, and one-half of an orange will fill your mouth with more delicious juices than the other half.

The oranges that you knock off with your stick, as you walk along the lanes, don't cost any thing; but they are always sour, as I think the girls know who lean over the wall, and look on with a smile: and in that, they are more sensible than the lively dogs which bark at you from the top, and wake all the neighborhood with their clamor. I have no doubt the oranges have a market price; but I have been seeking the value the gardeners set on them themselves. As I walked towards the heights, the other morning, and passed an orchard, the gardener, who saw my ineffectual efforts, with a very long cane, to reach the boughs of a tree, came down to me with a basketful he had been picking. As an experiment on the price, I offered him a two-centime piece, —which is a sort of satire on the very name of money,—when he desired me to help myself to as many oranges as I liked. He was a fine-looking fellow, with a spick-span new red Phrygian cap; and I hadn't the heart to take advantage of his generosity, especially as his oranges were not of the sweetest. One ought never to abuse generosity.

Another experience was of a different sort, and illustrates the Italian love of bargaining, and their notion of a sliding scale of prices. One of our expeditions to the hills was one day making its long, straggling way through the narrow street of a little village of the Piano, when I lingered behind my companions, attracted by a hand-cart with several large baskets of oranges. The cart

stood untended in the street; and selecting a large orange, which would measure twelve inches in circumference, I turned to look for the owner. After some time, a fellow got from the neighboring cobbler's shop, where he sat with his lazy cronies, listening to the honest gossip of the follower of St. Crispin, and sauntered towards me.

"How much for this?" I ask.

"One franc, signor," says the proprietor, with a polite bow, holding up one finger.

I shake my head, and intimate that that is altogether too much, in fact preposterous.

The proprietor is very indifferent, and shrugs his shoulders in an amiable manner. He picks up a fair, handsome orange, weighs it in his hand, and holds it up temptingly. That also is one franc.

I suggest one sou as a fair price, a suggestion which he only receives with a smile of slight pity, and, I fancy, a little disdain. A woman joins him, and also holds up this and that gold-skinned one for my admiration.

As I stand, sorting over the fruit, trying to please myself with size, color, and texture, a little crowd has gathered round; and I see, by a glance, that all the occupations in that neighborhood, including loafing, are temporarily suspended to witness the trade. The interest of the circle visibly increases; and others take such a part in the transaction, that I begin to doubt if the first man is, after all, the proprietor.

At length I select two oranges, and again demand the price. There is a little consultation and jabber, when I am told that I can have both for a franc. I, in turn, sigh, shrug my shoulders, and put down the oranges, amid a chorus of exclamations over my graspingness. My offer of two sous is met with ridicule, but not with indifference. I can see that it has made a sensation. These simple, idle children of the sun begin to show a little excitement. I at length determine upon a bold stroke, and resolve to show myself the Napoleon of oranges, or to meet my Waterloo. I pick out four of the largest oranges in the basket, while all eyes are fixed on me intently, and, for the first time, pull out a piece of money. It is a two-sous piece. I offer it for the four oranges.

"No, no, no, no, signor! Ah, signor! ah, signor!" in a chorus from the whole crowd.

I have struck bottom at last, and perhaps got somewhere near the value; and all calmness is gone. Such protestations, such indignation, such sorrow, I have never seen before from so small a cause. It cannot be thought of; it is mere ruin! I am, in turn, as firm, and nearly as excited in seeming. I hold up the fruit and tender the money.

"No, never, never! The signor cannot be in earnest."

Looking round me for a moment, and assuming a theatrical manner, befitting the gestures of those about me, I fling the fruit down, and, with a sublime renunciation, stalk away.

There is instantly a buzz and a hum that rises almost to a clamor. I have not proceeded far, when a skinny old woman runs after me, and begs me to return. I go back, and the crowd parts to receive me.

The proprietor has a new proposition, the effect of which upon me is intently watched. He proposes to give me five big oranges for four sous. I receive it with utter scorn, and a laugh of derision. I will give two sous for the original four, and not a centesimo more. That I solemnly say,

and am ready to depart. Hesitation and renewed conference; but at last the proprietor relents; and, with the look of one who is ruined for life, and who yet is willing to sacrifice himself, he hands me the oranges. Instantly the excitement is dead, the crowd disperses, and the street is as quiet as ever; when I walk away, bearing my hard-won treasures.

A little while after, as I sat upon the outer wall of the terrace of the Camaldoli, with my feet hanging over, these same oranges were taken from my pockets by Americans; so that I am prevented from making any moral reflections upon the honesty of the Italians.

There is an immense garden of oranges and lemons at the village of Massa, through which travellers are shown by a surly fellow, who keeps watch of his trees, and has a bull-dog lurking about for the unwary. I hate to see a bull-dog in a fruit-orchard. I have eaten a good many oranges there, and been astonished at the boughs of immense lemons which bend the trees to the ground. I took occasion to measure one of the lemons, called a citron-lemon, and found its circumference to be twenty-one inches one way by fifteen inches the other,—about as big as a railway conductor's lantern. These lemons are not so sour as the fellow who shows them: he is a mercenary dog, and his prices afford me no clew to the just value of oranges.

I like better to go to a little garden in the village of Meta, under a sunny precipice of rocks, overhung by the ruined convent of Camaldoli. I turn up a narrow lane, and push open the wooden door in the garden of a little villa. It is a pretty garden; and, besides the orange and lemon trees on the terrace, it has other fruit-trees, and a scent of many flowers. My friend, the gardener, is sorting oranges from one basket to another, on a green bank, and evidently selling the fruit to some women, who are putting it into bags to carry away.

When he sees me approach, there is always the same pantomime. I propose to take some of the fruit he is sorting. With a knowing air, and an appearance of great mystery, he raises his left hand, the palm towards me, as one says hush. Having despatched his business, he takes an empty basket, and with another mysterious flourish, desiring me to remain quiet, he goes to a storehouse in one corner of the garden, and returns with a load of immense oranges, all soaked with the sun, ripe and fragrant, and more tempting than lumps of gold. I take one, and ask him if it is sweet. He shrugs his shoulders, raises his hands, and, with a sidewise shake of the head, and a look which says, How can you be so faithless? makes me ashamed of my doubts.

I cut the thick skin, which easily falls apart and discloses the luscious quarters, plump, juicy, and waiting to melt in the mouth. I look for a moment at the rich pulp in its soft incasement, and then try a delicious morsel. I nod. My gardener again shrugs his shoulders, with a slight smile, as much as to say, it could not be otherwise, and is evidently delighted to have me enjoy his fruit. I fill capacious pockets with the choicest; and, if I have friends with me, they do the same. I give our silent but most expressive entertainer half a franc, never more; and he always seems surprised at the size of the *largesse*. We exhaust his basket, and he proposes to get more.

When I am alone, I stroll about under the

heavily-laden trees, and pick up the largest, where they lie thickly on the ground, liking to hold them in my hand and feel the agreeable weight, even when I can carry away no more. The gardener neither follows nor watches me; and I think perhaps knows, and is not stingy about it, that more valuable to me than the oranges I eat or take away are those on the trees among the shining leaves. And perhaps he opines that I am from a country of snow and ice, where the year has six hostile months, and that I have not money enough to pay for the rich possession of the eye, the picture of beauty which I take with me.

**** THE YANKEE PHILOSOPHER—FROM BACKLOG STUDIES.**

A popular notion akin to this, that the world would have any room for the departed if they should now and then return, is the constant regret that people will not learn by the experience of others, that one generation learns little from the preceding, and that youth never will adopt the experience of age. But if experience went for anything, we should all come to a stand-still; for there is nothing so discouraging to effort. Disbelief in Ecclesiastes is the main-spring of action. In that lies the freshness and the interest of life, and it is the source of every endeavor.

If the boy believed that the accumulation of wealth and the acquisition of power were what the old man says they are, the world would very soon be stagnant. If he believed that his chances of obtaining either were as poor as the majority of men find them to be, ambition would die within him. It is because he rejects the experience of those who have preceded him, that the world is kept in the topsy-turvy condition which we all rejoice in, and which we call progress.

And yet I confess I have a soft place in my heart for that rare character in our New England life who is content with the world as he finds it, and who does not attempt to appropriate any more of it to himself than he absolutely needs from day to day. He knows from the beginning that the world could get on without him, and he has never had any anxiety to leave any result behind him, any legacy for the world to quarrel over.

He is really an exotic in our New England climate and society, and his life is perpetually misunderstood by his neighbors, because he shares none of their uneasiness about getting on in life. He is even called lazy, good-for-nothing, and "shiftless,"—the final stigma that we put upon a person who has learned to wait without the exhausting process of laboring.

I made his acquaintance last summer in the country, and I have not in a long time been so well pleased with any of our species. He was a man past middle life, with a large family. He had always been from boyhood of a contented and placid mind, slow in his movements, slow in his speech. I think he never cherished a hard feeling toward anybody, nor envied any one, least of all the rich and prosperous, about whom he liked to talk. Indeed, his talk was a good deal about wealth, especially about his cousin who had been down South and "got fore-handed" within a few years. He was genuinely pleased at his relation's good luck, and pointed him out to me with some pride. But he had no envy of him, and he evinced no desire to imitate him. I inferred from all his conversation about "piling

it up," (of which he spoke with a gleam of enthusiasm in his eye,) that there were moments when he would like to be rich himself; but it was evident that he would never make the least effort to be so, and I doubt if he could even overcome that delicious inertia of mind and body called laziness, sufficiently to inherit.

Wealth seemed to have a far and peculiar fascination for him, and I suspect he was a visionary in the midst of his poverty. Yet I suppose he had hardly the personal property which the law exempts from execution. He had lived in a great many towns, moving from one to another with his growing family, by easy stages, and was always the poorest man in the town, and lived on the most niggardly of its rocky and bramble-grown farms, the productiveness of which he reduced to zero in a couple of seasons by his careful neglect of culture. The fences of his hired domain always fell into ruins under him, perhaps because he sat upon them so much, and the hovels he occupied rotted down during his placid residence in them. He moved from desolation to desolation, but carried always with him the equal mind of a philosopher. Not even the occasional tart remarks of his wife, about their nomadic life and his serenity in the midst of discomfort, could ruffle his smooth spirit.

He was, in every respect, a most worthy man, truthful, honest, temperate, and, I need not say, frugal; and he had no bad habits,—perhaps he never had energy enough to acquire any. Nor did he lack the knack of the Yankee race. He could make a shoe, or build a house, or doctor a cow; but it never seemed to him, in this brief existence, worth while to do any of these things. He was an excellent angler, but he rarely fished; partly because of the shortness of the days, partly on account of the uncertainty of bites, but principally because the trout brooks were all arranged lengthwise and ran over so much ground. But no man liked to look at a string of trout better than he did, and he was willing to sit down in a sunny place and talk about trout fishing half a day at a time, and he would talk pleasantly and well too, though his wife might be continually interrupting him by a call for firewood.

I should not do justice to his own idea of himself if I did not add that he was most respectably connected, and that he had a justifiable, though feeble, pride in his family. It helped his self-respect, which no ignoble circumstances could destroy. He was, as must appear by this time, a most intelligent man, and he was a well-informed man; that is to say, he read the weekly newspapers when he could get them, and he had the average country information about Beecher and Greeley and the Prussian war, ("Napoleon is gettin' on 't, ain't he?") and the general prospect of the election campaigns. Indeed, he was warmly, or rather luke-warmly, interested in politics. He liked to talk about the inflated currency, and it seemed plain to him that his condition would somehow be improved if we could get to a specie basis. He was, in fact, a little troubled by the national debt; it seemed to press on him somehow, while his own never did. He exhibited more animation over the affairs of the government than he did over his own,—an evidence at once of his disinterestedness and his patriotism. He had been an old abolitionist, and was strong on the rights of free labor, though he did not care to exercise his privilege much. Of

course he had the proper contempt for the poor whites down South. I never saw a person with more correct notions on such a variety of subjects. He was perfectly willing that churches (being himself a member), and Sunday-schools, and missionary enterprises should go on; in fact, I do not believe he ever opposed anything in his life. No one was more willing to vote town taxes and road-repairs and school-houses than he. If you could call him spirited at all he was public-spirited.

And with all this he was never very well; he had, from boyhood, "enjoyed poor health." You would say he was not a man who would ever catch anything, not even an epidemic; but he was a person whom diseases would be likely to overtake, even the slowest of slow fevers. And he wasn't a man to shake off anything. And yet sickness seemed to trouble him no more than poverty. He was not discontented; he never grumbled. I am not sure but that he relished a "spell of sickness" in haying-time.

An admirably balanced man, who accepts the world as it is, and evidently lives on the experience of others. I have never seen a man with less envy, or more cheerfulness, or so contented, with as little reason for being so. The only drawback to his future is that rest beyond the grave will not be much change for him, and he has no works to follow him.

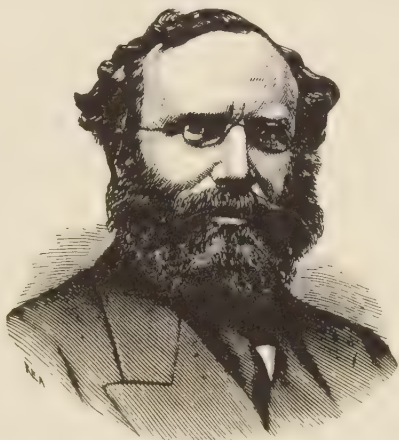
** ROBERT B. ROOSEVELT.

MR. ROOSEVELT is a descendant of an old Knickerbocker family of New York city. He was born August 7, 1829, within the limits of the district which he represented in the Forty-Second Congress, 1871-3. He was educated for the profession of law, and entered actively into practice in 1850, in partnership with his brother, S. W. Roosevelt. As shooting and fishing formed the relaxation of his leisure hours, he soon began to notice with a sportsman's eye the rapid diminution of wild birds and fish, with the consequent injury to farmers by the increase of destructive insects. To arrest this decrease in an important article of natural food, he aided in uniting the various clubs of the State into a permanent association, that could secure the passage of laws needed to preserve the game.

Mr. Roosevelt's literary writings have included many contributions to the press and magazines. His first article in print was on the condition of Poland; it appeared in the *Tribune*, and introduced its writer to the friendship of Horace Greeley. In 1862 he published his first book, *The Game Fish of North America*, with an elaborate article on fish culture—an art till then almost unknown in America. It appeared with merely the signature of his middle name, Barnwell. *Superior Fishing*, a companion volume, was issued in 1865, and next year followed *The Game Birds of North America*. These works were popular, and were accepted as standards in sportsmanship. In 1867 a Fishery Commission for New York State was organized at his suggestion, and he was selected a member, with Hon. Horatio Seymour and Mr. Seth Green, the celebrated pisciculturist, as colleagues. Besides distributing large quantities of young fry, hatched artificially, to waters which had been

depleted, this commission issued a number of reports, prepared mainly by Mr. Roosevelt, which led to similar efforts in other States. A condensed statement of the condition of pisciculture in America was prepared by him in 1869 for the European Statistical Congress, at the request of the American Commissioner, Hon. Samuel B. Ruggles. This article gave the first reliable information to foreigners of the great progress recently made in the United States, and was translated into the European languages by order of the society.

Mr. Roosevelt entered actively into politics as a reformer and "War Democrat," to aid in the suppression of the rebellion, and also served a short term on regimental duty near Washington. He helped to organize the Loyal National League of New York city, and was one of the



founders of the Union League Club. He also allied himself with the Citizens' Association, to reform local abuses in the city government, and was elected its secretary. As chairman of its executive committee, he aided in the creation of an efficient paid fire department, an able health department, and in instituting various sanitary reforms. The New York *Citizen* became the organ of the Association in 1866, under the editorship of Mr. Roosevelt and Col. Charles G. Halpine, better known as "Miles O'Reilly." After the death of his associate, he merged *The Round Table* with his paper, and conducted the consolidated journal till the pressure of political and congressional duties compelled him to give up the editorial chair in 1871. Mr. Roosevelt throughout his public life also took a prominent part in resisting the extortionate acts of the "Tammany Ring." He delivered an address on behalf of the "Com-

mittee of Seventy" eminent citizens at Cooper Institute, September 4, 1871, wherein the illegal acts of the "Ring" were fully exposed; and of this speech 250,000 copies were printed for distribution. He also assumed the entire charge of the immense details occurring in general elections in New York city, during the several political campaigns for reform.

On the death of Charles G. Halpine, which was sudden, and left his family in destitute circumstances, Mr. Roosevelt collected and edited on their behalf an edition of his friend's poems, paying in the introduction a handsome tribute to his memory. *Five Acres Too Much* was published by him in 1869. It was a humorous satire on a class of agricultural books which predicted a fortune to any one who would hire or buy a farm, large or small. He has also written a humorous application for admission to the "Sorosis," a club of the leading lady writers of New York city, which was rejected, with the mild answer, "Principles, not men."

** CHARLES G. HALPINE,

A JOURNALIST and poet of fluency and versatility, was born near Oldcastle, in the county of Meath, Ireland, in November, 1829. His father, Rev. Nicholas J. Halpine, was a minister in the Established Church, and editor of the Dublin *Evening Mail*. Charles was graduated at Trinity College, Dublin, at the early age of seventeen. He entered on the study of medicine, but soon abandoned it for the more congenial profession of journalism, beginning on the Irish papers and subsequently contributing for several years to the London press.

Mr. Halpine chose America as the best field for the exercise of his talents, and established himself in Boston, where he was connected with the *Boston Post*. The *Carpet Bag*, a short-lived though brilliant journal, was subsequently conducted by Mr. Benjamin P. Shillaber, author of the quaint sayings of Mrs. Partington, Dr. Shepley, and Charles G. Halpine. After its failure, the latter removed to New York and became attached to the editorial corps of *The Times*, as well as a part proprietor of the *New York Leader*. He made the latter journal a success by his able articles, and contributed also to most of the papers of that city, writing with facility stories, poems, and editorials on the varying themes of the day. Indeed, almost his entire writings are of an ephemeral character, expressly adapted as they were to the vivid excitement of the moment. In 1854, he issued a volume of *Lyrics by the Letter H*, a portion of which was reprinted after his death.

In April, 1861, he gave up the pen for the sword, and became lieutenant in Colonel Corcoran's Sixty-ninth Regiment. His administrative and literary abilities soon made him adjutant-general on the staff of General David Hunter, and subsequently with Major-General Halleck, while the latter was general-in-chief. Having advanced to the grade of brigadier-general of volunteers and major in the regular service, he resigned in 1864. Soon after he accepted the control of *The Citizen*, a newspaper issued by the Citizens' Association to advocate reforms in the civil administration of

New York city, and became its proprietor, as well as Register of the city. Although a ready and fertile writer, he was so prone to write without cessation for many hours, and often for several days without rest, that he was forced to have recourse to opiates to conquer his sleeplessness. This practice resulted in his accidental death, from the inhalation of an undiluted dose of chloroform, at the early age of thirty-nine, August 3, 1868.

Major Halpine, while connected with General Hunter at Hilton Head, South Carolina, wrote a series of burlesque and satiric lyrics in the assumed character of an Irish private at that post. Some of these appeared in the *New York Herald*, and two volumes, with additional articles, were subsequently issued. *Life and Adventures, Songs, Services, and Speeches of Private Miles O'Reilly, 47th Regiment New York Volunteers*, appeared in 1864. Among the best of its pieces is a ridiculous and amusing account of a visit of its hero to the President, members of the Cabinet, and foreign ministers, at the White House. *Baked Meats of the Funeral: A Collection of Essays, Poems, Speeches, and Banquets, by Private Miles O'Reilly, late of the 47th Reg't N. Y. Volunteer Infantry, 10th Army Corps. Collected, revised, and edited, with the requisite corrections of punctuation, spelling, and grammar, by an ex-Colonel of the Adjutant-General's Department, with whom the Private formerly served as Lance Corporal of Orderlies*, followed in 1866. It contained a series of fugitive songs and essays relating to the humors of the war, besides some account of "Fenianism," and also the history of the notable "Flaunting Lie," his first poem for an American journal, which appeared in *The Tribune* soon after the fugitive slave Anthony Burns had been conveyed from Boston to Virginia in a national vessel. Two years later, a posthumous volume was printed: *The Poetical Works of Charles G. Halpine (Miles O'Reilly)*, consisting of odes, poems, sonnets, epics, and lyrics, heretofore not collected, edited, with a biographical sketch and explanatory notes, by his friend and associate, Robert B. Roosevelt.

** NOT QUITE IN VAIN — FROM BAKED MEATS OF THE FUNERAL.

How often in days of our sore distress,
When we faint with an absolute weariness

Of endless labor and endless pain,
The sickening thought in our souls will rise,
Clouding with gloom even the summer skies,
And chilling the pulse and filling the eyes —

"We have lived — we have lived in vain!"

When hearts we thought golden and trusted best,
Prove but shrivelling dross in the fiery test

Which the Fates for all friendships ordain;
As we turn the false picture with face to the wall,
Or veil the lost idol with charity's pall,
How cold on the soul seems the whisper to fall —

"We have lived — we have lived in vain!"

When some prize of ambition, for years postponed,
Is at length attained, yet we feel unatoned

For the struggle that gave us the gain —
Oh, spurning the dead-sea fruit we sought,
"Must it ever be thus?" is the weary thought,

And again to our ear is the whisper brought—
 "We have lived— we have lived in vain!"

Oh friends! how rare in this workaday life
 Are the prizes, if won, that are worth the strife,
 The clangor, the dust, and the strain!
 There is only one in the world below
 But one that, whatever its price of woe,
 Bids the soul in the veins to exultingly know
 That we have not lived in vain.

'Tis that moment unspeakable— best unsaid—
 When blushing downward the dear drooping
 head

To our breast for the first time we strain;
 And the promise is given, not in words, but in
 sighs,
 And the sweet humid tenderness filling her eyes—
 "Oh, soul of my soul, if my love be a prize,
 Then you have not lived in vain!"

**CHARLES NORDHOFF,

A GRAPHIC writer and journalist, who has been editorially connected with the New York *Evening Post* from 1861-71, was born at Erwitte, Prussia, in 1830. His father served as a young captain of volunteers at the battle of Waterloo, and emigrated to this country with his family when his son was four years old. The latter entered the U. S. navy at the age of fourteen, and embodied his experiences of life at sea in several of his earlier works. His first book was an edited volume—*Kern's Practical Landscape Gardening*, issued at Cincinnati in 1855. It was followed by *Man-of-War Life; a Boy's Experience in the U. S. Navy*, 1855, which reached a sixth edition within a year; *The Merchant Vessel; a Sailor Boy's Voyages to See the World*, 1855; *Whaling and Fishing*, 1856; *Stories of the Island World*, 1857. Three of these were republished as *Nine Years a Sailor*. These works were reprinted in England, and were translated into German. Subsequently Mr. Nordhoff was editorially connected with *Harper's Magazine and Weekly*, and he contributed an article on "Arctic Adventure and Research" to the first volume of *Appleton's New American Cyclopædia*.

Mr. Nordhoff printed in 1868, *Cape Cod and All Along Shore*, a series of entertaining magazine stories contributed to *Harper's* and the *Atlantic*. All are fresh and vivid in incident and character, but especially enjoyable are Mehetable Rogers' Cranberry Swamp, and A Struggle for Life, in Indiana. *California; A Book for Tourists and Settlers*, a record of experiences and observations founded on a recent tour along the Pacific coast, appeared in 1873. It is a volume of exact information for the agriculturist and the invalid, as well as a vivid pen-picture of the phases of social life in that young but alert State. In the spring of that year, Mr. Nordhoff sailed to the Sandwich Islands, to take notes of their social, political, industrial and commercial aspects.

**"JOHN" IN CALIFORNIA.

"He is patient, docile, persevering, quick to learn, faithful, no eye-servant, the best cook or waiter you ever saw"—

"Last week he stole \$600 out of my drawer, and is now in State Prison"—

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"He is sober"—

"Last night you saw him smoking opium in the most horrible of dens"—

"He saves his money"—

"And takes it out of the State to spend in China"—

"He is indispensable"—

"But he is a curse to the community"—

"He will make a useful citizen"—

"His whole race are vicious and degraded."

Thus two voices run on about the Chinese in California. Nor do I wonder that there are differences of opinion.

John stands behind you at dinner, arrayed like an angel, in the most spotless and gracefully hanging white, the image—not the image, the very presence—of the best-trained and quickest-witted servant in the world; and naturally you wish your own life might be comforted by such a John; or by such another as his mate in the kitchen, who is delighting you with dish after dish cooked to perfection.

You ask his mistress, and she tells you that she has no disputes, no troubles, no worry; that John has made housekeeping a pleasure to her; if he is cook, he does not object to help with the washing and ironing—in fact, does it better and quicker than any Bridget in the world. And John's master chimes in with an assertion that, since John has reigned below, the kitchen has been the delight of his eyes, so clean and sweet is it. Moreover, John markets for his mistress; he is economical; and he does not make a fuss.

Of course, you say, every body has Johns. Well, no; people have prejudices and fears. You have two or three Johns in the house, and when you go out—if you are the lady of the house—you take the children along. There have been unpleasant occurrences.

From your friend's well served and admirably-cooked dinner you go to Jackson Street and find Policeman Woodruff. He will take you through what is called "China-town." No doubt John is clean. There is too much evidence to doubt or dispute it. But Mr. Woodruff takes you into and through places so dismal, so wretched, so horrible, that while you are edging your way from a gambling hell into an opium hell, and from an opium hell into a worse place, nobody in the world could persuade you otherwise than that John and all his kindred are the devil's own. I can not say that, even in the worst holes I saw, John looked dirty. The thieves and jail-birds who were leaning over the gambling tables were not dirty, so far as I could see. The thieves, loafers, and other poor wretches who were lying under and on top of shelves, three deep, smoking a "bit's worth" of twice-laid opium, were many of them decently dressed; and certainly, though their surroundings were nasty, they did not look as correspondingly nasty as a similar Five Points population of whites.

Moreover, all that John does, be it virtuous or vicious, he seems to do with a certain amount of sluggish decorum. He swarms in Jackson Street and Dupont Street after night; but he makes no noise. If you accidentally elbow him, he moves gently out of the way. I passed out of the Chinese theatre in Jackson Street at eleven o'clock at night, with a lady and two children; we had to walk through a crowd of Johns, who were just then going up a long alley-way which leads to the door; and it did not even occur to my children, who walked ahead, to be afraid; and not a rude

or disrespectful word or gesture was seen in the whole crowd. Now this theatre is, like the lowest of our own, the place of recreation for the vilest class. I can't say that I would have ventured into a place of the same kind, or out of it, in New York, without anxiety. . . .

If you walk through China-town on Sunday you will see a curious sight, and one which, if you are a thoughtful man, will not amuse you. Jackson Street, Sacramento Street, Dupont Street, and the streets and alleys which lie between, are the Chinese quarters of San Francisco. Here they live; here is their multitude of shops; here, in cellars, they make cigars, in shops they work at sewing-machines—the men, I mean; here, in an entry-way, the Chinese cobbler cobbles a shoe, the boy waiting at his side to put it on when it is done. Here are eating-houses, where smoked ducks, pigs' heads, livers and gizzards of fowls, whole chickens cooked in oil, sodden pork, and sausages are sold. Here is their church, or temple, with queer images of wood and tinsel, before which sandal-wood is burned, or small fire-crackers are sparkling.

Well, on Sunday it is all just as it was on Saturday—only a little more so. The shops are all open, and the grave accountants are adding up figures on the abacus, or posting up their ledgers. The cellars are as full as ever of cigar-makers; the eating-houses are fuller than ever; and for every eating-house there are at least a dozen gambling-houses.

A Chinese gambling hell consists of a narrow white-washed entry, at the end of which hangs a flap of cloth. The play-room lies at right angles with the entry, and is, of course, out of view. In the entry sits a man, apparently asleep, or dreaming. Near his head you will perhaps notice a rope belayed to a hook. This rope leads to a door. If you—a white man and not a policeman—should attempt to enter the narrow passage, the watchman would pull the rope, the rope would pull to the door; and as that closes with a spring lock, you would be shut out.

I counted a dozen of these places in a single block; forty-five of them were open on Sunday night; but the police say that it is not easy to prove that they are gambling dens, for no Chinaman will bear witness against them, and they take no money from a white man.

John pays no regard to Sunday. "It is a great convenience," said a gentleman to me, "to have servants who don't want to go to church." Perhaps—but it is not a great convenience to have in an American community a multitude of heathen who not only prosecute their own business on Sunday, but naturally lead our people to do the same. In the Chinese quarter are numerous clothing and other shops kept by white men, whose customers are Chinese. These are all open on Sunday, which one of them told me was his best day.

There are good and bad Johns, as there are good and bad of all nations. He does not yet fit into our ways. Nor do I see, just now, how he is going to be fitted in. But he is here; John is a fact. He has "come to stay;" and it belongs to our wisest and most thoughtful men to see how he is to be made a part of us. You can not drive him out.

John now does most of the washing and ironing all over California; "Woogung," or "Ah Lee," or "Fook Lien," "Washing and Ironing done"—with sometimes the addition "Buttons sewed

on strong," is the sign you see oftenest in California towns. In the cities he collects the garbage; he is cook and waiter; he makes the cigars; he works in the woollen mills; go into any manufacturing place and you will see his face; there is a Chinaman and a half on every mile of the Central Pacific Railroad; he raises two-thirds of the vegetables consumed in the State; he makes a good shepherd: in the farming districts the commonest sight is to see John driving a wagon, or ploughing; the lonely ranch-man keeps a Chinese cook; hundreds of Chinese are going over the old mining "slum," and making money by this patient toil; he keeps his New-year's week with jollity and fire-crackers, from San Diego to Sacramento; and so far east as Denver, in Colorado, you see his sign, "Lo Wing, Washing and Ironing." Both political parties in California denounce the Chinaman on their platforms; but if you go to the houses of the men who make these platforms, you will find Chinese servants; if you visit their farms or ranches, you will find Chinese hands; and if you ask the political leader, after dinner, what he really thinks, he will tell you that he could not get on without Chinese, and that the cry against them is the most abominable demagogism; all of which is true.

Slowly, but surely as fate, he is entering one trade and calling after the other and conquering his patient way. Why? Not because he works so cheaply. A Chinese cook in a good family gets \$35 per month; a waiter gets from \$25 to \$30. Elsewhere they work more cheaply, yet their wages keep pace with other wages, and rise from time to time.

It is not because they are cheap. Ask any one who employs them, and he will tell you it is because they do not drink, do not quarrel, are not idle or prone to change, give no eye-service, are patient, respectful, extremely quick to learn, faithful to their instructions, and make no fuss. With these qualities a workman is cheap at almost any price; and I guess, from what I hear, that John is not slow to learn his value, and will drive his own bargain.

But with these qualities, and endurance for any labor or climate, as was proved when he worked in the snow on the Sierras and built the Central Pacific road, John will not take long to eat his way into the heart of the land. So far as he demonstrates to others, his competitors, the value—the money value—of his good qualities, so far he will be a benefit to the country. He may indeed make steady, patient, persistent toil once more fashionable among us. But in some way, not by laws, for they can do nothing, but by missionary effort, by earnest, general, conscientious training, John must be brought to a comprehension of our customs, so that, even if he does not become a Christian in name or in fact, he shall yet learn to conform his life to that of our American people, and not live among us disordering and disorganizing our own society.

The Chinese quarter of San Francisco is a blot on the city. It is worse, in some respects, than the Five Points. Yet the houses in which gambling, opium-smoking, and other vile practices are carried on are the property of men who call themselves respectable, whose children attend church, and who are not ashamed to draw their living from this vice and wretchedness. It is so with us, too; but it is not pleasant to find in a young city like San Francisco the same unconcern for the poor, the same carelessness of how your

neighbor lives, the same heedless, cold, godless disregard of whatever passes outside of our own respectable doors and comfortably carpeted houses, which is the curse of an overgrown and old city like New York.

If free government is to continue among us, we can not afford to have a "lower class;" we can not afford, for our children's sakes, to suffer men, women, and children to live like beasts, for they will in time act like beasts—they will bite. If the whole Chinese quarter of San Francisco, as it is now arranged, could be blown up with gunpowder, and decent accommodations provided for the people who inhabit it, civilization and Christianity and free government on the Pacific coast would make a great gain.

John is inevitable. He has discovered America, and finds it a good country. We shall not keep him out. But it is ours, and not his, to determine whether he shall be a curse or a blessing to us. If we treat him as Christianity teaches that we ought to treat our fellow-men; if we do unto him as we would that others should do to us; if we see that he is instructed in that which we believe to be right, he may become a useful part of us. Teachable he certainly is; a far more civilized being—or, rather, a far less savage creature—than many we get from Christian Great Britain.

But if we choose to pass him by on the other side; to let him live among us as an alien from our manners, habits, customs; ignorant of what we hold as the best, highest, most sacred, and of most importance to our liberty and civilization, John may prove a more troublesome and dangerous creature than any we have yet taken on board our ship.

Just now he is poor. He lives in squalor; and even if a Chinaman is not vicious, in San Francisco his circumstances and surroundings in the Chinese quarter are all degrading.

Without Christianity, free government is impossible. But Christianity means that the ignorant shall be instructed, that the poor shall be kindly treated, that the wealthy, the powerful, the influential shall raise up the poor, ignorant, and despised; and this not by laws, but by improving public opinion, by private effort, by seeking out our neighbor, and trying, each in his own way, to make him a better and worthier man. It was remarked to me that scarcely a Chinaman comes to California who does not know how to read and write in his own language. There is an English school for them already in the city, and no doubt good work has begun; but our own city missionaries have often sadly complained that you can not make men virtuous who live on the Five Points; and so it will be found in San Francisco.

As yet, unfortunately for the Chinese problem, we get only men. There are, I am told, only about five hundred Chinese women in San Francisco, and among them but a very few wives. An important point could be gained if the Chinese emigrants could be induced to bring their wives with them. But no decent man would like to bring his wife and children to the Chinese quarter in San Francisco.

** HELEN FISKE HUNT,

A RESIDENT of Newport, R. I., who has lately won, by the royal might of genius, thought, and culture, a high rank as poet and essayist, is the daughter of the late Professor Nathan W. Fiske, of Amherst College, well known to classical

students by his *Manual of Classical Literature*. She was born at Amherst, October 15, 1830, and was educated at the Ipswich Female Seminary, Mass., and at that of the Messrs. Abbott, New York city. Her husband, Major Edward



Helen Fiske Hunt.

B. Hunt, U. S. A., an assistant professor at West Point, and an engineer officer of ability, lost his life in 1863 by the premature explosion of a submarine battery he had invented. She has contributed to *Scribner's Monthly*, the *Atlantic Monthly*, the *Independent*, *Hearth and Home*, the *Evening Post*, etc., besides writing three books of rare delicacy and power.

Verses by H. H. appeared in 1871. These poems, alternately pervaded by a tender humor and a chastened pathos, show the gift of an artist's eye, and the seer's introspective glance into the soul. Many a weighted thought is thrown out to sound the deeps of the perishable and the immortal, for a token of their hidden links,—and the plummet finds pearls. The verses have a meditative beauty, a refined fancy, and a gentle earnestness that charm and delight. In the mention of favorites, it is hard to enforce the rule of omission: Spinning, Love's Largess, My Legacy, Found Frozen, The Message, My Lighthouse, Two Sundays, Thought, At Last, When the Kings Come, My Strawberry, The Way to Sing,—

Bits of Travel by H. H., 1872, is an enticing record of what a lady tourist saw and thought abroad, in a twelve months' tour on the Continent. A chapter in these tit-bit descriptions is given to a crayon sketch of a German Landlady, and another to the Valley of Gastein; but the chief part of the book is devoted to scenes under the Italian skies, such as Albano Days, A Morning in the Etruscan Museum in the Vatican, and a series of piquant, gossiping Encyclicals of Travel.

Bits of Talk About Home Matters by H. H., followed in 1873. Its papers have mainly to do with the ways and moods that make up, or mar, the happiness of the fireside circle; and the sunniest of dispositions is inculcated. Especially does she fall afoul of the "little foxes" so prone to

spoil the rare fresh bloom on the olive branches about the good-man's table, and her blows fall, at times, to the detriment of the placid heads of the house. Many would be the wiser for seeing the score of inhumanities set down to parents, including corporal punishment, need-less denials, rudeness, and, worst of all, the discipline of "breaking the will." The book has the aroma of reflection, wisdom, and tender affection.

** SPINNING.

Like a blind spinner in the sun,
I tread my days;
I know that all the threads will run
Appointed ways;
I know each day will bring its task,
And, being blind, no more I ask.
I do not know the use or name
Of that I spin;
I only know that some one came,
And laid within
My hand the thread, and said, "Since you
Are blind, but one thing you can do."
Sometimes the threads so rough and fast
And tangled fly,
I know wild storms are sweeping past,
And fear that I
Shall fall; but dare not try to find
A safer place, since I am blind.
I know not why, but I am sure
That tint and place,
In some great fabric to endure
Past time and race
My threads will have; so from the first,
Though blind, I never felt accurst.
I think, perhaps, this trust has sprung
From one short word
Said over me when I was young—
So young I heard
It, knowing not that God's name signed
My brow, and sealed me his, though blind.
But whether this be seal or sign
Within, without,
It matters not. The bond divine
I never doubt.
I know he set me here, and still,
And glad, and blind, I wait His will;
But listen, listen, day by day,
To hear their tread
Who bear the finished web away,
And cut the thread,
And bring God's message in the sun,
"Thou poor blind spinner, work is done."

** MY LEGACY.

They told me I was heir, I turned in haste,
And ran to seek my treasure.
And wondered as I ran how it was placed,—
If I should find a measure
Of gold, or if the titles of fair lands
And houses would be laid within my hands.
I journeyed many roads; I knocked at gates;
I spoke to each wayfarer
I met, and said, "A heritage awaits
Me. Art not thou the bearer
Of news? Some message sent to me whereby
I learn which way my new possessions lie?"
Some asked me in; naught lay beyond their door;
Some smiled and would not tarry,

But said that men were just behind who bore
More gold than I could carry;
And so the morn, the noon, the day were spent,
While empty-handed up and down I went.

At last one cried, whose face I could not see,
As through the mist he hastened;
"Poor child, what evil ones have hindered thee,
Till this whole day is wasted?
Hath no man told thee that thou art joint heir
With one called Christ, who waits the goods to
share?"

The one named Christ I sought for many days,
In many places vainly;
I heard men name his name in many ways;
I saw his temples plainly;
But they who named him most gave me no sign
To find him by, or prove the heirship mine.
And when at last I stood before his face,
I knew him by no token
Save subtle air of joy which filled the place;
Our greeting was not spoken;
In solemn silence I received my share,
Kneeling before my brother and "joint heir."

My share! No deed of house or spreading lands,
As I had dreamed; no measure
Heaped up with gold; my elder brother's hands
Had never held such treasure.
Foxes have holes, and birds in nests are fed:
My brother had not where to lay his head.

My share! The right like him to know all pain
Which hearts are made for knowing;
The right to find in loss the surest gain;
To reap my joy from sowing
In bitter tears; the right with him to keep
A watch by day and night with all who weep.

My share! To-day men call it grief and death;
I see the joy and life to-morrow;
I thank our Father with my every breath,
For this sweet legacy of sorrow;
And through my tears I call to each, "Joint heir
With Christ, make haste to ask him for thy
share."

** LOVE'S largess.

At my heart's door
Love standeth, like a king beside
His royal treasury, whose wide
Gates open swing, and cannot hide
Their priceless store.

His touch and hold
Its common things to jewels turned;
In his sweet fires the dross he burned
Away; and thus he won and earned
And made its gold.

So rich I find
Myself in service of this king,
The goods we spare, in alms I fling;
And breathless days too few hours bring
Me to be kind.

To souls whose pain
My heart can scarcely dare to greet
With pity, while my own complete
And blessed joy their loss must mete
By my great pain.

Diviner air
Of beauty, and a grace more free,
More soft and solemn depths I see
In every woman's face, since he
Has called me fair.

More true and sure
Each man's heart seems, more firm for right;
Each man I hold more strong in fight,
Since he stands ever in my sight,
So brave, so pure.

More of sun's fire
Than days can use, and more than nights
Can name, of stars with rhythmic lights,
And sweetest singing flocks, whose flights
Can never tire, —

More bloom than eyes
Can reach, or hands to grasp may dare, —
More music in the constant air,
Than each round wave can hold and bear,
Before it dies, —

And more of life
For living, than all death can kill,
More good than evil's utmost will
Can thwart, and peace to more than still
The fiercest strife, —

All these I find
In service of this gracious king;
From goods we spare, such alms I fling;
And pray swift days more hours to bring,
More bonds to bind.

O happiness!
To utter thee, in vain our eyes
Seek tears; and vainly all speech tries;
This thing alone our king denies
In Love's largess.

** AT LAST.

O, the years I lost before I knew you,
Love!
O, the hills I climbed and came not to you,
Love!
Ah! who shall render unto us to make
Us glad,
The things which for and of each other's sake
We might have had?
If you and I had sat and played together,
Love,
Two speechless babies in the summer weather,
Love,
By one sweet brook which, though it dried up long
Ago,
Still makes for me to-day a sweeter song
Than all I know, —
If hand in hand through the mysterious gateway,
Love,
Of womanhood, we had first looked and straightway,
Love,
Had whispered to each other softly, ere
It yet
Was dawn, what now in noonday heat and fear
We both forget, —
If all of this had given its completeness,
Love,
To every hour would it be added sweetness,
Love!
Could I know sooner whether it were well
Or ill
With thee? One wish could I more surely tell,
More swift fulfil?
Ah! vainly thus I sit and dream and ponder,
Love,
Losing the precious present while I wonder,
Love,

About the days in which you grew and came
To be
So beautiful, and did not know the name
Or sight of me.

But all lost things are in the angels' keeping,
Love:
No past is dead for us, but only sleeping,
Love:
The years of Heaven will all earth's little pain
Make good,
Together there we can begin again
In babyhood.

NEW YORK, February 15, 1870.

** TWO SUNDAYS.

I.

A baby, alone, in a lowly door,
Which climbing woodbine made still lower,
Sat playing with lilies in the sun.
The loud church-bells had just begun;
The kitten pounced in the sparkling grass
At stealthy spiders that tried to pass;
The big watch-dog kept a threatening eye
On me, as I lingered, walking by.

The lilies grew high, and she reached up
On tiny tiptoes to each gold cup;
And laughed aloud, and talked, and clapped
Her small, brown hands, as the tough stems
snapped,
And flowers fell till the broad hearthstone
Was covered, and only the topmost one
Of the lilies left. In sobered glee
She said to herself, "That's older than me!"

II.

Two strong men through the lowly door,
With uneven steps, the baby bore;
They had set the bier on the lily bed;
The lily she left was crushed and dead.
The slow, sad bells had just begun,
The kitten crouched, afraid, in the sun;
And the poor watch-dog, in bewildered pain,
Took no notice of me as I joined the train.

** ALBANO DAYS — FROM BITS OF TRAVEL.

There are but seven in a week. That is their only fault. How clever those gentlemanly fellows, Pompey and Domitian, were, to put their villas on this hill; and as for the cruelties said to have been committed in Domitian's amphitheatre, a few rods from our hotel, we have decided that there is some mistake about that. In Rome one can believe in all tales of old tortures — and new ones too, for that matter. Even when the larks sing loudest in the Coliseum the stones cry out louder; the air reeks with sirocco vapors, and seems not yet purged from the odor of blood. But in the pure, sun-flooded air of this hill, which must always have been full of marvellous delights, it is impossible to believe that bad men ever did bad deeds. Whatever they might have been in Rome, they were virtuous as soon as they got here. I cannot fancy Domitian's ever doing anything worse than having a few larks killed for supper; and I am sure he spent most of his afternoons lying on purple thyme on the shores of the Alban Lake (as we lay yesterday), perhaps slyly reading the good sayings of the poor Epictetus whom he had banished. We read yesterday what Epictetus said "concerning those who seek preferment in Rome"; and, as we looked over at the

hot, smoky domes and spires, it seemed hard to believe that any one going thither, even if he were "met by a billet from Cæsar," could choose to stay.

Albano is 1,250 feet above the sea, says Murray. That may be true, say we; but we know it is much more than that above Rome. Have we not been looking longingly at it for months, set high on the side of the Alban Hills? From every height in Rome to which we wearily climbed we saw it, triumphant with banners of clouds, and crowned with green of forests, saying as plainly as tower could say, "Come up here, and I will do you good." When the watchmen in the old Saracen towers saw the pirate-ships coming over the Mediterranean, they sounded the alarm, and all the people in the plains fled into the mountains for safety. To-day the towers are in ruins, and no corsairs sail from Africa across the sea; but the sirocco, a more deadly foe, comes in their stead, hotter and hotter with each day of May, and wise souls escape to high places.

Of all those within easy reach of Rome, Albano is best. It is only an hour off by the cars. And even at the railroad station you are met by beauty and good cheer—a garden full of roses, and white thorns, and wall-flowers, and ranunculus; and a station-master who, if he treats you as well as he treated us, will give you a big bunch of all, and look hurt and angry when you offer to pay him. From this garden to the village of Albano, two miles and a half, over a good road, up, up, up! the air grows purer minute by minute; the Campagna behind sinks and stretches and fades, and becomes only another sea, purpler and more restless-looking than the broad band of the Mediterranean into which it melts. On each side are vineyards, looking now like miniature military encampments with play-guns of cane stacked by fives and threes, and little soldiers in green going in and out and playing leap-frog among them, so fantastic are the baby-vines in their first creeping. Olives, gray and solemn, sharing none of the life and joy, most pathetic of trees. The first man who saw an olive-tree must have known that there had been Gethsemane. Never else could such pathos have been put into mere color; they could never have been so gray before that night. Still up and up! It is a long two and a half miles. The bells tinkle slowly at the horse's head. The driver's neck bends suspiciously to one side; he is half asleep. You would not be sorry if the horse and he dozed off together, and you stood still for an hour to look. On the right hand is a valley garden, an old lake-bed, set full of vines and fig-trees and fruit-trees in full flower, and wheat, and all the numberless and exquisite-leaved "greens" which Italy boils, eats, and manages to grow fat on. We find them beautiful everywhere but on the dinner-table. High on the crater-like side of this garden is the tower of Aricia, looking like a gray bird which had just lit on its way up to Monte Cavo. Between Aricia and Albano is a sharp ravine; and the sensible Pius IX., some twenty years ago, built a fine stone viaduct across it, toward the cost of which we pay half a franc each time we drive over. But only blind men could grudge the money. From every point it is a most beautiful feature in the landscape, with its three tiers of arches; and from its top you look down two hundred feet into the valley garden on one side, and two hundred feet into the tops of a forest of trees on the other.

You follow the valley garden till it loses itself in the Campagna; the Campagna, till it loses itself in the Mediterranean, which glistens in the sun twelve miles off; and you hear coming up from the forest the voices of thrushes and nightingales and cuckoos and larks, till you believe that there must be a bird-fancier's shop in one of the old gray houses joining the bridge. To stand on this bridge for an hour is to see Italian country-life in drama. The donkeys, the men, and the women of Albano and Aricia and Gensano act their little parts, and are gone. We stayed late at this play last night. The wardrobes were poor, but the acting was nature itself; such pantomime, such chorus! Priests in black, looking always like a sort of ecclesiastical crow, such silly solemnity in their faces, so much slow flap to their petticoats and the brims of their hats; barefooted monks, rolled up in cloaks of faded brown—they also have their similitude, and look as the olive-trees might if they gathered their rusty skirts around them and hobbled out for a walk; workmen, going home from the fields, with old hoes and pickaxes over their shoulders; women, with the same hoes and pickaxes, going home from the same work in the same fields, and carrying also, firm-set on their heads, bundles, loads of wood, little wine-barrels or water-jars, or anything else which it can happen to an Albanese woman to need to carry. No one gives herself any more trouble about her barrel, or jar, or load of wood, than if it were a second head, which she had worn all her life. They talked and laughed as if it were morning instead of night. They were not tired. Watch them at what they call work, and you will see why. As the sun sank lower the crowd of laborers thinned; the farmers, one degree better off, came riding on donkeys. Two men and a boy on one donkey; four large bundles of wood and one woman on one donkey; four large casks of wine, a bundle of hay, two chairs, some iron utensils, and two small children on one donkey. Oh the comic tragedy of donkey! the hopeless arch of their eyebrows, the abjectness of their tails, and the vicious twist of their ankles! Nobody can watch them long without becoming wretched. Israelites, coolies, and negroes,—all they have died of misfortunes; but the donkey is the Wandering Jew of misery among animals, and Italy, I think, must be his Ghetto.

Before we reached the hotel we had come upon another drama, in the street,—a lottery drawing; prize, two hens. If it had been two thousand scudi, there could not have been much more excitement. Fifty chances had been sold. The street held its breath, while a store-keeper dropped the counters one by one into a box, held by a rosy boy, mischievous enough, but too young to cheat. Then the boy put in his little brown fingers, and drew out one: "Thirty!" Then the street broke out into chatter for an instant, guessing and betting what would come next; then held its breath stiller than ever. "Thirty-one!" "Thirty-one!" No "Thirty-one" answered. "Thirty-one" was sick at home, or had married a wife, and could not come: and the street grudged him his two hens all the more that he was not on hand to carry them off. The hens screamed and scuffled; the storekeeper crammed them back into a coop on his window; and the street went back to its work, i. e. to sitting about, smoking, and knitting, and selling saddles and fish and shoes and salad and handkerchiefs and donkeys

and calico and wine all along its doorsteps, never by any chance being under roof, so long as there is daylight.

We took our sunseting at the Villa Doria. It is a princely thing of the rich Romans to throw their beautiful villas open to the public. Could it be safely done in America? I fear our people are not gentle enough, and have too much money to spend on cake and peanuts. Here no harm comes of it. In the Villa Doria are ilex-trees which are a kingdom in themselves. It would not seem unnatural to make obeisance to them. They stand in groups, making long vistas, high arches, locking and interlocking their branches, their trunks looking as old as the masses of ruins among them; and the ruins belonged to Pompey's walls. At sunset the sun slants under and through these ilexes; the purple and wine-colored bands of the Campagna and sky beyond seem to narrow closer and closer round the hill, and flocks of birds wheel and sing. In the Villa Barberini, higher up, is a great field of stone-pines, stately as a council of gods. No wonder that Theodore Parker, when he saw a stone-pine, asked that one be set on his grave. No tree grows which has such bearing of a solemn purpose. Such morning and evening as this make a day in Albano. Words give but glimpse and no color. For other days there are other villas, and fields, and ruins, tombs of Pompey and of Aruns, Lake Nemy and its village, Gensano, and Marino, and Rocca di Papa, all within easy reach and always in sight. There are four lovely winding avenues of trees, called *Gallerie*, where you drive for miles under arches of gray ilex as grand as stone, and where the oldest trees are propped by pillars to save their strength and keep them alive. There is Monte Cavo, the highest of the Alban Hills, one thousand feet above Albano, where there used to be a temple, and Julius Cæsar went up to be crowned one day. To think that an English cardinal dared to pull down the ruined temple, and build a convent and church in its stead!

Some of the roads are very smooth and good, others are rough and narrow. For these you must take donkeys, and go perhaps two miles an hour; but, going so slowly, you will have great reward in learning the faces of the wayside flowers and getting into fellowship with the lizards. Fifty different kinds of flowers I counted in one afternoon, all growing wild by the road; and the other day, on the road to Marino, I made acquaintance with two lizards, who were finer than Solomon in all his glory, and had a villa with a better view than the Barberini.

**THE AWKWARD AGE — FROM BITS OF TALK.

The expression defines itself. At the first sound of the words, we all think of some one unhappy soul we know just now, whom they suggest. Nobody is ever without at least one brother, sister, cousin, or friend on hand, who is struggling through this social slough of despond; and nobody ever will be, so long as the world goes on taking it for granted that the slough is a necessity, and that the road must go through it. Nature never meant any such thing. Now and then she blunders or gets thwarted of her intent, and turns out a person who is awkward, hopelessly and forever awkward; body and soul are clumsy together, and it is hard to fancy them translated to the spiritual world without too much elbow and ankle. However, these are rare cases, and come in under the law of variation. But an awkward

age, — a necessary crisis or stage of uncourtiness, through which all human beings must pass, — Nature was incapable of such a conception; law has no place for it; development does not know it; instinct revolts from it; and man is the only animal who has been silly and wrong-headed enough to stumble into it. The explanation and the remedy are so simple, so close at hand, that we have not seen them. The whole thing lies in a nutshell. Where does this abnormal, uncomfortable period come in? Between childhood, we say, and maturity; it is the transition from one to the other. When human beings, then, are neither boys nor men, girls nor women, they must be for a few years anomalous creatures, must they? We might, perhaps, find a name for the individual in this condition as well as for the condition. We must look to Du Chaillu for it, if we do; but it is too serious a distress to make light of, even for a moment. We have all felt it, and we know how it feels; we all see it every day, and we know how it looks.

What is it which the child has and the adult loses, from the loss of which comes this total change of behavior? Or is it something which the adult has and the child had not? It is both; and until the loss and the gain, the new and the old, are permanently separated and balanced, the awkward age lasts. The child was overlooked, contradicted, thwarted, snubbed, insulted, whipped; not constantly, not often, — in many cases, thank God, very seldom. But the liability was there, and he knew it; he never forgot it, if you did. One burn is enough to make fire dreaded. The adult, once fairly recognized as adult, is not overlooked, contradicted, thwarted, snubbed, insulted, whipped; at least not with impunity. To this gratifying freedom, these comfortable exemptions, when they are once established in our belief, we adjust ourselves, and grow contentedly good-mannered. To the other *régime*, while we were yet children, we also somewhat adjusted ourselves, were tolerably well behaved, and made the best of it. But who could bear a mixture of both? What genius could rise superior to it, could be itself, surrounded by such uncertainties?

No wonder that your son comes into the room with a confused expression of uncomfortable pain on every feature, when he does not in the least know whether he will be recognized as a gentleman, or overlooked as a little boy. No wonder he sits down in his chair with movements suggestive of nothing but rheumatism and jack-knives, when he is thinking that perhaps there may be some reason why he should not take that particular chair, and that, if there is, he will be ordered up.

No wonder that your tall daughter turns red, stammers and says foolish things on being courteously spoken to by strangers at dinner, when she is afraid that she may be sharply contradicted or interrupted, and remembers that day before yesterday she was told that children should be seen and not heard.

I knew a very clever girl, who had the misfortune to look at fourteen as if she were twenty. At home, she was the shyest and most awkward of creatures; away from her mother and sisters, she was self-possessed and charming. She said to me, once, "Oh! I have such a splendid time away from home. I'm so tall, everybody thinks I am grown up, and everybody is civil to me."

I know, also, a man of superb physique, charming temperament, and uncommon talent, who is

to this day—and he is twenty-five years old—nervous and ill at ease in talking with strangers, in the presence of his own family. He hesitates, stammers, and never does justice to his thoughts. He says that he believes he shall never be free from this distress; he cannot escape from the recollections of the years between fourteen and twenty, during which he was so systematically snubbed that his mother's parlor was to him worse than the chambers of the Inquisition. He knows that he is now sure of courteous treatment; that his friends are all proud of him; but the old cloud will never entirely disappear. Something has been lost which can never be regained. And the loss is not his alone, it is theirs too; they are all poorer for life, by reason of the unkind days which are gone.

This, then, is the explanation of the awkward age. I am not afraid of any dissent from my definition of the source whence its misery springs. Everybody's consciousness bears witness. Everybody knows, in the bottom of his heart, that, however much may be said about the change of voice, the thinness of cheeks, the sharpness of arms, the sudden length in legs and lack of length in trousers and frocks,—all these had nothing to do with the real misery. The real misery was simply and solely the horrible feeling of not belonging anywhere; not knowing what a moment might bring forth in the way of treatment from others; never being sure which impulse it would be safer to follow, to retreat or to advance, to speak or to be silent, and often overwhelmed with unspeakable mortification at the rebuff of the one or the censure of the other. Oh! how dreadful it all was! How dreadful it all is, even to remember! It would be malicious even to refer to it, except to point out the cure.

The cure is plain. It needs no experiment to test it. Merely to mention it ought to be enough. If human beings are so awkward at this unhappy age, and so unhappy at this awkward age, simply because they do not know whether they are to be treated as children or as adults, suppose we make a rule that children are always to be treated, in point of courtesy, as if they were adults? Then this awkward age—this period of transition from an atmosphere of, to say the least, negative rudeness to one of gracious politeness—disappears. There cannot be a crisis of readjustment of social relations: there is no possibility of such a feeling; it would be hard to explain to a young person what it meant. Now and then we see a young man or young woman who has never known it. They are usually only children, and are commonly spoken of as wonders. I know such a boy to-day. At seventeen he measures six feet in height; he has the feet and the hands of a still larger man; and he comes of a blood which had far more strength than grace. But his manner is, and always has been, sweet, gentle, composed,—the very ideal of grave, tender, frank young manhood. People say, "How strange! He never seemed to have any awkward age at all." It would have been stranger if he had. Neither his father nor his mother ever departed for an instant, in their relations with him, from the laws of courtesy and kindness of demeanor which governed their relations with others.

He knew but one atmosphere, and that a genial one, from his babyhood up; and in and of this atmosphere has grown up a sweet, strong, pure soul, for which the quiet, self-possessed manner is but the fitting garb.

This is part of the kingdom that cometh unobserved. In this kingdom we are all to be kings and priests, if we choose; and all its ways are pleasantness. But we are not ready for it till we have become peaceable and easy to be entreated, and have learned to understand why it was that one day, when Jesus called his disciples together, he set a little child in their midst.

**A COMPANION FOR THE WINTER—FROM BITS OF TALK.

I have engaged a companion for the winter. It would be simply a superfluous egotism to say this to the public, except that I have a philanthropic motive for doing so. There are many lonely people who are in need of a companion possessing just such qualities as his; and he has brothers singularly like himself, whose services can be secured. I despair of doing justice to him by any description. In fact, thus far, I discover new perfections in him daily, and believe that I am yet only on the threshold of our friendship.

In conversation he is more suggestive than any person I have ever known. After two or three hours alone with him, I am sometimes almost startled to look back and see through what a marvellous train of fancy and reflection he has led me. Yet he is never wordy, and often conveys his subtlest meaning by a look.

He is an artist, too, of the rarest sort. You watch the process under which his pictures grow with incredulous wonder. The Eastern magic which drops the seed in the mould, and bids it shoot up before your eyes, blossom, and bear its fruit in an hour, is tardy and clumsy by side of the creative genius of my companion. His touch is swift as air; his coloring is vivid as light; he has learned, I know not how, the secrets of hidden places in all lands; and he paints, now a tufted clump of soft cocoa palms; now the spires and walls of an iceberg, glittering in yellow sunlight; now a desolate, sandy waste, where black rocks and a few crumbling ruins are lit up by a lurid glow; then a cathedral front, with carvings like lace; then the skeleton of a wrecked ship, with bare ribs and broken masts,—and all so exact, so minute, so life-like, that you believe no man could paint thus any thing which he had not seen.

He has a special love for mosaics, and a marvellous faculty for making drawings of curious old patterns. Nothing is too complicated for his memory, and he revels in the most fantastic and intricate shapes. I have known him in a single evening throw off a score of designs, all beautiful, and many of them rare: fiery scorpions on a black ground; pale lavender flagrees over scarlet; white and black squares blocked out as for tiles of a pavement, and crimson and yellow threads interlaced over them; odd Chinese patterns in brilliant colors, all angles and surprises, with no likeness to any thing in nature; and exquisite little bits of landscapes in soft grays and whites. Last night was one of his nights of reminiscences of the mosaic-workers. A furious snow-storm was raging, and, as the flaky crystals piled up in drifts on the window-ledges, he seemed to catch the inspiration of their law of structure, and drew sheet after sheet of crystalline shapes; some so delicate and filmy that it seemed as if a jar might obliterate them; some massive and strong, like those in which the earth keeps her mineral treasures; then, at last, on a round charcoal disk, he

traced out a perfect rose, in a fragrant white powder, which piled up under his fingers, petal after petal, circle after circle, till the feathery stamens were buried out of sight. Then, as we held our breath for fear of disturbing it, with a good-natured little chuckle, he shook it off into the fire, and by a few quick strokes of red turned the black charcoal disk into a shield gay enough for a tournament.

He has talent for modelling, but this he exercises more rarely. Usually, his figures are grotesque rather than beautiful, and he never allows them to remain longer than for a few moments, often changing them so rapidly under your eye that it seems like jugglery. He is fondest of doing this at twilight, and loves the darkest corner of the room. From the half-light he will suddenly thrust out before you a grinning gargoyle head, to which he will give in an instant more a pair of spider legs, and then, with one roll, stretch it out into a crocodile, whose jaws seem so near snapping that you involuntarily draw your chair further back. Next, in a freak of ventriloquism, he startles you still more by bringing from the crocodile's mouth a sigh, so long drawn, so human, that you really shudder, and are ready to implore him to play no more tricks. He knows when he has reached this limit, and soothes you at once by a tender, far-off whisper, like the wind through pines, sometimes almost like an *Æolian* harp; then he rouses you from your dreams by what you are sure is a tap at the door. You turn, speak, listen; no one enters; the tap again. Ah! it is only a little more of the ventriloquism of this wonderful creature. You are alone with him, and there was no tap at the door.

But when there is, and the friend comes in, then my companion's genius shines out. Almost always in life the third person is a discord, or at least a burden; but he is so genial, so diffusive, so sympathetic, that, like some tints by which painters know how to bring out all the other colors in a picture, he forces every one to do his best. I am indebted to him already for a better knowledge of some men and women with whom I had talked for years before to little purpose. It is most wonderful that he produces this effect, because he himself is so silent; but there is some secret charm in his very smile which puts people *en rapport* with each other, and with him at once.

I am almost afraid to go on with the list of the things my companion can do. I have not yet told the half, nor the most wonderful; and I believe I have already overtaxed credulity. I will mention only one more, — but that is to me far more inexplicable than all the rest. I am sure that it belongs, with mesmerism and clairvoyance, to the domain of the higher psychological mysteries. He has in rare hours the power of producing the portraits of persons whom you have loved, but whom he has never seen. For this it is necessary that you should concentrate your whole attention on him, as is always needful to secure the best results of mesmeric power. It must also be late and still. In the day, or in a storm, I have never known him to succeed in this. For these portraits he uses only shadowy gray tints. He begins with a hesitating outline. If you are not tenderly and closely in attention, he throws it aside; he can do nothing. But if you are with him, heart and soul, and do not take your eyes from his, he will presently fill out the dear faces, full, life-like, and wearing a smile, which makes you sure that they too must have been summoned

from the other side, as you from this, to meet on the shadowy boundary between flesh and spirit. He must see them as clearly as he sees you; and it would be little more for his magic to do if he were at the same moment showing to their longing eyes your face and answering smile.

But I delay too long the telling of his name. A strange hesitancy seizes me. I shall never be believed by any one who has not sat as I have by his side. But, if I can only give to one soul the good-cheer and strength of such a presence, I shall be rewarded.

His name is Maple Wood-fire, and his terms are from eight to twelve dollars a month, according to the amount of time he gives. This price is ridiculously low, but it is all that any member of the family asks; in fact, in some parts of the country, they can be hired for much less. They have connections by the name of Hickory, whose terms are higher; but I cannot find out that they are any more satisfactory. There are also some distant relations, named Chestnut and Pine, who can be employed in the same way, at a much lower rate; but they are all snappish and uncertain in temper.

To the whole world I commend the good brotherhood of Maple, and pass on the emphatic endorsement of a blessed old black woman who came to my room the other day, and, standing before the rollicking blaze on my hearth, said, "Bless yer, honey, yer's got a wood-fire. I see allers said that, if yer's got a wood-fire, yer's got meat, an' drink, an' clo'es."

** MONCURE DANIEL CONWAY

Was born at his father's country residence in Stafford county, Virginia, March 17, 1832. His father, Walker Peyton Conway, was long a magistrate of Stafford county, and some time member of the Virginia Legislature. His mother, Margaret Eleanor Conway, is a daughter of John Moncure Daniel, M.D., a graduate of Edinburgh, and Surgeon-General of the U. S. Army under President Monroe. She is also granddaughter of Thomas Stone, of Maryland, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

M. D. Conway was sent to Dickinson College, Carlisle, Penna., in 1847, where he was graduated in 1849, and from which he received subsequently the degree of M. A. At this college he became a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. On returning to Virginia, he began the study of law in the office of W. F. Phillips, of Warrenton, contributing, meanwhile, to the *Southern Literary Messenger*, and also to the *Richmond Examiner*, then edited by his cousin, the late John M. Daniel, afterward Charge d' Affaires in Sardinia. Here he also wrote a pamphlet, entitled *Free Schools in Virginia*, warmly advocating the New England system. In 1851 Mr. Conway resolved to enter upon the Methodist ministry, and having been received into the Baltimore Conference, he was appointed to Rockville circuit, Maryland. Up to this time he had held ardent Southern opinions, and had been secretary of a Southern Rights Club in Warrenton. But his views began to change under the awakening influences of an anti-slavery settlement of Quakers, as he has described in a work entitled *Testimonies Concerning Slavery*, published in London, 1865.

In 1852, Mr. Conway was appointed to Frederick circuit, in the same vicinity. Here his religious opinions underwent changes which led him to ask to be relieved from his charge, and, after a brief visit to Virginia, he went to Cambridge, Massachusetts, and entered the Divinity College. While pursuing his studies here, Mr. Conway was fond of visiting Concord, where he found a friend in Ralph Waldo Emerson, and often enjoyed walks with Thoreau. From the time of his entrance into the Divinity College, he had espoused the views of the more rationalistic Unitarians, maintaining, however, rather the religious philosophy of the Transcendentalists than the naturalism of more negative schools.



M D Conway.

After graduating, Mr. Conway returned to Virginia, with the hope of being able to preach his new philanthropic and religious views in his native State; but rumors of his connection with the affair of the fugitive slave Anthony Burns (who had belonged to the same neighborhood in Virginia), had preceded him, and on arrival at Falmouth, where his parents resided, he was confronted by a company of gentlemen and ordered under threats to leave the State. He left Virginia, and was called to the Unitarian Church at Washington, in 1854. Here, also, his anti-slavery views caused trouble, and finally a discourse concerning the outrage on Senator Sumner led to a termination of his connection with the society.

During this ministry at Washington, several of his discourses were printed, one being *On the Life and Character of the Hon. William Cranch, LL. D., late Chief Justice of the District of Columbia*. In 1856 Mr. Conway became the minister of the Unitarian Church at Cincinnati. He was here married, in 1858, to Miss Ellen Dana. Several pamphlets by him were published in Cincinnati, among others a *Defence of the Theatre*, and *The Natural History of the Devil*. In 1858 appeared his first extended work: *Tracts for To-day*. It consists of a series of discourses mainly devoted to studies of religious experience,

and containing also some discussions concerning the value of the Bible and the functions of skepticism. In 1861 appeared a little volume which gained considerable celebrity before its authorship was known: *The Rejected Stone; or, Insurrection vs. Resurrection in America, by a Native of Virginia*. (Boston: Walker, Wise & Co.) Its aim was to awaken a conviction that the war was really a struggle with slavery, and to alarm the country against all efforts for compromise. *The Golden Hour*, a work of similar character, appeared in 1862.

During the earlier days of the war, Mr. Conway visited the chief towns and villages of Ohio, to address the people in town-halls and out-of-door assemblies, devoting his entire time to this work without compensation. He was then invited to give a lecture on the anti-slavery bearings of the war at the Smithsonian Institution. Subsequently he resigned his connection with the congregation in Cincinnati, and came to Boston, to edit a new journal, the *Boston Commonwealth*, at the desire of a number of gentlemen, among whom were the late George L. Stearns and Francis Bird, Esq.

After residing, during this service, at Concord, Mass., Mr. Conway, upon consultation with his friends, resolved to visit England, in order to speak and write on the subject then engrossing public attention in both countries. There he delivered public addresses in various districts, and published the work already mentioned — *Testimonies Concerning Slavery* (Chapman & Hall), which passed through two editions. He also wrote a large number of articles on American questions and themes in the *Fortnightly Review* and *Frazer's Magazine*, with which he has since been connected, besides contributing to the *London Daily News* and the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

In 1864 Mr. Conway accepted an invitation to preach at South Place Chapel, in London, which had been the scene of the labors of the celebrated W. J. Fox, M. P. This society had dwindled very much after the retirement of Mr. Fox, but it is now one of the largest liberal congregations in Great Britain. In his chapel there is fine music, but instead of the usual prayer, there is an utterance called "A Meditation;" the lessons read are from various Oriental scriptures, and there is no text taken for the discourse.

During his residence in London, Mr. Conway has contributed many articles to *Harper's Magazine*, among which the most important are the series entitled *South Coast Saunterings in England*. He has also been for some years correspondent of the Cincinnati *Daily Commercial*. He is a fellow of the Royal Anthropological Society of Great Britain and Ireland, and Vice-President of the London Dialectical Society. In 1872 he delivered a series of lectures at the Royal Institution on Demonology, and a series on Oriental Religions at the Philosophical Institution of Newcastle-on-Tyne. He has also delivered two courses of Lectures before the Edinburgh Philosophical Society.

His most important work was published in London, 1870: — *The Earthward Pilgrimage* (Hotten). The idea of this production is to reverse the direction of Bunyan's Pilgrim, as is indicated in the first chapter — "How I left

the World to come for that which is." The narration of the excursion gives its author an opportunity to promulgate his own peculiar religious views. In the course of the pilgrim's wanderings, the whole round of churches and chapels are visited, and descriptions are given that may be identified with actual places and eminent living teachers. The work, however, touches upon nearly every great theme of the age—social, literary, artistic—though always with a moral purpose.

The latest work of Mr. Conway is a political brochure entitled *Republican Superstitions, Illustrated in the Political History of America* (Henry S. King & Co., London, 1872). This work, which is dedicated to his friend, M. Louis Blanc, was meant to strengthen the hands of the Left in the French Assembly, in their opposition to the policy of two legislative chambers, and also to warn the English Republicans against thinking the President a more republican official than the nominal monarch. Mr. Conway quotes the opinions of many very eminent men—Mill, Bentham, Bagehot, Karl Blind, Louis Blanc, and others—in favor of his opposition both to the presidential office and the two-chamber system. He holds that the United States has suffered only from so many of its organic forms as it preserved from monarchical systems, and believes that it will be necessary to replace the "antiquarian state" with the "scientifically organized electoral district," the President with a responsible Premier, the two legislatures with one in which each real variety of opinion shall be represented and meet the other face to face, and the diplomatic system by special commissions. This work has been translated into French, and has been widely and favorably reviewed in Germany as well as in England.

Mr. Conway is advertised as having now (1873) in press a large work entitled *The Sacred Anthropology: A Collection of Ethnical Scriptures*.

THE LITTLE AND LOWLY—FROM THE EARTHWARD PILGRIMAGE.

The worship of the Nazarene peasant and carpenter has its Avatar to-day in the interest gathering about the little and the lowly. At last an age has arrived which begins to understand the secret revealed to St. Augustine, that "God is great in the great, but greatest in the small."

First came Science, the one true representation of the Apostolic Succession in this age, reversing all estimates of high and low. Studious rather of actual flies than of possible angels; turning from the infinite to search into the infinitesimal; finding the philosopher's stone in every pebble; circumnavigating the rain-drop and reporting its curious tribes; pursuing insects as ardently as suns; reading in flowers the laws of constellations; tracing the bursting of cosmical rings and the generation of worlds in a spinning drop of oil; exploring primeval forests in frost-pictures on window-panes; following each step in the ascent of the worm to man; showing the consent of solar systems to the motion of a finger,—Science has come to this generation wearing on its head the dust, and has taught us to see in that dust a crown more glorious than ever adorned the brow of royalty.

Next came Poetry, turning at last from the emptiness of the glittering, to the treasures of the leaden, casket. Burns and the "wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower" disturbed by his plough; Wordsworth, with his reflector turned to the field, holding a celadine; Hood setting to sweet minstrels the sighs of the sempstress; Leigh Hunt and Keats, competing as laureates of the cricket and the grasshopper; Carlyle, rising to song as the moth finds its pyre in his candle; Goethe, twining the mystical tendrils of souls about the little gypsy Mignon; Browning, telling of the destinies of empires bound up with the carols of barefoot Pippa from the silk-mills; the tender humanities of Beranger, of Lowell, of Whittier, and of Walt. Whitman, who shows the Leaves of Grass as fit subjects for his epic as Homer found for his the heroes of Troy.

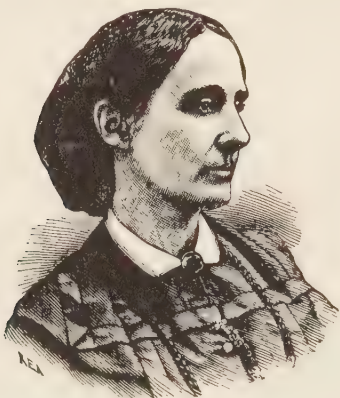
** ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN,

Whose early poems were signed "Florence Percy," was born in the pleasant town of Strong, on the Sandy River, in Maine, October 9, 1832. That whole region is well wooded and picturesque, having ponds of clear water mirroring the hills, and the hollows alive with streams hastening down to the river, while the latter, after flowing eastward through a succession of fertile valleys enclosed by rolling hills, begins at Strong to wind around the long declivity of Mount Blue, and flows southward to the falls at Farmington. The child reared among these happy influences inherited from her father a mental and physical constitution of rare vigor, and from her mother, whom she lost in early life, the delicate grace and tenderness which characterize her genius.

Her widowed father soon removed to Farmington, where her girlhood was passed, in a community marked by its taste for literature. One of the oldest academies in the State had its seat in that town, while the judges and lawyers who attended the county courts, many of them resident at the county seat, gave a learned tone to its society. Judge Parker wrote and published there, thirty years since, a town history which has been pronounced a model of antiquarian research, and Jacob Abbott's well-known "Rollo" books were written in Farmington. A weekly newspaper has been published there since 1840. In its pages appeared some of the earlier verses of "Florence Percy," which were received with so much favor that the writer, while still on the debatable ground between girlhood and womanhood, was invited by her townsmen to deliver an original poem at a public festival,—a task which she accepted with hesitation and discharged with credit.

Her first verses in print appeared, without her knowledge or consent, in a New Hampshire paper when she was twelve years old. Three years later she sent her first voluntary contribution to a Vermont editor; and in 1855 she became assistant editor of the *Portland Transcript*. Her first volume of Poems, entitled *Forest Buds from the Woods of Maine*, was brought out in a neat duodecimo at Boston in 1856. The book was full of promise, and had some choice original studies of the aspects of nature about Farmington. Its literary success enabled her in 1859

to carry into effect a plan of foreign travel, and to spend several months in Europe, journeying leisurely through Italy, and thence more rapidly through France and Germany. In 1860 she was married to Paul Akers, the sculptor, whose birthplace was in a suburban town near Portland. Mr. Akers was then winning a reputation; but death found him, like his own Pearl Diver, when success lay just within his grasp. Already an invalid, he lingered a year after his marriage, and died at Philadelphia in the spring of 1861, at the early age of thirty-five. Their child, Gertrude, was soon laid by his side.



Elizabeth Akers Allen.

Mrs. Akers returned to Portland, and after months of extreme mental and bodily prostration, she again took her old post in the *Transcript* office. In 1863, when the government first began to avail itself of the services of women at Washington, Mrs. Akers received an appointment in the War Office at the suggestion of the late Senator Fessenden. She witnessed the great events of the next three years in that capital, and was one of the throng of horror-stricken spectators at Ford's Theatre, on the memorable April night when President Lincoln was assassinated.

In 1866 her second volume of poetry, entitled *Poems by Elizabeth Akers (Florence Percy)*, was published in the blue and gold series of Messrs. Ticknor & Fields. It is full of rhythmical beauty and tender suggestiveness, having a keen sympathy with the charms of natural scenery, and a chastened pathos begot of bereavement and resignation. The versatility of its themes, and their even power, reveal a mental activity that must find expression in poetical forms. Beside the gems quoted below, occur a dirge in spring-time, like Violet Planting; Among the Laurels, a fantasy; Left Behind, a revelation of womanly love; The Mountains, a vivid ideal of death; Cradle Time, a companion piece to "Rock Me to Sleep;" White Head, a picture of Casco Bay; and a series of war pictures—Spring at the Capital;

In the Defences, and the Return of the Regiment, wherein,

"Leaning out from the gazing bands
Many a woman silent stands,
Who longs to grasp their hard brown hands,
And wash them white with tears."

In the autumn of 1866, Mrs. Akers was married to Mr. E. M. Allen, and soon afterward accompanied her husband to Richmond. It was during her residence in that city that the extraordinary discussion arose concerning the authorship of her poem, "Rock me to sleep, Mother." That song was written by Mrs. Allen in 1859, and sent from Rome to the *Philadelphia Post*, wherein it appeared in 1860. The writer had happily embodied a universal feeling in musical verse, and her poem was instantly adopted by the public, copied by the newspaper press, set to music by half a dozen different hands, and finally claimed by no less than five aspirants to the honor of its composition. Mrs. Allen took no pains to vindicate her claim until, in 1868, Mr. A. M. W. Ball, of Elizabeth, New Jersey, ventured to print a pamphlet containing the affidavits of a number of his friends, who thought they remembered that he had written something of the kind ten or twelve years before. Then the real author was compelled to deny that she had stolen her own poem; and the controversy was conclusively settled in her favor by an elaborate review of the whole case, taking up a full page of the *New York Times*.

In 1872 Mr. Allen went into business in New York, and now resides, with his wife, in Greenville, New Jersey, one of the outlying suburbs of that city. Since the publication of her second volume, Mrs. Allen has been a frequent contributor to the principal magazines, and some of her finest poems are scattered through their pages, including *The Willow*, *Inconstancy*, etc.

** THE CITY OF THE LIVING.

In a long-vanished age, whose varied story
No record has to-day, —
So long ago expired its grief and glory, —
There flourished far away,

In a broad realm, whose beauty passed all measure.
A city fair and wide,
Wherein the dwellers lived in peace and pleasure,
And never any died.

Disease and pain and death, those stern marauders,
Which mar our world's fair face,
Never encroached upon the pleasant borders
Of that bright dwelling-place.

No fear of parting and no dread of dying
Could ever enter there;
No mourning for the lost, no anguished crying
Made any face less fair.

Without the city's walls death reigned as ever,
And graves rose side by side;
Within, the dwellers laughed at his endeavor,
And never any died.

O happiest of all earth's favored places!
O bliss, to dwell therein! —
To live in the sweet light of loving faces,
And fear no grave between!

To feel no death-damp, gathering cold and colder,
 Disputing life's warm truth, —
 To live on, never lonelier or older,
 Radiant in deathless youth!

And hurrying from the world's remotest quarters
 A tide of pilgrims flowed
 Across broad plains and over mighty waters,
 To find that blest abode,

Where never death should come between, and sever
 Them from their loved apart, —
 Where they might work, and win, and live forever,
 Still holding heart to heart.

And so they lived, in happiness and pleasure,
 And grew in power and pride,
 And did great deeds, and laid up stores of treasure,
 And never any died.

And many years rolled on, and saw them striving
 With unabated breath;
 And other years still found and left them living,
 And gave no hope of death.

Yet listen, hapless soul whom angels pity,
 Craving a boon like this, —
 Mark how the dwellers in the wondrous city
 Grew weary of their bliss.

One and another, who had been concealing
 The pain of life's long thrall,
 Forsook their pleasant places, and came stealing
 Outside the city wall,

Craving, with wish that brooked no more denying,
 So long had it been crossed,
 The blessed possibility of dying, —
 The treasure they had lost.

Daily the current of rest-seeking mortals
 Swelled to a broader tide,
 Till none were left within the city's portals,
 And graves grew green outside.

Would it be worth the having or the giving,
 The boon of endless breath?
 Ah, for the weariness that comes of living
 There is no cure but death!

Ours were indeed a fate deserving pity,
 Were that sweet rest denied;
 And few, methinks, would care to find the city
 Where never any died!

** IN AN ATTIC.

This is my attic room. Sit down, my friend.
 My swallow's nest is high and hard to gain;
 The stairs are long and steep; but at the end
 The rest repays the pain.

For here are peace and freedom; room for speech
 Or silence, as may suit a changeful mood;
 Society's hard by-laws do not reach
 This lofty altitude.

You hapless dwellers in the lower rooms
 See only bricks and sand and windowed walls;
 But here, above the dust and smoky glooms,
 Heaven's light unhindered falls.

So early in the street the shadows creep,
 Your night begins while yet my eyes behold
 The purpling hills, the wide horizon's sweep,
 Flooded with sunset gold.

The day comes earlier here. At morn I see
 Along the roofs the eldest sunbeam peep;
 I live in daylight, limitless and free,
 While you are lost in sleep.

I catch the rustle of the maple-leaves,
 I see the breathing branches rise and fall,
 And hear, from their high perch along the eaves,
 The bright-necked pigeons call.

Far from the parlors with their garrulous crowds
 I dwell alone, with little need of words;
 I have mute friendships with the stars and clouds,
 And love-trysts with the birds.

So all who walk steep ways, in grief and night,
 Where every step is full of toil and pain,
 May see, when they have gained the sharpest
 height,
 It has not been in vain,

Since they have left behind the noise and heat;
 And, though their eyes drop tears, their sight
 is clear:

The air is purer, and the breeze is sweet,
 And the blue heaven more near.

** ROCK ME TO SLEEP, MOTHER.

Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight,
 Make me a child again just for to-night!
 Mother, come back from the echoless shore,
 Take me again to your heart as of yore;
 Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
 Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair;
 Over my slumbers your loving watch keep; —
 Rock me to sleep, mother, — rock me to sleep!

Backward, flow backward, O tide of the years!
 I am so weary of toil and of tears, —
 Toil without recompense, tears all in vain, —
 Take them, and give me my childhood again!
 I have grown weary of dust and decay, —
 Weary of flinging my soul-wealth away;
 Weary of sowing for others to reap; —
 Rock me to sleep, mother — rock me to sleep!

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,
 Mother, O mother, my heart calls for you!
 Many a summer the grass has grown green,
 Blossomed and faded, our faces between:
 Yet, with strong yearning and passionate pain,
 Long I to-night for your presence again.
 Come from the silence so long and so deep; —
 Rock me to sleep mother, — rock me to sleep!

Over my heart, in the days that are flown,
 No love like mother-love ever has shone;
 No other worship abides and endures, —
 Faithful, unselfish, and patient like yours:
 None like a mother can charm away pain
 From the sick soul and the world-weary brain.
 Slumber's soft calms o'er my heavy lids creep; —
 Rock me to sleep, mother, — rock me to sleep!

Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with gold,
 Fall on your shoulders again as of old;
 Let it drop over my forehead to-night,
 Shading my faint eyes away from the light;
 For with its sunny-edged shadows once more
 Haply will throng the sweet visions of yore;
 Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep; —
 Rock me to sleep, mother, — rock me to sleep!

Mother, dear mother, the years have been long
 Since I last listened your lullaby song:
 Sing, then, and unto my soul it shall seem
 Womanhood's years have been only a dream.
 Clapsed to your heart in a loving embrace,
 With your light lashes just sweeping my face,
 Never hereafter to wake or to weep; —
 Rock me to sleep, mother, — rock me to sleep!

** PROMOTED.

Dead, ere existence reached its perfect prime,
 A hero martyr. In his morning years
 He gathered up the riches of his life,
 His fair, fresh youth, his high and noble hopes,
 All that had been, or was, or would be dear, —
 All that is possible to strong young souls,
 And laid them at his suffering country's feet;
 Saying, as fondly as a lover might,
 "All, even to my life, is hers I love,
 And so my country's." When her sorest need
 Demanded at his hands the uttermost,
 Behold how cheerfully he yielded it,
 Dying as calmly as one falls asleep
 After the perils of the day are past,
 And silver-sweet the evening bugle-call
 Speaks peace and rest.

The world lost much, what time our hero died,
 For rarely has it owned a man like him, —
 As pure of purpose, in these soiling times,
 And single-hearted as a diamond,
 The core of whose transparent soul is light;
 His was as tender as a woman's heart, —
 His nature sweet and artless as a child's,
 Yet strong and helpful. In his serious eyes
 There shone the record of a clean, fair life
 Which had no shame to hide, no stain to weep;
 He earned this sudden honor valiantly,
 The quick promotion of a glorious death, —
 "Killed in the advance, while leading on his
 men."

And would our selfish grief deny it him,
 And long to call him back? No, warrior-saint;
 Put on thy crown!

I do not know the place where he was laid,
 After the long day's dreadful work was done.
 They buried him upon the battle's brink,
 His war-worn comrades, — gently, reverently,
 With his young laurels fresh about his brow, —
 And I might search there all the summer's day
 Nor ever find him. But it is enough
 To know his tender body is at rest,
 And that the cannon will not break his sleep.
 His name is safe among the shining names;
 His soul is safe in the good Father's care;
 And in the hush of this wet, fragrant night,
 After the dust, the battle, and the heat,
 The loving rain-drops cool upon his grave,
 And the veiled stars will watch there till the day.
 Dear heart, sleep well!

Death, the great purifier, scarce could make
 His face more pure; and yet I long to know
 The added beauty which it printed there.
 But that sweet sorrow will not come to me,
 I can but keep his features as they were.
 I know the fatal bullet dared not strike
 The brow whereon his mother left her kiss;
 I hope there is no blood-stain on his cheek;
 I hope his lips still keep their tender smile,
 That his true hand yet rests upon his sword,
 And that anemones and violets,
 Taught by the grateful year that is to come,
 Will find the nameless pillow where he lies,
 And wrap him in the colors which he loved, —
 The colors in whose dear defence he died,
 Red, white, and blue!

** GEORGE E. WARING, JR.

An agricultural and miscellaneous writer, the son of George E. and Sarah (Burger) Waring, was born near Stamford, Connecticut, July 4,

1833. He was educated chiefly at College Hill, in Poughkeepsie. In the spring of 1853 he went to study agriculture with Professor Mapes, having always taken an interest in that pursuit. During the following winter he made an agricultural lecturing tour into Maine and Vermont. He wrote his first book, *Elements of Agriculture*, in 1854. In August, 1855, he took Horace Greeley's farm at Chappaqua, New York, and conducted it on shares for two years. In August, 1857, he was appointed Agricultural Engineer of Central Park, New York city, where he remained nearly four years, in charge of the draining and all agricultural improvements. Among other services, he prepared the soil of the present "Mall," and set out the four rows of trees upon it.

At the outbreak of the rebellion he was appointed Major of the "Garibaldi Guard" (the Thirty-ninth New York Regiment), in May, 1861, and was in Washington and Virginia till after the first battle of Bull Run. In August, 1861, he was appointed Major of Cavalry by Major General Fremont, went to St. Louis to join him, and raised six companies of cavalry under the name of the "Fremont Hussars." These, being afterward consolidated with the "Benton Hussars," made up the Fourth Missouri Cavalry, of which he was commissioned Colonel in January, 1862. He served in the Southwest, and was mustered out March, 1865. In the spring of 1867, he took up his residence in Newport, proposing to become a market-gardener. During that same year "Ogden Farm" was purchased, and this (with the market-garden and large green-houses,) is still successfully carried on.

Mr. Waring's publications are as follows: *Elements of Agriculture*, 1854, which was rewritten for the Tribune Association in 1868; *Draining for Profit and Draining for Health*, 1869; *Handybook of Husbandry*, 1870; *The Dry Earth System*, 1870; and the *Herd Register of American Jersey Cattle Club*, 2 vols., 1871-2, edited for a club of which he was one of the founders and is the secretary. He has also written many papers for the New York *Tribune* and *Hearth and Home*; was for three years agricultural editor of the New York *Evening Post*, and has been for four years an assistant editor of the *American Agriculturist*. He has also contributed several sketches of army life to the *Atlantic Monthly*. He has been twice married, and has two children. His first wife was Miss Euphemia Blunt of Brooklyn, New York, and the second Miss Virginia Clark of Pittsfield, Massachusetts.

** JAMES DE MILLE,

A VEPSATILE and brilliant author, has written several dramatic romances and some novels of American life full of comical scenes and characters. The latter have originally appeared in *Harper's Magazine*, *Atlantic Monthly*, or *Appleton's Journal*. He is a native of St. John, New Brunswick, where he was born in 1833. He was educated at Brown University, Providence, Rhode Island. For twelve years he has been a college professor, at first at Acadia College,

and subsequently at Dalhousie College, Halifax, Nova Scotia, where he now fills the chair of History and Rhetoric. His writings include: *Helena's Household*; *A Tale of Rome in the First Century*, 1867; *Cord and Creese*; or, *The Brandon Mystery*, 1869; *The Dodge Club*, a narrative of the humors of tourist life in Italy in 1859, 1869; *The Lady of the Ice*, a story of Quebec, 1870; *The Cryptogram*, a romance founded on the intricacies of cypher-writing, 1871; *The*

James De Mille

American Baron, 1872; *The Comedy of Terrors*, 1873; and *An Open Question*, 1873. He is also the author of two sets of books of adventure for boys, comprising six volumes each. The *B. O. W. C.* series was prepared between 1870-2, and contains *B. O. W. C.*; *Boys of Grand Pré School*; *Fire in the Woods*; *Lost in the Fog*; *Picked up Adrift*, and *Treasure of the Seas*. The *Young Dodge Club Series* is now in course of publication.

**THE SENATOR IN ROME—FROM THE DODGE CLUB.

Still he sauntered through the remotest corners of Rome, wandering over to the other side of the Tiber, or through the Ghetto, or among the crooked streets at the end of the Corso. Few have learned so much of Rome in so short a time.

On one occasion he was sitting in a café, where he had supplied his wants in the following way:

"Hi! coffee! coffee!" and again, "Hi! cigar!" when his eye was attracted by a man at the next table who was reading a copy of the *London Times*, which he had spread out very ostentatiously. After a brief survey the Senator walked over to his table and, with a beaming smile, said—

"Good-day, Sir."

The other man looked up and returned a very friendly smile.

"And how do you do, Sir?"

"Very well, I thank you," said the other, with a strong Italian accent.

"Do you keep your health?"

"Thank you, yes," said the other, evidently quite pleased at the advances of the Senator.

"Nothing gives me so much pleasure," said the Senator, "as to come across an Italian who understands English. You, Sir, are a Roman, I presume."

"Sir, I am."

The man to whom the Senator spoke was not one who would have attracted any notice from him if it had not been for his knowledge of English. He was a narrow-headed, mean-looking man, with very seedy clothes, and a servile but cunning expression.

"How do you like Rome?" he asked of the Senator.

The Senator at once poured forth all that had been in his mind since his arrival. He gave his opinion about the site, the architecture, the drains, the municipal government, the beggars, and the commerce of the place; then the soldiers, the nobles, the priests, monks, and nuns.

Then he criticised the Government, its form, its mode of administration, enlarged upon its

tyranny, condemned vehemently its police system, and indeed its whole administration of every thing, civil, political, and ecclesiastical.

Waxing warmer with the sound of his own eloquence, he found himself suddenly but naturally reminded of a country where all this is reversed. So he went on to speak about Freedom, Republicanism, the Rights of Man, and the Ballot-Box. Unable to talk with sufficient fluency while in a sitting posture he rose to his feet, and as he looked around, seeing that all present were staring at him, he made up his mind to improve the occasion. So he harangued the crowd generally, not because he thought any of them could understand him, but it was so long since he had made a speech that the present opportunity was irresistible. Besides, as he afterward remarked, he felt that it was a crisis, and who could tell but that a word spoken in season might produce some beneficial effects.

He shook hands very warmly with his new friend after it all was over, and on leaving him made him promise to come and see him at his lodgings, where he would show him statistics, etc. The Senator then returned.

That evening he received a visit. The Senator heard a rap at his door and called out "Come in." Two men entered—ill-looking, or rather malignant-looking, clothed in black.

Dick was in his room, Buttons out, Figs and the Doctor had not returned from the café. The Senator insisted on shaking hands with both his visitors. One of these men spoke English.

"His Excellency," said he, pointing to the other, "wishes to speak to you on official business."

"Happy to hear it," said the Senator.

"His Excellency is the Chief of the Police, and I am the Interpreter."

Whereupon the Senator shook hands with both of them again.

"Proud to make your acquaintance," said he.

"I am personally acquainted with the Chief of the Boston police, and also the Chief of the New York police, and my opinion is that they can stand more liquor than any men I ever met with. Will you liquor?"

The interpreter did not understand. The Senator made an expressive sign. The interpreter mentioned the request to the Chief, who shook his head coldly.

"This is formal," said the Interpreter—"not social."

The Senator's face flushed. He frowned.

"Give him my compliments then, and tell him the next time he refuses a gentleman's offer he had better do it like a gentleman. For my part, if I chose to be uncivil, I might say that I consider your Roman police very small potatoes."

The Interpreter translated this literally, and though the final expression was not very intelligible, yet it seemed to imply contempt.

So the Chief of Police made his communication as sternly as possible. Grave reports had been made about his American Excellency. The Senator looked surprised.

"What about?"

That he was haranguing the people, going about secretly, plotting, and trying to instill revolutionary sentiments into the public mind.

"Pooh!" said the Senator.

The Chief of Police bade him be careful. He would not be permitted to stir up an excitable populace. This was to give him warning.

"Pooh!" said the Senator again.

And if he neglected this warning it would be the worse for him. And the Chief of Police looked unutterable things. The Senator gazed at him sternly and somewhat contemptuously for a few minutes.

"You're no great shakes anyhow," said he.

"Signore?" said the Interpreter.

"Doesn't it strike you that you are talking infernal nonsense?" asked the Senator in a slightly argumentative tone of voice, throwing one leg over another, tilting back his chair, and folding his arms.

"Your language is disrespectful," was the indignant reply.

"Yours strikes me as something of the same kind, too; but more—it is absurd."

"What do you mean?"

"You say I stir up the people."

"Yes. Do you deny it?"

"Pooh! How can a man stir up the people when he can't speak a word of their language?"

The Chief of Police did not reply for a moment.

"I rather think I've got you there," said the Senator, dryly. "Hey? old Hoss?"

("Old Hoss" was an epithet which he used when he was in a good humor.) He felt that he had the best of it here, and his anger was gone. He therefore tilted his chair back further, and placed his feet upon the back of a chair that was in front of him.

"There are Italians in Rome who speak English," was at length the rejoinder.

"I wish I could find some, then," said the Senator. "It's worse than looking for a needle in a hay-stack, they're so precious few."

"You have met one."

"And I can't say I feel over-proud of the acquaintance," said the Senator, in his former dry tone, looking hard at the Interpreter.

"At the Café Cenacci, I mean."

"The what? Where's that?"

"Where you were this morning."

"Oh ho! that's it—ah? And was my friend there one of your friends too?" asked the Senator, as light burst in upon him.

"He was sufficiently patriotic to give warning."

"Oh—patriotic?—he was, was he?" said the Senator, slowly, while his eyes showed a dangerous light.

"Yes—patriotic. He has watched you for some time."

"Watched me!" and the Senator frowned wrathfully.

"Yes, all over Rome, wherever you went."

"Watched me! dogged me! tracked me! Aha?"

"So you are known."

"Then the man is a spy."

"He is a patriot."

"Why, the mean concern sat next me, attracted my attention by reading English, and encouraged me to speak as I did. Why don't you arrest him?"

"He did it to test you."

"To test me! How would he like me to test him?"

"The Government looks on your offence with lenient eyes."

"Ah!"

"And content themselves this time with giving you warning."

"Very much obliged; but tell your Government not to be alarmed. I won't hurt them."

Upon this the two visitors took their leave. The Senator informed his two friends about the visit, and thought very lightly about it; but the recollection of one thing rankled in his mind.

That spy! The fellow had humbugged him. He had dogged him, tracked him, perhaps for weeks, had drawn him into conversation, asked leading questions, and then given information. If there was any thing on earth that the Senator loathed it was this.

But how could such a man be punished! That was the thought. Punishment could only come from one. The law could do nothing. But there was one who could do something, and that one was himself. Lynch law!

"My fayer was from Bosting,
My uncle was Judge Lynch,
So darn your fire and roasting,
You can not make me flinch."

The Senator hummed the above elegant words all that evening.

He thought he could find the man yet. He was sure he would know him. He would devote himself to this on the next day. The next day he went about the city, and at length in the afternoon he came to Pincian Hill. There was a great crowd there as usual. The Senator placed himself in a favorable position, in which he could only be seen from one point, and then watched with the eye of a hawk.

He watched for about an hour. At the end of that time he saw a face. It belonged to a man who had been leaning against a post with his back turned toward the Senator all this time. It was *the face!* The fellow happened to turn it far enough round to let the Senator see him. He was evidently watching him yet. The Senator walked rapidly toward him. The man saw him and began to move as rapidly away. The Senator increased his pace. So did the man. The Senator walked still faster. So did the man. The Senator took long strides. The man took short, quick ones. It is said that the fastest pedestrians are those who take short, quick steps. The Senator did not gain on the other.

By this time a vast number of idlers had been attracted by the sight of these two men walking as if for a wager. At last the Senator began to run. So did the man!

The whole thing was plain. One man was chasing the other. At once all the idlers of the Pincian Hill stopped all their avocations and turned to look. The road winds down the Pincian Hill to the Piazza del Popolo, and those on the upper part can look down and see the whole extent. What a place for a race! The quick-eyed Romans saw it all.

"A spy! yes, a Government spy!"

"Chased by an eccentric Englishman!"

A loud shout burst from the Roman crowd. But a number of English and Americans thought differently. They saw a little man chased by a big one. Some cried "Shame!" Others, thinking it a case of pocket-picking, cried "Stop thief!" Others cried "Go it, little fellow! Two to one on the small chap!"

Every body on the Pincian Hill rushed to the edge of the winding road to look down, or to the paved walk that overlooks the Piazza. Carriages stopped and the occupants looked down, French soldiers, dragoons, guards, officers—all staring.

And away went the Senator. And away ran the terrified spy. Down the long way, and at length they came to the Piazza del Popolo. A loud shout came from all the people. Above and on all sides they watched the race. The spy darted down the Corso. The Senator after him.

The Romans in the street applauded vociferously. Hundreds of people stopped, and then turned and ran after the Senator. All the windows were crowded with heads. All the balconies were filled with people.

Down along the Corso. Past the column of Antonine. Into a street on the left. The Senator was gaining! At last they came to a square. A great fountain of vast waters bursts forth there. The spy ran to the other side of the square, and just as he was darting into an alley the Senator's hand clutched his coat-tails!

The Senator took the spy in that way by which one is enabled to make any other do what is called "Walking Spanish," and propelled him rapidly toward the reservoir of the fountain.

The Senator raised the spy from the ground and pitched him into the pool.

The air was rent with acclamations and cries of delight.

As the spy emerged, half drowned, the crowd came forward and would have prolonged the delightful sensation.

Not often did they have a spy in their hands.

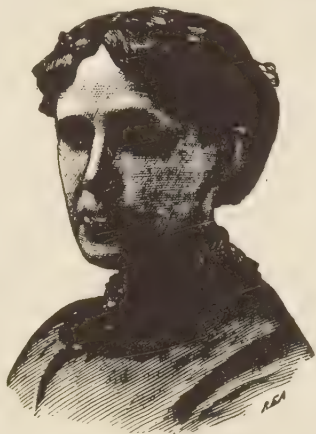
** LOUISA MAY ALCOTT,

THE daughter of Amos Bronson Alcott, is descended on her mother's side from the Mays, Sewalls, and Quincys, of Boston. She was carefully educated by her father, and her *Little Women* is said to give a natural picture of the family life in which she was reared. A friend states that she is, "by birth and training, a Protestant of Protestants, an enthusiast for freedom, nature, and the ideal life. Her humor, her tastes, her aspirations, her piety, are all American, as well as her style and opinions, which her books sufficiently exhibit. She is of stately presence, with a fine head, large blue eyes, brown hair, a cheerful and earnest manner, and a lively wit. She is nearer forty than thirty, tall and strong, a vigorous walker, and fond of out-door life; never a student, though a great reader; domestic in her habits, but with a talent for the stage, which she has often indulged in at private theatres."*

Miss Alcott composed fairy stories in her teens, and published a little volume called *Flower Fables*, about 1857, dedicating it to Miss Emerson, the daughter of her father's friend. She continued to write many tales for journals in Boston, several sets of which have since been collected into volumes, though against her express wishes: *Morning Glories, and Other Stories*, 1867; *Three Proverb Stories*, 1868.

During the winter of 1862-3, Miss Alcott was one of the army of volunteer nurses who served in the government hospitals, and her experiences at Washington were embodied in a series of womanly letters to her mother and sisters. At this time she was prostrated by a fever which enervated her health for years; yet during her convalescence she revised these articles, and printed them in the Boston *Commonwealth* in

the summer of 1863. Shortly after, they were issued in a volume, entitled *Hospital Sketches and Camp and Fireside Stories*. Her first novel, *Moods*, which embodied, though somewhat incompletely, her idea of love and marriage, appeared in 1865. She visited Europe during the following year, sojourning chiefly in England,



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Switzerland, and Italy. After her return in 1867, she wrote many stories, and began her fascinating depictions of child and home life in *Little Women*. Before the first volume was completed, her tasks proved greater than her strength, and she was compelled to recruit her health by a second tour on the Continent. The natural pictures of child-life in *Little Women*, or *Meg, Joe, Beth, and Amy*, made it an instant favorite. It has been followed by a delightful series of hopeful and unaffected companion volumes: *An Old-Fashioned Girl*, 1870; *Little Men: Life at Plumfield with Joe's Boys*, 1871; and *Aunt Jo's Scrap-Bag*, a series of stories, 1872. *Shawl Straps*, which sketches some travelling experiences, appeared in 1872; and *Work; or, Christie's Experiment*, an illustration of the difficulties besetting a penniless woman who seeks to earn an honest livelihood with her hands, in 1873.

** BEING NEIGHBORLY — FROM LITTLE WOMEN.

"What in the world are you going to do now, Jo?" asked Meg, one snowy afternoon, as her sister came clumping through the hall, in rubber boots, old sack and hood, with a broom in one hand and a shovel in the other.

"Going out for exercise," answered Jo, with a mischievous twinkle in her eyes.

"I should think two long walks, this morning, would have been enough. It's cold and dull out, and I advise you to stay, warm and dry, by the fire, as I do," said Meg, with a shiver.

"Never take advice; can't keep still all day, and not being a pussy-cat, I don't like to doze by the fire. I like adventures, and I'm going to find some."

Meg went back to toast her feet, and read

* Hearth and Home, art., The Author of Little Women, 1872, 242

"Ivanhoe," and Jo began to dig paths with great energy. The snow was light; and with her broom she soon swept a path all round the garden, for Beth to walk in when the sun came out, and the invalid dolls needed air. Now the garden separated the Marches house from that of Mr. Laurence; both stood in a suburb of the city, which was still country-like, with groves and lawns, large gardens, and quiet streets. A low hedge parted the two estates. On one side was an old brown house, looking rather bare and shabby, robbed of the vines that in summer covered its walls, and the flowers which then surrounded it. On the other side was a stately stone mansion, plainly betokening every sort of comfort and luxury, from the big coach-house and well-kept grounds to the conservatory, and the glimpses of lovely things one caught between the rich curtains. Yet it seemed a lonely, lifeless sort of house; for no children frolicked on the lawn, no motherly face ever smiled at the windows, and few people went in and out, except the old gentleman and his grandson.

To Jo's lively fancy this fine house seemed a kind of enchanted palace, full of splendors and delights, which no one enjoyed. She had long wanted to behold these hidden glories, and to know the "Laurence boy," who looked as if he would like to be known, if he only knew how to begin. Since the party she had been more eager than ever, and had planned many ways of making friends with him; but he had not been lately seen, and Jo began to think he had gone away, when she one day spied a brown face at an upper window, looking wistfully down into their garden, where Beth and Amy were snow-balling one another.

"That boy is suffering for society and fun," she said to herself. "His grandpa don't know what's good for him, and keeps him shut up all alone. He needs a lot of jolly boys to play with, or somebody young and lively. I've a great mind to go over and tell the old gentleman so."

The idea amused Jo, who liked to do daring things, and was always scandalizing Meg by her queer performances. The plan of "going over" was not forgotten; and, when the snowy afternoon came, Jo resolved to try what could be done. She saw Mr. Laurence drive off, and then sallied out to dig her way down to the hedge, where she paused, and took a survey. All quiet; curtains down at the lower windows; servants out of sight, and nothing human visible but a curly black head leaning on a thin hand, at the upper window.

"There he is," thought Jo; "poor boy! all alone, and sick, this dismal day! It's a shame! I'll toss up a snow-ball, and make him look out, and then say a kind word to him."

Up went a handful of soft snow, and the head turned at once, showing a face which lost its listless look in a minute, as the big eyes brightened, and the mouth began to smile. Jo nodded, and laughed, and flourished her broom, as she called out,—

"How do you do? Are you sick?"

Laurie opened the window and croaked out as hoarsely as a raven,—

"Better, thank you. I've had a horrid cold, and been shut up a week."

"I'm sorry. What do you amuse yourself with?"

"Nothing; it's as dull as tombs up here."

"Don't you read?"

"Not much; they won't let me."

"Can't somebody read to you?"

"Grandpa does, sometimes; but my books don't interest him, and I hate to ask Brooke all the time."

"Have some one come and see you, then."

"There isn't any one I'd like to see. Boys make such a row, and my head is weak."

"Isn't there some nice girl who'd read and amuse you? Girls are quiet, and like to play nurse."

"Don't know any."

"You know me," began Jo, then laughed, and stopped.

"So I do! Will you come, please?" cried Laurie.

"I'm not quiet and nice; but I'll come, if mother will let me. I'll go ask her. Shut that window, like a good boy, and wait till I come."

With that, Jo shouldered her broom and marched into the house, wondering what they would all say to her. Laurie was in a little flutter of excitement at the idea of having company, and flew about to get ready; for, as Mrs. March said, he was a "little gentleman," and did honor to the coming guest by brushing his curly pate, putting on a fresh collar, and trying to tidy up the room, which, in spite of half a dozen servants, was anything but neat. Presently, there came a loud ring, then a decided voice, asking for "Mr. Laurie," and a surprised-looking servant came running up to announce a young lady.

"All right, show her up; it's Miss Jo," said Laurie, going to the door of his little parlor to meet Jo, who appeared, looking rosy and kind, and quite at her ease, with a covered dish in one hand, and Beth's three kittens in the other.

"Here I am, bag and baggage," she said, briskly. "Mother sent her love, and was glad if I could do anything for you. Meg wanted me to bring some of her blanc-mange; she makes it very nice, and Beth thought her cats would be comforting. I knew you'd shout at them, but I couldn't refuse, she was so anxious to do something."

It so happened that Beth's funny loan was just the thing; for, in laughing over the kits, Laurie forgot his bashfulness, and grew sociable at once.

"That looks too pretty to eat," he said, smiling with pleasure, as Jo uncovered the dish, and showed the blanc-mange, surrounded by a garland of green leaves, and the scarlet flowers of Amy's pet geranium.

"It isn't anything, only they all felt kindly, and wanted to show it. Tell the girl to put it away for your tea; it's so simple, you can eat it; and, being soft, it will slip down without hurting your sore throat. What a cosy room this is."

"It might be, if it was kept nice; but the maids are lazy, and I don't know how to make them mind. It worries me, though."

"I'll right it up in two minutes; for it only needs to have the hearth brushed, so,—and the things stood straight on the mantel-piece, so,—and the books put here, and the bottles there, and your sofa turned from the light, and the pillows plumped up a bit. Now, then, you're fixed."

And so he was; for, as she laughed and talked, Jo had whisked things into place, and given quite a different air to the room. Laurie watched her in respectful silence, and, when she beckoned him to his sofa, he sat down with a sigh of satisfaction, saying gratefully,—

"How kind you are! Yes, that's what it wanted. Now please take the big chair, and let me do something to amuse my company."

"No; I came to amuse you. Shall I read

aloud?" and Jo looked affectionately toward some inviting books near by.

"Thank you; I've read all those, and if you don't mind, I'd rather talk," answered Laurie.

"Not a bit; I'll talk all day if you'll only set me going. Beth says I never know when to stop."

"Is Beth the rosy one, who stays at home a good deal, and sometimes goes out with a little basket?" asked Laurie, with interest.

"Yes, that's Beth; she's my girl, and a regular good one she is, too."

"The pretty one is Meg, and the curly-haired one is Amy, I believe?"

"How did you find that out?"

Laurie colored up, but answered, frankly, "Why, you see, I often hear you calling to one another, and when I'm alone up here, I can't help looking over at your house, you always seem to be having such good times. I beg your pardon for being so rude, but sometimes you forget to put down the curtain at the window where the flowers are; and, when the lamps are lighted, it's like looking at a picture to see the fire, and you all round the table with your mother; her face is right opposite, and it looks so sweet behind the flowers, I can't help watching it. I haven't got any mother, you know;" and Laurie poked the fire to hide a little twitching of the lips that he could not control.

The solitary, hungry look in his eyes went straight to Jo's warm heart. She had been so simply taught that there was no nonsense in her head, and at fifteen she was as innocent and frank as any child. Laurie was sick and lonely; and, feeling how rich she was in home-love and happiness, she gladly tried to share it with him. Her brown face was very friendly, and her sharp voice unusually gentle, as she said,—

"We'll never draw that curtain any more, and I give you leave to look as much as you like. I just wish, though, instead of peeping, you'd come over and see us. Mother is so splendid, she'd do you heaps of good, and Beth would sing to you if I begged her to, and Amy would dance; Meg and I would make you laugh over our funny stage properties, and we'd have jolly times. Would'n't your grandpa let you?"

"I think he would, if your mother asked him. He's very kind, though he don't look it; and he lets me do what I like, pretty much, only he's afraid I might be a bother to strangers," began Laurie, brightening more and more.

"We ain't strangers, we are neighbors, and you needn't think you'd be a bother. We want to know you, and I've been trying to do it this ever so long. We haven't been here a great while, you know, but we have got acquainted with all our neighbors but you."

"You see grandpa lives among his books, and don't mind much what happens outside. Mr. Brooke, my tutor, don't stay here, you know, and I have no one to go round with me, so I just stop at home and get on as I can."

"That's bad; you ought to make a dive, and go visiting everywhere you are asked; then you'll have lots of friends, and pleasant places to go to. Never mind being bashful, it won't last long if you keep going."

Laurie turned red again, but wasn't offended at being accused of bashfulness; for there was so much good-will in Jo, it was impossible not to take her blunt speeches as kindly as they were meant.

"Do you like your school?" asked the boy,

changing the subject, after a little pause, during which he stared at the fire, and Jo looked about her well pleased.

"Don't go to school; I'm a business man—girl, I mean. I go to wait on my aunt, and a dear, cross old soul she is, too," answered Jo.

Laurie opened his mouth to ask another question; but remembering just in time that it wasn't manners to make too many inquiries into people's affairs, he shut it again, and looked uncomfortable. Jo liked his good breeding, and did n't mind having a laugh at Aunt March, so she gave him a lively description of a fidgety old lady, her fat poodle, the parrot that talked Spanish, and the library where she revelled. Laurie enjoyed that immensely; and when she told about the prim old gentleman who came once to woo Aunt March, and, in the middle of a fine speech, how Poll had tweaked his wig off to his great dismay, the boy lay back and laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks, and a maid popped her head in to see what was the matter.

"Oh! that does me lots of good; tell on, please," he said, taking his face out of the sofa-cushion, red and shining with merriment.

Much elated with her success, Jo did "tell on," all about their plays and plans, their hopes and fears for father, and the most interesting events of the little world in which the sisters lived. Then they got to talking about books; and to Jo's delight she found that Laurie loved them as well as she did, and had read even more than herself.

"If you like them so much, come down and see ours. Grandpa is out, so you need n't be afraid," said Laurie, getting up.

"I'm not afraid of anything," returned Jo, with a toss of the head.

"I don't believe you are!" exclaimed the boy, looking at her with much admiration, though he privately thought she would have good reason to be a trifle afraid of the old gentleman, if she met him in some of his moods.

The atmosphere of the whole house being summer-like, Laurie led the way from room to room, letting Jo stop to examine whatever struck her fancy; and so at last they came to the library, where she clapped her hands, and pranced, as she always did when especially delighted. It was lined with books, and there were pictures and statues, and distracting little cabinets full of coins and curiosities, and Sleepy-Hollow chairs, and queer tables, and bronzes; and, best of all, a great, open fireplace, with quaint tiles all round it.

"What richness!" sighed Jo, sinking into the depths of a velvet chair, and gazing about her with an air of intense satisfaction. "Theodore Laurence, you ought to be the happiest boy in the world," she added, impressively.

"A fellow can't live on books," said Laurie, shaking his head, as he perched on a table opposite.

Before he could say more, a bell rung, and Jo flew up, exclaiming with alarm, "Mercy me! it's your grandpa!"

"Well, what if it is? You are not afraid of anything, you know," returned the boy, looking wicked.

"I think I am a little bit afraid of him, but I don't know why I should be. Marmee said I might come, and I don't think you're any the worse for it," said Jo, composing herself, though she kept her eyes on the door.

"I'm a great deal better for it, and ever so much obliged. I'm only afraid you are very tired

talking to me; it was so pleasant, I could n't bear to stop," said Laurie, gratefully.

"The doctor to see you, sir," and the maid beckoned as she spoke.

"Would you mind if I left you for a minute? I suppose I must see him," said Laurie.

"Don't mind me. I'm as happy as a cricket here," answered Jo.

Laurie went away, and his guest amused herself in her own way. She was standing before a fine portrait of the old gentleman, when the door opened again, and, without turning, she said decidedly, "I'm sure now that I should n't be afraid of him, for he's got kind eyes, though his mouth is grim, and he looks as if he had a tremendous will of his own. He isn't as handsome as my grandfather, but I like him."

"Thank you, ma'am," said a gruff voice behind her; and there, to her great dismay, stood old Mr. Laurence.

Poor Jo blushed till she could n't blush any redder, and her heart began to beat uncomfortably fast as she thought what she had said. For a minute a wild desire to run away possessed her; but that was cowardly, and the girls would laugh at her; so she resolved to stay, and get out of the scrape as she could. A second look showed her that the living eyes, under the bushy gray eyebrows, were kinder even than the painted ones; and there was a sly twinkle in them, which lessened her fear a good deal. The gruff voice was gruffer than ever, as the old gentleman said abruptly, after that dreadful pause, "So, you're not afraid of me, hey?"

"Not much, sir."

"And you don't think me as handsome as your grandfather?"

"Not quite, sir."

"And I've got a tremendous will, have I?"

"I only said I thought so."

"But you like me, in spite of it?"

"Yes, I do, sir."

That answer pleased the old gentleman; he gave a short laugh, shook hands with her, and putting his finger under her chin, turned up her face, examined it gravely, and let it go, saying, with a nod, "You've got your grandfather's spirit, if you haven't his face. He was a fine man, my dear; but, what is better, he was a brave and an honest one, and I was proud to be his friend."

"Thank you, sir;" and Jo was quite comfortable after that, for it suited her exactly.

"What have you been doing to this boy of mine, hey?" was the next question, sharply put.

"Only trying to be neighborly, sir;" and Jo told how her visit came about.

"You think he needs cheering up a bit, do you?"

"Yes, sir; he seems a little lonely, and young folks would do him good, perhaps. We are only girls, but we should be glad to help if we could, for we don't forget the splendid Christmas present you sent us," said Jo, eagerly.

"Tut, tut, tut! that was the boy's affair. How is the poor woman?"

"Doing nicely, sir;" and off went Jo, talking very fast, as she told all about the Hummels, in whom her mother had interested richer friends than they were.

"Just her father's way of doing good. I shall come and see your mother some fine day. Tell her so. There's the tea-bell; we have it early, on the boy's account. Come down, and go on being neighborly."

"If you'd like to have me, sir."

"Should n't ask you, if I didn't;" and Mr. Laurence offered her his arm with old-fashioned courtesy.

"What would Meg say to this?" thought Jo, as she was marched away, while her eyes danced with fun as she imagined herself telling the story at home.

"Hey! why what the dickens has come to the fellow?" said the old gentleman, as Laurie came running down stairs, and brought up with a start of surprise at the astonishing sight of Jo arm in arm with his redoubtable grandfather.

"I did n't know you'd come, sir," he began, as Jo gave him a triumphant little glance.

"That's evident, by the way you racket down stairs. Come to your tea, sir, and behave like a gentleman;" and having pulled the boy's hair by way of a caress, Mr. Laurence walked on, while Laurie went through a series of comic evolutions behind their backs, which nearly produced an explosion of laughter from Jo.

The old gentleman did not say much as he drank his four cups of tea, but he watched the young people, who soon chatted away like old friends, and the change in his grandson did not escape him. There was color, light and life in the boy's face now, vivacity in his manner, and genuine merriment in his laugh.

"She's right; the lad is lonely. I'll see what these little girls can do for him," thought Mr. Laurence, as he looked and listened. He liked Jo, for her odd, blunt ways suited him; and she seemed to understand the boy almost as well as if she had been one herself.

A HOSPITAL SKETCH.

... My Ganymede departed, and while I quieted poor Shaw, I thought of John. He came in a day or two after the others; and, one evening, when I entered my "pathetic room," I found a lately emptied bed occupied by a large, fair man, with a fine face, and the serene eyes I ever met. One of the earlier comers had often spoken of a friend, who had remained behind, that those apparently worse wounded than himself might reach a shelter first. It seemed a David and Jonathan sort of friendship. The man fretted for his mate, and was never tired of praising John — his courage, sobriety, self-denial, and unflinching kindness of heart; always winding up with: "He's an out an' out fine feller, ma'am; you see if he ain't."

I had some curiosity to behold this piece of excellence, and when he came, watched him for a night or two, before I made friends with him; for, to tell the truth, I was a little afraid of the stately looking man, whose bed had to be lengthened to accommodate his commanding stature; who seldom spoke, uttered no complaint, asked no sympathy, but tranquilly observed what went on about him; and, as he lay high upon his pillows, no picture of dying statesman or warrior was ever fuller of real dignity than this Virginia blacksmith. A most attractive face he had, framed in brown hair and beard, comely featured and full of vigor, as yet unsubdued by pain; thoughtful and often beautifully mild while watching the afflictions of others, as if entirely forgetful of his own. His mouth was grave and firm, with plenty of will and courage in its lines, but a smile could make it as sweet as any woman's; and his eyes were child's eyes, looking one fairly in the face, with a clear, straightforward glance, which prom-

ised well for such as placed their faith in him. He seemed to cling to life, as if it were rich in duties and delights, and he had learned the secret of content. The only time I saw his composure disturbed, was when my surgeon brought another to examine John, who scrutinized their faces with an anxious look, asking of the elder: "Do you think I shall pull through, sir?" "I hope so, my man." And, as the two passed on, John's eye still followed them, with an intentness which would have won a truer answer from them, had they seen it. A momentary shadow flitted over his face; then came the usual serenity, as if, in that brief eclipse, he had acknowledged the existence of some hard possibility, and asking nothing yet hoping all things, left the issue in God's hands, with that submission which is true piety.

The next night, as I went my rounds with Dr. P., I happened to ask which man in the room probably suffered most; and, to my great surprise, he glanced at John:

"Every breath he draws is like a stab; for the ball pierced the left lung, broke a rib, and did no end of damage here and there; so the poor lad can find neither forgetfulness nor ease, because he must lie on his wounded back or suffocate. It will be a hard struggle, and a long one, for he possesses great vitality; but even his temperate life can't save him; I wish it could."

"You don't mean he must die, Doctor?"

"Bless you, there's not the slightest hope for him; and you'd better tell him so before long; women have a way of doing such things comfortably, so I leave it to you. He won't last more than a day or two, at furthest."

I could have sat down on the spot and cried heartily, if I had not learned the wisdom of bottling up one's tears for leisure moments. Such an end seemed very hard for such a man, when half a dozen worn out, worthless bodies round him, were gathering up the remnants of wasted lives, to linger on, for years perhaps, burdens to others, daily reproaches to themselves. The army needed men like John, earnest, brave, and faithful; fighting for liberty and justice with both heart and hand, true soldiers of the Lord. I could not give him up so soon, or think with any patience of so excellent a nature robbed of its fulfilment, and blundered into eternity by the rashness or stupidity of those at whose hands so many lives may be required. It was an easy thing for Dr. P. to say: "Tell him he must die," but a cruelly hard thing to do, and by no means as "comfortable" as he politely suggested. I had not the heart to do it then, and privately indulged the hope that some change for the better might take place, in spite of gloomy prophecies; so rendering my task unnecessary.

A few minutes later, as I came in again, with fresh rollers, I saw John sitting erect, with no one to support him, while the surgeon dressed his back. I had never hitherto seen it done; for, having simpler wounds to attend to, and knowing the fidelity of the attendant, I had left John to him, thinking it might be more agreeable and safe; for both strength and experience were needed in his case. I had forgotten that the strong man might long for the gentle tendance of a woman's hands, the sympathetic magnetism of a woman's presence, as well as the feeble souls about him. The Doctor's words caused me to reproach myself with neglect, not of any real duty perhaps, but of those little cares and kindnesses that solace homesick spirits, and make the heavy

hours pass easier. John looked lonely and forsaken just then, as he sat with bent head, hands folded on his knee, and no outward sign of suffering, till, looking nearer, I saw great tears roll down and drop upon the floor. It was a new sight there; for, though I had seen many suffer, some swore, some groaned, most endured silently, but none wept. Yet it did not seem weak, only very touching, and straightway my fear vanished, my heart opened wide and took him in, as, gathering the bent head in my arms, as freely as if he had been the little child, I said, "Let me help you bear it, John."

Never, on any human countenance, have I seen so swift and beautiful a look of gratitude, surprise and comfort, as that which answered me more eloquently than the whispered—

"Thank you, ma'am, this is right good! this is what I wanted!"

"Then why not ask for it before?"

"I didn't like to be a trouble; you seemed so busy, and I could manage to get on alone."

"You shall not want it any more, John."

Nor did he; for now I understood the wistful look that sometimes followed me, as I went out, after a brief pause beside his bed, or merely a passing nod, while busied with those who seemed to need me more than he, because more urgent in their demands. Now I knew that to him as to so many, I was the poor substitute for mother, wife, or sister, and in his eyes no stranger, but a friend who hitherto had seemed neglectful; for, in his modesty, he had never guessed the truth. This was changed now; and, through the tedious operation of probing, bathing, and dressing his wounds, he leaned against me, holding my hand fast, and, if pain wrung further tears from him, no one saw them fall but me. When he was laid down again, I hovered about him, in a remorseful state of mind that would not let me rest, till I had bathed his face, brushed his bonny brown hair, set all things smooth about him, and laid a knot of heath and heliotrope on his clean pillow. While doing this, he watched me with the satisfied expression I so liked to see; and when I offered the little nosegay, held it carefully in his great hand, smoothed a ruffled leaf or two, surveyed and smelt it with an air of genuine delight, and lay contentedly regarding the glimmer of the sunshine on the green. Although the manliest man among my forty, he said, "Yes, ma'am," like a little boy; received suggestions for his comfort with the quick smile that brightened his whole face; and now and then, as I stood tidying the table by his bed, I felt him softly touch my gown, as if to assure himself that I was there. Anything more natural and frank I never saw, and found this brave John as bashful as brave, yet full of excellencies and fine aspirations, which, having no power to express themselves in words, seemed to have bloomed into his character and made him what he was.

After that night, an hour of each evening that remained to him was devoted to his ease or pleasure. He could not talk much, for breath was precious, and he spoke in whispers; but from occasional conversations, I gleaned scraps of private history, which only added to the affection and respect I felt for him. Once he asked me to write a letter, and as I settled pen and paper, I said, with an irrepressible glimmer of feminine curiosity, "Shall it be addressed to wife, or mother, John?"

"Neither, ma'am; I've got no wife, and will write to mother myself when I get better. Did you think I was married because of this?" he

asked, touching a plain ring he wore and often turned thoughtfully on his finger when he lay alone.

"Partly that, but more from a settled sort of look you have; a look which young men seldom get until they marry."

"I didn't know that; but I'm not so very young, ma'am, thirty in May, and have been what you might call settled this ten years. Mother's a widow, I'm the oldest child she has, and it wouldn't do for me to marry until Lizzy has a home of her own, and Jack's learned his trade; for we're not rich, and I must be father to the children and husband to the dear old woman, if I can."

"No doubt but you are both, John; yet how came you to go to war, if you felt so? Wasn't enlisting as bad as marrying?"

"No, ma'am, not as I see it, for one is helping my neighbor, the other pleasing myself. I went because I couldn't help it. I didn't want the glory or the pay; I wanted the right thing done, and people kept saying the men who were in earnest ought to fight. I was in earnest, the Lord knows! but I held off as long as I could, not knowing which was my duty. Mother saw the case, gave me her ring to keep me steady, and said 'Go;' so I went."

A short story and a simple one, but the man and the mother were portrayed better than pages of fine writing could have done it.

"Do you ever regret that you came, when you lie here suffering so much?"

"Never, ma'am; I haven't helped a great deal, but I've shown I was willing to give my life, and perhaps I've got to; but I don't blame anybody, and if it was to do over again, I'd do it. I'm a little sorry I wasn't wounded in front; it looks cowardly to be hit in the back, but I obeyed orders, and it don't matter in the end, I know."

Poor John! It did not matter now, except that a shot in front might have spared the long agony in store for him. He seemed to read the thought that troubled me, as he spoke so hopefully when there was no hope, for he suddenly added:

"This is my first battle; do they think it's going to be my last?"

"I'm afraid they do, John."

It was the hardest question I had ever been called upon to answer; doubly hard with those clear eyes fixed on mine, forcing a truthful answer by their own truth. He seemed a little startled at first, pondered over the fateful fact a moment, then shook his head, with a glance at the broad chest and muscular limbs stretched out before him:

"I'm not afraid, but it's difficult to believe all at once. I'm so strong it don't seem possible for such a little wound to kill me."

Merry Mercutio's dying words glanced through my memory as he spoke: "'Tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door, but 'tis enough." And John would have said the same could he have seen the ominous black holes between his shoulders; he never had, but, seeing the ghastly sights about him, could not believe his own wound more fatal than these, for all the suffering it caused him.

"Shall I write to your mother, now?" I asked, thinking that these sudden tidings might change all plans and purposes. But they did not; for the man received the order of the Divine Commander to march with the same unquestioning obedience with which the soldier had received that of the

human one: doubtless remembering that the first led him to life, and the last to death.

"No, ma'am; to Jack just the same; he'll break it to her best, and I'll add a line to her myself when you get done."

So I wrote the letter which he dictated, finding it better than any I had sent; for, though here and there a little ungrammatical or inelegant, each sentence came to me briefly worded, but most expressive; full of excellent counsel to the boy, tenderly bequeathing "mother and Lizzie" to his care, and bidding him good bye in words the sadder for their simplicity. He added a few lines, with steady hand, and, as I sealed it, said, with a patient sort of sigh, "I hope the answer will come in time for me to see it;" then, turning away his face, laid the flowers against his lips, as if to hide some quiver of emotion at the thought of such a sudden sundering of all the dear home ties.

These things had happened two days before; now John was dying, and the letter had not come. I had been summoned to many death beds in my life, but to none that made my heart ache as it did then, since my mother called me to watch the departure of a spirit akin to this in its gentleness and patient strength. As I went in, John stretched out both his hands:

"I knew you'd come! I guess I'm moving on, ma'am."

He was; and so rapidly that, even while he spoke, over his face I saw the gray veil falling that no human hand can lift. I sat down by him, wiped the drops from his forehead, stirred the air about him with the slow wave of a fan, and waited to help him die. He stood in sore need of help—and I could do so little; for, as the doctor had foretold, the strong body rebelled against death, and fought every inch of the way, forcing him to draw each breath with a spasm, and clench his hands with an imploring look, as if he asked, "How long must I endure this, and be still?" For hours he suffered dumbly, without a moment's respite, or a moment's murmuring; his limbs grew cold, his face damp, his lips white, and, again and again, he tore the covering off his breast, as if the lightest weight added to his agony; yet through it all, his eyes never lost their perfect serenity, and the man's soul seemed to sit therein, undaunted by the ills that vexed his flesh.

One by one, the men woke, and round the room appeared a circle of pale faces and watchful eyes, full of awe and pity; for, though a stranger, John was beloved by all. Each man there had wondered at his patience, respected his piety, admired his fortitude, and now lamented his hard death; for the influence of an upright nature had made itself deeply felt, even in one little week. Presently, the Jonathan who so loved this comely David, came creeping from his bed for a last look and word. The kind soul was full of trouble, as the choke in his voice, the grasp of his hand, betrayed; but there were no tears, and the farewell of the friends was the more touching for its brevity.

"Old boy, how are you?" faltered the one.

"Most through, thank heaven!" whispered the other.

"Can I say or do anything for you anywheres?"

"Take my things home, and tell them that I did my best."

"I will! I will!"

"Good bye, Ned."

"Good bye, John, good bye!"

They kissed each other, tenderly as women, and so parted, for poor Ned could not stay to see his comrade die. For a little while, there was no sound in the room but the drip of water, from a stump or two, and John's distressful gasps, as he slowly breathed his life away. I thought him nearly gone, and had just laid down the fan, believing its help to be no longer needed, when suddenly he rose up in his bed, and cried out with a bitter cry that broke the silence, sharply startling every one with its agonized appeal:

"For God's sake, give me air!"

It was the only cry pain or death had wrung from him, the only boon he had asked; and none of us could grant it, for all the airs that blew were useless now. Dan flung up the window. The first red streak of dawn was warming the gray east, a herald of the coming sun; John saw it, and with the love of light which lingers in us to the end, seemed to read in it a sign of hope of help, for, over his whole face there broke that mysterious expression, brighter than any smile, which often comes to eyes that look their last. He laid himself gently down; and, stretching out his strong right arm, as if to grasp and bring the blessed air to his lips in a fuller flow, lapsed into a merciful unconsciousness, which assured us that for him suffering was forever past. He died then; for, though the heavy breaths still tore their way up for a little longer, they were but the waves of an ebbing tide that beat unfelt against the wreck, which an immortal voyager had deserted with a smile. He never spoke again, but to the end held my hand close, so close that when he was asleep at last, I could not draw it away. Dan helped me, warning me as he did so that it was unsafe for dead and living flesh to lie so long together; but though my hand was strangely cold and stiff, and four white marks remained across its back, even when warmth and color had returned elsewhere, I could not but be glad that, through its touch, the presence of human sympathy, perhaps, had lightened that hard hour.

When they had made him ready for the grave, John lay in state for half an hour, a thing which seldom happened in that busy place; but a universal sentiment of reverence and affection seemed to fill the hearts of all who had known or heard of him; and when the rumor of his death went through the house, always astir, many came to see him, and I felt a tender sort of pride in my lost patient; for he looked a most heroic figure, lying there stately and still as the statue of some young knight asleep upon his tomb. The lovely expression which so often beautifies dead faces, soon replaced the marks of pain, and I longed for those who loved him best to see him when half an hour's acquaintance with death had made them friends. As we stood looking at him, the ward master handed me a letter, saying it had been forgotten the night before. It was John's letter, come just an hour too late to gladden the eyes that had longed and looked for it so eagerly! but he had it; for, after I had cut some brown locks for his mother, and taken off the ring to send her, telling how well the talisman had done its work, I kissed this good son for her sake, and laid the letter in his hand, still folded as when I drew my own away, feeling that its place was there, and making myself happy with the thought, that, even in his solitary grave in the "Government Lot," he would not be without some token of the love which makes life beautiful and outlives death. Then I left him, glad to have known so genuine a

man, and carrying with me an enduring memory of the brave Virginia blacksmith, as he lay serenely waiting for the dawn of that long day which knows no night.

** DAVID ROSS LOCKE,

Whose inimitable letters during the War as "Petroleum V. Nasby" were said by the late Chief-Justice Chase to have formed the fourth force in the reduction of the rebellion, was born at Vestal, Broome county, New York, September 20, 1833. He attended the public school in that neighborhood, and learned his trade as a printer in the office of the Cortland *Democrat*. He tried his fortune in Ohio as journeyman printer, reporter, and writer, in prose and poetry, on numerous Western journals, till in 1852 he started the *Plymouth Advertiser*.

DR Locke

Thereafter he was connected, as publisher and editor, with various papers: the *Mansfield Herald*; *Bucyrus Journal*; *Findlay Jeffersonian*, and the *Bellefontaine Republican*. In 1865 he took editorial charge of the *Toledo Blade*, with which he is still connected; and since 1867 he has been a popular lecturer. In 1873 he also became a member of the firm of Bates & Locke, as newspaper advertising agents in New York city.

Mr. Locke began to write his "Nasby" letters at Findlay, Ohio, in 1860, and continued the series till after the close of the war. In a quaint, satirical style, reckless in spelling but remorseless in logic, he laughed to scorn the pretensions and fallacies of slavery and its political sympathizers throughout the rebellion. His first volume appeared in 1863: *Nasby: Divers Views, Opinions, and Prophecies of Yours Truly, Petroleum V. Nasby, Lait Paster in the Church of the Noo Dispensashun*. Three years later that worthy, now "Chaplain to his Excellency the President, and P. M. at Confederate Roads, Kentucky," wrote *Swingin Round the Circle*; and in 1868 appeared *Eskoes from Kentucky*. These three works were subsequently issued in a single volume.

** EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN,

A VERSATILE writer and an imaginative poet, was born at Hartford, Connecticut, in 1833. His grandfather, Griffin Stedman, was a leading merchant of that city, and his father, Col. E. B. Stedman, was married to Elizabeth C., sister of Hon. W. E. Dodge, of New York—a lady richly endowed with literary talent. Her poems and Florentine letters, over her present name of Elizabeth C. Kinney, have a reputation.* She is a descendant of Rev. Aaron Cleveland—the colonial poet—and cousin of the poet-churchman, Arthur Cleveland Coxe.

His father died before Edmund was two years old, and was buried at sea. His mother returned to her father's home in New York, while

* *Ante*, vol. ii. p. 663.

her two sons were adopted by their paternal grandfather, and placed for education at Norwich, Connecticut, with their grand-uncle, James Stedman, a fine old scholar and jurist of that romantic place. Here Edmund passed his boyhood, and was fitted for Yale College—entering, in his sixteenth year, the class of 1853 as its youngest member. His mother, mean-



Edmund C. Stedman

while, was married to Hon. W. B. Kinney, editor of the Newark *Advertiser*, and had accompanied her husband on his mission to Sardinia.

Young Stedman distinguished himself while at College in English Composition and Greek; but fell into irregularities and dissipation, which brought about his "suspension" in the course of his junior year. After a term of study at Northampton, Massachusetts, he decided not to rejoin his class, but returned to Norwich, and at the age of nineteen became editor of a local paper in that place. The year following he married a young lady of Connecticut and removed to Litchfield county, purchasing the *Winsted Herald*, and successfully conducting it for two years. His spirited journalistic career, at this early age, made him a reputation in his own State; but in 1855 he removed to New York, to seek a larger and more congenial field.

Having inherited but a small portion of his grandfather's estate, he now underwent a severe struggle, between pride and poverty, in the city; but after many vicissitudes he gained the ear of the public with "The Diamond Wedding." This well-known satirical poem, "The Ballad of Lager Bier," and "How Old Brown took Harper's Ferry," appeared in rapid succession in *The Tribune* of 1859. These pieces attracted the attention of Mr. Dana, the editor, and led to an engagement on that paper, and to

the issue of a volume of his verses: *Poems, Lyric and Idyllic*, 1860. It contained "Summer Rain" and "Heliotrope," with "Bohemia: a Pilgrimage," "Tribune Lyrics," etc.

In 1860 Mr. Stedman became connected with the New York *World*. At the outbreak of the rebellion he hastened to Washington, and for two years exerted himself as the editorial correspondent of that paper, serving through the McDowell and McClellan campaigns. His letters were widely copied in this country and Europe. His health failing, he accepted a confidential position in the office of the U. S. Attorney-General, Judge Bates. He returned to New York in 1864, and gave up daily journalism, to adopt a mercantile pursuit that would allow leisure for more mature composition. With this view he entered the New York Stock Exchange, and has since followed the calling of a broker,—devoting his spare time to study, poetry, and criticism.

In 1864, he published *Alice of Monmouth: An Idyl of the Great War, and Other Poems*; and five years later, *The Blameless Prince, and Other Poems*. These writings are marked by a refined and imaginative fancy, as well as by a union of vigor and spontaneity with precision of thought and art. Each new volume has shown a growth in poetic power. A choice edition of his complete *Poetical Works*, in one volume, was issued in 1873.

Mr. Stedman in 1872 delivered a poem, entitled "Gettysburg," before the annual reunion of the Society of the Army of the Potomac, at Cleveland, Ohio. In that year the corporation of Yale College, in recognition of his literary career, conferred on him the degree of A. M., and also enrolled him upon the list of alumni, as a graduate of his class of 1853. During the last ten years, he has paid much attention to critical writing, and his poems, æsthetic essays, etc., have been a frequent feature of our leading reviews and magazines. Among the more noticeable are a paper on "Tennyson and Theocritus" in the *Atlantic Monthly*, and a series of articles upon "Victorian Poets" in *Scribner's Magazine*. For a time he conducted the literary department of *Putnam's Magazine*. He still keeps his hold on journalism by contributions to the *N. Y. Tribune*, in which has appeared his touching poetic tribute to Horace Greeley. He is also a close student of classical literature, and has nearly completed a metrical translation of the Greek idyllic poets. With Mr. T. B. Aldrich, he edited in 1873 a volume of poetical selections, entitled *Cameos*, from the writings of Walter Savage Landor.

**THE HEART OF NEW ENGLAND.

O long are years of waiting, when lovers' hearts
are bound
By words that hold in life and death, and last the
half-world round;
Long, long for him who wanders far and strives
with all his main,
But crueler yet for her who bides at home and
hides her pain!
And lone are the homes of New England.
'T was in the mellow summer I heard her sweet
reply;
The barefoot lads and lasses a-berrying went by;
The locust dined amid the trees; the fields were
high with corn;

The white-sailed clouds against the sky like ships
were onward borne :

And blue are the skies of New England.

Her lips were like the raspberries ; her cheek was
soft and fair,

And little breezes stopped to lift the tangle of her
hair ;

A light was in her hazel eyes, and she was nothing
loth

To hear the words her lover spoke, and pledged
me there her troth ;

And true is the word of New England.

When September brought the golden-rod, and
maples burned like fire,

And bluer than in August rose the village smoke
and higher,

And large and red among the stacks the ripened
pumpkins shone, —

One hour, in which to say farewell, was left to us
alone ;

And sweet are the lanes of New England.

We loved each other truly ! hard, hard it was to
part ;

But my ring was on her finger, and her hair lay
next my heart.

“ ‘T is but a year, my darling,” I said ; “ in one
short year,

When our western home is ready, I shall seek my
Katie here ;”

And brave is the hope of New England.

I went to gain a home for her, and in the Golden
State

With head and hand I planned and toiled, and
early worked and late ;

But luck was all against me, and sickness on me
lay,

And ere I got my strength again ’t was many a
weary day ;

And long are the thoughts of New England.

And many a day, and many a month, and thrice
the rolling year,

I bravely strove, and still the goal seemed never
yet more near.

My Katie’s letters told me that she kept her prom-
ise true,

But now, for very hopelessness, my own to her
were few ;

And stern is the pride of New England.

But still she trusted in me, though sick with hope
deferred ;

No more among the village choir her voice was
sweetest heard ;

For when the wild northeaster of the fourth long
winter blew,

So thin her frame with pining, the cold wind
pierced her through ;

And chill are the blasts of New England.

At last my fortunes bettered, on the far Pacific
shore,

And I thought to see old Windham and my patient
love once more ;

When a kinsman’s letter reached me : “ Come at
once, or come too late !

Your Katie’s strength is failing : if you love her,
do not wait :

Come back to the elms of New England.”

O, it wrung my heart with sorrow ! I left all else
behind,

And straight for dear New England I speeded like
the wind.

The day and night were blended till I reached my
boyhood’s home,

And the old cliffs seemed to mock me that I had
not sooner come ;

And gray are the rocks of New England.

I could not think ’t was Katie, who sat before me
there,

Reading her Bible — ’t was my gift — and pillowed
in her chair.

A ring, with all my letters, lay on a little stand, —
She could no longer wear it, so frail her poor,

white hand !

But strong is the love of New England.

Her hair had lost its tangle and was parted off
her brow ;

She used to be a joyous girl, — but seemed an
angel now, —

Heaven’s darling, mine no longer ; yet in her hazel
eyes

The same dear love-light glistened, as she soothed
my bitter cries ;

And pure is the faith of New England.

A month I watched her dying, pale, pale as any
rose

That drops its petals one by one and sweetens as
it goes.

My life was darkened when at last her large eyes
closed in death,

And I heard my own name whispered as she drew
her parting breath ;

Still, still was the heart of New England.

It was a woful funeral the coming Sabbath-day ;
We bore her to the barren hill on which the grave-
yard lay ;

And when the narrow grave was filled, and what
we might was done,

Of all the stricken group around I was the lone-
liest one ;

And drear are the hills of New England.

I gazed upon the stunted pines, the bleak Novem-
ber sky,

And knew that buried deep with her my heart
henceforth would lie ;

And waking in the solemn nights my thoughts
still thither go

To Katie, lying in her grave beneath the winter
snow ;

And cold are the snows of New England.

**THE DOORSTEP.

The conference-meeting through at last,

We boys around the vestry waited

To see the girls come tripping past

Like snow-birds willing to be mated.

Not braver he that leaps the wall

By level musket-flashes litten,

Than I, who stepped before them all

Who longed to see me get the mitten.

But no, she blushed and took my arm !

We let the old folks have the highway,

And started toward the Maple Farm

Along a kind of lovers’ by-way.

I can’t remember what we said,

’T was nothing worth a song or story ;

Yet that rude path by which we sped

Seemed all transformed and in a glory.

The snow was crisp beneath our feet,

The moon was full, the fields were gleaming ;

By hood and tippet sheltered sweet,
Her face with youth and health was beaming.

The little hand outside her muff, —
O sculptor, if you could but mould it!
So lightly touched my jacket-cuff,
To keep it warm I had to hold it.

To have her with me there alone, —
'T was love and fear and triumph blended.
At last we reached the foot-worn stone
Where that delicious journey ended.

The old folks, too, were almost home;
Her dimpled hand the latches fingered,
We heard the voices nearer come,
Yet on the doorstep still we lingered.

She shook her ringlets from her hood
And with a "Thank you, Ned," dissembled,
But yet I knew she understood
With what a daring wish I trembled.

A cloud passed kindly overhead,
The moon was slyly peeping through it,
Yet hid its face, as if it said,
"Come, now or never! do it! *do it!*"

My lips till then had only known
The kiss of mother and of sister,
But somehow, full upon her own
Sweet, rosy, darling mouth, — I kissed her!

Perhaps 't was boyish love, yet still, —
O listless woman, weary lover! —
To feel once more that fresh, wild thrill
I'd give, — but who can live youth over?

**** THE DUKE'S EXEQUY.**

Arras, A. D. 1404.

Clothed in sable, crowned with gold,
All his wars and councils ended,
Philip lay, surnamed the Bold:
Passing-bell his quittance tolled,
And the chant of priests ascended.

Mailed knights and archers stand,
Thronging in the church of Arras;
Nevermore at his command
Shall they scour the Netherland,
Nevermore the outlaws harass;

Naught is left of his array
Save a barren territory;
Forty years of generous sway
Sped his princely hoards away,
Bartered all his gold for glory.

Forth steps Flemish Margaret then,
Striding toward the silent ashes;
And the eyes of armed men
Fill with startled wonder, when
On the bier her girdle clasbes!

Swift she drew it from her waist,
And the purse and keys it carried
On the ducal coffin placed;
Then with proud demeanor faced
Sword and shield of him she married.

"No encumbrance of the dead
Must the living clog forever;
From thy debts and dues," she said,
"From the liens of thy bed,
We this day our line dissever.

"From thy hand we gain release,
Know all present by this token!

Let the dead repose in peace,
Let the claims upon us cease
When the ties that bound are broken.

"Philip, we have loved thee long,
But, in years of future splendor,
Burgundy shall count among
Bravest deeds of tale and song
This, our widowhood's surrender."

Back the stately Duchess turned,
While the priests and friars chanted,
And the swinging incense burned:
Thus by feudal rite was earned
Greatness for a race undaunted.

**** WHAT THE WINDS BRING.**

Which is the Wind that brings the cold?
The North Wind, Freddy, and all the snow;
And the sheep will scamper into the fold
When the North begins to blow.

Which is the Wind that brings the heat?
The South Wind, Katy; and corn will grow,
And peaches redden for you to eat,
When the South begins to blow.

Which is the Wind that brings the rain?
The East Wind, Arty; and farmers know
That cows come shivering up the lane
When the East begins to blow.

Which is the Wind that brings the flowers?
The West Wind, Bessy; and soft and low
The birdies sing in the summer hours
When the West begins to blow.

**** "THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY."**

Could we but know

The land that ends our dark, uncertain travel,
Where lie those happier hills and meadows low, —
Ah, if beyond the spirit's inmost cavel,
Aught of that country could we surely know,
Who would not go?

Might we but hear

The hovering angels' high imagined chorus,
Or catch, betimes, with wakeful eyes and clear,
One radiant vista of the realm before us, —
With one rapt moment given to see and hear,
Ah, who would fear?

Were we quite sure

To find the peerless friend who left us lonely,
Or there, by some celestial stream as pure,
To gaze in eyes that here were lovelit only, —
This weary mortal coil, were we quite sure,
Who would endure?

**** ELISHA MULFORD,**

THE author of one of the most valuable contributions to political philosophy made in this generation, is a native and resident of Montrose, Pennsylvania. He was born November 19, 1833. His father, Silvanus Sandford Mulford, is a descendant of William Mulford, who emigrated from England to Southampton, Long Island, in 1643.

Elisha received his preparatory education at Cortland Academy in Homer, New York, and entered Yale College, from which he was graduated in 1855. The year following he gave to the study of the law, in the office of his uncle, Hon. William Jessup. He then became

a student of theology in New York and at Andover, and his education was continued in Germany, at Berlin and Heidelberg. This broad culture gave him a comprehensive view of politics and philosophy, and grounded his thoughts in the Catholic theology of the church.

In 1870, he published *The Nation: the Foundations of Civil Order and Political Life in the United States*. A "Students' Edition" appeared two years later. This work has been described by the Boston *Advertiser* as "not unworthy to be named with the *Politics*, *The Republic*, the *Philosophic des Rechts*, and the *Spirit of Laws*." Mr. J. Eliot Cabot, in *Old and New*, has also justly represented it as corresponding in the main with the idea of Aristotle and Hegel, but "a more adequate representation than before of the meaning and functions of the State."

Mr. Mulford received in 1872 the degree of LL. D., from Yale College. In the winter of the same year, he gave a course of lectures on "The Relations of Politics and Jurisprudence," before the Law School of Columbia College.

** GEORGE ARNOLD,

A NATIVE and journalist of New York city, was born June 24, 1834, and died at the age of thirty-one, at Strawberry Farms, in Monmouth county, New Jersey, November 9, 1865. His parents removed to Alton, in Illinois, when he was three years old, and there he lived twelve years. He never attended school, but was educated at home by his parents. The latter settled at Strawberry Farms in 1849, and there the young poet was brought in contact with the reformatory doctrines of the Fourierites, with which, however, he manifested little practical sympathy. At the age of eighteen, he began to study the art of painting; but he soon abandoned the pursuit as not the fittest for him, and became an excellent art-critic.

"His literary career," states his friend and biographer, Mr. William Winter, "extended over a period of about twelve years. In the course of that time he wrote, with equal fluency and versatility, stories, sketches, essays, poems, comic and satirical verses, criticisms of books and of pictures, editorial articles, jokes, and pointed paragraphs, — everything, in short, for which there is a demand in the literary magazines of the country, and in New York journalism." He contributed a series of "McArone papers" to *Vanity Fair* and other journals, from 1860 to 1865.

Two posthumous volumes of his poems were edited by Mr. Winter: *Drift: a Sea-Shore Idyl, and Other Poems*, 1866; and *Poems, Grave and Gay*, 1867. These pieces are marked by a simplicity of thought and treatment, and reveal a spirit keenly sympathetic to an ideal beauty and refinement, — such as *Drift*, *My Love*, *Cui Bono?* *The Golden Fish*, *Jubilate*, *In the Dark*, and an *Autobiography*

** DRIFT; A SEA-SHORE IDYL.

I.

I wearied once of inland fields and hills,
Of low-lying meadows and of sluggish streams,

Creeping beneath the trees that summer-heats
Had parched to dusty dryness; and a dream
Of fresh, cool breezes and of salty waves,
Of azure skies o'erarching azure seas,
Of tangled seaweed from unfathomed deeps,
Came over me: and so I left the hills,
To sojourn through the riper summer months,
Upon the shore.

There, in a lonely house,
So near the breakers that their misty foam
Whitely enwrapped it when the storm raged high,
I let my summer-days pass idly by.
Yet not all idly: when the morn was fair,
And soft winds bore strange odors from the sea
Through open casements, oftentimes I wrote —
Weaving brief rhymes, disjointed, and, perhaps,
Too simple for the lovers of great poems.

A ship went sailing from the shore,
And vanished in the gleaming west,
Where purple clouds a lining bore
Of gold and amethyst.

Poised in the air, a sea-gull flashed
His white wings in the sun's last ray;
A moment hung, then downward dashed,
To revel in the spray.

The fishers drew their long nets in
With careful eye and steady hand,
Till olive back and silvery fin
Strewed all the tawny sand.

Again I trod the shore; again
The sea-gull circled high in air;
Again the sturdy fishermen
Drew in their nets with care.

The sunset's gold and amethyst
Shone fairly, as I paced the shore,
But back from out the gleaming west
The ship came — nevermore!

II.

After the first days, goodly company
Came to the lonely house beside the sea:
Bright eyes and tresses, voices of young girls,
Made joy within those somewhat mouldy halls;
And a piano, that had long stood mute
In the old parlor, on the landward side,
Grew musical and merry to the touch
Of jewelled fingers.

What rare days were those,
When my chief duty was to write a song,
As often as the brown-eyed Marian
Grew weary of my last! And thus our time
Passed, smoothly as a river-current flows.
Music and reading, strolling on the beach,
Gathering colored pebble-stones and shells,
And sea-weed from the rocks beyond the bar,
Were all our pastime.

A flood of sunlight through a rift
Between two mounds of yellow sand;
Three sea-gulls on a bit of drift
Slow surging inward toward the land;

An old dumb beacon, all awry,
With drabbed sea-weed round its feet;
A star-like sail against the sky,
Where sapphire heaven and ocean meet

This, with the waters swirling o'er
A shifting stretch of sand and shell,
Will make, for him who loves the shore,
A picture that may please him well

III.

Ere the sun went down

We mostly loved to linger by the sea,
Where, seated on some wave-worn slab of stone,
We watched the furrowed waves that rose and fell,
Chasing each other down the beaten strand;
But when the shadows lengthened toward the east,
And the red glory of the sunset shone
Upon the light-house, and the fading sails,
The yellow sand-hills with their sickly grass
And inland-leaning cedars, we returned
To the old parlor; and, as dusk came on,
Sang to each other till the moon rode high.

The light-house keeper's daughter,—
Her hair is golden as the sand;
Her eyes are blue as summer-seas
That melt into the land.

Her brow and neck are whiter
Than sea-foam flying on the wind,
Her mouth is rosy as the shells
That strew the coast of Ind.

The winds caress her ringlets
That down her neck in clusters stray,
And frothy waves flow tenderly
About her feet in play.

I love this simple maiden,
She grows upon me more and more,
And—ask the moon who 't was that kissed,
Last night, upon the shore!

IV.

At times, when moonlight danced upon the sea,
And all the air was musical with sounds
Of waters slowly breaking on the beach,
We sought the bar, and climbed its farthest rocks,
Against whose weedy feet the waves uprose
In phosphorescent foam; and, seated there,
The maidens picturesquely grouped around,
We talked philosophy, or told quaint tales
Of most romantic sort,—of ghosts and ghouls,
Of strange things seen by those whom we had
known;
Of strange things we, perchance, ourselves had
seen;
Of marvels told by ancient mariners,
The Maelstrom, and the heaven-dropped water-
spouts,—
Or sadder tales, of wrecks far out at sea,
Of missing vessels, and of sailors drowned.

The river down to the ocean flows
By reedy flats and marshes bare;
And the leafless poplars stand in rows
Like ghostly sentinels watching there.

An osprey sails, with wings spread wide,
Down-slanting from his even flight,
To a sedgy spot, where the falling tide
Has left some kind of drift in sight.

A blackened mass, by the tide left bare,
In the tangled weeds and the slimy mud.
The osprey shrieks as he settles there,
And a deathly horror chills my blood!

V.

So passed the summer, and we had our fill
Of lotos-eating by the ocean side;
We came to know and love each pleasant spot
About the place; the sheltered nooks where grew
Dwarfed flowers, whose downy seeds had come,
mayhap,
Upon the wings of Autumn's winds upborne,

A thousand miles, to drop, and germinate,
In the dry sand: to grow, and blow, and bloom,
And then to wither—'t were a happy fate—
In brown-eyed Marian's bosom. And we knew
Each craggy rock that overhung the sea,
Whence we could gaze far out across the waste
Of heaving waters, dotted here and there
With sails that shone and glimmered in the sun,
Like planets in a mellow evening sky.
Sometimes we went adventurously forth
When northeast tempests raged along the coast,
Flinging the white foam upward in great sheets,
Like hungry monsters rushing from the deep
To swallow up the land.

Then, bits of wrecks,
Odd timbers spiked with rusty iron bolts,
Fragments of masts, and empty water-casks,—
Sad débris of the storm,—came up next day,
Drifting ashore on smooth, unbroken swells.

Oh, cool, green waves that ebb and flow,
Reflecting calm, blue skies above,
How gently now ye come and go,
Since ye have drowned my love!

Ye lap the shore of beaten sand,
With cool, salt ripples circling by;
But from your depths a ghostly hand
Points upward to the sky.

O waves! strew corals white and red,
With shells and strange weeds from the
deep,

To make a rare and regal bed
Whereon my love may sleep:

May sleep, and, sleeping, dream of me,
In dreams that lovers find so sweet;
And I will couch me by the sea,
That we in dreams may meet.

VI.

But, while the pleasant season lasted still,
My friends deserted me for other scenes,
Leaving me lonely in the lonely house,
With memory's ghosts to bear me company.
Alone I sang the plaintive little songs,
That brown-eyed Marian had sung with me:
Alone I trod the path along the shore,
Where we so often had together strolled:
Alone I watched the moonrise, from the rocks
Where Marian had erstwhile walked with me,
To let the salt breeze, freshening with the night,
Play in her ringlets, and bring up the bloom
Of rose and lily to her cheek.

Alas!

If I should tell the whole of what I felt,
In waking these dear memories of the past,
This simple idyl would be lengthened out
Into a history of two hearts, that met—
That met—and parted!

Ah! the theme is old,
And worn quite threadbare,—not alone in books,
But in the hearts of men and maids as well.
But then, all stories that are true are old.

The breakers come and the breakers go,
Along the silvery sand,
With a changing line of feathery snow,
Between the water and land.

Sea-weeds gleam in the sunset light,
On the ledges of wave-worn stone;
Orange and crimson, purple and white,
In regular windrows strewn.

The waves grow calm in the dusk of eve,
When the wind goes down with the sun;
So fade the smiles of those who deceive,
When the coveted heart is won.

This sea-weed wreath that hangs on the wall,
She twined one day by the sea:
Of the weeds, and the waves, and her love, it
is all
That the Past has left to me!

** THE GOLDEN FISH.

Love is a little golden fish,
Wondrous shy . . . ah, wondrous shy . . .
You may catch him, if you wish,
He might make a dainty dish . . .
But I . . .
Ah, I've other fish to fry!

For when I try to snare this prize,
Earnestly, and patiently,
All my skill the rogue defies,
Lurking safe in Aimée's eyes . . .
So you see,
I am caught, and love goes free!

** IN THE DARK.*

All moveless stand the ancient cedar-trees
Along the drifted sand-hills where they grow;
And from the dark west comes a wandering breeze,
And waves them to and fro.

A murky darkness lies along the sand,
Where bright the sunbeams of the morning
shone;
And the eye vainly seeks by sea and land,
Some light to rest upon.

No large, pale star its glimmering vigil keeps;
An inky sea reflects an inky sky;
And the dark river, like a serpent, creeps
To where its black piers lie.

Strange, salty odors through the darkness steal,
And through the dark the ocean-thunders roll.
Thick darkness gathers, stifling, till I feel
Its weight upon my soul!

I stretch my hands out in the empty air;
I strain my eyes into the heavy night;
Blackness of darkness! . . . Father, hear my
prayer . . .

Grant me to see the light!

** FRANK R. STOCKTON,

A CONTRIBUTOR to the leading magazines, and the writer of some pleasing fairy stories, was born in Philadelphia in 1834. At the age of eighteen, he graduated at the Philadelphia High School, an institution possessing a college charter. He gave several years to designing and

Frank R. Stockton

engraving on wood, but relinquished that pursuit to engage in literary labor. He has been connected editorially with the Philadelphia *Post* and *Hearth and Home*, and is now attached to *Scribner's Monthly*. *Ting-a-Ling*, a series of fairy tales written for the *Riverside*, was issued

* His last poem, written within a few days of his death.

in book-form in 1869. The same magazine also contained *The House that John Built*, a story of adventure for boys. Another set of giant and pigmy adventurers also appeared in *Hearth and Home*. To the *Southern Literary Messenger* he contributed several novelettes, besides a number of humorous sketches to *Punchinello* and like journals. His stories are direct and clear in method and style, while their humor is quiet, picturesque, and quaint. His latest work is *Round-About Rambles*, an illustrated book of sketches for the young folks.

** LUCY HAMILTON HOOPER,

A LADY of culture, and the author of several volumes of *Poems*, is a native of Philadelphia, and the only child of the late B. Muse Jones, a well-known merchant of that city. She was married to Mr. Robert M. Hooper in 1854. Her fugitive verses were first collected into a volume in 1864, entitled: *Poems: with Translations from the German of Geibel and Others*. She gave the first hundred copies of that edition to the Great Central Fair in Philadelphia for the benefit of the Sanitary Commission, at which she was chairman of the Ladies' Committee on Booksellers and Publishers. In conjunction with Mr. Charles G. Leland, she also edited *Our Daily Fare*, the daily chronicle of the Fair.

Mrs. Hooper was for two years assistant editor of *Lippincott's Magazine*. She is a constant contributor to it, as well as to the *Galaxy*, and other leading periodicals. A second and complete volume of her *Poems* was published by the Messrs. Lippincott in 1871. It contains some eighty pieces, a third of which are spirited translations, chiefly from the German of Geibel, and including *The Fisher*, and *The King of Thulé*, from Goethe, *Thekla* by Schiller, with several from Victor Hugo — his *Lines* written in a copy of the *Divina Commedia*, *A Legend of the Centuries*, etc. Among the favorites of the original poems are, *Princess and Page*, the *Duel*, *On an Old Portrait*, *Gretchen*, *Autumnal Lyrics*, the *King's Ride*, *Miserrimus*, and *Too Late*.

** THE DUEL.

You need not turn so pale, love; I'm unhurt.

We quarreled at the opera last night
About some trifle. Nay, I scarce know what.

We men *will* quarrel for the merest slight.

We settled time, place, weapon on the spot;

Bois de Boulogne, this morning, pistols—well,—
I fear that you are cold, you shudder so,—

At the first shot my adversary fell,

Shot through the heart stone-dead. Nay, now
don't faint!

I hate a fainting woman. Here's your fan;

A little water? So you're better now.

Pray, hear my story out, love, if you can.

I think he uttered something as he fell:

A woman's name — I scarcely caught the sound:

It passed so quickly that I am not sure,

For he was dead before he reached the ground.

Ah, poor de Courcy! Handsome, was he not?

A favorite with the ladies, I believe.

They'll miss him sadly. More than one fair dame

Will o'er his sudden fate in secret grieve.

How well he looked this morning, as he stood
 Waiting my fire with such a careless grace,
 The breezes playing with his raven curls,
 The sunshine lighting up his gay bright face!
 Suppose my hand had trembled? If it had,
 I would have fallen instead of him. You're
 white
 At the bare thought. Nay, here I am, quite well,
 And ready for the opera to-night.
 Ronconi plays, and I would like to see
 "Marie de Rohan" once or twice again.
 His acting as De Chevreuse is sublime;
 How he portrays the jealous husband's pain!
 All husbands have not such a wife as you,
 Fair as the sun, and chaste as winter's moon!
 How very pale you still are, dearest wife!
 There is no danger of another swoon?
 How wrong I was to tell you I had fought;
 I think you've scarce recovered from the shock.
 One kiss upon your brow, and then I'll go;
 And pray be ready, love, at eight o'clock!

** ON AN OLD PORTRAIT.

Eyes that outsmiled the morn,
 Behind your golden lashes,
 What are your fires now?
 Ashes!
 Cheeks that outblushed the rose,
 White arms and snowy bust,
 What is your beauty now?
 Dust!

** THE KING'S RIDE.

Above the city of Berlin,
 Shines soft the summer day,
 And near the royal palace shout
 The schoolboys at their play.
 Sudden the mighty palace gates
 Unclasp their portals wide,
 And forth into the sunshine see
 A single horseman ride.
 A bent old man in plain attire;
 No glitt'ring courtiers wait,
 No armed guard attends the steps
 Of Frederick the Great!
 The boys have spied him, and with shouts
 The summer breezes ring.
 The merry urchins haste to greet
 Their well-béloved king.
 Impeding e'en his horse's tread,
 Presses the joyous train;
 And Prussia's despot frowns his best,
 And shakes his stick in vain.
 The frowning look, the angry tone,
 Are feigned, full well they know.
 They do not fear his stick — that hand
 Ne'er struck a coward blow.
 "Be off to school, you boys!" he cries.
 "Ho! ho!" the laughers say,
 "A pretty king you not to know
 We've holiday to-day!"
 And so upon that summer day,
 Those children at his side,
 The symbol of his nation's love,
 Did royal Frederick ride.
 O Kings! your thrones are tott'ring now!
 Dark frowns the brow of Fate!
 When did you ride as rode that day
 King Frederick the Great?

** PRINCESS AND PAGE.

I.

Spring in France is sunny and fair,
 Spring's sweet odors enchant the air.
 Into the Louvre's casement wide
 Pour eth the sunshine's golden tide.
 Princess Marguerite standeth there,
 Jeweled daisies amid her hair.
 She glances down and whispers low,
 "Who is the page that waits below?"
 "Yon handsome youth with joyous air,
 With broad white brow and shining hair."
 The page looks up — his eager glance
 Rests on the fairest face in France.
 Glance answers glance with meaning sweet,
 Fair page — fair Princess Marguerite.

II.

The summer's scented zephyrs glide
 Into the Louvre's casement wide.
 Summer's sunshine in golden sheen
 Glimmers around Queen Catharine.
 "What handsome page," she mutters low,
 "Is he that waiteth now below?"
 "The velvet cap that crowns his curls
 Is clasped with a daisy wrought of pearls.
 "Last night he sang an old song sweet,
 'Si douce, si douce, est la Marguerite.'
 "I hear and heed; so have a care,
 My handsome page — my daughter fair!"

III.

The autumn winds chant wild refrain
 Above the dark and sullen Seine.
 A pallid moon with spectral light
 Changes to ghostly day the night.
 Over the river's bosom spread,
 Widens a stain of fearful red:
 Out of the depths there rises now
 A pale dead face with cloven brow,
 And tangled 'mid the blood-stained curls
 There gleams a daisy wrought of pearls.

** MISERRIMUS.

I shaped a fair and stately sepulchre
 From pallid marble of Pentelicus,
 And on the door I 'graved a single word,
 "Miserrimus."
 And then I cried, "Whom shall I bid to rest
 In this fair tomb, that I have shapen thus?
 What dead man claims the crown of wretchedness—
 "Miserrimus?"
 I wandered forth amid the midnight graves,
 I called upon the sleepers to arise,
 And the long-buried dead came forth, and gazed
 With dim, unseeing eyes.
 I asked a youth, upon whose ashen lips
 The wine-cup stain yet lingered, "Is it thus
 That those have died who name themselves in
 death
 Miserrimus?"
 A sudden tremor shook the shrouded form,
 And something like to life-breath heaved the
 breast:

"Blest was the death that said, 'Go, sin no more.
God loveth us. We rest.'"

I passed to where a youthful lover lay,
By death divided from his love. "And thus,"
I cried, "he slumbers who in death is named
Miserrimus."

And lo! a voice from out the stony lips
Replied, "O mortal, wherefore judge of Fate?
We are but parted for a fleeting space.
God loveth us. We wait."

And then I lingered where a hero lay,
One of the world's predestined rulers. "He,
Who might have won a crown, yet lieth low,
Must taste death's misery."

Again an answer from the realms of death:
"Who plucks the Dead Sea fruit shall never keep.
What though the ashes all untasted fell,
God loveth me. I sleep."

And then I moaned, "Shall I no tenant find
For this fair tomb that I have shapen thus?
God giveth His beloved sleep. Where lies
Miserrimus?"

And lo! an aged man, upon whose brow
The life yet lingered, slowly came to me,
And said, in broken accents, "Yonder word
Befits my misery."

"Mine are the days that bring no joy or hope,
The grass is green above the lips I pressed;
I have outlived all love and all delight,
And have not yet found rest."

"Yes, I, the living, well may claim to dwell
Behind yon pale slab from Pentelicus.
Who hopeth not, nor resteth, thou may'st name
Miserrimus."

** HARRIET P. SPOFFORD.

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD, a writer of brilliant novelettes and stories, who has contributed to all the leading magazines, is the daughter of Joseph N. Prescott, of Calais,

Harriet P. Spofford.

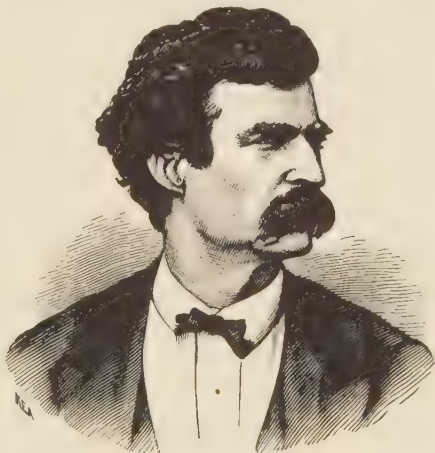
Maine. She was born in that town, April 3, 1835. In her childhood, she became a resident at Newburyport, Massachusetts, and graduated at the Putnam Free School. After spending three years at an academy in Derry, New Hampshire, she returned to Newburyport, where she was married to Mr. Richard S. Spofford, a lawyer who practices at the Boston bar.

Her first notable sketch, *In a Cellar*, a leaf from the eventful life of a diplomat at Paris, appeared in the *Atlantic* in 1858. *Sir Rohan's Ghost*, her first romance, a story of crime and its retribution, was printed the year following. *The Amber Gods, and Other Stories*, a collection of seven tales contributed to the *Atlantic*, appeared in 1863; and *Azarian: An Episode*, in 1864. Seven years later a volume of *New England Legends* was published, containing a series of old time reminiscences connected with Charlestown, Salem, Newburyport, Dover, and Portsmouth. In 1872 appeared

The Thief in the Night, a novelette artistic in its unity of action, though perhaps somewhat overcharged with an intensity of passionate incident, the plot turning upon a suspected midnight murder of a husband by his wife, for the sake of a lover.

** SAMUEL LANGHORNE CLEMENS,

Who is widely known by his signature of "Mark Twain," an American humorist of decided and peculiar originality, and the possessor of a descriptive style of great vigor and clearness, was born in the village of Florida, Monroe County, Missouri, November 30, 1835. His only schooling was in the ordinary district school at Hannibal, from the age of five to thirteen, when he was apprenticed to the printing business in a newspaper office of that town. He worked at his trade in St. Louis, Cincinnati, Philadelphia, and New York, after the manner of travelling journeymen, and was a member of the Typographical Union, though under age. At the age of twenty he started for New Orleans, with a capital of about twelve dollars, after paying his steamboat fare, and the intention of shipping thence for the port of Para, exploring the Amazon, and opening up a trade in coca,



Mark Twain.

which he had understood was the concentrated bread and meat of the tribes about the head waters of the river. This commercial venture was frustrated by finding that no vessel was likely to leave New Orleans for Para during the next generation; but he had the comfort of knowing that he had not arrived too late, if he had arrived too soon, for no vessel had ever left New Orleans for Para in preceding generations.

Having made the acquaintance of some pilots and learned to steer on the way down, he de-

terminated to become a Mississippi river pilot. The members of the craft agreed to teach him for \$500 on graduation; and for eighteen months he went up and down, studying the river night and day, and supporting himself by helping the freight clerks and standing tricks with the shore watchmen. Obtaining his license as a pilot, he had steady work at a salary of \$250 a month, a princely sum in those days of low wages to mechanics. While he was still an apprentice, there was on the river a noted pilot, Capt. Isaiah Sellers, who wrote paragraphs occasionally for the New Orleans papers signed "Mark Twain"—the leadsmen's term signifying a depth of two fathoms of water. Sellers was an aggravation to all the other pilots, by reason of his assumption of ancient knowledge of the river. If it was high water, he would say it was higher than he had ever seen it before since 18—, naming a date before any other man on the river was born; and he was always referring to islands which nobody had ever heard of before, and naively adding that they had washed away in such and such a remote generation. He was a nuisance to all the other pilots who wanted to be considered veterans. The first literary venture of young Clemens was a communication a column and a half in length to the New Orleans *True Delta*, under a fictitious signature, in which he ante-dated Capt. Sellers about sixty years, recalling high and low water which belittled his most marvellous recollections, and introducing islands which had joined the mainland and become territories and States before he was born. The communication squelched Capt. Sellers; he never wrote again, and Clemens became the pet of the river men.

Early in 1861 Mr. Clemens went to Nevada as private secretary to his brother, who was appointed Secretary of the Territory. His adventures there are graphically related in his volume called "*Roughing It*." He had the silver fever, and fought the mines with pick and spade for a year or more, and was actually, as he relates in his book, the owner of a claim worth a million dollars for several days, but lost it by his heedlessness in not taking some necessary steps to secure it. Plunged at once from riches to poverty, he hired out to shovel quartz in a silver mill, at ten dollars a week, but resigned at the end of a week, with the consent and even gratitude of the entire mill company. Meantime he had written an occasional letter to the *Virginia City Enterprise*, and in 1862-3 he became its city editor, at \$25 a week, and continued in that post for three years. In reporting the legislative proceedings, and writing a weekly letter summing up results, which was no doubt rather personal in its comments, he needed a signature, and at the nick of time hearing of the death of Capt. Sellers, he appropriated the *nom de plume* of "Mark Twain," which he has since been identified with.

When the silver collapse came, he went to San Francisco and reported for five months on the *Morning Call*; became lazy or enterprising, and travelled to Calaveras county and worked at surface gold digging for three months without result. Returning to San Francisco, he lived by reporting and sketch writing till early

in 1866, when he visited the Sandwich Islands and remained there six months, writing diligently to the *Sacramento Union*. Coming back he found he had a high Pacific coast reputation, and he lectured with great success in California and Nevada. He went East with a pocket-book much fuller than it was accustomed to be. In the spring of 1867 *The Jumping Frog and Other Sketches* was published in New York. It had a fair sale in this country, and a better in England, where it was reprinted.

In 1868 Mr. Clemens made a pilgrimage, with a party of excursionists in the Quaker City, to the Mediterranean and the Holy Land. He corresponded during his absence with the *San Francisco Alta* and the *New York Tribune*; and upon his return he published, in 1869, a very humorous and picturesque account of his travels, called *The Innocents Abroad*, an illustrated octavo volume of 650 pages, which sold 125,000 copies in three years. In 1869-70 he lectured everywhere to large audiences in the Northern States. In March, 1872, he published *Roughing It*, in the main a true account of his Pacific coast experiences, with exact pictures of a wild frontier society—an illustrated octavo volume of 600 pages, which sold 91,000 copies in nine months. The fall of 1872 Mr. Clemens spent in England. He was married in 1870 to Olivia L., daughter of Jervis Langdon, Esq., of Elmira, New York. His residence is Hartford, Connecticut.

All the books of Mr. Clemens have been reprinted in England, most of them by two publishers, who have gathered together, besides, four volumes of sketches, many of which have not been in book form here. The author was most cordially received in England, where his writings are in great favor. Tauchnitz proposes to issue his books complete in English on the Continent; and a translation of *The Innocents*, to be followed by others, is now being made into German.

Mr. Clemens and Mr. Charles D. Warner wrote in 1873 a joint novel, *The Gilded Age*,—a social and political satire of the times.

**THE PONY EXPRESS—FROM ROUGHING IT.

In a little while all interest was taken up in stretching our necks for the "pony-rider"—the fleet messenger who sped across the continent from St. Joe to Sacramento, carrying letters nineteen hundred miles in eight days! Think of that for perishable horse and human flesh and blood to do! The pony-rider was usually a little bit of a man, brimful of spirit and endurance. No matter what time of the day or night his watch came on, and no matter whether it was winter or summer, raining, snowing, hailing, or sleeting, or whether his "beat" was a level straight road or a crazy trail over mountain crags and precipices, or whether it led through peaceful regions or regions that swarmed with hostile Indians, he must be always ready to leap into the saddle and be off like the wind! There was no idling-time for a pony-rider on duty. He rode fifty miles without stopping, by daylight, moonlight, starlight, or through the blackness of darkness—just as it happened. He rode a splendid horse that was born for a racer and was fed and lodged like a gentleman; kept him at his

utmost speed for ten miles, and then, as he came crashing up to the station where stood two men holding fast a fresh, impatient steed, the transfer of rider and mail-bag was made in the twinkling of an eye, and away flew the eager pair and were out of sight before the spectator could get hardly the ghost of a look. Both rider and horse went "flying light." The rider's dress was thin, and fitted close; he wore a "roundabout," and a skull-cap, and tucked his pantaloons into his boot-tops like a race-rider. He carried no arms—he carried nothing that was not absolutely necessary, for even the postage on his literary freight was worth *five dollars a letter*. He got but little frivolous correspondence to carry—his bag had business letters in it, mostly. His horse was stripped of all unnecessary weight, too. He wore a little wafer of a racing-saddle, and no visible blanket. He wore light shoes, or none at all. The little flat mail-pockets strapped under the rider's thighs would each hold about the bulk of a child's primer. They held many and many an important business chapter and newspaper letter, but these were written on paper as airy and thin as gold-leaf, nearly, and thus bulk and weight were economized. The stage-coach travelled about a hundred to a hundred and twenty-five miles a day (twenty-four hours), the pony-rider about two hundred and fifty. There were about eighty pony-riders in the saddle all the time, night and day, stretching in a long, scattering procession from Missouri to California, forty flying eastward, and forty towards the west, and among them making four hundred gallant horses earn a stirring livelihood and see a deal of scenery every single day in the year.

We had had a consuming desire, from the beginning, to see a pony-rider, but somehow or other all that passed us and all that met us managed to streak by in the night, and so we heard only a whiz and a hail, and the swift phantom of the desert was gone before we could get our heads out of the windows. But now we were expecting one along every moment, and would see him in broad daylight. Presently the driver exclaims:

"HERE HE COMES!"

Every neck is stretched further, and every eye strained wider. Away across the endless dead level of the prairie a black speck appears against the sky, and it is plain that it moves. Well, I should think so! In a second or two it becomes a horse and rider, rising and falling, rising and falling—sweeping toward us nearer and nearer—growing more and more distinct, more and more sharply defined—nearer and still nearer, and the flutter of the hoofs comes faintly to the ear—another instant a whoop and a hurrah from our upper deck, a wave of the rider's hand, but no reply, and man and horse burst past our excited faces, and go winging away like a belated fragment of a storm!

So sudden is it all, and so like a flash of unreal fancy, that but for the flake of white foam left quivering and perishing on a mail-sack after the vision had flashed by and disappeared, we might have doubted whether we had seen any actual horse and man at all, may be.

**THE EUROPEAN GUIDES—FROM THE INNOCENTS ABROAD.

Guides know about enough English to tangle everything up so that a man can make neither

head or tail of it. They know their story by heart—the history of every statue, painting, cathedral or other wonder they show you. They know it and tell it as a parrot would—and if you interrupt, and throw them off the track, they have to go back and begin over again. All their lives long, they are employed in showing strange things to foreigners and listening to their bursts of admiration. It is human nature to take delight in exciting admiration. It is what prompts children to say "smart" things, and do absurd ones, and in other ways "show off" when company is present. It is what makes gossips turn out in rain and storm to go and be the first to tell a startling bit of news. Think, then, what a passion it becomes with a guide, whose privilege it is, every day, to show to strangers wonders that throw them into perfect ecstasies of admiration! He gets so that he could not by any possibility live in a soberer atmosphere. After we discovered this, we *never* went into ecstasies any more—we never admired anything—we never showed any but impassable faces and stupid indifference in the presence of the sublimest wonders a guide had to display. We had found their weak point. We have made good use of it ever since. We have made some of those people savage, at times, but we have never lost our own serenity.

The doctor asks the questions, generally, because he can keep his countenance, and look more like an inspired idiot, and throw more imbecility into the tone of his voice than any man that lives. It comes natural to him.

The guides in Genoa are delighted to secure an American party, because Americans so much wonder, and deal so much in sentiment and emotion before any relic of Columbus. Our guide there fidgeted about as if he had swallowed a spring mattress. He was full of animation—full of impatience he said:

"Come wis me, genteelmen!—come! I show you ze letter writing by Christopher Colombo—write it himself!—write it wis his own hand!—come!"

He took us to the municipal palace. After much impressive fumbling of keys and opening of locks, the stained and aged document was spread before us. The guide's eyes sparkled. He danced about us and tapped the parchment with his finger:

"What I tell you, genteelmen! Is it not so? See! handwriting Christopher Colombo!—write it himself!"

We looked indifferent—unconcerned. The doctor examined the document very deliberately, during a painful pause.—Then he said, without any show of interest:

"Ah—Ferguson—what—what did you say was the name of the party who wrote this?"

"Christopher Colombo! ze great Christopher Colombo!"

Another deliberate examination.

"Ah—did he write it himself, or—or how?"

"He wrote it himself!—Christopher Colombo! he's own handwriting, write by himself!"

Then the doctor laid the document down and said:

"Why, I have seen boys in America only fourteen years old that could write better than that."

"But zis is ze great Christo—"

"I don't care who it is! It's the worst writing I ever saw. Now you mustn't think you can impose on us because we are strangers. We are

not fools, by a good deal. If you have got any specimens of penmanship of real merit, trot them out—and if you haven't, drive on!"

We drove on. The guide was considerably shaken up, but he made one more venture. He had something which he thought would overcome us. He said:

"Ah, gentlemen, you come wis me! I show you beautiful, O magnificent bust Christopher Colombo!—splendid, grand, magnificent!"

He brought us before the beautiful bust—for it *was* beautiful—and sprang back and struck an attitude:

"Ah, look, gentlemen!—beautiful, grand,—bust Christopher Colombo!—beautiful bust, beautiful pedestal!"

The doctor put up his eye-glass—procured for such occasions:

"Ah—what did you say this gentleman's name was?"

"Christopher Colombo!—ze great Christopher Colombo!"

"Christopher Colombo—the great Christopher Colombo. Well, what did *he* do?"

"Discover America!—discover America. Oh, ze devil!"

"Discover America. No—that statement will hardly wash. We are just from America ourselves. We heard nothing about it. Christopher Colombo—pleasant name—is—is he dead?"

"Oh, corpo di Baccio!—three hundred year!"

"What did he die of?"

"I do not know!—I can not tell."

"Small-pox, think?"

"I do not know, gentlemen!—I do not know *what* he die of!"

"Measles, likely?"

"May be—may be—I do *not* know—I think he die of somethings."

"Parents living?"

"Im-posseeble!"

"Ah—which is the bust and which is the pedestal?"

"Santa Maria!—*zis* ze bust!—*zis* ze pedestal!"

"Ah, I see, I see—happy combination—very happy combination, indeed. Is—is this the first time this gentleman was ever on a bust?"

That joke was lost on the foreigner—guides cannot master the subtleties of the American joke.

We have made it interesting for this Roman guide. Yesterday we spent three or four hours in the Vatican, again, that wonderful world of curiosities. We came very near expressing interest, sometimes—even admiration—it was very hard to keep from it. We succeeded though. Nobody else ever did, in the Vatican museums. The guide was bewildered—non-plussed. He walked his legs off, nearly, hunting up extraordinary things, and exhausted all his ingenuity on us, but it was a failure; we never showed any interest in anything. He had reserved what he considered to be his greatest wonder to the last—a royal Egyptian mummy, the best preserved in the world, perhaps. He took us there. He felt so sure, this time, that some of his old enthusiasm came back to him:

"See, gentlemen!—Mummy! Mummy!"

The eye-glass came up as calmly, as deliberately as ever.

"Ah,—Ferguson—what did I understand you to say the gentleman's name was?"

"Name?—he got no name!—Mummy—'Gyp-tian Mummy!'"

"Yes, yes. Born here?"

"No! 'Gyptian mummy!'"

"Ah, just so. Frenchman, I presume?"

"No!—*not* Frenchman, not Roman!—born in Egypta!"

"Born in Egypta. Never heard of Egypta before. Foreign locality, likely. Mummy—mummy. How calm he is—how self-possessed. Is, ah—is he dead?"

"Oh, *sacre bleu*, been dead three thousand year!"

The doctor turned on him savagely:

"Here, now, what do you mean by such conduct as this! Playing us for Chinamen because we are strangers and trying to learn! Trying to impose your vile second-hand carcasses on *us*!—thunder and lightning, I've a notion to—to—if you've got a nice *fresh* corpse, fetch him out!—or by George we'll brain you!"

We make it exceedingly interesting for this Frenchman. However, he has paid us back, partly, without knowing it. He came to the hotel this morning to ask if we were up, and he endeavored as well as he could to describe us, so that the landlord would know which persons he meant. He finished with the casual remark that we were lunatics. The observation was so innocent and so honest that it amounted to a very good thing for a guide to say.

**AT THE GRAVE OF ADAM—FROM THE INNOCENTS ABROAD.

The Greek Chapel is the most roomy, the richest and the showiest chapel in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Its altar, like that of all the Greek churches, is a lofty screen that extends clear across the chapel, and is gorgeous with gilding and pictures. The numerous lamps that hang before it are of gold and silver, and cost great sums.

But the feature of the place is a short column that rises from the middle of the marble pavement of the chapel, and marks the exact *centre* of the earth. The most reliable traditions tell us that this was known to be the earth's centre, ages ago, and that when Christ was upon earth he set all doubts upon the subject at rest forever, by stating with his own lips that the tradition was correct. Remember, He said that that particular column stood upon the centre of the world. If the centre of the world changes, the column changes its position accordingly. This column has moved three different times, of its own accord. This is because, in great convulsions of nature, at three different times, masses of the earth—whole ranges of mountains, probably—have flown off into space, thus lessening the diameter of the earth, and changing the exact locality of its centre by a point or two. This is a very curious and interesting circumstance, and is a withering rebuke to those philosophers who would make us believe that it is not possible for any portion of the earth to fly off into space.

To satisfy himself that this spot was really the centre of the earth, a skeptic once paid well for the privilege of ascending to the dome of the church to see if the sun gave him a shadow at noon. He came down perfectly convinced. The day was very cloudy and the sun threw no shadows at all; but the man was satisfied that if the sun had come out and made shadows it could not have made any for him. Proofs like these are not to be set aside by the idle tongues of cavilers. To such as are not bigoted, and are willing to be

convinced, they carry a conviction that nothing can ever shake.

If even greater proofs than those I have mentioned are wanted, to satisfy the headstrong and the foolish that this is the genuine centre of the earth, they are here. The greatest of them lies in the fact that from under this column was taken the *dust from which Adam was made*. This can surely be regarded in the light of a settler. It is not likely that the original first man would have been made from an inferior quality of earth when it was entirely convenient to get first quality from the world's centre. This will strike any reflecting mind forcibly. That Adam was formed of dirt procured in this very spot is amply proven by the fact that in six thousand years no man has ever been able to prove that the dirt was *not* procured here whereof he was made.

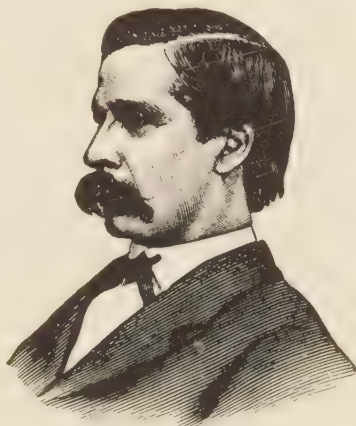
It is a singular circumstance that right under the roof of this same great church, and not far away from that illustrious column, Adam himself, the father of the human race, lies buried. There is no question that he is actually buried in the grave which is pointed out as his—there can be none—because it has never yet been proven that that grave is not the grave in which he is buried.

The tomb of Adam! How touching it was, here in a land of strangers, far away from home, and friends, and all who cared for me, thus to discover the grave of a blood relation. True, a distant one, but still a relation. The unerring instinct of nature thrilled its recognition. The fountain of my filial affection was stirred to its profoundest depths, and I gave way to tumultuous emotion. I leaned upon a pillar and burst into tears. I deem it no shame to have wept over the grave of my poor dead relative. Let him who would sneer at my emotion close this volume here, for he will find little to his taste in my journeyings through Holy Land. Noble old man—he did not live to see me—he did not live to see his child. And I—I—alas, I did not live to see him. Weighed down by sorrow and disappointment, he died before I was born—six thousand brief summers before I was born. But let us try to bear it with fortitude. Let us trust that he is better off, where he is. Let us take comfort in the thought that his loss is our eternal gain.

** JOHN JAMES PIATT,

A POET who has written chiefly on the themes of his native West, is of French descent, his ancestors having emigrated to the island of San Domingo early in the eighteenth century, and afterward removed to New Jersey, shortly before the Revolutionary war. His great-grandfather, Captain William Piatt, served with the patriot forces, was a member of the Society of the Cincinnati, and was killed in St. Clair's defeat by the Indians. His grandfather, James Piatt, raised and commanded a company in the war of 1812, had charge of a garrison at Ellis Island, in the harbor of New York city, and was in the battle of Plattsburg. His father, John B. Piatt, a native of New York, married Miss Emily Scott of Philadelphia, and settled in a small village now known as Milton, in Dearborn county, Indiana, where his son was born, March 1, 1835. The latter received his earliest schooling at Rising Sun, an Indiana town on the Ohio River, and in his tenth year

was removed to Columbus. After three years tuition in that city, another removal a few miles northward gave him some experience in the old-fashioned Western log school-house. At the age of fourteen, he was set to learn the printing business in the office of the *Ohio State Journal*, published then by his uncle, Charles Scott. He subsequently, for brief periods, attended the Columbus High School, the Capital University, and Kenyon College, up to the age of eighteen, when he first began to write verses. In 1856, he accompanied his father and family to Illinois, where he assisted in building a house and enclosing a prairie farm.



John F. Piatt.

Mr. Piatt was led to contribute poems to the *Louisville Journal* in 1857, through the medium of a college-mate living in that city; and in 1859 he became associated in a confidential capacity with the late George D. Prentice,—who proved a steadfast friend,—as well as a writer of editorial and other articles for that paper. In January, 1860, he published at Columbus, with Mr. W. D. Howells, *Poems of Two Friends*. Its pages contain the earlier drafts of some verses that reappear, the clearer and mellowed by age, in later volumes, such as *The Forgotten Well*; *If*; *The Yellow Leaf* in the *Poet's Book*, and *The Morning Street*.

In March, 1861, he was appointed clerk in the U. S. Treasury Department by the late Hon. Salmon P. Chase; and three months later he was married in Kentucky to an estimable lady poet, June 18. In 1864, he published *Nests at Washington, and Other Poems*, by himself and wife. *Poems in Sunshine and Firelight*, issued at Cincinnati in 1866, was followed by *Western Windows, and Other Poems*, dedicated to George D. Prentice, 1869, and in which was reprinted the chief part of the two preceding volumes. He retained his position in Washington till

his resignation in June, 1867, when he removed to Ohio, and became editorially connected, early in the year after, with the *Cincinnati Chronicle*. In 1869, he entered on the staff of the *Cincinnati Commercial*. He accepted an appointment as assistant clerk of the U. S. House of Representatives in January, 1870, and in December, 1871, he was designated its librarian. At the latter date his last volume, *Landmarks and Other Poems*, was published. His home is at North Bend (Cleveland, Hamilton county, Ohio), close by the old homestead and tomb of President Harrison.

Each later volume reproduces with its new poems, to some extent, the verses previously printed, and exhibits a patient and artistic striving towards an ideal poetic excellence. As the author states, his pieces "have been under cover (and under fire, too, for that matter), before; but they are here massed, so to speak,—for a general review."* Among the favorites are *The Pioneer's Chimney*, *Mower in Ohio*, and *Higher Tenants*, first printed in *Poems in Sunshine and Firelight*; *Western Windows*, *Walking to the Station*, and *Fire before Seed*, in *Western Windows*; and *The Lost Farm*, *Moore's Chimney*, *The Forgotten Well*, *Farther*, *The Peach Blossoms*, *If, etc.*, in *Landmarks*.

** THE MOWER IN OHIO—FROM WESTERN WINDOWS.

June, MDCCCLXIV.

The bees in the clover are making honey, and I am making my hay :

The air is fresh, I seem to draw a young man's breath to-day.

The bees and I are alone in the grass : the air is so very still

I hear the dam, so loud, that shines beyond the sullen mill.

Yes, the air is so still that I hear almost the sounds I can not hear—

That, when no other sound is plain, ring in my empty ear :

The chime of striking scythes, the fall of the heavy swarths they sweep—

They ring about me, resting, when I waver half asleep ;

So still I am not sure if a cloud, low down, unseen there be,

Or if something brings a rumor home of the cannon so far from me :

Far away in Virginia where Joseph and Grant, I know,

Will tell them what I meant when first I had my mowers go !

Joseph he is my eldest one, the only boy of my three

Whose shadow can darken my door again, and lighten my heart for me.

Joseph he is my eldest—how his scythe was striking ahead !

William was better at shorter heats, but Jo in the long-run led.

William he was my youngest ; John, between them, I somehow see,

When my eyes are shut, with a little board at his head in Tennessee.

But William came home one morning early, from Gettysburg, last July

(The mowing was over already, although the only mower was I :)

William, my captain, came home for good to his mother ; and I'll be bound

We were proud and cried to see the flag that wrapt his coffin around ;

For a company from the town came up ten miles with music and gun :

It seem'd his country claim'd him then—as well as his mother—her son.

But Joseph is yonder with Grant to-day, a thousand miles or near,

And only the bees are abroad at work with me in the clover here.

Was it a murmur of thunder I heard that humm'd again in the air ?

Yet, may be, the cannon are sounding now their Onward to Richmond there.

But under the beech by the orchard, at noon, I sat an hour it would seem—

It may be I slept a minute, too, or waver'd into a dream.

For I saw my boys, across the field, by the flashes as they went,

Tramping a steady tramp as of old with the strength in their arms unspent ;

Tramping a steady tramp, they moved like soldiers that march to the beat

Of music that seems, a part of themselves, to rise and fall with their feet ;

Tramping a steady tramp, they came with flashes of silver that shone,

Every step, from their scythes that rang as if they needed the stone—

(The field is wide and heavy with grass)—and, coming toward me they beam'd

With a shine of light in their faces at once, and—surely I must have dream'd !

For I sat alone in the clover-field, the bees were working ahead.

There were three in my vision—remember, old man : and what if Joseph were dead !

But I hope that he and Grant (the flag above them both, to boot,)

Will go into Richmond together, no matter which is ahead or afoot !

Meantime alone at the mowing here—an old man somewhat gray—

I must stay at home as long as I can, making myself the hay.

And so another round—the quail in the orchard whistles blithe—

But first I'll drink at the spring below, and whet again my scythe.

** HIGHER TENANTS.

After Winter fires were ended, and the last spark, vanishing

From the embers on our hearthstone, flew into the sky of spring :

In the night-time, in the morning—when the air was hush'd around—

* Preface to *Western Windows*, and *Other Poems*.

Throbbing vaguely on the silence, came a dull,
mysterious sound:

Like the sultry hum of thunder, at the sullen close
of day,
Out of clouds that brood and threaten on the
horizon far away.

"'Tis," I said, "the April thunder," and I
thought of flowers that spring,
And of trees that stand in blossom, and of birds
that fly and sing.

But the sound, repeated often — nearer, more
familiar grown —
From our chimney seem'd descending, and the
swallow's wings were known.

Where the lithe flames leap'd and lighten'd, charm
of host and cheer of guest,
There the emigrant of Summer chose its home-
stead, built its nest.

Then I dream'd of poets dwelling, like the swal-
low, long ago,
Overhead in dusky places ere their songs were
heard below;

Overhead in humble attics, ministers of higher
things:

Underneath were busy people, overhead were
heavenly wings!

And I thought of homely proverbs that on simple
lips had birth,
Born of gentle superstitions at old firesides of the
earth:

How, where'er the swallow builded under human
roofs its nest,
Something holier, purer, higher, in the house be-
came a guest;

Peace, or Love, or Health, or Fortune — some-
thing Prosperous, from the air
'Lighting with the wings of swallows, breathed
divine possessions there.

"Friendly gods," I said, "descending, make
their gentler visits so,
Fill the air with benedictions — songs above and
songs below!"

Then I murmur'd, "Welcome, swallow; I, your
landlord, stand content:
Even if song were not sufficient, higher Tenants
pay your rent!"

** THE FORGOTTEN WELL — FROM LANDMARKS.

By the old high road I find,
(The weeds their story tell,
With fallen curb and fill'd with stones,
A long-forgotten well.

The chimney, crumbling near,
A mute historian stands,
Of human joy and human woe —
Far, faded fireside bands!

Here still the apple blows
Its bloom of rose-lit snow;
The rose-tree blessed some gentle hands
With roses, long ago.

I can not choose but dream
Of all thy good foredone;
Old alms-giver, thy gifts once more
Show diamonds in the sun!

From yonder vanish'd home,
Blithe children therein born;

The mother with her crowing babe;
The grandsire palsy-worn;

Strong men, whose weighted limbs
Falter through dust and heat;
Lithe youths, in dreamland sowing deeds;
Shy maidens blushing sweet;

The reaper from his sheaves;
The mower from his hay —
These take thy freshness in their hearts,
And pass — my dream — away!

Forgotten by the throng,
Uncared for and unknown,
None seek thee through the wood of weeds
Neglect has slowly sown.

Yet, under all, thou'rt there —
Exhaustless, pure, and cold —
If but the sunshine came to see;
The fountain ne'er grows old!

** FARTHER.

Far-off a young State rises, full of might:
I paint its brave escutcheon. Near at hand
See the log cabin in the rough clearing stand;
A woman by its door, with steadfast sight,
Trustful, looks Westward, where, uplifted bright,
Some city's Apparition, weird and grand,
In dazzling quiet fronts the lonely land,
With vast and marvellous structures wrought of
light,

Motionless on the burning cloud afar: —
The haunting vision of a time to be,
After the heroic age is ended here,
Built on the boundless, still horizon's bar
By the low sun, his gorgeous prophecy
Lighting the doorway of the pioneer!

** THE THREE WORK DAYS.

So much to do, so little done!
In sleepless eyes I saw the sun;
His beamless disk in darkness lay,
The dreadful ghost of YESTERDAY!

So little done, so much to do!
The morning shone on harvests new;
In eager light I wrought my way,
And breathed the spirit of TO-DAY!

So much to do, so little done!
The toil is past, the rest begun;
Though little done, and much to do,
TO-MORROW Earth and Heaven are new!

** THE PEACH BLOSSOMS.

Sent to me in the city, with the words, "It is Spring."

It was a gentle gift to send,
This thought in blossoms from a friend:
Within my city room
I seem to breathe the country air,
While April's kisses every where
Start Earth's brown cheeks to bloom!

Oh, beautiful the welcome sight!
(Flushing my paper as I write,
My words seem blossoming!) —
The lovely lighted snow that falls
Rosy around the cottage walls,
A miracle of Spring!

Dream-like, I hear the sunny hum
Of swarming bees; low voices come
Familiar, close, and dear;

I hardly know if I'am there,
Or, shutting out the noisy air,
Those birds are singing here!

To the dry city's restless heart
What tender influence ye impart,
My blossoms, soft and wild!
Ah! from this barren cell I feel
Your subtle wand, enchanting, steal
Me to the Past — a child!

A child whose laughter-lighted face
Breaks from some happy door, a-chase
For new-wing'd butterflies:
The wind, how merrily, takes his hair! —
Sing, birds, and keep him ever there
With world-forgetting eyes!

Most gracious miracle of Spring
That gives the dead tree, blossoming,
Its resurrection hour!
Lo! Memory lifts her wizard bough,
(That seem'd as bare and barren,) now
Within my soul, in flower!

IF.

Strong little Monosyllable between
Desire and joy, between the hand and heart
Of all our longing; dreary death's-head seen
Ere our quick lips to touch the nectar part!
O giant dwarf, making the whole world cling
To thy cold arm before the infant feet
Of frail resolves can walk, man-like, complete,
Steep mountain-roads of high accomplishing!
Dim dragon in the way of our designing,
No Red-Cross Knight may vanquish! Though
most brave,
Strong Will before thee crouches, a mute slave, —
Faith dies to feel thee in her path declining!
If! thou dost seem to our poor human sense
The broken crutch of our blind providence!

** TO THE STATUE ON THE CAPITOL.

Looking Eastward at Dawn.

What sunken splendor in the Eastern skies
Seest thou, O Watcher, from thy lifted place? —
Thine old Atlantic dream is in thine eyes,
But the new Western morning on thy face.

Beholdest thou, in reëpparent light,
Thy lost Republics? They were visions, fled.
Their ghosts in ruin'd cities walk by night —
It is no resurrection of their dead.

But look, behind thee, where in sunshine lie
Thy boundless fields of harvest in the West,
Whose savage garments from thy shoulders fly,
Whose eagle clings in sunrise to thy crest!
Washington, D. C.

** SARAH M. B. PIATT,

THE wife of John James Piatt, and whose maiden name was Sarah Morgan Bryan, was born in Fayette county, near Lexington, Kentucky, August 11, 1836. Her grandfather, Morgan Bryan, was one of the pioneer settlers of that State, and her family was related to Daniel Boone.* She lost her mother at the early age of eight years, and was educated chiefly at the Henry Female College, Newcastle, Kentucky. In her girlhood she wrote many verses, which were printed and praised by Mr. Geo. D. Prentice, the friend and patron of

young writers at the South. This endorsement by the Louisville *Journal* secured her talents a popular recognition before her marriage in 1861. Three years later some of her earlier and later pieces were reprinted in *The Nests at Washington, and Other Poems*. Her poems written since that date were scattered through various

S. M. B. Piatt.

magazines, till the appearance of a part in *A Woman's Poems*, published in 1871, without the author's name, and dedicated to "My nearest neighbor." A thoughtful fancy, pathos, and delicate womanly perception pervade this volume. "At her worst," remarks the critic of the Independent, "she is obscure; at her best she writes poetry delightful for its music, its tender sentiment, its subtle thoughtfulness. We detect, also, in this volume, that new flavor which the maturing life of the West adds to American literature — a flavor not dependent at all upon a choice of Western themes, or 'dialect,' but imbuing the treatment of all subjects; something different from the moralized ideality of New England poetry; something nearer to pure feeling, easier, simpler, and more familiar, yet delicate and authentic." Another volume from her pen is in preparation.

** HER METAPHORS — FROM A WOMAN'S POEMS.

A fairy dream that stole,
With evanescent light,
Across thy waken'd soul,
One early Autumn night —
Am I not this to thee?

Alone and languid rose
That in thy care might bloom,
But on the distance throws,
Vainly, its vague perfume —
Am I not this to thee?

A faint and trembling star
That drew thine eyes awhile,
Still shining on afar,
Deserted by thy smile —
Am I not this to thee?

A pearl cast at thy feet
And worn by thee an hour,
Then left where fierce waves beat,
The plaything of their power —
Am I not this to thee?

A half-remember'd strain,
That once could charm thine ear,
Whose music thou again
Wilt sometimes sigh to hear —
Am I not this to thee?

** MY BABES IN THE WOOD.

I know a story, fairer, dimmer, sadder,
Than any story painted in your books.
You are so glad! It will not make you gladder;
Yet listen, with your pretty restless looks.

"Is it a fairy story?" Well, half fairy —
At least it dates far back as fairies do,
And seems to me as beautiful and airy;
Yet half, perhaps the fairy half, is true.

* Southland Writers, art. Sarah M. Bryan, vol. i., p. 136.

You had a baby sister and a brother,
(Two very dainty people, rosiely white,
Each sweeter than all things except the other!)
Older yet younger — gone from human sight!

And I, who loved them, and shall love them ever,
And think with yearning tears how each light
hand

Crept toward bright bloom or berries—I shall
never

Know how I lost them. Do you understand?

Poor slightly golden heads! I think I miss'd
them

First, in some dreamy, piteous, doubtful way;
But when and where with lingering lips I kiss'd
them,

My gradual parting, I can never say.

Sometimes I fancy that they may have perish'd
In shadowy quiet of wet rocks and moss,
Near paths whose very pebbles I have cherish'd.
For their small sakes, since my most lovely
loss.

I fancy, too, that they were softly cover'd
By robins, out of apple-flowers they knew,
Whose nursing wings in far home sunshine
hover'd,

Before the timid world had dropp'd the dew.

Their names were—what yours are! At this
you wonder.

Their pictures are—your own, as you have
seen;

And my bird-buried darlings, hidden under
Lost leaves—why, it is your dead selves I mean!

**** MY GHOST—A STORY TOLD TO MY LITTLE COUSIN KATE.**

Yes, Katie, I think you are very sweet,
Now that the tangles are out of your hair,
And you sing as well as the birds you meet,
That are playing, like you, in the blossoms
there.

But now you are coming to kiss me, you say:

Well, what is it for? Shall I tie your shoe,
Or loop your sleeve in a prettier way?

"Do I know about ghosts?" Indeed I do.

"Have I seen one?" Yes: last evening, you
know,

We were taking a walk that you had to miss,
(I think you were naughty and cried to go,

But, surely, you'll stay at home after this!)
And, away in the twilight lonesomely
("What is the twilight?"). Its—getting late!)
I was thinking of things that were sad to me!—
There, hush! you know nothing about them,
Kate.

Well, we had to go through the rocky lane,
Close to that bridge where the water roars,
By a still, red house, where the dark and rain
Go in when they will at the open doors;
And the moon, that had just waked up, looked
through

The broken old windows and seem'd afraid,
And the wild bats flew and the thistles grew
Where once in the roses the children play'd.

Just across the road by the cherry-trees
Some fallen white stones had been lying so
long,

Half hid in the grass, and under these
Were people dead. I could hear the song
Of a very sleepy dove as I pass'd

The graveyard near, and the cricket that cried;
And I look'd (ah! the Ghost is coming at last!)
And something was walking at my side.

It seem'd to be wrapp'd in a great dark shawl,
(For the night was a little cold, you know.)
It would not speak. It was black and tall;
And it walk'd so proudly and very slow.
Then it mock'd me everything I could do:
Now it caught at the lightning-flies like me;
Now it stopp'd where the elder-blossoms grew;
Now it tore the thorns from a gray bent tree.

Still it follow'd me under the yellow moon,
Looking back to the graveyard now and then,
Where the winds were playing the night a tune—
But, Kate, a Ghost doesn't care for *men*,
And your papa *could n't* have done it harm!
Ah, dark-eyed darling, what is it you see?
There, you need n't hide in your dimpled arm—
It was only my Shadow that walk'd with me!

**** THE HIGHEST MOUNTAIN.**

I know of a Higher Mountain. Well?
"Do the flowers grow on it?" No, not one.
"What is its name?" But I cannot tell.
"Where——?" Nowhere under the sun!

"Is it under the moon, then?" No, the light
Has never touch'd it, and never can;
It is fashion'd and form'd of night, of night
Too dark for the eyes of man.

Yet I sometimes think, if my Faith had proved
As a grain of mustard seed to me,
I could say to this Mountain: "Be thou removed,
And be thou cast in the sea!"

**** QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR.**

"Do angels wear white dresses, say?
Always, or only in the summer? Do
Their birthdays have to come like mine, in May?
Do they have scarlet sashes then, or blue?"

"When little Jessie died last night,
How could she walk to Heaven—it is so far?
How did she find the way without a light?
There was n't even any moon or star.

"Will she have red or golden wings?
Then will she have to be a bird, and fly?
Do they take men like presidents and kings
In hearses with black plumes clear to the sky?"

"How old is God? Has he gray hair?
Can He see yet? Where did He have to stay
Before—you know—he had made—Anywhere?
Who does He pray to—when He has to pray?"

"How many stars are in the sea?
How many stars?—well, then, you ought to
know

How many flowers are on an apple-tree?
How does the wind look when it does n't blow?"

"Where does the rainbow end? And why
Did—Captain Kidd—bury the gold there?
When

Will this world burn? And will the firemen try
To put the fire out with the engines then?"

"If you should ever die, may we
Have pumpkins growing in the garden, so
My fairy godmother can come for me,
When there's a prince's ball, and let me go?"

"Read Cinderella just once more—
What makes—men's other wives—so mean?"
I know

That I was tired, it may be cross, before
I shut the painted book for her to go.

Hours later, from a child's white bed

I heard the timid, last queer question start:
 "Mamma, are you — my stepmother?" it said.
 The innocent reproof crept to my heart.

**** WILLIAM D. HOWELLS.**

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS, the editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, a writer of inimitable grace and ease in prose and poetry, was born at Martinsville, Belmont county, Ohio, March 1, 1837. Three years later, his father became the publisher of a newspaper at Hamilton, in that State. The son at an early age began to learn the printer's trade, which he followed till he grew to manhood. Long before his majority, however, he wrote verses for the newspapers, and while yet quite young did some editorial work and correspondence for one of the leading daily journals of Cincinnati. He became an editor of the *Ohio State Journal* at Columbus, in 1858, as an associate with Mr. Henry D. Cooke, who has in later years been at the head of his brother's banking house in Washington.

In January, 1860, Mr. Howells published, in connection with Mr. John James Piatt, a small volume of verses, entitled: *Poems of Two Friends*. Its pieces have the crystal-like clearness of thought and the exact artistic finish, — hiding all appearance of labor, — so characteristic of his better-known writings. The *Movers*, *Dead*, *The Doubt*, *Compliment*, *The Thorn*, printed in the earliest years of manhood, bespeak choice work for mature life, as also this poem of simplicity, — *The Mysteries*:

Once on my mother's breast, a child, I crept,
 Holding my breath —
 There safe and sad lay shuddering, and wept
 At the dark mystery of Death.

Weary and weak, and worn with all unrest,
 Spent with the strife —
 O mother, let me weep upon thy breast
 At the sad mystery of Life.

He prepared in the same year, for a Western publisher, a carefully-written life of Abraham Lincoln, then candidate for the Presidency. It filled nearly eighty pages of the *Life and Speeches of Abraham Lincoln and Hannibal Hamlin*, published at Columbus, and was prefaced by these characteristic words: "When one has written a hurried book, one likes to dwell upon the fact, that if the time had not been wanting one could have made it a great deal better. This fact is of the greatest comfort to the author, and not of the slightest consequence to anybody else. It is perfectly reasonable, therefore, that every writer should urge it."

Mr. Howells was appointed United States Consul at Venice in the autumn of 1861, and he retained that position till the summer of 1865. He was married in 1862 to Miss Eleanor Mead, a sister of the sculptor Laikin J. Mead, of Vermont. The characteristics of that city of romance deeply impressed his imagination during those years of residence. He compares it with other cities as "like the pleasant improbability of the theatre to every-day commonplace life;" and declares, "it has never lost to me its claim upon constant surprise and regard, nor

the fascination of its excellent beauty, its peerless picturesqueness, its sole and wondrous grandeur." He paused at London, on his return to America, to put to press his *Venetian Life*, which picturesquely pictures the various phases of its society and scenery.



W. D. Howells.

New York city was his next residence, for a short period, and he became an editorial writer for *The Nation*. The materials gathered in his travels from Venice to Rome, by the round-about way of Genoa and Naples, with a halt of a day in Pompeii and another of half an hour at Herculaneum, including as well the artistic etchings of notable scenes and the vivid reproduction of quaint impressions, sufficed for another entertaining volume, published at New York as *Italian Journeys*, in 1867.

Mr. Howells had been an occasional contributor to the *Atlantic Monthly* since 1860; and during the winter of 1865-6 he was invited to become its assistant editor. His acceptance of that position led to his removal to Cambridge, where he has since resided. On the resignation of Mr. James T. Fields, in 1871, he was appointed editor-in-chief.

No Love Lost, A Romance of Travel, a poem in hexameters, written while at Venice, and happily sketching tourist-life amid its fair scenery, was printed in 1869. A complete collection of his *Poems* was made in 1873. His contributions to the *North American Review* also contain some able critical articles on Italian literature, embodying translations of its more recent dramatic and lyrical poetry.

Three volumes of prose, issued between 1871-3, and exhibiting a rapid mastery over the elements of incident and romance, attest the success of Mr. Howells in a new field of literature. All are cheerful works, and all have had a cheerful success. *Suburban Sketches*, 1871, gives a series of detached out-of-door experiences, as a pedestrian and as a rider in the horse-cars, at and between Cambridge and Boston, with some sensations at the Boston musical festival. *Their Wedding Journey*, 1872, felicitously pictures, in a sparkling novelette,

the humors and romance of the lately wedded, as they flit from Boston to New York, by way of the Hudson to Niagara, and homeward after seeing Canada and the broad St. Lawrence, with satiric side-shows for the warning of too demonstrative Benedicts. *A Chance Acquaintance* followed in 1873.

**** THE MOVERS — FROM POEMS BY TWO FRIENDS.**

Parting was over at last, and all the good-byes had been spoken.
Up the long hill-side the white-tented wagon moved slowly,
Bearing the mother and children, while onward before them the father
Trudged with his gun on his arm, and the faithful house-dog beside him,
Grave and sedate, as if knowing the sorrowful thoughts of his master.

April was in her prime, and the day in its dewy awaking:
Like a great flower, afar on the crest of the eastern woodland,
Goldenly bloomed the sun, and over the beautiful valley,
Dim with its dew and shadow, and bright with its dream of a river,
Looked to the western hills, and shone on the humble procession,
Paining with splendor the children's eyes, and the heart of the mother.

Beauty, and fragrance, and song filled the air like a palpable presence.
Sweet was the smell of the dewy leaves and the flowers in the wild-wood,
Fair the long reaches of sun and shade in the aisles of the forest.
Glad of the spring, and of love, and of morning, the wild birds were singing:
Jays to each other called harshly, then mellowly fluted together;
Sang the oriole songs as golden and gay as his plumage;
Pensively sped the querulous quails their greetings unfrequent,
While, on the meadow elm, the meadow lark gushed forth in music,
Rapt, exultant and shaken, with the great joy of his singing;
Over the river, loud-chattering, aloft in the air, the king-fisher,
Hung, ere dropped, like a bolt in the water beneath him;
Gossiping, out of the bank, flew myriad twittering swallows;
And in the boughs of the sycamore quarreled and clamored the blackbirds.

Never for these things a moment halted the Movers, but onward,
Up the long hill-side the white-tented wagon moved slowly.
Till, on the summit, that overlooked all the beautiful valley,
Trembling and spent, the horses came to a standstill unbidden;
Then from the wagon the mother in silence got down with her children,
Came, and stood by the father, and rested her hand on his shoulder.

Long together they gazed on the beautiful valley before them;

Looked on the well-known fields that stretched away to the woodlands,
Where, in the dark lines of green, showed the milk-white crest of the dogwood,
Snow of wild-plums in bloom, and crimson tints of the red-bud;
Looked on the pasture-fields where the cattle were lazily grazing —
Softly, and sweet, and thin, came the faint, far notes of the cow-bells —
Looked on the oft-trodden lanes, with their elder and blackberry borders,
Looked on the orchard, a bloomy sea, with its billows of blossoms.
Fair was the scene, yet suddenly strange and all unfamiliar,
Like as the faces of friends, when the word of farewell has been spoken.

Long together they gazed; then at last on the little log-cabin, —
Home for so many years, now home no longer forever, —
Rested their tearless eyes in the silent rapture of anguish.
Up on the morning air, no column of smoke from the chimney
Wavering, silver and azure, rose, fading and brightening ever;
Shut was the door where yesterday morning the children were playing. —
Lit with a gleam of the sun the window stared up at them blindly.
Cold was the hearthstone now, and the place was forsaken and empty.
Empty? Ah no! but haunted by thronging and tenderest fancies,
Sad recollections of all that had ever been, of sorrow or gladness.

Once more they sat in glow of the wide red fire in the winter,
Once more they sat by the door in the cool of the still summer evening,
Once more the mother seemed to be singing her babe there to slumber,
Once more the father beheld her weep o'er the child that was dying,
Once more the place was peopled by all the Past's sorrow and gladness!

Neither might speak for the thoughts that come crowding their hearts so,
Till, in their ignorant sorrow, aloud the children lamented;
Then was the spell of silence dissolved, and the father and mother
Burst into tears and embraced, and turned their dim eyes to the westward.

**** DEAD.**

I.

Something lies in the room
Over against my own;
The windows are lit with a ghastly bloom
Of candles burning alone —
Untrimmed and all aflare
In the ghastly silence there!

II.

People go by the door,
Tiptoe, holding their breath,
And hush the talk that they held before,
Lest they should waken Death,

That is awake all night
There in the candlelight!

III.

The cat upon the stairs
Watches with flamy eye
For the sleepy one who shall unawares
Let her go stealing by.
She softly, softly purrs,
And claws at the banisters.

IV.

The bird from out its dream
Breaks with a sudden song,
That stabs the sense like a sudden scream;
The hound the whole night long
Howls to the moonless sky,
So far, and starry, and high.

** THE DOUBT.

She sits beside the low window,
In the pleasant evening-time,
With her face turned to the sunset,
Reading a book of rhyme.
And the wine-light of the sunset,
Stol'n into the dainty nook,
Where she sits in her sacred beauty,
Lies crimson on the book.
O beautiful eyes so tender,
Brown eyes so tender and dear,
Did you leave your reading a moment,
Just now, as I passed near?

May be, 'tis the sunset flushes
Her features, so lily-pale —
May be, 'tis the lover's passion,
She reads of in the tale.

O darling, and darling, and darling,
If I dared to trust my thought;
If I dared to believe what I must not,
Believe what no one ought —

We would read together the poem
Of the Love that never died,
The passionate, world-old story
Come true and glorified.

** LIFE IN VENICE — FROM NO LOVE LOST.

Fanny — To Clara.

I.

Yes, I promised to write, but how shall I write to
you, darling?
Venice we reached last Monday, wild for canals
and for color,
Palaces, prisons, lagoons, and gondolas, bravoos,
and moonlight,
All the mysterious, dreadful, beautiful things in
existence.
Fred had joined us at Naples, insuff'rably know-
ing and travelled,
Wise in the prices of things and great at tempest-
uous bargains,
Rich in the costly nothing our youthful travellers
buy here,
At a prodigious outlay of time and money and
trouble;
Utter confusion of facts, and talking the wildest
of pictures,
Pyramids, battle-fields, bills, and examinations of
luggage,
Passports, policemen, porters, and how he got
through his tobacco —
Ignorant, handsome, full-bearded, brown, and
good-natured as ever:

Annie thinks him perfect, and I well enough for
a brother.
Also, a friend of Fred's came with us from Naples
to Venice;
And, altogether, I think, we are rather agreeable
people,
For we've been taking our pleasure at all times
in perfect good-humor, —
Which is an excellent thing that you'll understand
when you've travelled,
Seen Recreation deat-beat and cross, and learnt
what a burden
Frescoes, for instance, can be, and, in general,
what an affliction
Life is apt to become among the antiques and old
masters.

Venice we've thoroughly done, and it's perfectly
true of the pictures —
Titians and Tintoretto's, and Palmas and Paul
Veronese's;
Neither are gondolas fictions, but verities, hearse-
like and swan-like,
Quite as the heart could wish. And one finds, to
one's infinite comfort,
Venice just as unique as one's fondest visions
have made it:
Palaces and mosquitoes rise from the water to-
gether,
And, in the city's streets, the salt-sea is ebbing
and flowing
Several inches or more.

— Ah! let me not wrong thee, O Venice!

Fairest, forlornest, and saddest of all the cities,
and dearest!

Dear, for my heart has won here deep peace
from cruel confusion;
And in this lucent air, whose night is but tenderer
noon-day,
Fear is forever dead, and hope has put on the
immortal!

— There! and you need not laugh. I'm coming
to something directly.

One thing: I've bought you a chain of the fa-
mous fabric of Venice —
Something peculiar and quaint, and of such a
delicate texture

That you must wear it embroidered upon a riband
of velvet,
If you would have the effect of its exquisite fine-
ness and beauty.

"Isn't it very frail?" I asked of the workman
who made it.

"Strong enough, if you will, to bind a lover,
signora," —

With an expensive smile. 'Twas bought near
the Bridge of Rialto.

(Shylock, you know.) In our shopping, Aunt
May and Fred do the talking:

Fred begins always in French, with the most de-
licious effrontery,
Only to end in profoundest humiliation and Eng-
lish.

Aunt, however, scorns to speak any tongue but
Italian:

"Quanto per these ones here?" and "What did
you say was the prezzo?"

"Ah! troppo caro! *Too much!* No, no! Don't
I tell you it's troppo?"

All the while insists that the gondolieri shall
show us

What she calls Titian's palazzo, and pines for the
house of Othello.

Annie, the dear little goose, believes in Fred and
her mother

With an enchanting abandon. She doesn't at all understand them,
 But she has some twilight views of their cleverness. Father is quiet,
 Now and then ventures some French when he fancies that nobody hears him,
 In an aside to the valet-de-place—I never detect him—
 Buys things for mother and me with a quite supernatural sweetness,
 Tolerates all Fred's airs, and is indispensably pleasant.

II.

Prattling on of these things, which I think cannot interest deeply,
 So I hold back in my heart its dear and wonderful secret
 (Which I must tell you at last, however I falter to tell you),
 Fain to keep it all my own for a little while longer,—
 Doubting but it shall lose some part of its strangeness and sweetness,
 Shared with another, and fearful that even *you* may not find it
 Just the marvel that I do—and thus turn our friendship to hatred.

Sometimes it seems to me that this love, which I feel is eternal,
 Must have begun with my life, and that only an absence was ended
 When we met and knew in our souls that we loved one another.
 For, from the first was no doubt. The earliest hints of the passion,
 Whispered to girlhood's tremulous dream, may be mixed with misgiving,
 But, when the very love comes, it bears no vagueness of meaning;
 Touched by its truth (too fine to be felt by the ignorant senses,
 Knowing but looks and utterance), soul unto soul makes confession,
 Silence to silence speaks. And I think that this subtle assurance,
 Yet unconfirmed from without, is even sweeter and dearer
 Than the perfected bliss that comes when the words have been spoken.
 —Not that I'd have them unsaid, now! But, 'twas delicious to ponder
 All the miracle over, and clasp it, and keep it, and hide it.
 While I beheld him, you know, with looks of indifferent languor,
 Talking of other things—and felt the divine contradiction
 Trouble my heart below!

And yet, if no doubt touched our passion,
 Do not believe for that, our love has been wholly unclouded.
 All best things are ours when pain and patience have won them:
 Peace itself would mean nothing but for the strife that preceded—
 Triumph of love is greatest, when peril of love has been sorest.
 (That's to say, I dare say. I'm only repeating what he said.)

Well, then, of all wretched things in the world, a mystery, Clara,

Lurked in this life dear to mine, and hopelessly held us asunder
 When we drew nearest together, and all but his speech said, "I love you."
 Fred had known him at college, and then had found him at Naples,
 After several years,—and called him a capital fellow.
 Thus far his knowledge went, and beyond this began to run shallow
 Over troubled ways, and to break into brilliant conjecture.
 Harder by far to endure than the other's reticent absence—
 Absence wherein at times he seemed to walk like one troubled
 By an uneasy dream, whose spell is not broken with waking,
 And it returns all day with a vivid and sudden recurrence,
 As a remembered event. Of the past that was closest the present,
 This we knew from himself: He went at the earliest summons,
 When the Rebellion began, and falling, terribly wounded,
 Into the enemy's hands, after ages of sickness and prison,
 Made his escape at last; and, returning, found all his virtues
 Grown out of recognition and shining in posthumous splendor,—
 Found all strange and estranged, and, he fancied, more wonder than welcome.
 So, somewhat heavy of heart, and disabled for war, he had wandered
 Hither to Europe for perfecter peace. Abruptly his silence,
 Full of suggestion and sadness, made here a chasm between us.
 But we spanned the chasm with conversational bridges,
 Else talked all around it, and feigned an ignorance of it,
 With that absurd pretense, which is always so painful or comic,
 Just as you happen to make it or see it.

In spite of our fictions,
 Severed from his by that silence, my heart grew ever more anxious.
 Till last night, when together we sat in Piazza San Marco
 (Then, when the morrow must bring us parting—forever, it might be),
 Taking our ices *al fresco*. Some strolling minstrels were singing
 Airs from the *Trovatore*. I noted with painful observance,
 With the unwilling minuteness, at such times absolute torture,
 All that brilliant scene, for which I cared nothing, before me:
 Dark-eyed Venetian leoni regarding the forestieri
 With those compassionate looks of gentle and curious wonder
 Home-keeping Italy's nations bend on the voyaging races,
 Taciturn, indolent, sad, as their beautiful city itself is;
 Groups of remotest English—not just the traditional English
 (Lavish Milor is no more, and your travelling Briton is frugal),

English, though, after all, with the Channel
always between them,
Islanded in themselves, and the Continent's soci-
able races :
Country-people of ours — the New World's confi-
dent children,
Proud of America always, and even vain of the
Troubles
As of disaster laid out on a scale unequalled in
Europe ;
Polyglot Russians that spoke all languages better
than natives ;
White-coated Austrian officers, anglicised Aus-
trian dandies,
Gorgeous Levantine figures of Greek, and Turk,
and Albanian —
These, and the throngs that moved through the
long arcades and Piazza,
Shone on by numberless lamps that flamed round
the perfect Piazza,
Jewel-like set in the splendid frame of this beau-
tiful picture,
Full of such motley life, and so altogether Vene-
tian.

* * * * *

A DAY IN POMPEII — FROM ITALIAN JOURNEYS.

... It is proper, after seeing the sites of some of the principal temples in Pompeii (such as those of Jupiter and Venus), to cross the fields that cover a great breadth of the buried city, and look into the amphitheatre, where, as every body knows, the lions had no stomach for Glaucus on the morning of the fatal eruption. The fields are now planted with cotton, and of course we thought those commonplaces about the wonder the Pompeians would feel could they come back to see that New-World plant growing above their buried homes. We might have told them, the day of our visit, that this cruel plant, so long watered with the tears of slaves, and fed with the blood of men, was now an exile from its native fields, where war was plowing with sword and shot the guilty land, and rooting up the subtlest fibres of the oppression in which cotton had grown king. And the ghosts of wicked old Pompeii, remembering the manifold sins that called the fires of hell to devour her, and thinking on this exiled plant, the latest witness of God's unforgetting justice, might well have shuddered, through all their shadow, to feel how terribly He destroys the enemies of Nature and man.

But the only Pompeian presences which haunted our passage of the cotton-field were certain small

"Phantoms of delight,"

with soft black eyes and graceful ways, who ran before us and plucked the bolls of the cotton and sold them to us. Embassies bearing red and white grapes were also sent out of the cottages to our excellencies ; and there was some doubt of the currency of the coin which we gave these poor children in return.

There are now but few peasants living on the land over the head of Pompeii, and the Government allows no sales of real estate to be made except to itself. The people who still dwell here can hardly be said to own their possessions, for they are merely allowed to cultivate the soil. A guard stationed night and day prevents them from making excavations, and they are severely restricted from entering the excavated quarters of the city alone.

The cotton whitens over two-thirds of Pompeii

yet interred : happy the generation that lives to learn the wondrous secrets of that sepulchre ! For, when you have once been at Pompeii, this phantasm of the past takes deeper hold on your imagination than any living city, and becomes and is the metropolis of your dreamland forever. O marvellous city ! who shall reveal the cunning of your spell ? Something not death, something not life — something that is the one when you turn to determine its essence as the other ! What is it comes to me at this distance of that which I saw at Pompeii ? The narrow and curving, but not crooked streets, with the blazing sun of that Neapolitan November falling into them, or clouding their wheel-worn lava with the black, black shadows of the many-tinted walls ; the houses, and the gay columns of white, yellow, and red ; the delicate pavements of mosaic ; the skeletons of dusty cisterns and dead fountains ; inanimate garden spaces with pigmy statues suited to their littleness ; suites of fairy bed-chambers, painted with exquisite frescos ; dining-halls with joyous scenes of hunt and banquet on their walls ; the ruinous sites of temples ; the melancholy emptiness of booths and shops and jolly drinking-houses ; the lonesome tragic theatre, with a modern Pompeian drawing water from a well there ; the baths with their roofs perfect yet, and the stucco bass-reliefs all but unharmed ; around the whole, the city wall crowned with slender poplars : outside the gates, the long avenue of tombs, and the Appian Way stretching on to Stabiae ; and, in the distance, Vesuvius, brown and bare, with his fiery breath scarce visible against the cloudless heaven ; — these are the things that float before my fancy as I turn back to look at myself walking those enchanted streets, and to wonder if I could ever have been so blest.

For there is nothing on the earth, or under it, like Pompeii.

The amphitheatre, to which we came now, after our stroll across the cotton-fields, was small, like the vastest things in Pompeii, and had nothing of the stately magnificence of the Arena at Verona, nor any thing of the Roman Coliseum's melancholy and ruinous grandeur. But its littleness made it all the more comfortable and social, and, seated upon its benches under a cool awning, one could have almost chatted across the arena with one's friends ; could have witnessed the spectacle on the sands without losing a movement of the quick gladiators, or an agony of the victim given to the beasts — which must have been very delightful to a Pompeian of companionable habits and fine feelings. It is quite impossible, however, that the bouts described by Bulwer as taking place all at the same time on the arena should really have done so : the combatants would have rolled and tumbled and trampled over each other an hundred times in the narrow space.

Of all the voices with which it once rang the poor little amphitheatre has kept only an echo. But this echo is one of the most perfect ever heard : prompt, clear, startling, it blew back the light chaff we threw to it with amazing vehemence, and almost made us doubt if it were not a direct human utterance. Yet how was Ventisei to know our names ? And there was no one else to call them but ourselves. Our "*dolce duca*" gathered a nosegay from the crumbling ledges, and sat down in the cool of the once-cruel cells beneath, and put it prettily together for the ladies. When we had wearied ourselves with the echo he arose and led us back into Pompeii.

**SCENE—FROM SUBURBAN SKETCHES.

On that loveliest autumn morning, the swollen tide had spread over all the russet levels, and gleamed in the sunlight a mile away. As the contributor moved onward down the street, luminous on either hand with crimsoning and yellowing maples, he was so filled with the tender serenity of the scene, as not to be troubled by the spectacle of small Irish houses standing miserably about on the flats ankle deep, as it were, in little pools of the tide, or to be aware, at first, of a strange stir of people upon the streets: a fluttering to and fro and lively encounter and separation of groups of bareheaded women, a flying of children through the broken fences of the neighborhood, and across the vacant lots on which the insulted sign-boards forbade them to trespass; a sluggish movement of men through all, and a pause of different vehicles along the side-walks. When a sense of these facts had penetrated his enjoyment, he asked a matron whose snowy arms, freshly taken from the wash-tub, were folded across a mighty chest, "What is the matter?"

"A girl drowned herself, sir-r-r, over there on the flats, last Saturday, and they're looking for her."

"It was the best thing she could do," said another matron grimly.

Upon this answer that literary soul fell at once to patching himself up a romantic story for the suicide, after the pitiful fashion of this fiction-ridden age, when we must relate everything we see to something we have read. He was the less to blame for it, because he could not help it; but certainly he is not to be praised for his associations with the tragic fact brought to his notice. Nothing could have been more trite or obvious, and he felt his intellectual poverty so keenly that he might almost have believed his discomfort a sympathy for the girl who had drowned herself last Saturday. But of course, this could not be, for he had but lately been thinking what a very tiresome figure to the imagination the Fallen Woman had become. As a fact of Christian civilization, she was a spectacle to wring one's heart, he owned; but he wished she were well out of the romances, and it really seemed a fatality that she should be the principal personage of this little scene. The preparation for it, whatever it was to be, was so deliberate, and the reality had so slight relation to the French roofs and modern improvements of the comfortable Charlesbridge which he knew, that he could not consider himself other than as a spectator awaiting some entertainment, with a faint inclination to be critical.

In the meantime there passed through the motley crowd, not so much a cry as a sensation of "They've found her, they've found her!" and then the one terrible picturesque fact, "She was standing upright!"

Upon this there was a wilder and wilder clamor among the people, dropping by degrees and almost dying away, before a flight of boys came down the street with the tidings, "They are bringing her—bringing her in a wagon."

The contributor knew that she whom they were bringing in the wagon, had had the poetry of love to her dismal and otherwise squalid death; but the history was of fancy, not of fact in his mind. Of course, he reflected, her lot must have been obscure and hard; the aspect of those concerned about her death implied that. But of her hopes and her fears, who could tell him any-

thing? To be sure he could imagine the lovers, and how they first met, and where, and who he was that was doomed to work her shame and death; but here his fancy came upon something coarse and common: a man of her own race and grade, handsome after that manner of beauty which is so much more hateful than ugliness is; or, worse still, another kind of man whose deceit must have been subtler and wicked; but whatever the person, a presence defiant of sympathy or even interest, and simply horrible. Then there were the details of the affair, in a great degree common to all love affairs, and not varying so widely in any condition of life; for the passion which is so rich and infinite to those within its charm, is apt to seem a little tedious and monotonous in its looker-on, and poor in resources to the cold footer-on.

Then, finally, there was the crazy purpose and its fulfilment: the headlong plunge from bank or bridge; the eddy, and the bubbles on the current that calmed itself above the suicide; the tide that rose and stretched itself abroad in the sunshine, carrying hither and thither the burden with which it knew not what to do; the arrest, as by some ghastly caprice of fate, of the dead girl, in that upright posture, in which she should meet the quest for her, as it were defiantly.

And now they were bringing her in a wagon.

Involuntarily all stood aside, and waited till the funeral car, which they saw, should come up toward them through the long vista of the maple-shaded street, a noiseless riot stirring the legs and arms of the boys into frantic demonstration, while the women remained quiet with arms folded or akimbo. Before and behind the wagon, driven slowly, went a guard of ragged urchins, while on the raised seat above sat two Americans, unperturbed by anything, and concerned merely with the business of the affair.

The vehicle was a grocer's cart which had perhaps been pressed into the service; and inevitably the contributor thought of Zenobia, and of Miles Coverdale's belief that if she could have foreboded all the *post-mortem* ugliness and grotesqueness of suicide, she never would have drowned herself. This girl, too, had doubtless had her own ideas of the effect that her death was to make, her conviction that it was to wring one heart, at least, and to strike awe and pity to every other; and her woman's soul must have been shocked from death could she have known in what a ghastly comedy the body she put off was to play a part.

In the bottom of the cart lay something long and straight and terrible, covered with a red shawl that drooped over the end of the wagon; and on this thing were piled the baskets in which the grocers had delivered their orders for sugar and flour, and coffee and tea. As the cart jolted through their lines, the boys could no longer be restrained; they broke out with wild yells, and danced madly about it, while the red shawl hanging from the rigid feet nodded to their frantic mirth; and the sun dropped its light through the maples and shone bright upon the flooded flats.

**WILLIAM WINTER,

A JOURNALIST and poet, was born at Gloucester, Massachusetts, July 15, 1836. As his grandfather and father were sailors, his relatives and early surroundings were mostly nautical. He attended school at Fort Hill, Boston, till he

was ten years old, when his education was resumed at Cambridge, and he graduated at its High School at the age of sixteen. In 1854, he published his first volume at Boston, entitled *The Convent, and Other Poems* (16mo., pp. 143); and four years later, *The Queen's Domain, and Other Poems* (12mo., pp. 144), both of which books are now out of print and inaccessible. The former was dedicated to Mr. H. W. Longfellow, an early and helpful friend.

Mr. Winter began the study of law in 1852, and was graduated from the law school at Harvard College. He was admitted to the bar at Boston, but never practiced, choosing rather to lecture to lyceums for a season. He removed to New York city in the autumn of 1859, and has ever since been connected with its city press, — a faithful student and hard worker in his specialties. He entered on the staff of the *Saturday Press*, as literary critic, in January, 1860, and was married the December following to Miss Campbell, a young lady of Scottish birth. From December 1861, to June 1866, he was dramatic critic of the New York *Albion*, under the pen-name of "Mercutio," as well as book reviewer. He was connected with the New York *Weekly Review*, as managing editor and critic, from July 1865 to June 1871. *Vanity Fair*, *The Round Table*, *The Atlantic* and other magazines have contained many of his contributions, while he has been attached to the *Tribune* as dramatic critic from 1865 to the present time. Two volumes of the poems of his friend, the late George Arnold, were edited by him in 1866-7. His residence, since April, 1871, has been on Fort Hill, at New Brighton, Staten Island.

His third volume of poems, *My Witness; A Book of Verse* (pp. 128), was published by J. R. Osgood & Co., in September, 1871; and it was followed three months later by the *Life of Edwin Booth*. The former was dedicated "To my Wife: the inspiration of whatever is gentle and cheerful in the spirit of this book." It contained *The World's Martyr*, an allegory in varying metres, spoken before the literary societies of Brown University; a series of choice imaginative poems on varying phases of Love — its Ideal, Choice, Question, Triumph, and Queen; a delicately outlined picture of the war, *After All*; a glowing, sensuous dream of Beauty, and a grouping of minor pieces under the title of *Spray*.

** LOVE'S IDEAL.

Her young face is good and fair,
Lily-white and rosy-red;
And the brown and silken hair
Hovers, mist-like, round her head.

And her voice is soft and low,
Clear as music and as sweet;
Hearing it, you hardly know
Where the sound and silence meet.

All the magic who can tell
Of her laughter and her sighs?
Or what heavenly meanings dwell
In her kind, confiding eyes?

Pretty lips, as rubies bright,
Scarcely hide the tiny pearls;
Little wandering stars of light
Love to nestle in her curls.

All her ways are winning ways,
Full of tenderness and grace;
And a witching sweetness plays
Fondly o'er her gentle face.

True and pure her soul within, —
Breathing a celestial air!
Evil and the shame of sin
Could not dwell one moment there.

Is it but a vision, this?
Fond creation of the brain?
Phantom of a fancied bliss?
Type of beauty void and vain?

No! the tides of being roll
Toward a heaven that's yet to be,
Where this idol of my soul
Waits and longs for love and me!

** BEAUTY.

I had a dream, one glorious summer night,
In the rich bosom of imperial June,
Languid I lay, upon an odorous couch,
Golden with amber, festooned wildly o'er
With crimson roses, and the longing stars
Wept tears of love upon their clustered leaves.
Above me soared the azure vault of heaven,
Vast and majestic; cinctured with that path
Whereby, perchance, the sea-born Venus found
Her way to higher spheres; that path which
seems

A coronet of silver, gemmed with stars,
And bound upon the forehead of young night.

There, as I lay, the musical south-wind
Shook all the roses into murmurous life,
And poured their fragrance o'er me in a shower
Of crimson mist; and softly, through the mist,
Came a low, sweet, enchanting melody,
A far-off echo from a land of dreams,
Which with delicious languor filled the air,
And steeped in bliss the senses and the soul.

Then rose a shape, — a dim and ghostly shape,
Whereto no feature was, nor settled form, —
A shadowy splendor, seeming as it came
Apearly summer cloud shot through and through
With faintest rays of sunset; yet within
A spirit dwelt; and, floating from within,
A murmur trembled sweetly into words: —

I am the ghost of a most lovely dream,
Which haunted, in old days, a poet's mind.
And long he sought for, wept, and prayed for me;
And searched through all the chambers of his
soul,
And searched the secret places of the earth,
The lonely forest and the lonely shore,
And listened to the voices of the sea,
What time the stars shone out, and midnight cold
Slept on the dark waves whispering at his feet;
And sought the mystery in a human form,
Amid the haunts of men, and found it not;
And looked in woman's fond, bewildering eyes,
And mirrored there his own, and saw no sign:
But only in his sleep I came to him,
And gave him fitful glimpses of my face,
Whereof he after sang in sweetest words;
Then died, and came to me. But evermore,
Through lonely days and wakeful, haunted nights,
A life of star-lit gloom, do poets seek
To snatch the mystic veil that covers me,
And evermore they grasp the empty air.
For only in their dreams I come to them,
And give them fitful glimpses of my face,
And lull them, siren-like, with words of hope
That promise, some time, to their ravished eyes,

Beauty, the secret of the universe,
 God's thought, that gives the soul eternal peace.
 Then the voice ceased, and only on my ears
 The shaken roses murmured, and the wind.

** AFTER ALL.

The apples are ripe in the orchard,
 The work of the reaper is done,
 And the golden woodlands redden
 In the blood of the dying sun.

At the cottage door the grandsire
 Sits, pale, in his easy-chair,
 While a gentle wind of twilight
 Plays with his silver hair.

A woman is kneeling beside him;
 A fair young head is prest,
 In the first wild passion of sorrow,
 Against his aged breast.

And far from over the distance
 The faltering echoes come,
 Of the flying blast of trumpet
 And the rattling roll of drum.

Then the grandsire speaks, in a whisper, —
 "The end no man can see;
 But we give him to his country.
 And we give our prayers to Thee." . . .

The violets star the meadows,
 The rose-buds fringe the door,
 And over the grassy orchard
 The pink-white blossoms pour.

But the grandsire's chair is empty,
 The cottage is dark and still,
 There's a nameless grave on the battle-field,
 And a new one under the hill.

And a pallid, tearless woman
 By the cold hearth sits, alone;
 And the old clock in the corner
 Ticks on with a steady drone.

** MARY VIRGINIA TERHUNE,

A LADY novelist whose peculiar mission is the depiction of home-life, its every-day joys, sorrows, and labors, has published all her works under the *nom de plume* of "Marion Harland." She is the daughter of Samuel P. Hawes, a native of Dorchester, Massachusetts, who subsequently became a merchant in Virginia; and

Marion Harland

she was born in Amelia county of that State. On her mother's side she is directly descended from the brother of the notable Captain John Smith, of Pocahontas memory. The old Smith coat of arms is still retained in the family. Her father was of old Puritan stock, and a near relative of the late President Franklin Pierce. The ancestral home built in 1630, ten years after the landing of the Pilgrims, is still standing on Dorchester Heights, and is now occupied by a branch of the family. "From her Puritan blood," states a late issue of a New Jersey paper, "Marion Harland" received her rich mental endowments and her remarkable energy of character. Born and reared amid the

'peculiar institutions' of the Old Dominion, in a locality made famous by great historical incidents, and associating with the 'First Families,' while she acquired perhaps a more intimate knowledge of the 'negro lingo' than any other American authoress, and became familiar with the traditionary lore of that locality celebrated for its illustrious men, her Puritan blood asserted itself in her uniform hatred of slavery. We may add that when the rebellion broke out, though the home of her childhood and a considerable portion of her property were within the lines of the Confederacy, no woman in the country was more devotedly loyal to the Union."

"Marion Harland" began to write for a weekly city journal at the age of fourteen; and two years later she contributed a sketch to *Godey's Lady's Book*, entitled, "Marrying through Prudential Motives." The latter had a checkered and wonderful career. It was printed in England, translated for a French journal, retranslated for an English magazine, and then reproduced in this country as an English tale. Her first book, *Alone; A Tale of Southern Life and Manners*, was published at Richmond in 1854. It was followed by *The Hidden Path*, 1855; *Moss Side*, 1857; *Miriam*; *Nemesis*, 1860; *Husks*, 1863; *Husbands and Homes*, a series of magazine stories, 1865; *Sunnybank*, 1867; *The Christmas Holly*, 1867; *Ruby's Husband*, 1868; *Phemie's Temptation*, 1869; *At Last*, 1870; *Helen Gardner's Wedding-Day*, 1870; *The Empty Heart*, 1871, and *Common Sense in the Household: A Manual of Practical Housewifery*, 1871.

In 1856 she was married to the Rev. E. P. Terhune, then pastor of a congregation in Virginia. Three years later, her husband was called to the First Reformed Church, at Newark, New Jersey; and they have since resided in that city. An intimate friend pays this tribute to her estimable literary and social life:

"Marion Harland bears testimony on almost every page of her works to a thorough womanliness. The 'blue-stocking' slander finds in her a notable refutation. A true mother, assuming in her person the education of her children; the wife of a clergyman, sharing heartily with him in all the requirements of an extensive parish; at the head of worthy public charities, and at the same time the model housekeeper, so experienced as to furnish a guide-book in domestic economy to her fellow-women, — her example presents a striking contradiction to the adage 'jack of all trades,' and proves the capabilities of a fully trained mind for excellence in many departments. Her literary works and success are such as might be predicated of this quality of nature. Joined to a marvellously keen power of analysis of character and motive, she displays upon every page a full, glorious humanity; such sympathy with her kind in the aims and struggles of the lowliest, who yet unconsciously dignify human nature by battling with evil and reaching after good; such indignant compassion for the oppressed, tenderness for the weak, and lofty contempt for shams and littleness of whatever kind; such hopeful faith in her fellows, such trust in the guidance of a Higher Power, as must stir the hearts of her readers. That Marion Harland has learned the secret of success in her chosen profession, is demonstrated by the immense sale of

her works, at home and broad. *Alone*, her first book, although published nearly twenty years ago, still sells steadily, as do all of the ten volumes she has written since. In fact, they have quietly taken their place as standards in family libraries, and new editions go to press every month."

** D. G. BRINTON.

DANIEL GARRISON BRINTON, a writer on medical science and on Indian antiquities, is a native of Chester county, Pennsylvania. He was born May 13, 1837, and was educated in early life chiefly by private tutors. He entered Yale College at the age of seventeen, and was graduated in 1858. The following year he commenced the study of medicine at Jefferson Medical College, in Philadelphia. After he received his diploma, in 1860, he went abroad to continue his professional and general studies in Germany and France. At the outbreak of the civil war, he returned to this country, and shortly afterward entered the army on the medical staff, as Surgeon U. S. Volunteers. He served in the field as Medical Director of the Eleventh Army Corps during 1863-4, and was then assigned on various hospital duties till he returned to his native State at the close of the war.



Dr. Brinton published, in 1859, *Notes on the Floridian Peninsula, its Literary History, Indian Tribes and Antiquities*, the result of a winter's sojourn in that region. This was followed in 1868 by *The Myths of the New World: an Essay on the Symbolism and Mythology of the Red Race of America*. The author, who regards the religious sense as almost the only faculty peculiar to man, and the key to his origin and destiny, thus outlines the field of his research: "What are man's earliest ideas of a soul and a God, and of his own origin and destiny? Why do we find certain myths, such as of a creation, a flood, an after-world; certain symbols, as the bird, the serpent, the cross; certain numbers, as the three, the four, the seven—intimately associated with these ideas by every race? What are the laws of growth of natural religions? How do they acquire such an influence, and is this influence for good or evil? Such are some of the universally interesting questions which I attempt to solve by an analysis of the simple faiths of a savage race." This work received the endorsement of such authorities as the *North American Review* and *The Nation* at home, with that of Professor Steinthal and other able critics in Europe. In 1872, he prepared *A Guide-Book of Florida and the South*.

Dr. Brinton is one of the authors of the *Electric Series of Geographies*, and has made a number of contributions to medical literature. Since 1868, he has edited the *Medical and Surgical Reporter* of Philadelphia, the *Half-Yearly Compendium of Medical Science*, etc.

In linguistic subjects, Dr. Brinton has given especial attention to the aboriginal tongues of

America. Under the auspices of the American Philosophical Society, he edited in 1870 the Rev. Mr. Byington's *Grammar of the Choctaw Language*; and published: *Contributions to a Grammar of the Muskokee Language*, 1870; *The Natural Legends of the Chahta-Muskokee Tribes*; *The Ancient Phonetic Alphabet of Yucatan*; *The Affinities of the Natchez Language*; and *The Arawack Language of Guiana in its Linguistic and Ethnological Relations*, 1871.

** CHARLES HENRY HART,

The present historiographer of the Numismatic and Antiquarian Society of Philadelphia, was born in that city February 4, 1847. He received a classical and scientific education, and at the age of eighteen commenced the study of the law in the office of the Hon. Samuel H. Perkins. He was admitted to the bar in 1868, and in the year following he received the degree of Bachelor of Laws from the University of Pennsylvania.

Early in life Mr. Hart showed evidences of a literary turn of mind. His first noticeable article, written before his sixteenth year, was a memoir of Margaret of Anjou. It was the precursor of many contributions to the interesting and important department of biography. In December, 1865, Mr. Hart was elected corresponding secretary of the Numismatic and Antiquarian Society of Philadelphia, and three years later its historiographer. It was in connection with this association, which, instituted in 1858, was the first organization for the furtherance of Numismatic science in America, that most of his contributions to literature have been made. In its published volume of *Proceedings from May 4, 1865, to December 31, 1866*, are contained his biographical notices of Lewis Cass, particularly reviewing his literary life; of the eloquent and gifted Francis Lister Hawks, D. D.; and of Robert W. Gibbes, M. D., of South Carolina, all deceased members of the Society; besides two papers, subsequently reprinted as pamphlets: "Remarks on Tabasco, Mexico, occasioned by the reported discovery of remains of ancient cities being found in that locality;" and "Historical Sketch of the National Medals issued pursuant to Resolutions of Congress 1776-1815." In the latter, he called the attention of the Society to the unmeaning devices on our coinage and their utter worthlessness as monuments of history, and urged that steps be taken for their correction, "so that our coinage may become the repository of the country's history."

To the *New England Historical and Genealogical Register* for July, 1868, Mr. Hart contributed a *Memoir of William Hickling Prescott*, which was republished as a pamphlet.

In 1865, upon the death of President Lincoln, when the press throughout the country was groaning under the effusions of the pulpit and the rostrum, called forth by the mournful occasion, Mr. Hart conceived the idea of preparing a bibliographical work on the subject. This was completed, and published by Joel Munsell of Albany, the Pickering of America, in 1870, under the title of *Bibliographia Lincolniana: an Account of the Publications occasioned by the Death of Abraham Lincoln, Sixteenth President*

of the United States; With Notes and an Introduction. This compact volume is a monument to its author's industry, as twelve hundred letters were written and about eight hundred letters and pamphlets received in its preparation. He had earned the right to quote the quaint words of Anthony à Wood in the preface to his *History of Oxford*: "A painfull work it is, I'll assure you, and more than difficult, wherein what toyle hath been taken as no man thinketh so no man believeth, lest he hath made the triall." The introduction was subsequently reprinted as a *Biographical Sketch of Mr. Lincoln*, and was received with favor by such authorities as his old law partner, Hon. William H. Herndon of Springfield, Illinois; and by Charles Francis Adams, Richard H. Dana, Jr., etc.

In May, 1870, Mr. Reid delivered a *Discourse on the Life and Services of Gulian Crommelin Verplanck, LL. D.*, which was printed in New York by special request. In the same year appeared biographical sketches of Hon. William Willis of Portland, Maine, and Judge Richard Stockton Field, of New Jersey. His last publication was a *Memoir of George Ticknor, the Historian of Spanish Literature*, who died in Boston, January 26, 1871, in his eighty-first year. This work has been welcomed by competent authorities.

Mr. Hart has prepared a number of biographical sketches, which remain in manuscript, and has contributed communications on various subjects to periodicals and the publications of learned societies. These articles and his other fugitive writings he contemplates collecting into a volume. He resides in Philadelphia, engaged in the active practice of the law; and in order to liquidate that debt which Coke says every lawyer owes to his profession, he has in preparation a *Treatise on the Doctrine of Equitable Conversion*, based upon the English work of Leigh and Dalzell, published nearly a-half century ago.

** WHITELAW REID,

A FACILE and enterprising journalist, who, at the age of thirty-five, attained the honor of succeeding his late chief, Horace Greeley, as Editor of the New York *Tribune*, was born at Xenia, Ohio, in 1837. His father, Robert Charlton Reid, an elder of the Cameronian Covenanters, emigrated from his birthplace in Fayette county, Kentucky, and became one of the founders of Xenia, which signifies hospitality. His mother came from a Scotch colony of Covenanters in Vermont.

Mr. Whitelaw Reid was prepared at the Xenia Academy to enter the Miami University, from which he graduated in 1856 with high honors, taking as the subject of his last address the "Noble Traitors" of the past, and especially referring to the contest of opinions then convulsing Kansas. He at once actively entered into the profession of his life, by assuming charge of the leading county paper, the *Xenia News*; and he conducted it with such ability as to be speedily called to the staff of the Cincinnati *Gazette*. His after career has been sketched in *Harper's Weekly*, from which we extract:

"He represented this journal in Columbus during a session of the legislature, and his letters from that city made his signature, 'Agate,' well known throughout the Northwest. His strong, racy English, his courage and energy, his fine faculties of observation, marked him as a model correspondent, and at the first outbreak of the war he was designated to accompany the Ohio troops in their march upon Western Virginia. He served as a volunteer aid upon the staff of General Morris at Carrick's Ford, where the rebel General Garnett was killed, and later in the campaign he was with Rosecrans in the same capacity at the affair of Carnifex Ferry. Returning to Cincinnati, he began to write editorials for the *Gazette*, and continued for some time in that employment, with occasional interruptions of field work when there was anything especially worth reporting. He was present at Fort Donelson, and went up the Tennessee River to Pittsburg Landing with our advance. He was the only correspondent on the field in that terrible scene of slaughter, to report which he rose from a sick-bed. He passed the fearful night between the two days of battle among the private soldiers on the bluff, and slept the next night on the victorious field in the tent of General Lew Wallace.

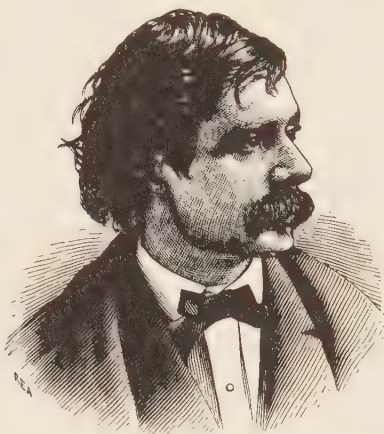
"With the prestige of his Western achievements in journalism, Mr. Reid came to Washington, and took charge of the *Gazette* Bureau in that city. He distinguished himself at once by his bold, incisive, and energetic correspondence. Among all the pens that made and unmade reputations in Newspaper Row in those stirring days, there was none more dreaded and more courted than his. From a certain ascetic habit of thought, which may, perhaps, be derived from his severe and conscientious ancestry, he was always more ready to criticise than to praise, always more eager in attack than in defence. Yet his attachments, if few, were very powerful, and there are not many finer passages of eulogy in our periodical literature than those in which he has expressed his admiration of his friends, such as Henry Winter Davis, and those eminent citizens of his own State, Chase and Wade and Schenck. The routine work of his Washington life was varied by occasional resumptions of the note-book and saddle. He saw and vividly reported the battle of Fredericksburg, the second Bull Run, and Gettysburg. His political services and his scholarly tastes were at once recognized by an appointment as librarian of the House of Representatives.

"When the war ended, Mr. Reid, whose health had become somewhat impaired by unremitting labor, and who was one of those who believed in the possibility of a genuine peace, and in the complete restoration of the South, gave evidence of his faith by removing to Louisiana, and engaging, in company with General Herron, of Iowa, in the culture of cotton. They planted 2500 acres of land, embracing three farms, and employing 300 hands. The year of 1865 was a disastrous one for planters, but in spite of this the two young Northerners managed their affairs with such skill and prudence that they closed their operations without loss."*

Mr. Reid returned to the old homestead near Xenia, where he spent two years in literary labors, and became a co-proprietor of the Cincinnati *Gazette*. At the invitation of Horace

* Harper's Weekly, July 1, 1871, p. 597-8.

Greeley, he went to New York city in the summer of 1868, to accept an editorial engagement on *The Tribune*. He won the respect and entire confidence of that gentleman, so that in the



Whitelaw Reid

year following he was promoted to be its managing editor. He especially distinguished himself in that responsible position by his daring and comprehensive plans for obtaining the earliest news concerning the Franco-German war, consummated at an enormous cost on his own responsibility, during the absence of Mr. Greeley, who was on a voyage to the Bermudas for the health of his wife.

He is the author of three books. *After the War*, 1866, a vivid description of a Southern tour made between May 1865 and May 1866, along the entire coast-line and across the country, by various routes, into the interior, with the object and best facilities for studying the social condition of the lately revolted States. *Ohio in the War: her Statesmen, her Generals, and Soldiers*, a carefully digested narrative in two royal octavo volumes, the first of which is devoted to a "History of the State during the war, and the lives of her generals;" while the second contains a "History of her Regiments and other military organizations," 1868; and the *Memorial of Horace Greeley*, published by the Tribune Association, 1873.

**** EDWARD EGGLESTON,**

A SHREWD and kindly writer of the humors of life in the West, was born at Vevay, Switzerland county, Indiana, December 10, 1837. His father, a Virginian by birth, was a lawyer of ability and learning. He died at the age of thirty-four, when Edward, the eldest of four children, was nine years old. His mother, a native of Indiana, descended from an old Kentucky family that gave some prominent ministers to the Baptist Church. She was a woman of great force of character, and fine conversational

powers. Edward inherited a delicate constitution, and suffered much physical pain throughout his early years. An ambitious student, though never well enough to enter college, he acquired in the intervals of sickness a good knowledge of Latin with a less command of Greek, an extensive acquaintance with the French language and literature, besides a fair use of Spanish and Italian. He was also an incessant reader of good English, including its classic works. In the vain hope of finding some occupation compatible with good health, his childhood passed in continual change of employment from school to farm, from farm to store, and from the store back to school again. He became a member of the Methodist Church at the age of eleven, and perhaps the strict austerity and pietism in which he ruled his youth helped to undermine his health. Seven years later, and perhaps for the twentieth time, his life was despaired of, till a trip to Minnesota recruited his health.

On his return, he became a Methodist preacher, when not quite nineteen years old, riding a four-weeks' circuit and laboring with his usual persistency. Six months of such work forced him to return to Minnesota, and while pastor of a church at St. Peter's in that State, he married a good wife, to whose wisdom and excellence he has attributed much of his later usefulness. At the age of twenty-four, he was pastor of the most prominent church of his denomination in Minnesota. His health, however, repeatedly broke down, and forced him three times to give up the pulpit for secular business, till he reluctantly abandoned all pastoral labor and supported his family by a variety of pursuits. He saw "hard times" in his ministerial life in the Northwest, and often felt the pinch of poverty. Once his salary was less than three hundred dollars, and he kept his family without running in debt, though not a morsel of meat was brought into the house for three weeks.

Edward Eggleston

In the spring of 1866, Dr. Eggleston removed to Evanston, near Chicago, where he held for six months the position of associate editor on the *Little Corporal*, to which he had already contributed a series of *Round Table Stories* for children. After a few months of independent writing, wherein he could rejoice at each five or ten dollars gained for an article, in January 1867 he became editor of *The Sunday-School Teacher*, of Chicago. That paper was then in its infancy, with a circulation of five thousand; and under three years of his management it increased seven-fold. Several practical works, the *Sunday-School Conventions and Institutes*, and *The Sunday-School Manual*, aided by his happy address as a speaker, brought him into great favor as a teacher of model schools and conductor of institutes. At this period he wrote many stories for children, and some of these were reprinted in book form in 1870, entitled *The Book of Queer Stories*. For several

years he was the regular Western correspondent of the *Independent*, and in May 1870 he removed to New York to accept its literary editorship. The office of superintending editor followed on the retirement of Mr. Theodore Tilton in December, and in the July following he resigned to accept the editorship of *Hearth and Home*. He retained the latter for fifteen months, and saw that journal more than double its circulation. *Mr. Blake's Walking-Stick, a Christmas Story for Boys and Girls*, was published in 1870, and met with favor. "Huldah the Help," which appeared in the second number of *Scribner's Monthly*, was his first story for adults. In the fall of 1871, *The Hoosier Schoolmaster* appeared as a serial in *Hearth and Home*. In book form it sold nearly twenty thousand copies within a year, and enjoyed an English reprint. It is a vivid and seemingly natural picture of the trials of a young teacher in the West a generation since, when the pedagogue had to face and rule by moral courage lads who were burly enough, and willing enough too, to victimize and thrash the master who chanced to give offence by enforcing discipline.

The End of the World, a Love Story, was begun as a serial in the same journal the spring following, and it met with a pecuniary success yet more encouraging in book-form, ten thousand copies being ordered in advance of publication, while reprints appeared in London and France. The tale deals with the vagaries of the Adventists, or "Millerites," whose plans of life were arranged to meet a speedy dissolution of the world, at a date fixed on a peculiar interpretation of sacred prophecy.

In October, 1872, Mr. Eggleston, then a resident of Brooklyn, resigned his editorship to devote himself solely to literary labor. He began a third serial, *The Mystery of Metropolisville*, with the new year, and it has since been published. *The Circuit Rider*, a novel of itinerant life in the West, appeared in 1874.

GEORGE CARY EGGLESTON, a younger brother of Edward Eggleston, and his successor in the editorship of *Hearth and Home*, was born at Vevay, Indiana, November 26, 1839. He began his collegiate course at Asbury University in 1856, and resumed it the year following at the Richmond College, Virginia. After graduation, he studied law, and was entering on a practice at the Virginia bar when the civil war began. He served four years as private and subaltern in the Confederate army. On the return of peace, he went West and took charge of the correspondence of a leading commercial house. During the summer of 1870 he turned his attention to journalism, beginning as a reporter on the *Brooklyn Union*; and after eight weeks' work in that capacity, he was promoted to the editorial staff for some marked successes in difficult lines of reporting. He resigned in July, 1871, and after a brief series of editorial contributions to the *Evening Post and Tribune*, became connected with *Hearth and Home*, of which he is now editor-in-chief. Besides various contributions to the magazines of the day, he has written one work, a fresh and suggestive manual on culture, entitled, *How to Educate Yourself With or Without Masters*, 1872.

***SPELLING DOWN THE MASTER—FROM THE HOOSIER SCHOOLMASTER.

"I 'low," said Mrs. Means, as she stuffed the tobacco into her cob pipe after supper on that eventful Wednesday evening, "I 'low they'll appint the Squire to gin out the words to-night. They mos' always do, you see, kase he's the pearrest ole man in the deestrick; and I 'low some of the young fellers would have to git up and dust if they would keep up to him. And he uses sech remarkable smart words. He speaks so polite, too. But laws! don't I remember when he was poarer nor Job's turkey? Twenty years ago, when he come to these 'ere diggings, that air Squire Hawkins was a poar Yankee school-master, that said 'pail' instid of bucket, and that called a cow a 'caow,' and that couldn't tell to save his gizzard what we meant by 'low and by right smart. But he's larnt our ways now, an' he's jest as civilized as the rest of us. You would'n know he'd ever been a Yankee. He didn't stay poar long. Not he. He jest married a right rich girl! He! he!" and the old woman grinned at Ralph, and then at Mirandy, and then at the rest, until Ralph shuddered. Nothing was so frightful to him as to be fawned on and grinned at by this old ogre, whose few lonesome, blackish teeth seemed ready to devour him. "He didn't stay poar, you bet a boss!" and with this the coal was deposited on the pipe, and the lips began to crack like parchment as each puff of smoke escaped. "He married rich, you see," and here another significant look at the young master, and another fond look at Mirandy, as she puffed away reflectively. "His wife had no book-larnin'. Sue'd been through the spellin'-book wunst, and had got as far as 'asperity' on it a second time. But she couldn't read a word when she was married, and never could. She warn't overly smart. She hadn't hardly got the sense the law allows. But schools was skase in them air days, and, besides, book-larnin' don't do no good to a woman. Makes her stuck up. I never knowed but one gal in my life as had ciphered into fractions, and she was so dog-on stuck up that she turned up her nose one night at a apple-peelin' bekase I tuck a sheet off the bed to splice out the table-cloth, which was ruther short. And the sheet was mos' clean, too. Had'n been slept on more'n wunst or twicet. But I was goin' fer to say that when Squire Hawkins married Virginny Gray he got a heap o' money, or, what's the same thing mostly, a heap o' good land. And that's better'n book-larnin', says I. Ef a girl has gone through all eddication, and got to the rule of three itself, that would'n buy a feather-bed. Squire Hawkins jest put eddication agin the gal's farm, and traded even, an' ef ary one of 'em got swindled, I never heerd no complaints."

And here she looked at Ralph in triumph, her hard face splintering into the hideous semblance of a smile. And Mirandy cast a blushing, gushing, all-imporing, and all-confiding look on the young master.

"I say, ole woman," broke in old Jack, "I say, wot is all this 'ere spoutin' about the Square fer?" and old Jack, having bit off an ounce of "pigtail," returned the plug to his pocket.

As for Ralph, he wanted to die. He had a guilty feeling that this speech of the old lady's had somehow committed him beyond recall to Mirandy. He did not see visions of breach-of-promise suits. But he trembled at the thought of an avenging big brother.

"Hanner, you kin come along, too, ef you're a mind, when you git the dishes washed," said Mrs. Means to the bound girl, as she shut and latched the back door. The Means family had built a new house in front of the old one, as a sort of advertisement of better circumstances, an eruption of shoddy feeling; but when the new building was completed, they found themselves unable to occupy it for anything else than a lumber-room, and so, except a parlor which Mirandy had made an effort to furnish a little (in hope of the blissful time when somebody should "set up" with her of evenings), the new building was almost unoccupied, and the family went in and out of the back door, which, indeed, was the front door also, for, according to a curious custom, the "front" of the house was placed toward the south, though the "big road" (Hoosier for *highway*) ran along the north-west side, or, rather, past the north-west corner of it.

When the old woman had spoken thus to Hannah and had latched the door, she muttered, "That gal don't never show no gratitude fer favors;" to which Bud rejoined that he didn't think she had no great sight to be pertickler thankful fer. To which Mrs. Means made no reply, thinking it best, perhaps, not to wake up her dutiful son on so interesting a theme as her treatment of Hannah. Ralph felt glad that he was this evening to go to another boarding place. He should not hear the rest of the controversy.

Ralph walked to the school-house with Bill. They were friends again. For when Hank Banta's ducking and his dogged obstinacy in sitting in his wet clothes had brought on a serious fever, Ralph had called together the big boys, and had said: "We must take care of one another, boys. Who will volunteer to take turns sitting up with Henry?" He put his own name down, and all the rest followed.

"William Means and myself will sit up to-night," said Ralph. And poor Bill had been from that moment the teacher's friend. He was chosen to be Ralph's companion. He was Puppy Means no longer! Hank could not be conquered by kindness, and the teacher was made to feel the bitterness of his resentment long after, as we shall find. But Bill Means was for the time entirely placated, and he and Ralph went to spelling-school together.

Every family furnished a candle. There were yellow dips and white dips, burning, smoking, and flaring. There was laughing, and talking, and giggling, and simpering, and ogling, and flirting, and courting. What a dress party is to Fifth Avenue, a spelling-school is to Hoopole County. It is an occasion which is metaphorically inscribed with this legend, "Choose your partners." Spelling is only a blind in Hoopole County, as is dancing on Fifth Avenue. But as there are some in society who love dancing for its own sake, so in Flat Creek district there were those who loved spelling for its own sake, and who, smelling the battle from afar, had come to try their skill in this tournament, hoping to freshen the laurels they had won in their school-days.

"I 'low," said Mr. Means, speaking as the principal school trustee, "I 'low our friend the Squire is jest the man to boss this 'ere consarn to-night. Ef nobody objects, I'll appint him. Come, Square, don't be bashful. Walk up to the trough, fodder or no fodder, as the man said to his donkey."

There was a general giggle at this, and many

of the young swains took occasion to nudge the girls alongside them, ostensibly for the purpose of making them see the joke, but really for the pure pleasure of nudging. The Greeks figured Cupid as naked, probably because he wears so many disguises that they could not select a costume for him.

The Squire came to the front. Ralph made an inventory of the agglomeration which bore the name of Squire Hawkins, as follows:

1. A swallow-tail coat of indefinite age, worn only on state occasions when its owner was called to figure in his public capacity. Either the Squire had grown too large or the coat too small.

2. A pair of black gloves, the most phenomenal, abnormal, and unexpected apparition conceivable in Flat Creek district, where the preachers wore no coats in the summer, and where a black glove was never seen except on the hands of the Squire.

3. A wig of that dirty, waxy color so common to wigs. This one showed a continual inclination to slip off the owner's smooth, bald pate, and the Squire had frequently to adjust it. As his hair had been red, the wig did not accord with his face, and the hair ungrayed was sadly discordant with a face shriveled by age.

4. A semicircular row of whiskers hedging the edge of the jaw and chin. These were dyed a frightful dead black, such as no natural hair or beard ever had. At the roots there was a quarter of an inch of white, giving the whiskers the appearance of having been stuck on.

5. A pair of spectacles "with tortoise-shell rim." Want to slip off.

6. A glass eye, purchased of a peddler, and differing in color from its natural mate, perpetually getting out of focus by turning in or out.

7. A set of false teeth, badly fitted, and given to bobbing up and down.

8. The Squire proper, to whom these patches were loosely attached.

It is an old story that a boy wrote home to his father begging him to come out West, because "mighty mean men got in office out here." But Ralph concluded that some Yankees had taught school in Hoopole County who would not have held a high place in the educational institutions of Massachusetts. Hawkins had some New England idioms, but they were well overlaid by a Western pronunciation.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began, shoving up his spectacles, and sucking his lips over his white teeth to keep them in place, "ladies and gentlemen, young men and maidens, raley I'm obleeged to Mr. Means fer this honor," and the Squire took both hands and turned the top of his head round several inches. Then he adjusted his spectacles. Whether he was obliged to Mr. Means for the honor of being compared to a donkey, was not clear. "I feel in the inmost compartments of my animal spirits a most happifying sense of the success and futility of my endeavors to sarve the people of Flat Creek deestrick, and the people of Tomkins township, in my weak way and manner." This burst of eloquence was delivered with a constrained air and an apparent sense of a danger that he, Squire Hawkins, might fall to pieces in his weak way and manner, and of the success and futility (especially the latter) of all attempts at reconstruction. For by this time the ghastly pupil of the left eye, which was black, was looking away round to the left, while the little blue one on the right twinkled cheerfully toward the front. The front teeth would drop down so that the

Squire's mouth was kept nearly closed, and his words whistled through.

"I feel as if I could be grandiloquent on this interesting occasion," twisting his scalp round, "but raley I must forego any such exertions. It is spelling you want. Spelling is the corner-stone, the grand, underlying subterfuge of a good eddication. I put the spellin'-book prepared by the great Daniel Webster alongside the Bible. I do, raley. I think I may put it ahead of the Bible. For if it wurnt for spellin'-books and sich occasions as these, where would the Bible be? I should like to know. Them an who got up, who compounded this little work of inextricable valoo, was a benufactor to the whole human race or any other." Here the spectacles fell off. The Squire replaced them in some confusion, gave the top of his head another twist, and felt of his glass eye, while poor Shocky stared in wonder, and Betsy Short rolled from side to side at the point of death from the effort to suppress her giggle. Mrs. Means and the other old ladies looked the applause they could not speak.

"I appint Larkin Lanham and Jeems Buchanan fer captings," said the Squire. And the two young men thus named took a stick and tossed it from hand to hand to decide which should have the "first chice." One tossed the stick to the other, who held it fast just where he happened to catch it. Then the first placed his hand above the second, and so the hands were alternately changed to the top. The one who held the stick last without room for the other to take hold had gained the lot. This was tried three times. As Larkin held the stick twice out of three times, he had the choice. He hesitated a moment. Everybody looked toward tall Jim Phillips. But Larkin was of a venture on unknown seas, and so he said, "I take the master," while a buzz of surprise ran round the room, and the captain of the other side, as if afraid his opponent would withdraw the choice, retorted quickly, and with a little smack of exultation and defiance in his voice: "And I take Jeems Phillips."

And soon all present, except a few of the old folks, found themselves ranged in opposing hosts, the poor spellers lagging in, with what grace they could, at the foot of the two divisions. The Squire opened his spelling-book and began to give out the words to the two captains, who stood up and spelled against each other. It was not long until Larkin spelled "really" with one *l*, and had to sit down in confusion, while a murmur of satisfaction ran through the ranks of the opposing forces. His own side bit their lips. The slender figure of the young teacher took the place of the fallen leader, and the excitement made the house very quiet. Ralph dreaded the loss of influence he would suffer if he should be easily spelled down. And at the moment of rising he saw in the darkest corner the figure of a well-dressed young man sitting in the shadow. It made him tremble. Why should his evil genius haunt him! But by a strong effort he turned his attention away from Dr. Small, and listened carefully to the words which the Squire did not pronounce distinctly, spelling them with extreme deliberation. This gave him an air of hesitation which disappointed those on his own side. They wanted him to spell with a dashing assurance. But he did not begin a word until he had mentally felt his way through it. After ten minutes of spelling hard words Jeems Buchanan, the captain on the other side, spelled "atrocious" with an *s* instead of a *c*, and

subsided, his first choice, Jeems Phillips, coming up against the teacher. This brought the excitement to fever-heat. For though Ralph was chosen first, it was entirely on trust, and most of the company were disappointed. The champion who now stood up against the school-master was a famous speller.

Jim Phillips was a tall, lank, stoop-shouldered fellow, who had never distinguished himself in any other pursuit than spelling. Except in this one art of spelling he was of no account. He could not catch well or bat well in ball. He could not throw well enough to make his mark in that famous Western game of bull-pen. He did not succeed well in any study but that of Webster's Elementary. But in that he was—to use the usual Flat Creek locution—in that he was "a boss." This genius for spelling is in some people a sixth sense, a matter of intuition. Some spellers are born and not made, and their facility reminds one of the mathematical prodigies that crop out every now and then to bewilder the world. Bud Means, foreseeing that Ralph would be pitted against Jim Phillips, had warned his friend that Jim could "spell like thunder and lightning," and that it "took a powerful smart speller" to beat him, for he knew "a heap of spelling-book." To have "spelled down the master" is next thing to having whipped the biggest bully in Hoopole County, and Jim had "spelled down" the last three masters. He divided the hero-worship of the district with Bud Means.

For half an hour the Squire gave out hard words. What a blessed thing our crooked orthography is! Without it there could be no spelling-schools. As Ralph discovered his opponent's mettle he became more and more cautious. He was now satisfied that Jim would eventually beat him. The fellow evidently knew more about the spelling-book than old Noah Webster himself. As he stood there, with his dull face and long sharp nose, his hands behind his back, and his voice spelling infallibly, it seemed to Hartsook that his superiority must lie in his nose. Ralph's cautiousness answered a double purpose: it enabled him to tread surely, and it was mistaken by Jim for weakness. Phillips was now confident that he could carry off the scalp of the fourth school-master before the evening was over. He spelled eagerly, confidently, brilliantly. Stoop-shouldered as he was, he began to straighten up. In the minds of all the company the odds were in his favor. He saw this, and became ambitious to distinguish himself by spelling without giving the matter any thought.

Ralph always believed that he would have been speedily defeated by Phillips had it not been for two thoughts which braced him. The sinister shadow of young Dr. Small sitting in the dark corner by the water-bucket nerved him. A victory over Phillips was a defeat to one who wished only ill to the young school-master. The other thought that kept his pluck alive was the recollection of Bull. He approached a word as Bull approached the raccoon. He did not take hold until he was sure of his game. When he took hold, it was with a quiet assurance of success. As Ralph spelled in this dogged way for half an hour the hardest words the Squire could find, the excitement steadily rose in all parts of the house, and Ralph's friends even ventured to whisper that "may be Jim had cotched his match after all!"

But Phillips never doubted of his success.

"Theodolite," said the Squire.

"T-h-e, the, o-d, theod, o, theodo, l-y-t-e, theodolite," spelled the champion.

"Next," said the Squire, nearly losing his teeth in his excitement.

Ralph spelled the word slowly and correctly, and the conquered champion sat down in confusion. The excitement was so great for some minutes that the spelling was suspended. Everybody in the house had shown sympathy with one or the other of the combatants, except the silent shadow in the corner. *It* had not moved during the contest, and did not show any interest now in the result.

"Gewhilliky crickets! Thunder and lightning! Licked 'im all to smash!" said Bud, rubbing his hands on his knees. "That beats my time all holler!"

And Betsy Short giggled until her tuck-comb fell out, though she was on the defeated side.

Shocky got up and danced with pleasure.

But one suffocating look from the aqueous eyes of Mirandy destroyed the last spark of Ralph's pleasure in his triumph, and sent that awful below-zero feeling all through him.

"He's powerful smart, is the master," said old Jack to Mr. Pete Jones. "He'll beat the whole kit and tuck of 'em afore he's through. I know'd he was smart. That's the reason I tuck him," proceeded Mr. Means.

"Yaas, but he don't lick enough. Not nigh," answered Pete Jones. "No lickin', no larnin', says I."

It was now not so hard. The other spellers on the opposite side went down quickly under the hard words which the Squire gave out. The master had mowed down all but a few, his opponents had given up the battle, and all had lost their keen interest in a contest to which there could be but one conclusion, for there were only the poor spellers left. But Ralph Hartsock ran against a stump where he was least expecting it. It was the Squire's custom, when one of the smaller scholars or poorer spellers rose to spell against the master, to give out eight or ten easy words that they might have some breathing spell before being slaughtered, and then to give a poser or two which soon settled them. He let them run a little, as a cat does a doomed mouse. There was now but one person left on the opposite side, and as she rose in her blue calico dress, Ralph recognized Hannah, the bound girl at old Jack Means's. She had not attended school in the district, and had never spelled in spelling-school before, and was chosen last as an uncertain quantity. The Squire began with easy words of two syllables, from that page of Webster, so well known to all who ever thumbed it, as "Baker," from the word that stands at the top of the page. She spelled these words in an absent and uninterested manner. As everybody knew that she would have to go down as soon as this preliminary skirmishing was over, everybody began to get ready to go home, and already there was the buzz of preparation. Young men were timidly asking girls if "they could see them safe home," which is the approved formula, and were trembling in mortal fear of "the mitten." Presently the Squire, thinking it time to close the contest, pulled his scalp forward, adjusted his glass eye, which had been examining his nose long enough, and turned over the leaves of the book to the great words at the place known to spellers as "Incomprehensibility," and began

to give out those "words of eight syllables with the accent on the sixth." Listless scholars now turned round, and ceased to whisper, in order to be in at the master's final triumph. But to their surprise, "ole Miss Meanses' white nigger," as some of them called her, in allusion to her slavish life, spelled these great words with as perfect ease as the master. Still, not doubting the result, the Squire turned from place to place and selected all the hard words he could find. The school became utterly quiet, the excitement was too great for the ordinary buzz. Would "Meanses' Hanner" beat the master? Beat the master that had laid out Jim Phillips? Everybody's sympathy was now turned to Hannah. Ralph noticed that even Shocky had deserted him, and that his face grew brilliant every time that Hannah spelled a word. In fact, Ralph deserted himself. As he saw the fine, timid face of the girl so long oppressed flush and shine with interest, as he looked at the rather low but broad and intelligent brow and the fresh, white complexion, and saw the rich, womanly nature coming to the surface under the influence of applause and sympathy, he did not want to beat. If he had not felt that a victory given would insult her, he would have missed intentionally. The bull-dog, the stern, relentless setting of the will, had gone, he knew not whither. And there came in its place, as he looked in that face, a something which he did not understand. You did not, gentle reader, the first time it came to you.

The Squire was puzzled. He had given out all the hard words in the book. He again pulled the top of his head forward. Then he wiped his spectacles and put them on. Then out of the depths of his pocket he fished up a list of words just coming into use in those days—words not in the spelling-book. He regarded the paper attentively with his blue right eye. His black left eye meanwhile fixed itself in such a stare on Mirandy Means that she shuddered and hid her eyes in her red silk handkerchief.

"Daguerreotype," sniffed the Squire. It was Ralph's turn.

"D-a-u, dau ——"

"Next."

And Hannah spelled it right.

Such a buzz followed that Betsy Short's giggle could not be heard, but Shocky shouted, "Hanner beat! My Hanner spelled down the master!" And Ralph went over and congratulated her.

And Dr. Small sat perfectly still in the corner.

And then the Squire called them to order, and said: "As our friend Hanner Thomson is the only one left on her side, she will have to spell against nearly all on t'other side. I shall, therefore, take the liberty of procrastinating the completion of this interesting and exacting contest until to-morrow evening. I hope our friend Hanner may again carry off the cypress crown of glory. There is nothing better for us than healthful and kindly simulation."

Dr. Small, who knew the road to practice, escorted Mirandy, and Bud went home with somebody else. The others of the Means family hurried on, while Hannah, the champion, stayed behind a minute to speak to Shocky. Perhaps it was because Ralph saw that Hannah must go alone that he suddenly remembered having left something which was of no consequence, and resolved to go round by Mr. Means's and get it. Another of Cupid's disguises.

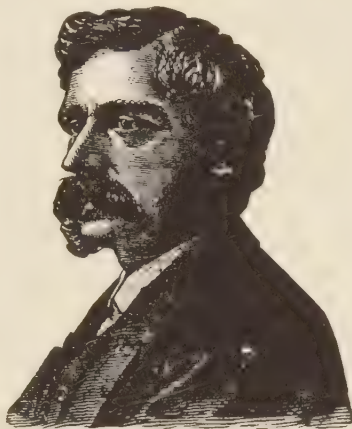
** F. BRET HARTE.

FRANCIS BRET HARTE has written some peculiarly racy and artistic sketches, in prose and poetry, of the turbulent mining classes of California and their vicious hangings-on, wherein he has, with the unerring instinct of genius, sought to reveal the remnants of honor in manliness and love in womanliness, despite the besmirchings of vice.

He was born at Albany, New York, in 1839, and his ancestry was, in part, of Dutch descent. In his childhood he lost his father, who was a scholar of ripe culture and a teacher in the Albany Female Seminary, who left little property for his family. After the usual common school education, and when only seventeen, he went to California with his widowed mother. "He walked from San Francisco to the mines at Sonora, and there opened a school. The mines at Sonora probably offered as little encouragement, fifteen or sixteen years ago, to an opening school, as any other quarter of the globe could have done, and Mr. Harte's experiment was brief, and, as we understand, not triumphal; though it helped on his own self-education, by suggesting the use of mining-life in literature, and possibly furnishing material for his early sketch, *Miss*. He then tried mining; and having picked up the readily acquired art of printing, he became a compositor in a newspaper office at Eureka, where it is said (upon what authority we do not know) that he began life as an author by 'setting-up' various essays and contributing them to the journal in type. During the absence of the editor he once controlled the journal, and incurred popular wrath for censuring a little massacre of Indians by the leading citizens and most remarkable men of the locality. His erring sympathies excited something like a mob, and doubtless involved the editor in endless apologies and explanations."*

After some experiences of active life as the mounted messenger of an express company, and as express agent in several mountain towns, which gave the young observer full knowledge of the picturesque features of mining life, Mr. Bret Harte returned to San Francisco about 1857. He accepted the position of compositor on a weekly literary journal, and by contributing several spirited sketches in type to its pages soon earned an editorial position on *The Golden Era*. His pieces at this time, chiefly local sketches, include: *A Boy's Dog*, *Side-walkings*, and *From a Balcony*.† He made many contributions to the daily papers, and held positions under the surveyor-general and the U. S. marshal.‡ His marriage soon after put an end to his wanderings, and it was followed by "an unsuccessful newspaper enterprise of his own — unsuccessful commercially, though *The Californian*, which he and Mr. Webb managed, was lively and agreeable literature, and merits remembrance for the publication of Mr. Harte's delightful parodies, *The Condensed Novels*."

He was appointed Secretary of the U. S. Branch Mint at San Francisco in 1864, and in his six years of service found leisure to write some of his popular poems, such as *John Burns of Gettysburg*, *The Pliocene Skull*, *The Society upon the Stanislow*, *How are you, Sanitary?* etc., which were generally printed in the daily newspapers. *The Overland Monthly* was founded in July, 1868, with Mr. Harte as its editor; and the rare abilities displayed in that position soon made his magazine as great a favorite on the Atlantic as on the Pacific coast.



Francis Bret Harte.

He contributed to its columns a series of fresh, dramatic, and sympathetic sketches of Californian life, which have won a permanent place in literature. The first, *The Luck of Roaring Camp*, a story of how a baby came to rule the hearts of a rough, dissolute gang of miners, appeared in the August number. It made his reputation, although it had a narrow escape from the waste-basket at the hands of the proof-reader, — a prudish and indignant woman. It was followed, six months later, by *The Outcasts of Poker Flat*, relating how a party of profligates were banished from camp in winter, and how they perished by cold and hunger to save some innocent companions. Then came *Miggles*, *Tennessee's Partner*, an *Idyl of Red Gulch*, and many other revelations of the spark of the divine in brutalized humanity. Some quaint verses printed in September, 1870, as *The Heathen Chinese*, and now known as *Plain Language from Truthful James*, a masterly satire against the hue and cry that the Chinese were shiftless and weak-minded settlers, were wonderfully popular; yet they had been reluctantly printed by their author, as almost too frivolous for preservation.

Mr. Harte resigned his editorship in the spring of 1871, and declined the professorship of Recent Literature in the University of California, to try his literary fortunes in the more cultured East. An effort was made in Chicago to found a magazine under his charge, and when the project was abandoned he accepted a lucrative call to Boston, in connection with the

* Every Saturday, January 14, 1871.

† Scribner's Magazine, June, 1873, pp. 158-61.

‡ Drake's Biographical Dictionary.

Atlantic Monthly. Among his subsequent poems and sketches were A Greypoint Legend, A Newport Legend, The Princess, Bob, How Santa Claus came to Simpson's Bar, etc. In 1873, he wrote a novelette for *Scribner's Monthly*, entitled *An Episode of Fiddletown*.

Mr. Harte has issued seven volumes of prose and poetry. *The Lost Galloon*, with some fugitive verses, appeared in San Francisco, about 1867; *Condensed Novels, and Other Papers*, at New York in 1867, and a revised edition at Boston four years later; *Luck of Roaring Camp, and Other Sketches*, 1870; *Poems*, 1870; *East and West Poems*, 1871; *Red Line and Diamond editions of Complete Poetical Works*, 1873; *Mrs. Skugg's Husband, and Other Sketches*, 1873.

In the main, these books contain reprints of the California writings which made Bret Harte's reputation by their intuitive insight into the heart of our common humanity. Besides Her Letter, Truthful James' Answer, and Dickens in Camp, some of the poems in dialect, are peculiarly fascinating, as Dow's Flat, In the Tunnel, and Alkali Station. Every friend, however, must regret the insertion of such an unworthy parody on Mr. Whittier's Maud Muller as Mrs. Judge Jenkins. *The Condensed Novels* contain pungent caricatures of the mannerisms of leading novelists, including Chas. Reade, Benjamin Disraeli, Cooper, Lever, Dumas, Bulwer, Dickens, Marryatt, Wilkie Collins, Victor Hugo, Michelet, etc. A number of the sketches have been translated into French and German, and the latter translator, the old poet Ferdinand Freiligrath, pays in his preface this tribute to the peculiar excellence of the young American author: *

"Nevertheless he remains what he is—the Californian and the gold-digger. But the gold for which he has dug, and which he found, is not the gold in the bed of rivers,—not the gold in veins of mountains; it is the gold of love, of goodness, of fidelity, of humanity, which even in rude and wild hearts,—even under the rubbish of vices and sins,—remains forever uneradicated from the human heart. That he there searched for this gold,—that he found it there and triumphantly exhibited it to the world,—that is his greatness and his merit."

**HER LETTER—FROM POEMS.

I'm sitting alone by the fire,
Dressed just as I came from the dance,
In a robe even *you* would admire,—
It cost a cool thousand in France;
I'm be-diamonded out of all reason,
My hair is done up in a cue:
In short, sir, "the belle of the season"
Is wasting an hour on you.

A dozen engagements I've broken:
I left in the midst of a set;
Likewise a proposal, half spoken,
That waits—on the stairs—for me yet.
They say he'll be rich,—when he grows up,—
And then he adores me indeed.
And you, sir, are turning your nose up,
Three thousand miles off, as you read.

"And how do I like my position?"
"And what do I think of New York?"

* Scribner's Monthly, June, 1873.

"And now, in my higher ambition,
With whom do I waltz, flirt, or talk?"
"And is n't it nice to have riches,
And diamonds, and silks, and all that?"
"And are n't it a change to the ditches
And tunnels of Poverty Flat?"

Well, yes,—if you saw us out driving
Each day in the park, four-in-hand,—
If you saw poor dear mamma contriving
To look supernaturally grand,—
If you saw papa's pictures, as taken
By Brady, and tinted at that,—
You'd never suspect he sold bacon
And flour at Poverty Flat.

And yet, just this moment, when sitting
In the glare of the grand chandelier,—
In the bustle and glitter befitting
The "finest *soirée* of the year,"—
In the mists of a *gaze de Chambéry*,
And the hum of the smallest of talk,—
Somehow, Joe, I thought of the "Ferry,"
And the dance that we had on "The Fork";

Of Harrison's barn, with its muster
Of flags festooned over the wall;
Of the candles that shed their soft lustre
And tallow on head-dress and shawl;
Of the steps that we took to one fiddle;
Of the dress of my queer *vis-à-vis*;
And how I once went down the middle
With the man who shot Sandy McGee;

Of the moon that was quietly sleeping
On the hill, when the time came to go:
Of the few baby peaks that were peeping
From under their bedclothes of snow;
Of that ride,—that to me was the rarest;
Of—the something you said at the gate.
Ah, Joe, then I was n't an heiress
To "the best-paying lead in the State."

Well, well, it's all past; yet it's funny
To think, as I stood in the glare
Of fashion and beauty and money
That I should be thinking, right there,
Of some one who breasted high-water,
And swam the North Fork, and all that,
Just to dance with old Folinsbee's daughter,
The Lily of Poverty Flat.

But goodness! what nonsense I'm writing!
(Mamma says my taste still is low,)
Instead of my triumphs reciting,
I'm spooning on Joseph,—heigh-ho!
And I'm to be "finished" by travel,—
Whatever's the meaning of that,—
O, why did papa strike pay gravel
In drifting on Poverty Flat?

Good night,—here's the end of my paper;
Good night,—if the longitude please,—
For may be, while wasting my taper,
Your sun's climbing over the trees.
But know, if you haven't got riches,
And are poor, dearest Joe, and all that,
That my heart's somewhere there in the ditches,
And you've struck it,—on Poverty Flat.

**HIS ANSWER TO "HER LETTER."

Reported by Truthful James.

Being asked by an intimate party,—
Which the same I would term as a friend—
Which his health it were vain to call hearty,
Since the mind to deceit it might lend;

For his arm it was broken quite recent,
And has something gone wrong with his lung—
Which is why it is proper and decent
I should write what he runs off his tongue:

First, he says, Miss, he's read through your letter
To the end, — and the end came too soon;
That a slight illness kept him your debtor
(Which for weeks he was wild as a loon);
That his spirits are buoyant as yours is;
That with you, Miss, he challenges Fate
(Which the language that invalid uses
At times it were vain to relate).

And he says that the mountains are fairer
For once being held in your thought;
That each rock holds a wealth that is rarer
Than ever by gold-seeker sought
(Which are words he would put in these pages,
By a party not given to guile;
Which the same not, at date, paying wages,
Might produce in the sinful a smile).

He remembers the ball at the Ferry,
And the ride, and the gate, and the vow,
And the rose that you gave him, — that very
Same rose he is treasuring now
(Which his blanket he's kicked on his trunk, Miss,
And insists on his legs being free;
And his language to me from his bunk, Miss,
Is frequent and painful and free);

He hopes you are wearing no willows,
But are happy and gay all the while;
That he knows (which this dodging of pillows
Imparts but small ease to the style,
And the same you will pardon,) — he knows, Miss,
That, though parted by many a mile,
Yet were he lying under the snows, Miss,
They'd melt into tears at your smile.

And you'll still think of him in your pleasures,
In your brief twilight dreams of the past;
In this green laurel-spray that he treasures,
It was plucked where your parting was last;
In this specimen, — but a small trifle, —
It will do for a pin for your shawl
(Which the truth not to wickedly stifle
Was his last week's "clean up," — and *his all*).

He's asleep, which the same might seem strange,
Miss,

Were it not that I scorn to deny
That I raised his last dose, for a change, Miss,
In view that his fever was high;
But he lies there quite peaceful and pensive.
And now, my respects, Miss, to you;
Which my language, although comprehensive,
Might seem to be freedom, — it's true.

Which I have a small favor to ask you,
As concerns a bull-pup, which the same, —
If the duty would not overtask you, —
You would please to procure for me, *game*;
And send per express to the Flat, Miss,
Which they say York is famed for the breed,
Which though words of deceit may be that, Miss,
I'll trust to your taste, Miss, indeed.

P. S. — Which this same interfering
Into other folks' way I despise;
Yet if it so be I was hearing
That it's just empty pockets as lies
Betwixt you and Joseph, it follers,
That, having no family claims,
Here's my pile; which it's six hundred dollars,
As is yours, with respects,

TRUTHFUL JAMES.

**PLAIN LANGUAGE FROM TRUTHFUL JAMES.

Table Mountain, 1870.

Which I wish to remark, —
And my language is plain, —
That for ways that are dark,
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinese is peculiar.
Which the same I would rise to explain.

Ah Sin was his name;
And I shall not deny
In regard to the same
What that name might imply,
But his smile it was pensive and childlike,
As I frequent remarked to Bill Nye.

It was August the third;
And quite soft was the skies;
Which it might be inferred
That Ah Sin was likewise;
Yet he played it that day upon William
And me in a way I despise.

Which we had a small game,
And Ah Sin took a hand:
It was Euchre. The same
He did not understand;
But he smiled as he sat by the table,
With the smile that was childlike and bland.

Yet the cards they were stocked
In a way that I grieve,
And my feelings were shocked
At the state of Nye's sleeve:
Which was stuffed full of aces and bowers,
And the same with intent to deceive.

But the hands that were played
By that heathen Chinese,
And the points that he made
Were frightful to see, —
Till at last he put down a right bower,
Which the same Nye had dealt unto me.

Then I looked up at Nye,
And he gazed upon me;
And he rose with a sigh,
And said, "Can this be?
We are ruined by Chinese cheap labor," —
And he went for that heathen Chinese.

In the scene that ensued
I did not take a hand,
But the floor it was strewed
Like the leaves on the strand
With the cards that Ah Sin had been hiding,
In the game "he did not understand."

In his sleeves, which were long,
He had twenty-four packs, —
Which was coming it strong,
Yet I state but the facts;
And we found on his nails, which were taper,
What is frequent in tapers, — that 's wax.

Which is why I remark,
And my language is plain,
That for ways that are dark,
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinese is peculiar, —
Which the same I am free to maintain.

**JOHN BURNS OF GETTYSBURG.

Have you heard the story that gossips tell
Of Burns of Gettysburg? — No? Ah, well:
Brief is the glory that hero earns,
Briefer the story of poor John Burns:
He was the fellow who won renown, —

The only man who did n't back down
 When the rebels rode through his native town:
 But held his own in the fight next day,
 When all his townfolk ran away.
 That was in July, sixty-three,
 The very day that General Lee,
 Flower of Southern chivalry,
 Baffled and beaten, backward reeled
 From a stubborn Meade and a barren field.
 I might tell how, but the day before,
 John Burns stood at his cottage door,
 Looking down the village street,
 Where, in the shade of his peaceful vine,
 He heard the low of his gathered kine,
 And felt their breath with incense sweet;
 Or I might say, when the sunset burned
 The old farm gable, he thought it turned
 The milk that fell, in a babbling flood
 Into the milk-pail, red as blood!
 Or how he fancied the hum of bees
 Were bullets buzzing among the trees.
 But all such fanciful thoughts as these
 Were strange to a practical man like Burns,
 Who minded only his own concerns,
 Troubled no more by fancies fine
 Than one of his calm-eyed, long-tailed kine, —
 Quite old-fashioned and matter-of-fact,
 Slow to argue, but quick to act.
 That was the reason, as some folk say,
 He fought so well on that terrible day.

And it was terrible. On the right
 Raged for hours the heady fight,
 Thundered the battery's double bass, —
 Difficult music for men to face;
 While on the left — where now the graves
 Undulate like the living waves
 That all that day unceasing swept
 Up to the pits the rebels kept —
 Round shot ploughed the upland glades,
 Sown with bullets, reaped with blades;
 Shattered fences here and there
 Tossed their splinters in the air;
 The very trees were stripped and bare;
 The barns that once held yellow grain
 Were heaped with harvests of the slain;
 The cattle bellowed on the plain,
 The turkeys screamed with might and main,
 And brooding barn-fowl left their rest
 With strange shells bursting in each nest.

Just where the tide of battle turns,
 Erect and lonely stood old John Burns.
 How do you think the man was dressed?
 He wore an ancient long buff vest,
 Yellow as saffron, — but his best;
 And, buttoned over his manly breast,
 Was a bright blue coat, with a rolling collar,
 And large gilt buttons, — size of a dollar, —
 With tails that the country-folk called "swaller."
 He wore a broad-brimmed, bell-crowned hat,
 White as the locks on which it sat.
 Never had such a sight been seen
 For forty years on the village green,
 Since old John Burns was a country beau,
 And went to the "quillings" long ago.

Close at his elbows all that day,
 Veterans of the Peninsula,
 Sunburnt and bearded, charged away;
 And striplings, downy of lip and chin, —
 Clerks that the Home Guard mustered in, —
 Glanced, as they passed, at the hat he wore,
 Then at the rifle his right hand bore;
 And hailed him, from out their youthful lore,
 With scraps of a slangy *répertoire*:

"How are you, White Hat!" "Put her through!"
 "Your head's level," and "Bully for you!"
 Called him "Daddy," — begged he'd disclose
 The name of the tailor who made his clothes,
 And what was the value he set on those;
 While Burns, unmindful of jeer and scoff,
 Stood there picking the rebels off, —
 With his long brown rifle, and bell-crown hat,
 And the swallow-tails they were laughing at.

'T was but a moment, for that respect
 Which clothes all courage their voices checked,
 And something the wildest could understand
 Spake in the old man's strong right hand;
 And his corded throat, and the lurking frown
 Of his eyebrows under his old bell-crown;
 Until, as they gazed, there crept an awe
 Through the ranks in whispers, and some men
 saw

In the antique vestments and long white hair,
 The Past of the Nation in battle there;
 And some of the soldiers since declare
 That the gleam of his old white hat afar,
 Like the crested plume of the brave Navarre,
 That day was their oriflamme of war.

So raged the battle. You know the rest:
 How the rebels, beaten and backward pressed,
 Broke at the final charge and ran.
 At which John Burns — a practical man —
 Shouldered his rifle, unbent his brows,
 And then went back to his bees and cows.

That is the story of old John Burns:
 This is the moral the reader learns:
 In fighting the battle, the question's whether
 You'll show a hat that's white, or a feather!

*** A GREYPORT LEGEND (1797.) — FROM EAST AND WEST
 POEMS.

They ran through the streets of the seaport town;
 They peered from the decks of the ships that lay:
 The cold sea-fog that came whitening down
 Was never as cold or white as they.

"Ho, Starbuck and Pinckney and Tenterden!

Run for your shallops, gather your men,
 Scatter your boats on the lower bay."

Good cause for fear! In the thick midday
 The hulk that lay by the rotting pier,
 Filled with the children in happy play,
 Parted its moorings, and drifted clear, —

Drifted clear beyond the reach or call, —
 Thirteen children they were in all, —

All adrift in the lower bay!

Said a hard-faced skipper, "God help us all!
 She will not float till the turning tide!"
 Said his wife, "My darling will hear *my* call,
 Whether in sea or heaven she hide!"

And she lifted a quavering voice and high,
 Wild and strange as a sea-bird's cry,

Till they shuddered and wondered at her side.

The fog drove down on each laboring crew,
 Veiled each from each and the sky and shore:
 There was not a sound but the breath they drew,
 And the lap of water and creak of oar;

And they felt the breath of the downs, fresh
 blown

O'er leagues of clover and cold gray stone,
 But not from the lips that had gone before.

They come no more. But they tell the tale,
 That, when fogs are thick on the harbor reef,
 The mackerel fishers shorten sail;
 For the signal they know will bring relief.

For the voices of children, still at play
In a phantom bulk that drifts away
Through channels whose waters never fail.

It is but a foolish shipman's tale,
A theme for a poet's idle page;
But still, when the mists of doubt prevail,
And we lie becalmed by the shores of Age,
We hear from the misty troubled shore
The voice of the children gone before,
Drawing the soul to its anchorage.

** DICKENS IN CAMP.

Above the pines the moon was slowly drifting,
The river sang below;
The dim Sierras, far beyond, uplifting
Their minarets of snow.
The roaring camp-fire, with rude humor, painted
The ruddy tints of health
On haggard face and form that drooped and
fainted
In the fierce race for wealth;
Till one arose, and from his pack's scant treasure
A hoarded volume drew,
And cards were dropped from hands of listless
leisure
To hear the tale anew;
And then, while round them shadows gathered
faster,
And as the fire-light fell,
He read aloud the book wherein the Master
Had writ of "Little Nell."
Perhaps 't was boyish fancy, — for the reader
Was youngest of them all, —
But, as he read, from clustering pine and cedar
A silence seemed to fall;
The fir-trees, gathering closer in the shadows,
Listened in every spray,
While the whole camp, with "Nell" on English
meadows,
Wandered and lost their way.

And so in mountain solitudes — o'ertaken
As by some spell divine —
Their cares dropped from them like the needles
shaken
From out the gusty pine.

Lost is that camp, and wasted all its fire:
And he who wrought that spell? —
Ah, towering pine and stately Kentish spire,
Ye have one tale to tell!

Lost is that camp! but let its fragrant story
Blend with the breath that thrills
With hop-vines' incense all the pensive glory
That fills the Kentish hills.

And on that grave where English oak and holly
And laurel wreaths intwine,
Deem it not all a too presumptuous folly, —
This spray of Western pine!
JULY, 1870.

** TENNESSEE'S PARTNER — FROM THE LUCK OF ROARING CAMP.

I do not think that we ever knew his real name. Our ignorance of it certainly never gave us any social inconvenience, for at Sandy Bar in 1854 most men were christened anew. Sometimes these appellatives were derived from some distinctiveness of dress, as in the case of "Dungaree Jack"; or from some peculiarity of habit, as shown in "Saleratus Bill," so called from an un-

due proportion of that chemical in his daily bread; or from some unlucky slip, as exhibited in "The Iron Pirate," a mild, inoffensive man, who earned that baleful title by his unfortunate mispronunciation of the term "iron pyrites." Perhaps this may have been the beginning of a rude heraldry; but I am constrained to think that it was because a man's real name in that day rested solely upon his own unsupported statement. "Call yourself Clifford, do you?" said Boston, addressing a timid new-comer with infinite scorn; "hell is full of such Cliffords!" He then introduced the unfortunate man, whose name happened to be really Clifford, as "Jay-bird Charley," — an unhallowed inspiration of the moment that clung to him ever after.

But to return to Tennessee's Partner, whom we never knew by any other than this relative title; that he had ever existed as a separate and distinct individuality we only learned later. It seems that in 1853 he left Poker Flat to go to San Francisco, ostensibly to procure a wife. He never got any farther than Stockton. At that place he was attracted by a young person who waited upon the table at the hotel where he took his meals. One morning he said something to her which caused her to smile not unkindly, to somewhat coquettishly break a plate of toast over his upturned, serious, simple face, and to retreat to the kitchen. He followed her, and emerged a few moments later, covered with more toast and victory. That day week they were married by a Justice of the Peace, and returned to Poker Flat. I am aware that something more might be made of this episode, but I prefer to tell it as it was current at Sandy Bar, — in the gulches and bar-rooms — where all sentiment was modified by a strong sense of humor.

Of their married felicity but little is known, perhaps for the reason that Tennessee, then living with his partner, one day took occasion to say something to the bride on his own account, at which, it is said, she smiled not unkindly and chastely retreated, — this time as far as Marysville, where Tennessee followed her, and where they went to housekeeping without the aid of a Justice of the Peace. Tennessee's Partner took the loss of his wife simply and seriously, as was his fashion. But to everybody's surprise, when Tennessee one day returned from Marysville, without his partner's wife, — she having smiled and retreated with somebody else, — Tennessee's Partner was the first man to shake his hand and greet him with affection. The boys who had gathered in the cañon to see the shooting were naturally indignant. Their indignation might have found vent in sarcasm but for a certain look in Tennessee's Partner's eye that indicated a lack of humorous appreciation. In fact, he was a grave man, with a steady application to practical detail which was unpleasant in a difficulty.

Meanwhile a popular feeling against Tennessee had grown up on the Bar. He was known to be a gambler; he was suspected to be a thief. In these suspicious Tennessee's Partner was equally compromised; his continued intimacy with Tennessee after the affair above quoted could only be accounted for on the hypothesis of a copartnership of crime. At last Tennessee's guilt became flagrant. One day he overtook a stranger on his way to Red Dog. The stranger afterward related that Tennessee beguiled the time with interesting anecdote and reminiscence, but illogically concluded the interview in the following words: "And

now, young man, I'll trouble you for your knife, your pistols, and your money. You see your weppings might get you into trouble at Red Dog, and your money's a temptation to the evilly disposed. I think you said your address was San Francisco. I shall endeavor to call." It may be stated here that Tennessee had a fine flow of humor, which no business preoccupation could wholly subdue.

This exploit was his last. Red Dog and Sandy Bar made common cause against the highwayman. Tennessee was hunted in very much the same fashion as his prototype, the grizzly. As the toils closed around him, he made a desperate dash through the Bar, emptying his revolver at the crowd before the Arcade Saloon, and so on up Grizzly Cañon; but at its farther extremity he was stopped by a small man on a gray horse. The men looked at each other a moment in silence. Both were fearless; both self-possessed and independent; and both types of a civilization that in the seventeenth century would have been called heroic, but, in the nineteenth simply "reckless." "What have you got there?—I call," said Tennessee, quietly. "Two bowers and an ace," said the stranger, as quietly, showing two revolvers and a bowie-knife. "That takes me," returned Tennessee; and with this gambler's epigram, he threw away his useless pistol, and rode back with his captor.

It was a warm night. The cool breeze which usually sprang up with the going down of the sun behind the *chaparral*-crested mountain was that evening withheld from Sandy Bar. The little cañon was stifling with heated resinous odors, and the decaying drift-wood on the Bar sent forth faint, sickening exhalations. The feverishness of day and its fierce passions still filled the camp. Lights moved restlessly along the bank of the river, striking no answering reflection from its tawny current. Against the blackness of the pines the windows of the old loft above the express-office stood out staringly bright; and through their curtainless panes the loungers below could see the forms of those who were even then deciding the fate of Tennessee. And above all this, etched on the dark firmament, rose the Sierra, remote and passionless, crowned with remoter passionless stars.

The trial of Tennessee was conducted as fairly as was consistent with a judge and jury who felt themselves to some extent obliged to justify, in their verdict, the previous irregularities of arrest and indictment. The law of Sandy Bar was implacable, but not vengeful. The excitement and personal feeling of the chase were over; with Tennessee safe in their hands they were ready to listen patiently to any defence, which they were already satisfied was insufficient. There being no doubt in their own minds, they were willing to give the prisoner the benefit of any that might exist. Secure in the hypothesis that he ought to be hanged, on general principles, they indulged him with more latitude of defence than his reckless hardihood seemed to ask. The judge appeared to be more anxious than the prisoner, who, otherwise unconcerned, evidently took a grim pleasure in the responsibility he had created. "I don't take any hand in this yer game," had been his invariable, but good-humored reply to all questions. The Judge—who was also his captor—for a moment vaguely regretted that he had not shot him "on sight," that morning, but presently dismissed this human weakness as un-

worthy of the judicial mind. Nevertheless, when there was a tap at the door, and it was said that Tennessee's Partner was there on behalf of the prisoner, he was admitted at once without question. Perhaps the younger members of the jury, to whom the proceedings were becoming irksomely thoughtful, hailed him as a relief.

For he was not, certainly, an imposing figure. Short and stout, with a square face, sunburned into a preternatural redness, clad in a loose duck "jumper," and trousers streaked and splashed with red soil, his aspect under any circumstances would have been quaint, and was now even ridiculous. As he stooped to deposit at his feet a heavy carpet-bag he was carrying, it became obvious, from partially developed legends and inscriptions, that the material with which his trousers had been patched had been originally intended for a less ambitious covering. Yet he advanced with great gravity, and after having shaken the hand of each person in the room with labored cordiality, he wiped his serious, perplexed face on a red bandanna handkerchief, a shade lighter than his complexion, laid his powerful hand upon the table to steady himself, and thus addressed the Judge:—

"I was passin' by," he began, by way of apology, "and I thought I'd just step in and see how things was gittin' on with Tennessee thar,—my pardner. It's a hot night. I disremember any sich weather before on the Bar."

He paused a moment, but nobody volunteering any other meteorological recollection, he again had recourse to his pocket-handkerchief, and for some moments mopped his face diligently.

"Have you anything to say in behalf of the prisoner?" said the Judge, finally.

"That's it," said Tennessee's Partner, in a tone of relief, "I come yar as Tennessee's Pardner,—knowing him nigh on four years, off and on, wet and dry, in luck and out o' luck. His ways ain't allers my ways, but thar ain't any p'int in that young man, thar ain't any liveliness as he's been up to, as I don't know. And you sez to me, sez you,—confidential-like, and between man and man,—sez you, 'Do you know anything in his behalf?' and I sez to you, sez I,—confidential-like, as between man and man,—'What should a man know of his pardner?'"

"Is this all you have to say?" asked the Judge, impatiently, feeling, perhaps, that a dangerous sympathy of humor was beginning to humanize the Court.

"That's so," continued Tennessee's Partner. "It ain't for me to say anything agin' him. And now, what's the case? Here's Tennessee wants money, wants it bad, and doesn't like to ask it of his old pardner. Well, what does Tennessee do? He lays for a stranger, and he fetches that stranger. And you lays for *him*, and you fetches *him*; and the honors is easy. And I put it to you, bein' a far-minded man, and to you, gentlemen, all as far-minded men, ef this isn't so?"

"Prisoner," said the Judge, interrupting, "have you any question to ask this man?"

"No! no!" continued Tennessee's Partner, hastily. "I play this yer hand alone. To come down to the bed-rock, it's just this: Tennessee, thar, has played it pretty rough and expensive-like on a stranger, and on this yer camp. And now, what's the fair thing? Some would say more; some would say less. Here's seventeen hundred dollars in coarse gold and a watch,—it's about all my pile,—and call it square!"

And before a hand could be raised to prevent him, he had emptied the contents of his carpet-bag upon the table.

For a moment his life was in jeopardy. One or two men sprang to their feet, several hands groped for hidden weapons, and a suggestion to "throw him from the window" was only overridden by a gesture from the Judge. Tennessee laughed. And apparently oblivious of the excitement, Tennessee's Partner improved the opportunity to mop his face again with his handkerchief.

When order was restored, and the man was made to understand, by the use of forcible figures and rhetoric, that Tennessee's offence could not be condoned by money, his face took a more serious and sanguinary hue, and those who were nearest to him noticed that his rough hand trembled slightly on the table. He hesitated a moment as he slowly returned the gold to the carpet-bag, as if he had not yet entirely caught the elevated sense of justice which swayed the tribunal, and was perplexed with the belief that he had not offered enough. Then he turned to the Judge, and saying, "This yer is a lone hand, played alone, and without my pardner," he bowed to the jury and was about to withdraw, when the Judge called him back. "If you have anything to say to Tennessee you had better say it now." For the first time that evening the eyes of the prisoner and his strange advocate met. Tennessee smiled, showed his white teeth, and, saying, "Euchred, old man!" held out his hand. Tennessee's Partner took it in his own, and saying, "I just dropped in as I was passin', to see how things was gettin' on," let the hand passively fall, and adding that "it was a warm night," again mopped his face with his handkerchief, and without another word withdrew.

The two men never again met each other alive. For the unparalleled insult of a bribe offered to Judge Lynch—who, whether bigoted, weak, or narrow, was at least incorruptible—firmly fixed in the mind of that mythical personage any wavering determination of Tennessee's fate; and at the break of day he was marched, closely guarded, to meet it at the top of Marley's Hill.

How he met it, how cool he was, how he refused to say anything, how perfect were the arrangements of the committee, were all duly reported, with the addition of a warning moral and example to all future evil-doers, in the Red Dog Clarion, by its editor, who was present, and to whose vigorous English I cheerfully refer the reader. But the beauty of that midsummer morning, the blessed amity of earth and air and sky, the awakened life of the free woods and hills, the joyous renewal and promise of Nature, and, above all, the infinite Serenity that thrilled through each, was not reported, as not being a part of the social lesson. And yet, when the weak and foolish deed was done, and a life, with its possibilities and responsibilities, had passed out of the misshapen thing that dangled between earth and sky, the birds sang, the flowers bloomed, the sun shone, as cheerily as before; and possibly the Red Dog Clarion was right.

Tennessee's Partner was not in the group that surrounded the ominous tree. But as they turned to disperse attention was drawn to the singular appearance of a motionless donkey-cart halted at the side of the road. As they approached, they at once recognized the venerable "Jenny" and the two-wheeled cart as the property of Tennes-

see's Partner,—used by him in carrying dirt from his claim; and a few paces distant the owner of the equipage himself, sitting under a buck-eye tree, wiping the perspiration from his glowing face. In answer to an inquiry, he said he had come for the body of the "diseased," "if it was all the same to the committee." He didn't wish to "hurry anything"; he could "wait." He was not working that day; and when the gentlemen were done with the "diseased," he would take him. "Ef thar is any present," he added, in his simple, serious way, "as would care to jine in the fun'l, they kin come." Perhaps it was from a sense of humor, which I have already intimated was a feature of Sandy Bar,—perhaps it was from something even better than that; but two-thirds of the loungers accepted the invitation at once.

It was noon when the body of Tennessee was delivered into the hands of his partner. As the cart drew up to the fatal tree, we noticed that it contained a rough, oblong box,—apparently made from a section of sluicing,—and half filled with bark and the tassels of pine. The cart was further decorated with slips of willow, and made fragrant with buck-eye blossoms. When the body was deposited in the box, Tennessee's Partner drew over it a piece of tarred canvas, and gravely mounting the narrow seat in front, with his feet upon the shafts, urged the little donkey forward. The equipage moved slowly on at that decorous pace which was habitual with "Jenny" even under less solemn circumstances. The men—half curiously, half jestingly, but all good humoredly—strolled along beside the cart; some in advance, some a little in the rear of the homely catafalque. But, whether from the narrowing of the road or some present sense of decorum, as the cart passed on, the company fell to the rear in couples, keeping step, and otherwise assuming the external show of a formal procession. Jack Folinsee, who had at the outset played a funeral march in dumb show upon an imaginary trombone, desisted, from a lack of sympathy and appreciation,—not having, perhaps, your true humorist's capacity to be content with the enjoyment of his own fun.

The way led through Grizzly Cañon,—by this time clothed in funeral drapery and shadows. The redwoods burying their moccasined feet in the red soil, stood in Indian-file along the track, trailing an uncouth benediction from their bending boughs upon the passing bier. A hare, surprised into helpless inactivity, sat upright and pulsating in the ferns by the roadside, as the *corlège* went by. Squirrels hastened to gain a secure outlook from higher bounds; and the blue-jays, spreading their wings, fluttered before them like outriders, until the outskirts of Sandy Bar were reached, and the solitary cabin of Tennessee's Partner.

Viewed under more favorable circumstances, it would not have been a cheerful place. The unpicturesque site, the rude and unlovely outlines, the unsavory details, which distinguish the nest-building of the California miner, were all here, with the dreariness of decay superadded. A few paces from the cabin there was a rough enclosure, which, in the brief days of Tennessee's Partner's matrimonial felicity, had been used as a garden, but was now overgrown with fern. As we approached it we were surprised to find that what we had taken for a recent attempt at cultivation was the broken soil about an open grave.

The cart was halted before the enclosure; and rejecting the offers of assistance with the same air of simple self-reliance he had displayed throughout, Tennessee's Partner lifted the rough coffin on his back, and deposited it, unaided, within the shallow grave. He then nailed down the board which served as a lid; and mounting the little mound of earth beside it, took off his hat, and slowly mopped his face with his handkerchief. This the crowd felt was a preliminary to speech; and they disposed themselves variously on stumps and boulders, and sat expectant.

"When a man," began Tennessee's Partner, slowly, "has been running free all day, what's the natural thing for him to do? Why, to come home. And if he ain't in a condition to go home, what can his best friend do? Why, bring him home! And here's Tennessee has been running free, and we brings him home from his wandering." He paused, and picked up a fragment of quartz, rubbed it thoughtfully on his sleeve, and went on: "It ain't the first time that I've packed him on my back, as you see'd me now. It ain't the first time that I brought him to this yer cabin when he could n't help himself; it ain't the first time that I and 'Jinny' have waited for him on yon hill, and picked him up, and so fetched him home, when he could n't speak, and did n't know me. And now that it's the last time, why—" he paused, and rubbed the quartz gently on his sleeve—"you see it's sort of rough on his pardner. And now, gentlemen," he added, abruptly, picking up his long-handle shovel, "the fun'l's over; and my thanks, and Tennessee's thanks, to you for your trouble."

Resisting any proffers of assistance, he began to fill in the grave, turning his back upon the crowd, that after a few moments' hesitation, gradually withdrew. As they crossed the little ridge that hid Sandy Bar from view, some, looking back, thought they could see Tennessee's Partner, his work done, sitting upon the grave, his shovel between his knees, and his face buried in his red bandanna handkerchief. But it was argued by others that you could n't tell his face from his handkerchief at that distance; and this point remained undecided.

In the reaction that followed the feverish excitement of that day, Tennessee's Partner was not forgotten. A secret investigation had cleared him of any complicity in Tennessee's guilt, and left only a suspicion of his general sanity. Sandy Bar made a point of calling on him, and proffering various uncouth, but well-meant kindnesses. But from that day, his rude health and great strength seemed visibly to decline; and when the rainy season fairly set in, and the tiny grass blades were beginning to peep from the rocky mound above Tennessee's grave, he took to his bed.

One night, when the pines beside the cabin were swaying in the storm, and trailing their slender fingers over the roof, and the roar and rush of the swollen river were heard below, Tennessee's Partner lifted his head from the pillow, saying, "It is time to go for Tennessee; I must put 'Jinny' in the cart;" and would have risen from his bed, but for the restraint of his attendant. Struggling, he still pursued his singular fancy; "There, now, steady, 'Jinny,'—steady, old girl. How dark it is! Look out for the ruts,—and look out for him, too, old gal. Sometimes, you know, when he's blind drunk, he drops down right in the trail. Keep on straight up to the

pine on the top of the hill. Thar—I told you so!—thar he is,—coming this way, too,—all by himself, sober, and his face a-shining. Tennessee! Pardner!"

And so they met.

**** HOW SANTA CLAUS CAME TO SIMPSON'S BAR—FROM MRS. SKAGGS'S HUSBAND.**

... It was nearly midnight when the festivities were interrupted. "Hush," said Dick Bullen, holding up his hand. It was the querulous voice of Johnny from his adjacent closet: "O dad!"

The Old Man rose hurriedly and disappeared in the closet. Presently he reappeared. "His rheumatiz is coming on agin bad," he explained, "and he wants rubbin'." He lifted the demijohn of whiskey from the table and shook it. It was empty. Dick Bullen put down his tin cup with an embarrassed laugh. So did the others. The Old Man examined their contents and said hopefully, "I reckon that's enough; he don't need much. You hold on all o' you for a spell, and I'll be back;" and vanished in the closet with an old flannel shirt and the whiskey. The door closed but imperfectly, and the following dialogue was distinctly audible:—

"Now, sonny, whar does she ache worst?"

"Sometimes over yar and sometimes under yer; but it's most powerful from yer to yer. Rub yer, dad."

A silence seemed to indicate a brisk rubbing.

Then Johnny

"Hevin' a good time out yer, dad?"

"Yes, sonny."

"To-morrer's Chrissmiss,—ain't it?"

"Yes, sonny. How does she feel now?"

"Better. Rub a little fuder down. Wot's Chrissmiss, anyway? Wot's it all about?"

"O, it's a day."

This exhaustive definition was apparently satisfactory, for there was a silent interval of rubbing. Presently Johnny again:

"Mar sez that everywhere else but yer everybody gives things to everybody Chrissmiss, and then she just waded inter you. She sez thar's a man they call Sandy Claws, not a white man, you know, but a kind o' Chinemin, comes down the chimbley night afore Chrissmiss and gives things to children,—boys like me. Puts 'em in their butes! That's what she tried to play upon me. Easy now, pop, whar are you rubbin' to,—thet's a mile from the place. She jest made that up, don't she, jest to aggrevate me and you? Don't rub thar . . . Why, dad!"

In the great quiet that seemed to have fallen upon the house the sigh of the near pines and the drip of leaves without was very distinct. Johnny's voice, too, was lowered as he went on, "Don't you take on now, fur I'm gettin' all right fast. Wot's the boys doin' out thar?"

The Old Man partly opened the door and peered through. His guests were sitting there sociably enough, and there were a few silver coins and a lean buckskin purse on the table. "Bettin' on suthin,—some little game or 'nother. They're all right," he replied to Johnny, and recommenced his rubbing.

"I'd like to take a hand and win some money," said Johnny, reflectively, after a pause.

The Old Man glibly repeated what was evidently a familiar formula, that if Johnny would wait until he struck it rich in the tunnel he'd have lots of money, etc., etc.

"Yes," said Johnny, "but you don't. And

whether you strike it or I win it, it's about the same. It's all luck. But it's mighty cur'ous about Christmas,—ain't it? Why do they call it Christmas?"

Perhaps from some instinctive deference to the overhearing of his guests, or from some vague sense of incongruity, the Old Man's reply was so low as to be inaudible beyond the room.

"Yes," said Johnny, with some slight abatement of interest, "I've heerd o' *him* before. Thar, that 'll do, dad. I don't ache near so bad as I did. Now wrap me tight in this yer blanket. So. Now," he added in a muffled whisper, "sit down yer by me till I go to sleep." To assure himself of obedience, he disengaged one hand from the blanket and, grasping his father's sleeve, again composed himself to rest.

For some moments the Old Man waited patiently. Then the unwonted stillness of the house excited his curiosity, and without moving from the bed, he cautiously opened the door with his disengaged hand, and looked into the main room. To his infinite surprise it was dark and deserted. But even then a smouldering log on the hearth broke, and by the upspringing blaze he saw the figure of Dick Bullen sitting by the dying embers.

"Hello!"

Dick started, rose, and came somewhat unsteadily toward him.

"Whar's the boys?" said the Old Man.

"Gone up the cañon on a little *pasear*. They're coming back for me in a minit. I'm waitin' round for 'em. What are you starin' at, Old Man?" he added with a forced laugh; "do you think I'm drunk?"

The Old Man might have been pardoned the supposition, for Dick's eyes were humid and his face flushed. He loitered and lounged back to the chimney, yawned, shook himself, buttoned up his coat, and laughed. "Liquor ain't so plenty as that, Old Man. Now don't you git up," he continued, as the Old Man made a movement to release his sleeve from Johnny's hand. "Don't you mind manners. Sit jest whar you be; I'm goin' in a jiffy. Thar, that's them now."

There was a low tap at the door. Dick Bullen opened it quickly, nodded "Good night" to his host and disappeared. The Old Man would have followed him but for the hand that still unconsciously grasped his sleeve. He could have easily disengaged it: it was small, weak, and emaciated. But perhaps because it *was* small, weak, and emaciated, he changed his mind, and, drawing his chair closer to his bed, rested his head upon it. In this defenceless attitude the potency of his earlier potations surprised him. The room flickered and faded before his eyes, reappeared, faded again, went out, and left him—asleep.

Meantime Dick Bullen, closing the door, confronted his companions. "Are you ready?" said Staples. "Ready," said Dick; "what's the time?" "Past twelve," was the reply; "can you make it?—it's nigh on fifty miles, the round trip hither and yon." "I reckon," returned Dick, shortly. "Whar's the mare?" "Bill and Jack's holdin' her at the crossin'," "Let 'em hold on a minit longer," said Dick.

He turned and re-entered the house softly. By the light of the guttering candle and dying fire he saw that the door of the little room was open. He stepped towards it on tiptoe and looked in. The Old Man had fallen back in his chair, snoring, his helpless feet thrust out in a line with his collapsed shoulders, and his hat pulled over his eyes. Be-

side him, on a narrow wooden bedstead, lay Johnny, muffled tightly in a blanket that hid all save a strip of forehead and a few curls damp with perspiration. Dick Bullen made a step forward, hesitated, and glanced over his shoulder into the deserted room. Everything was quiet. With a sudden resolution he parted his huge mustaches with both hands and stooped over the sleeping boy. But even as he did so a mischievous blast, lying in wait, swooped down the chimney, rekindled the hearth, and lit up the room with a shameless glow from which Dick fled in bashful terror.

His companions were already waiting for him at the crossing. Two of them were struggling in the darkness, with some strange misshapen bulk, which as Dick came nearer took the semblance of a great yellow horse.

It was the mare. She was not a pretty picture. From her Roman nose to her rising haunches, from her arched spine hidden by the stiff *machillas* of a Mexican saddle, to her thick, straight, bony legs, there was not a line of equine grace. In her half-blind but wholly vicious white eyes, in her protruding under lip, in her monstrous color, there was nothing but ugliness and vice.

"Now then," said Staples, "stand cl'ar of her heels, boys, and up with you. Don't miss your first holt on her mane, and mind ye get your off stirrup quick. Ready!"

There was a leap, a scrambling struggle, a bound, a wild retreat of the crowd, a circle of flying hoofs, two springless leaps that jarred the earth, a rapid play and jingle of spurs, a plunge, and then the voice of Dick somewhere in the darkness, "All right!"

"Don't take the lower road back unless you're hard pushed for time! Don't hold her in down hill! We'll be at the ford at five. G'lang! Hoopa! Mula! GO!"

A splash, a spark struck from the ledge in the road, a clatter in the rocky cut beyond, and Dick was gone.

* * * * *

Sing, O Muse, the ride of Richard Bullen! Sing, O Muse of chivalrous men! the sacred quests, the doughty deeds, the battery of low churls, the fearsome ride and greswome perils of the Flower of Simpson's Bar! Alack! she is dainty, this Muse! She will have none of this bucking brute and swaggering, ragged rider, and I must fain follow him in prose, afoot!

It was one o'clock, and yet he had only gained Rattlesnake Hill. For in that time Jovita had rehearsed to him all her imperfections and practiced all her vices. Thrice had she stumbled. Twice had she thrown up her Roman nose in a straight line with the reins, and, resisting bit and spur, struck out madly across country. Twice had she reared, and, rearing, fallen backward; and twice had the agile Dick, unharmed, regained his seat before she found her vicious legs again. And a mile beyond them, at the foot of a long hill, was Rattlesnake Creek. Dick knew that here was the crucial test of his ability to perform his enterprise, set his teeth grimly, put his knees well into her flanks, and changed his defensive tactics to brisk aggression. Bullied and maddened, Jovita began the descent of the hill. Here the artful Richard pretended to hold her in with ostentatious oburgation and well-feigned cries of alarm. It is unnecessary to add that Jovita instantly ran away. Nor need I state the time made in the descent; it is written in the chronicles of Simpson's Bar. Enough that in another moment, as it seemed to

Dick, she was splashing on the overflowed banks of Rattlesnake Creek. As Dick expected, the momentum she had acquired carried her beyond the point of balking, and, holding her well together for a mighty leap, they dashed into the middle of the swiftly flowing current. A few moments of kicking, wading, and swimming, and Dick drew a long breath on the opposite bank.

The road from Rattlesnake Creek to Red Mountain was tolerably level. Either the plunge in Rattlesnake Creek had dampened her baleful fire, or the art which led to it had shown her the superior wickedness of her rider, for Jovita no longer wasted her surplus energy in wanton conceits. Once she bucked, but it was from force of habit; once she shied, but it was from a new freshly painted meeting-house at the crossing of the county road. Hollows, ditches, gravelly deposits, patches of freshly springing grasses, flew from beneath her rattling hoofs. She began to smell unpleasantly, once or twice she coughed slightly, but there was no abatement of her strength or speed. By two o'clock he had passed Red Mountain and begun the descent to the plain. Ten minutes later the driver of the fast Pioneer coach was overtaken and passed by a "man on a Pinto hoss,"—an event sufficiently notable for remark. At half-past two Dick rose in his stirrups with a great shout. Stars were glittering through the rifted clouds, and beyond him, out of the plain, rose two spires, a flagstaff, and a straggling line of black objects. Dick jingled his spurs and swung his *riata*, Jovita bounded forward, and in another moment they swept into Tuttleville and drew up before the wooden piazza of "The Hotel of All Nations."

What transpired that night at Tuttleville is not strictly a part of this record. Briefly I may state, however, that after Jovita had been handed over to a sleepy ostler, whom she at once kicked into unpleasant consciousness, Dick sallied out with the bar-keeper for a tour of the sleeping town. Lights still gleamed from a few saloons and gambling-houses; but, avoiding these, they stopped before several closed shops, and by persistent tapping and judicious outcry roused the proprietors from their beds, and made them unbar the doors of the magazines and expose their wares. Sometimes they were met by curses, but oftener by interest and some concern in their needs, and the interview was invariably concluded by a drink. It was three o'clock before this pleasantries was given over, and with a small waterproof bag of India-rubber strapped on his shoulders Dick returned to the hotel. But here he was waylaid by Beauty,—Beauty opulent in charms, affluent in dress, persuasive in speech, and Spanish in accent! In vain she repeated the invitation in "Excelsior," happily scorned by all Alpine-climbing youth, and rejected by this child of the Sierras,—a rejection softened in this instance by a laugh and his last gold coin. And then he sprang to the saddle and dashed down the lonely street and out into the lonelier plain, where presently the lights, the black line of houses, the spires, and the flagstaff sank into the earth behind him again and were lost in the distance.

The storm had cleared away, the air was brisk and cold, the outlines of adjacent landmarks were distinct, but it was half-past four before Dick reached the meeting-house and the crossing of the county road. To avoid the rising grade he had taken a longer and more circuitous road, in whose viscid mud Jovita sank fetlock deep at every bound. It was a poor preparation for a steady

ascent of five miles more; but Jovita, gathering her legs under her, took it all with her usual blind, unreasoning fury, and a half hour later reached the long level that led to Rattlesnake Creek. Another half hour later would bring him to the creek. He threw the reins lightly upon the neck of the mare, chirruped to her, and began to sing.

Suddenly Jovita shied with a bound that would have unseated a less practised rider. Hanging to her rein was a figure that had leaped from the bank, and at the same time from the road before her arose a shadowy horse and rider. "Throw up your hands," commanded this second apparition with an oath.

Dick felt the mare tremble, quiver, and apparently sink under him. He knew what it meant and was prepared.

"Stand aside, Jack Simpson, I know you, you d—d thief. Let me pass or—"

He did not finish the sentence. Jovita rose straight in the air with a terrific bound, throwing the figure from her bit with a single shake of her vicious head, and charged with deadly malevolence down on the impediment before her. An oath, a pistol-shot, horse and highwayman rolled over in the road, and the next moment Jovita was a hundred yards away. But the good right arm of her rider, shattered by a bullet, dropped helplessly at his side.

Without slacking his speed he shifted the reins to his left hand. But a few moments later he was obliged to halt and tighten the saddle-girths that had slipped in the onset. This in his crippled condition took some time. He had no fear of pursuit, but looking up he saw that the eastern stars were already paling, and that the distant peaks had lost their ghostly whiteness, and now stood out blackly against a lighter sky. Day was upon him. Then, completely absorbed in a single idea, he forgot the pain of his wound, and mounting again he dashed on toward Rattlesnake Creek. But now Jovita's breath came broken by gasps, Dick reeled in his saddle, and brighter and brighter grew the sky.

Ride, Richard; run, Jovita; linger, O day!

For the last few rods there was a roaring in his ears. Was it exhaustion from loss of blood, or what? He was dazed and giddy as he swept down the hill, and did not recognize his surroundings. Had he taken the wrong road, or was this Rattlesnake Creek?

It was. But the brawling creek he had swam a few hours before had risen, more than doubled its volume, and now rolled a swift and resistless river between him and Rattlesnake Hill. For the first time that night Richard's heart sank within him. The river, the mountain, the quickening east, swam before his eyes. He shut them to recover his self-control. In that brief interval, by some fantastic mental process, the little room at Simpson's Bar and the figures of the sleeping father and son rose upon him. He opened his eyes wildly, cast off his coat, pistol, boots, and saddle, bound his precious pack tightly to his shoulders, grasped the bare flanks of Jovita with his bared knees, and with a shout dashed into the yellow water. A cry rose from the opposite bank as the head of a man and horse struggled for a few moments against the battling current, and then were swept away amidst uprooted trees and whirling drift-wood.

* * * * *

The Old Man started and woke. The fire on

the hearth was dead, the candle in the outer room flickering in its socket, and somebody was rapping at the door. He opened it, but fell back with a cry before the dripping, half-naked figure that reeled against the doorpost.

"Dick!"

"Hush! Is he awake yet?"

"No,—but, Dick?"

"Dry up, you old fool! Get me some whiskey quick!" The Old Man flew and returned with—an empty bottle! Dick would have sworn, but his strength was not equal to the occasion. He staggered, caught at the handle of the door, and motioned to the Old Man.

"Thar's suthin' in my pack yer for Johnny. Take it off. I can't."

The Old Man unstrapped the pack and laid it before the exhausted man.

"Open it, quick!"

He did so with trembling fingers. It contained only a few poor toys,—cheap and barbaric enough, goodness knows, but bright with paint and tinsel. One of them was broken; another, I fear, was irretrievably ruined by water; and on the third—ah me! there was a cruel spot.

"It don't look like much, that's a fact," said Dick, ruefully. . . . "But it's the best we could do. . . . Take 'em, Old Man, and put 'em in his stocking, and tell him—tell him, you know—hold me, Old Man—" The Old Man caught at his sinking figure. "Tell him," said Dick, with a weak little laugh,— "tell him Sandy Claus has come."

And even so, bedraggled, ragged, unshaven, and unshorn, with one arm hanging helplessly at his side, Santa Claus came to Simpson's Bar and fell fainting on the first threshold. The Christmas dawn came slowly after, touching the remoter peaks with the rosy warmth of ineffable love. And it looked so tenderly on Simpson's Bar that the whole mountain, as if caught in a generous action, blushed to the skies.

**WILLIAM B. WRIGHT,

A POET whom a leading and veteran critic has ranked, for his purely imaginative power and creative fancy, "among the few genuine singers of the day," and has described from his own writings as "the man of gentle and gracious culture, conversant with the great masters of song, informed with the wealth of lettered knowledge, and studious of artistic effect,"* was born in Orange county, New York, in 1840. He was graduated at Princeton with high honor in 1859, and continued his studies elsewhere in Greek and German Philosophy. Abandoning the idea of preparing as a tutor for college, he returned home in 1861 to enter on the study of medicine; but the outbreak of the war led him to enlist as a private in the New York Fifth Artillery. He served with Gen. Sheridan, became Judge Advocate on Gen. Crawford's staff, and was mustered out in May, 1865, Lieutenant and brevet Major. In the following year, he entered the New York Medical College, and after graduation practiced in Orange county. He published a poem entitled *The Highland Ramble* in 1867 (Adams & Co., Boston). Four years later, he

accepted the professorship of Ancient Languages in the State Normal School, at Buffalo, where he still remains.

Mr. Wright issued in 1873 a second volume: *The Brook, and Other Poems*. Our extract will illustrate the poetic grace of the leading poem, whereby the artistic description of the passage of a brook from its mountain spring through the meadows to the sea is made to delicately suggest the chief phases in the life of man. The minor poems are grouped under the title of "Songs and Studies."

**THE BROOK—AN EXTRACT.

Brief the search until I heard him,
Sweetest truant at his play;
Such a soul of laughter stirred him,
Could not rest by night or day.
Brief the search until I found him
Gambolling, crumpling all his bed;
Woods and rocks, that loved him, round him,
And the brakes twined overhead.
As I came, away he sped
On fleet pearly feet of lightning
Just behind a rosy croft:
Flashing thence with sudden brightening,
Tossed his baby head aloft,
And with cries of merriment
Down the sombre forest went.

Madly merry elfin soul,
That peeps askance from silver bubbles,
Whose careless foot the tawny shoal
Plagues with fifty frothy troubles,
Where is thy birthplace, what thy goal?

From the mountain's stubborn womb,
See, he springs, a new-born creature,
Clothed with grace and of immortal feature.
From its jail of eldest gloom,
Lo, his naked spirit is set free,
And, drunken with his goodly liberty,
Roms and frisks the heavenly child;
And as a meteor wild,
His bright hair flung in flashing trail
Backward from his forehead pale,
Tiptoe upon nimble feet
He visits and he quits the sight,
An apparition fair and fleet,
Shaped of wonder and pure delight.
O joy, that from a thing so dark
There could be struck so bright a spark!

'Tis but the joyous quality
Of life, that pricks his heart with glee.
So blithe, so rash, he cannot guess
What burdens gather to oppress,
What world-old wrestlers, stanch and grim,
Sit by the wayside waiting him;
Whose savage grapple without ruth,
Unlocks the tender joints of youth.
The child among his rattles,
What though he not forbode
The shock and din of battles
That wait him on the road!
Suffice unto the happy elf
The wonders of his present self.
What profit, though he knew that Fate
Already snuffed his track,
Yea, from behind his very back
Reached stealthy fingers to create
From the toys he breaks and idly scatters
Adamantine links of future fetters!
Yet offices of sovereign power
The gods have granted him for dower;

* New York Weekly Tribune, February 5, 1873.

A sceptre ripens for his hand,
 And mustering myriads wait for his command.
 A kingly germ, that shall wax vast
 And over many lands his shadow cast.
 And old alliances and strong
 To him by right of birth belong;
 Treaties knit with cloud and sun,
 That never will their bond outrun.
 Fortunate the soul that greets him
 Soft and kindly when he meets him.

What need has my sweet child of wings?
 He can out-trip all adverse things.
 See his silver sandal flash,
 So cunning-wise, though seeming-rash!
 So soft to glide, so quick to flit,
 What force can bind or intermit
 The motions of his flowing wit?
 In his mystic pace does dwell
 All the speed of Neptune's shell,
 All the stealth of Mercury's heel,
 All the fire of Phœbus' wheel.
 Langours dull or grosser slumber
 Never stay his ramping limb:
 The gods gave all their gayety
 When they modelled him.
 Playmates has he without number,
 And oh the joy it is to see
 Their games of utter jollity,
 The graceful grapples, the pettish quarrels
 Mixt with careless peals and blitheest carols.
 Oft his lithe athletic pranks
 Scale the rampart of his banks.
 Now he flecks with wanton spurt
 The thicket's flower-broidered skirt;
 Now with light malicious dart
 He elbows all the sleepy sedges;
 Quarrying now with spleenful art,
 Caverns all his crumbling edges;
 Now his clear thews plump and strain,
 As with tug and might and main
 He wrestles with the bulky ledges,
 Who with thievish foot thrust out
 Trip him headlong from his route.
 But no boisterous hap or rude
 Can repress his nimble mood.
 Vanquished, he wears the victor's crown,
 And, often thrown, is never down.
 May'st dash him side-wise from the height—
 Some god has taught him this fine sleight—
 He will upon his feet alight.
 Who could lure thee but to tarry
 While he spake a word with thee,
 Take in a net thy spirit wary,
 Till it told its cause of glee?
 So oft thy humor veers and doubles,
 I cannot guess thy will or reason,
 Or thrid the tangle of thy mind,
 That, never seeking, still does find;
 Drinks deep through every tingling nerve,
 And thrills through each voluptuous curve
 With dizzy transports of the season.
 But when thy waves are crisped and curled
 Against a lily or a pebble,
 And all about thy woodland world
 Echoes thy dainty-trilling treble,
 Or when with airy leap and laughter
 Thou dancest down the sloping shelf,
 Trailing a hundred ringlets after,
 I sometimes catch the sprightly elf,
 Who cannot always hide himself.
 A wisdom to thyself, a gladness,
 It well beseems thee to disdain
 The mortal's haughty scope of sadness,
 The griefs that make our lives profane.

Oh glorious skein of sunlight,
 Fresh from the spindle of love divine
 Thou art to me a heavenly sign
 To cheer, ennoble, and invite.
 Something within me strongly pleads
 To follow where thy splendor leads
 I cannot doubt the path is right:
 I give myself to thee to guide me,
 Be thou my fate, whate'er betide me.

**THE STRAYS.

The budding maid, not half a flower,
 When first the warbling days of June
 Build nests about the household bower,
 Loves to unlatch her little shoon
 And wade and paddle in the grass
 From matin to the glare of noon.
 The tickled soles in frolic pass
 Their wonted range; she slips along
 From mead to mead, a truant lass.
 Gliding, she purls, a brook of song,
 Tripping, she chirrs, a happy dove,
 Dancing, she shouts, a bacchante strong.
 Crowfoot and buttercup for love
 She gathers, but the fingers fair,
 Though bursting, cannot pluck enough.
 She thrusts them, blithesome, in her hair
 Longwise and crosswise, to her taste,
 And since her hands have yet to spare,
 She trims her bosom and her waist;
 Then looping up in graceful fold
 Her span of apron, fills in haste
 Its fairy hollow with the gold,
 And, gazing sadly round her, sighs,
 Nigh weeps, because it will not hold
 All the bright meadows in her eyes.
 Anon she smiles, in thought to please
 Her mother with a dear surprise,
 And sitting plaits upon her knees
 A chaplet; round it throng to sip
 A choir of splendor-drunken bees.
 Right homeward then with trill and skip
 She gambols, dangling from her arm
 The sweet grace of her workmanship;
 And, entering, springs with kisses warm,
 And clambering to the mother's breast
 About her temples girds the charm;
 Who lightly chides the foolish quest,
 The truant prank, the hidden play,
 But sits for secret gladness dressed
 In those poor weeds the summer's day.
 O darling maid—And shall I chide
 The wayward muse, the elfin stray
 That brings from brook-marge and hill-side
 Flower-foam and waifs of woodland rhyme?
 Not I: be not the grace denied
 To wanton in her honeyed prime,
 If faintest foretaste but abide
 Of sober thought in ripen time.

**VALOR.

Temper the will by day and night
 Flexile as Arab cimeter,
 Yet rough as Saxon mace to smite.
 Burnish it fondly: leave no blur:
 Pendragon's blade of fate arose
 From mythic depths of character.
 Wise Merlin's scrolls perforce disclose
 Their wizard meanings to his eyes;
 He knows by valor what he knows.
 Love draws the sword and saints are wise
 To seize a timely bolt of fire
 And storm the gates of Paradise.

Craves the coy goddess of the lyre
 Heroic hands her virgin flower
 To pluck, and answer her desire.
 For all fair things are quick with power :
 Beauty for mother, strength for sire,
 These gave the world his natal hour.

** R. K. WEEKS.

ROBERT KELLY WEEKS, a poet who exhibits a subtle imaginative fancy, was born in New York city in September, 1840. He entered Yale College at the age of eighteen, and was graduated in 1863. Returning to New York, he began the study of the law, and graduated at the Law School of Columbia College in 1864.

R. K. Weeks

Mr. Weeks has printed two volumes of poetry: *Poems*, 1866; *Episodes and Lyric Pieces*, 1870. The pieces in the latter book are classed into two parts—with Men and Women, and with Nature—a distinction that illustrates the versatility of their themes. Besides the poems here extracted, occur some longer and powerful pieces, as the Return of Paris, and In Corinth, a tale of the persecutions of the early Christians, wherein a Greek lover voluntarily lays down his own life to save the honor of the maiden he loves.

** SONG—FROM EPISODES AND LYRIC PIECES.

An under-cloud that half reveals,
 Half hides a splendid star;
 (Even then more clear than others are,
 As always queenlier.)
 Such was my love to her.

A wilting wind that bends a rose
 Not very long nor far;
 (Even then more fresh than others are,
 As always lovelier.)
 Such was my love to her.

O star of stars, as clear and high!
 O rose of roses, none the less!
 The cloud is blown out of the sky,
 The wind is in the wilderness.

** A. CHANGE.

He said, "Dew wets
 No dearer flowers
 Than violets:
 Thro' long Spring hours
 The wandering bees
 Prove all, and meet
 No flowers so sweet."

I planted these,
 Whose perfumed bloom
 I thought would please;
 And he for whom
 I bade them grow,—
 Loves roses now!

God pity me!
 I cannot see
 The end of pain.
 The flowers I know
 Bloom not in vain,

Since Thou wilt care
 To find them fair:
 But Thou art—where?
 Faith falters so
 When love grows dim,
 And 'twas for him
 I bade them grow!

** A PAUSE.

To have the imploring hands of her
 Clasped on his shoulder, and his cheek
 Brushed over slowly by the stir
 Of thrilling hair, and not to speak;

To see within the uplifted eyes
 More than the fallen fringes prove
 Enough to hide, to see the rise
 Of tear-drops in them, and not move;

Would this be strange? And yet at last,
 What weary man may not do this,
 Seeing when the long pursuit is past,
 To only cease how sweet it is?

To only cease and be as one
 Who, when the fever leaves him, lies
 Careless of what is come or gone,
 Which yet he cannot realize;

For all his little thought is spent
 In wonders what it was that gave
 To be so quiet and content,
 While yet he is not in the grave.

** A DAY.

1.

Where but few feet ever stray,
 Far beyond the path's advances,
 All alone an idler lay
 Half a breezy summer day
 Underneath a chestnut's branches;

2.

Not a stranger to the place,
 For the daisies nodded to him,
 And the grass in lines of grace
 Bending over, touched his face
 With light kisses thrilling through him.

3.

Close beside his harmless hand
 Swinging bees would suck the clover,
 And a moment to be scanned
 Sunlit butterflies expand
 Easy wings to bear them over.

4.

All about him, full of glee,
 Careless cricket-songs were ringing,
 And the wild birds in the tree
 Settled down where he could see
 While he heard them gayly singing.

5.

Overhead he saw the trees
 Nod and beckon to each other,
 And, too glad to be at ease,
 Saw the green leaves in the breeze
 Tingle touching one another;

6.

Saw the little lonely rill
 In a line of greener growing,
 Slipping downward from the hill,
 Curving here and there at will,
 Through the tangled grasses going;

7.

Saw the play about his feet
Of the flickering light and shadow;
Saw the sunlight go to meet
Glancing corn and waving wheat;
Saw the mowers in the meadow;

8.

Saw the waves leap up and play
On the palpitating river,
Flowing out to find the bay,
And the white ships far away
Sailing on and on forever;

9.

Saw the hills upon whose side
Slow cloud-shadows love to dally;
Saw the high hills, with the pride
Of dark forests belted wide,
Over many a misty valley;

10.

Saw far-off the thin and steep
Cloudy mountain-lands of wonder,
Where unseen the torrents leap
Over rifted rocks that keep
Echoing memories of the thunder;

11.

Saw the self-supporting sky
Ever more and more receding;
Loth to linger, loth to fly,
Saw the clouds go floating by,
Stranger shapes to strange succeeding;

12.

Saw and mused and went away,
Whether light or heavy hearted
It were hard for him to say,
For a something came that day
And a something had departed;

13.

And his soul was overfraught
With a passion e'er returning;
With the pain that comes unsought.
Of unutterable thought,
And the restlessness of yearning.

** "IN THE SPRINGTIME."

See what I saw to-day,
Just as I turned away
To leave the budding wood,
And paused and understood
The meaning of Spring weather;
Two lovers close together,
That, — where at last the laughing brook
Glides to the lake, — with dreamy look
And lips half-parted in a smile —
Stood charmed to watch a little isle,
Past which the waves went rippling on
With softer music to the swan
That sat there in enchanted rest,
Unmoving on her nest.

** MAN AND NATURE.

O steadfast trees, that know
Rain, hail and sleet and snow,
And all the winds that blow;
But when spring comes, can then
So freshly bud again,
Forgetful of the wrong!

Waters that deep below
The stubborn ice can go

With quiet underflow;
Contented to be dumb
Till spring herself shall come
To listen to your song!

Stars that the clouds pass o'er
And stain not, but make more
Alluring than before; —
How good it is for us
That your lives are not thus
Prevented, but made strong!

** WINTER SUNRISE.

When I consider, as I am forced to do,
The many causes of my discontent,
And count my failures, and remember too
How many hopes the failures represent;
The hope of seeing what I have not seen,
The hope of winning what I have not won,
The hope of being what I have not been,
The hope of doing what I have not done;
When I remember and consider these —
Against my Past my Present seems to lie
As bare and black as yonder barren trees
Against the brightness of the morning sky,
Whose golden expectation puts to shame
The lurking hopes to which they still lay claim.

** "JOAQUIN" MILLER.

CINCINNATUS HEINE MILLER, a poet of the Pacific slope, whose *Songs of the Sierras* have received a larger share of praise from English than American critics, has lived a wild and stirring life on the frontiers. He was born in Indiana, in 1841, and was wholly untaught when, ten years later, he removed with his father to Oregon. About the age of fifteen, he abandoned the family log-cabin in the Willamette valley to try his fortunes at the gold mines; but he was not successful. For the four or five years following, he is said to have been alternately a "miner, astrologer, poet, filibuster with Walker, Indian sachem, and Spanish *vaquero*." In 1860, this prodigal abandoned his wild life and returned to his father's house, "with a ball wound in his left thigh, another in his right arm, and several marks of Indian arrows on other parts of his body." He now began the study of law in Lane county, Oregon, and in a few months was admitted to the bar. In the spring of 1861, he sought the Idaho gold mines, with no better success, and then became an express carrier in the mining districts.

Mr. Miller soon returned to Lane county, and started a Democratic paper at Eugene City, which lived only long enough to make known to him his wife, a poetical contributor named Minnie Myrtle, whom he married in 1862, after an acquaintance of three days. The same year, he practiced the profession of law at Canyon City, Oregon; and in 1864, as the captain of a company of volunteers, he defeated a party of Snake Indians, after a sharp skirmish. In 1866, he was elected judge of Grant county; and after a term of four years, during which time he wrote his earlier poems, he abandoned his family* and sailed for London, to seek a publisher. At first, his quest was a failure. A privately

* Vide letter of Mrs. Miller, dated Salem, Oregon, November, 1871, and reprinted from the Portland Daily Oregonian by Every Saturday, December 23, 1871.

printed volume, however, containing Arizonian and Ina, introduced him to the friendship of some English writers, and led to the issue of *Songs of the Sierras* in 1871. These glowing, passionate transcripts of lawless, adventurous life, won, despite flagrant faults of style, the praises of the chief reviewers, and, to quote *The Saturday Review*, "compels us to forgive him for the lawlessness with which he tramples on the conventional limitations of art." *The Nation*, a vigilant guardian of American literature, declares in its turn: "Fustian in diction, innocence in metrical art, and a child's or barbarian's delight in staring ornamentation and tricks of cheap conjuring, are its principal marks."*

Mr. Miller having achieved a popular recognition of his talents, visited California and the tropics, to collect materials for other literary labors. A second volume was issued in London in 1873, entitled *Sunland Songs*; and a third, in prose, *Unwritten History*, descriptive of life among the Modoc Indians.

** ARIZONIAN — FROM SONGS OF THE SIERRAS.

"And I have said, and I say it ever,
As the years go on and the world goes over,
'Twere better to be content and clever
In tending of cattle and tossing of clover,
In the grazing of cattle and the growing of grain.
Than a strong man striving for fame or gain;
Be even as kine in the red-tipp'd clover;
For they lie down and their rests are rests,
And the days are theirs, come sun, come rain,
To lie, rise up, and repose again;
While we wish, yearn, and do pray in vain,
And hope to ride on the billows of bosoms,
And hope to rest in the haven of breasts,
Till the heart is sick'n'd and the fair hope dead;
Be even as clover with its crown of blossoms,
Even as blossoms ere the bloom is shed,
Kiss'd by kine and the brown, sweet bee—
For these have the sun, and moon, and air,
And never a bit of the burthen of care;
And with all of our caring what more have we?
I would court content like a lover lonely,
I would woo her, win her, and wear her only,
And never go over this white sea wall
For gold or glory or for aught at all."

He said these things as he stood with the Squire
By the river's rim in the fields of clover,
While the stream flow'd under and the clouds flew
over,

With the sun tangled in and the fringes afire.
So the Squire lean'd with a kind desire
To humor his guest, and to hear his story;
For his guest had gold, and he yet was clever,
And mild of manner; and, what was more, he,
In the morning's ramble, had praised the kine,
The clover's reach and the meadows fine,
And so made the Squire his friend for ever.

His brow was brown'd by the sun and weather,
And touch'd by the terrible hand of time;
His rich black beard had a fringe of rime,
As silk and silver inwove together.
There were hoops of gold all over his hands,
And across his breast, in chains and bands,
Broad and massive as belts of leather.
And the belts of gold were bright in the sun,
But brighter than gold his black eyes shone
From their sad face-setting so swarth and dun,
Brighter than beautiful Santan Stone.

Brighter even than balls of fire,
As he said, hot-faced, in the face of the Squire:—

"The pines bow'd over, the stream bent under
The cabin cover'd with thatches of palm,
Down in a cañon so deep, the wonder
Was what it could know in its clime but calm.
Down in a cañon so cleft asunder
By sabre-stroke in the young world's prime,
It look'd as broken by bolts of thunder,
And bursted asunder and rent and riven
By earthquakes, driven, the turbulent time
A red cross lifted red hands to heaven.
And this in the land where the sun goes down,
And gold is gather'd by tide and by stream,
And maidens are brown as the cocoa brown,
And a life is a love and a love is a dream;
Where the winds come in from the far Cathay
With odor of spices and balm and bay,
And summer abideth for aye and aye,
Nor comes in a tour with the stately June,
And comes too late and returns too soon
To the land of the sun and of summer's noon.

"She stood in the shadows as the sun went down,
Fretting her curls with her fingers brown,
As tall as the silk-tipp'd tassell'd corn—
Stood strangely watching as I weigh'd the gold
We had wash'd that day where the river roll'd;
And her proud lip curl'd with a sun-clime scorn,
As she ask'd, 'Is she better or fairer than I?—
She, that blonde in the land beyond,
Where the sun is hid and the seas are high—
That you gather in gold as the years go on,
And hoard and hide it away for her
As a squirrel burrows the black pine-burr?'

"Now the gold weigh'd well, but was lighter
of weight
Than we two had taken for days of late,
So I was fretted, and, brow a-frown,
I said, 'She is fairer, and I loved her first,
And shall love her last come the worst to worst.'
Now her eyes were black and her skin was brown,
But her lips grew livid and her eyes afire
As I said this thing: and higher and higher
The hot words ran, when the booming thunder
Peal'd in the crags and the pine-tops under,
While up by the cliff in the murky skies
It look'd as the clouds had caught the fire—
The flash and fire of her wonderful eyes.

"She turn'd from the door and down to the river,
And mirror'd her face in the whimsical tide;
Then threw back her hair, as if throwing a quiver,
As an Indian throws it back far from his side
And free from his hands, swinging fast to the
shoulder,
When rushing to battle; and, rising, she sigh'd
And shook, and shiver'd as aspens shiver.
Then a great green snake slid into the river,
Glistening, green, and with eyes of fire;
Quick, double-handed she seized a boulder,
And cast it with all the fury of passion,
As with lifted head it went curving across,
Swift darting its tongue like a fierce desire,
Curving and curving, lifting higher and higher,
Bent and beautiful as a river moss;
Then, smitten, it turn'd, bent, broken and doubled,
And lick'd, red-tongued, like a forked fire,
And sank, and the troubled waters bubbled,
And then swept on in their old swift fashion.

"I lay in my hammock: the air was heavy
And hot and threat'ning; the very heaven
Was holding its breath; and bees in a bevy
Hid under my thatch; and birds were driven

* The Nation, September 21, 1871, p. 197.

In clouds to the rocks in a hurried whirr
 As I peer'd down by the path for her.
 She stood like a bronze bent over the river,
 The proud eyes fix'd, the passion unspoken —
 When the heavens broke like a great dyke broken.
 Then, ere I fairly had time to give her
 A shout of warning, a rushing of wind
 And the rolling of clouds and a deafening din
 And a darkness that had been black to the blind
 Came down, as I shouted, 'Come in! come in!
 Come under the roof, come up from the river,
 As up from a grave — come now, or come never!'
 The tassel'd tops of the pines were as weeds,
 The red-woods rock'd like to lake-side reeds,
 And the world seem'd darken'd and drown'd for
 ever.

"One time in the night as the black wind shifted,
 And a flash of lightning stretch'd over the stream,
 I seem'd to see her with her brown hands lifted —
 Only seem'd to see, as one sees in a dream —
 With her eyes wide wild and her pale lips press'd,
 And the blood from her brow and the flood to her
 breast;
 When the flood caught her hair as the flax in a
 wheel,
 And wheeling and whirling her round like a reel,
 Laugh'd loud her despair then leapt long like a
 steed,
 Holding tight to her hair, holding fast to her heel,
 Laughing fierce, leaping far as if spurr'd to its
 speed . . .
 Now mind, I tell you all this did but seem —
 Was seen as you see fearful scenes in a dream;
 For what the devil could the lightning show
 In a night like that, I should like to know!

"And then I slept, and sleeping I dream'd
 Of great green serpents with tongues of fire,
 And of death by drowning, and of after death —
 Of the day of judgment, wherein it seem'd
 That she, the heathen, was bidden higher,
 Higher than I; that I clung to her side,
 And clinging struggled, and struggling cried,
 And crying, waken'd, all weak of my breath.

"Long leaves of the sun lay over the floor,
 And a chipmunk chirp'd in the open door,
 But above on his crag the eagle scream'd,
 Scream'd as he never had scream'd before.
 I rush'd to the river: the flood had gone
 Like a thief, with only his tracks upon
 The weeds and grasses and warm wet sand;
 And I ran after with reaching hand,
 And call'd as I reach'd and reach'd as I ran,
 And ran till I came to the cañon's van,
 Where the waters lay in a bent lagoon,
 Hook'd and crook'd like the horn'd moon.

"Here in the surge where the waters met,
 And the warm wave lifted, and the winds did fret
 The wave till it foam'd with rage on the land,
 She lay with the wave on the warm white sand;
 Her rich hair trail'd with the trailing weeds,
 And her small brown hands lay prone or lifted
 As the wave sang strophes in the broken reeds,
 Or paused in pity, and in silence sifted
 Sands of gold, as upon her grave.
 And as sure as you see yon browsing kine,
 And breathe the breath of your meadows fine,
 When I went to my waist in the warm white wave
 And stood all pale in the wave to my breast,
 And reach'd for her in her rest and unrest,
 Her hands were lifted and reach'd to mine.

"Now mind, I tell you I cried, 'Come in!
 Come in to the house, come out from the hollow,

Come out of the storm, come up from the river!'
 Cried, and call'd, in that desolate din,
 Though I did not rush out, and in plain words
 give her

A wordy warning of the flood to follow,
 Word by word, and letter by letter:
 But she knew it as well as I, and better;
 For once in the desert of New Mexico
 When I sought frantically far and wide
 For the famous spot where Apaches shot
 With bullets of gold their buffalo,
 And she followed faithfully at my side,
 I threw me down in the hard hot sand
 Utterly famish'd, and ready to die,
 And a speck arose in the red-hot sky —
 A speck no larger than a lady's hand —
 While she at my side bent tenderly over,
 Shielding my face from the sun as a cover,
 And wetting my face, as she watch'd by my side,
 From a skin she had borne till the high noon-tide,
 (I had emptied mine in the heat of the morning)
 When the thunder mutter'd far over the plain
 Like a monster bound or a beast in pain,
 She sprang the instant, and gave the warning,
 With her brown hand pointed to the burning skies.
 I was too weak unto death to arise,
 And I pray'd for death in my deep despair,
 And did curse and clutch in the sand in my rage,
 And bite in the bitter white ashen sage,
 That covers the desert like a coat of hair;
 But she knew the peril, and her iron will,
 With heart as true as the great North Star,
 Did bear me up to the palm-tipp'd hill,
 Where the fiercest beasts in a brotherhood,
 Beasts that had fled from the plain and far,
 In perfect peace expectant stood,
 With their heads held high, and their limbs
 a-quiver,

And ere she barely had time to breathe
 The boiling waters began to seethe
 From hill to hill in a booming river,
 Beating and breaking from hill to hill —
 Even while yet the sun shot fire,
 Without the shield of a cloud above —
 Filling the cañon as you would fill
 A wine-cup, drinking in swift desire,
 With the brim new-kiss'd by the lips you love.

"So you see she knew — knew perfectly well,
 As well as I could shout and tell,
 The mountains would send a flood to the plain,
 Sweeping the gorge like a hurricane,
 When the fire flash'd, and the thunder fell.
 Therefore it is wrong, and I say therefore
 Unfair, that a mystical brown wing'd moth
 Or midnight bat should for evermore
 Fan my face with its wings of air,
 And follow me up, down, everywhere,
 Flit past, pursue me, or fly before,
 Dimly limning in each fair place
 The full fix'd eyes and the sad brown face,
 So forty times worse than if it were wroth.

"I gather'd the gold I had hid in the earth,
 Hid over the door and hid under the hearth:
 Hoarded and hid, as the world went over,
 For the love of a blonde by a sun-brown'd lover;
 And I said to myself, as I set my face
 To the East and afar from the desolate place,
 'She has braided her tresses, and through her
 tears
 Look'd away to the West, for years, the years
 That I have wrought where the sun tans brown;
 She has waked by night, she has watch'd by day,
 She has wept and wonder'd at my delay,
 Alone and in tears, with her head held down,

Where the ships sail out and the seas swirl in,
 Forgetting to knit and refusing to spin.
 She shall lift her head, she shall see her lover,
 She shall hear his voice like a sea that rushes,
 Sh shall hold his gold in her hands of snow,
 And down on his breast she shall hide her blushes,
 And never a care shall her true heart know,
 While the clods are below, or the clouds are
 above her.'

"On the fringe of the night she stood with her
 pitcher

At the old town-pump: and oh! passing fair.
 'I am riper now,' I said, 'but am richer,'
 And I lifted my hand to my beard and hair;
 I am burnt by the sun, I am brown'd by the sea;
 'I am white of my beard, and am bald, may be;
 Yet for all such things what can her heart care?'
 Then she moved; and I said, 'How marvellous
 fair!'

She look'd to the West, with her arm arch'd over;
 'Looking for me, her sun-brown'd lover,'
 I said to myself, with a hot heart-thump,
 And stepp'd me nearer to the storm-stain'd pump,
 As approaching a friend; for 'twas here of old
 Our troths were plighted and the tale was told.

"How young she was and how fair she was!
 How tall as a palm, and how pearly fair,
 As the night came down on her glorious hair!
 Then the night grew deep and the eye grew dim,
 And a sad-faced figure began to swim
 And float in my face, flit past, then pause,
 With her hands held up and her head held down,
 Yet face to face; and her face was brown.
 Now why did she come and confront me there,
 With the mould on her face and the moist in her
 hair,

And a mystical stare in her marvellous eyes?
 I had call'd to her twice, 'Come in! come in!
 Come out of the storm to the calm within!'
 Now, that is the reason that I make complain
 That for ever and ever her face should arise,
 Facing face to face with her great sad eyes.
 I said then to myself, and I say it again,
 Gainsay it you, gainsay it who will,
 I shall say it over and over still,
 And will say it ever, for I know it true,
 That I did all that a man could do
 (Some good men's doings are done in vain)
 To save that passionate child of the sun,
 With her love as deep as the doubled main,
 And as strong and fierce as a troubled sea —
 That beautiful bronze with its soul of fire,
 Its tropical love and its kingly ire —
 That child as fix'd as a pyramid,
 As tall as a tula and as pure as a nun —
 And all there is of it the all I did,
 As often happens, was done in vain.
 So there is no bit of her blood on me.

"('She is marvellous young and is wonderful
 fair,'

I said again, and my heart grew bold,
 And beat and beat a charge for my feet.
 'Time that defaces us, places, and replaces us,
 And trenches the faces as in furrows for tears,
 Has traced here nothing in all these years.
 'Tis the hair of gold that I vex'd of old,
 The marvellous flowing flower of hair,
 And the peaceful eyes in their sweet surprise
 That I have kiss'd till the head swam round,
 And the delicate curve of the dimpled chin,
 And the pouting lips and the pearls within
 Are the same, the same, but so young, so fair!'
 My heart leapt out and back at a bound,

As a child that starts, then stops, then lingers.
 'How wonderful young!' I lifted my fingers
 And fell to counting the round years over
 That I had dwelt where the sun goes down.
 Four full hands, and a finger over!
 'She does not know me, her trueant lover,'
 I said to myself, for her brow was a-frown
 As I stepp'd still nearer, with my head held down,
 All abash'd and in blushes my brown face over;
 'She does not know me, her long-lost lover,
 For my beard's so long and my skin so brown,
 That I well might pass myself for another.'
 So I lifted my voice and I spoke aloud:
 'Annette, my darling! Annette Macleod!'
 She started, she stopp'd, she turn'd, amazed,
 She stood all wonder with her eyes wild wide,
 Then turn'd in terror down the dusk wayside,
 And cried as she fled, 'The man is crazed,
 And calls the maiden name of my mother!'

"From a scene that saddens, from a ghost that
 wearies,

From a white isle set in a wall of seas,
 From the kine and clover and all of these
 I shall set my face for the fierce Sierras.
 I shall make me mates on the stormy border,
 I shall beard the grizzly, shall battle again,
 And from mad disorder shall mould me order
 And a wild repose for a weary brain.

"Let the world turn over, and over, and over,
 And toss and tumble like a beast in pain,
 Crack, quake, and tremble, and turn full over
 And die, and never rise up again;
 Let her dash her peaks through the purple cover,
 Let her plash her seas in the face of the sun —
 I have no one to love me now, not one,
 In a world as full as a world can hold;
 So I will get gold as I erst have done,
 I will gather a coffin top-full of gold,
 To take to the door of Death, to buy
 Content, when I double my hands and die.
 There is nothing that is, be it beast or human,
 Love of maiden or the lust of man,
 Curse of man or the kiss of woman,
 For which I care or for which I can
 Give a love for a love or a hate for a hate,
 A curse for a curse or a kiss for a kiss,
 Since life has neither a bane nor a bliss,
 To one that is cheek by jowl with fate;
 For I have lifted and reach'd far over
 To the tree of promise, and have pluck'd of all
 And ate — ate ashes, and myrrh, and gall.
 Go down, go down to the fields of clover,
 Down with the kine in the pastures fine,
 And give no thought, or care, or labor
 For maid or man, good name or neighbor;
 For I have given, and what have I? —
 Given all my youth, my years, and labor,
 And a love as warm as the world is cold,
 For a beautiful, bright, and delusive lie.
 Gave youth, gave years, gave love for gold,
 Giving and getting, yet what have I
 But an empty palm and a face forgotten,
 And a hope that's dead, and a heart that's rotten?
 Red gold on the waters is no part bread,
 But sinks dull-sodden like a lump of lead,
 And returns no more in the face of Heaven.
 So the dark day thickens at the hope deferr'd,
 And the strong heart sickens and the soul is stirr'd
 Like a weary sea when his hands are lifted,
 Imploring peace, with his raiment drifted
 And driven afar and rent and riven.

"The red ripe stars hang low overhead,
 Let the good and the light of soul reach up,

Pluck gold as plucking a butter-cup;
But I am as lean and my hands are red;
There is nothing that is that can wake one passion
In soul or body, or one sense of pleasure,
No fame or fortune in the world's wide measure,
Or love full-bosomed or in any fashion.

"The doubled sea, and the troubled heaven,
Starr'd and barr'd by the bolts of fire,
In storms where stars are riven, and driven
As clouds through heaven, as a dust blown higher;
The angels hall'd to the realms infernal.
Down from the walls in unholy wars
That man misnameth the falling stars;
The purple robe of the proud Eternal,
The Tyrian blue with its fringe of gold,
Shrouding His countenance, fold on fold—
All are dull and tame as a tale that is told.
For the loves that hasten and the hates that linger,
The nights that darken and the days that glisten,
And men that lie and maidens that listen,
I care not even the snap of my finger.

So the sun climbs up, and on, and over,
And the days go out and the tides come in,
And the pale moon rubs on the purple cover
Till worn as thin and as bright as tin;
But the ways are dark and the days are dreary,
And the dreams of youth are but dust in age,
And the heart gets harden'd, and the hands grow
weary
Holding them up for their heritage.

"And the strain'd heart-strings wear bare and
brittle,
And the fond hope dies when so long deferr'd;
Then the fair hope lies in the heart interr'd,
So stiff and cold in its coffin of lead.
For you promise so great and you gain so little;
For you promise so great of glory and gold,
And gain so little that the hands grow cold;
And for gold and glory you gain instead
A fond heart sicken'd and a fair hope dead.

"So I have said, and I say it over,
And can prove it over and over again,
That the four-footed beasts on the red-crown'd
clover,
The pied and horn'd beasts on the plain
That lie down, rise up, and repose again,
And do never take care or toil or spin,
Nor buy, nor build, nor gather in gold,
Though the days go out and the tides come in,
Are better than we by a thousand fold;
For what is it all, in the words of fire,
But a vexing of soul and a vain desire?"

** ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS,

A GIFTED writer of fiction at an early age, is the grand-daughter of the late Professor Moses Stuart, the most eminent Biblical critic of his age,* and the daughter of Professor Austin Phelps, D. D. Her father, who was born at West Brookfield, Massachusetts, January 7, 1820, and graduated at the University of Pennsylvania in his seventeenth year, was ordained pastor of the Pine Street Congregational Church, Boston, in 1842, and has served since 1848 as professor of sacred rhetoric in Andover Theological Seminary. Besides assisting in the editing of various works on sacred music, he has written several popular books on practical piety: *The Still Hour*; or, *Communion with*

God, 1859; *The New Birth*; or, *The Work of the Holy Spirit*, 1867; and *The Solitude of Christ*, 1868. Her mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, who died in 1852, at the age of thirty-seven, was a cultured woman and a brilliant writer.*

Miss Phelps was born at Boston, August 31, 1844. She has resided at Andover since early childhood, and was educated there at the insti-



Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

tute kept by Mrs. Professor Edwards. At the age of eight, she lost her mother. How deeply that mother had already moulded the impressible nature of her child, is suggested by a sentence in a private letter, in which Miss Phelps has written: "I can conceive of few things more stimulating to a woman than a gifted mother—unless, indeed, it be the scholarly standards and patient instruction of such a father as my own." As the orthodox preferences of her father and grandfather doubtless influenced her in the acceptance of the Evangelical faith, so the fact that her mother wrote *The Sunny Side* may have led her to give the world *The Gates Ajar*.

Her literary career began at the age of thirteen, in the shape of various contributions to the newspapers. In 1863 she sent her first article to *Harper's Magazine*, and it was so cordially received that she became a regular contributor to that periodical, till her more elaborate works left no leisure for shorter stories. Before *The Gates Ajar* took the popular favor by storm in 1868, she had written a number of attractive juvenile books, the mere list of which attests her unflagging industry. These comprise: *Ellen's Idol*, 1864; *Up Hill*, 1865; *Tiny*, 1866; *Mercy Gliddon's Work*, 1866; *The Gypsy Series*, in four volumes, 1866-7—*Gypsy Breynton*; *Gypsy's Sowing and Reaping*; *Gypsy's Cousin Joy*; and *Gypsy's Year at the Golden Crescent*—the most successful of her

* *Ante*, vol. i., 708.

* *Ante*, vol. i., p. 709.

earlier works; *Tiny's Sunday Nights*, 1867; and *I Don't Know How*, 1867.

The Gates Ajar, dedicated "to my father, whose life, like a perfume from beyond the Gates, penetrates every life which approaches it," gives the daily journal of an orphaned young lady, who, having lost her brother in the war, passes through the throes of a great sorrow, and rebels in spirit against what the well-meaning consolers about her call a "mysterious but wise dispensation for the glory of God." She finds a loving companion in an Aunt Winifred, who, widowed herself, and having a certain "week-day holiness" in all her life, leads the thoughts of her relative, step by step, to the consciousness that Heaven is merely a riper stage of existence, wherein spiritual laws and beings have much in analogy with earthly experiences. Her conversations on Heaven are scholarly and thoughtful, having many apt quotations from leading authors. She inculcates the belief that a recognition of friends in Heaven, a visible communion with them, and a state of development in the intellect, the moral nature, and the spirit, in progressive harmony with earthly life, are all natural and probable.

Men, Women, and Ghosts, 1869, a collection of stories from *Harper's*, *The Watchman* and *Reflector*, and *Hours at Home*, was published in 1869. In the same year, appeared *The Trotty Book*, one of the most charmingly natural sketches of infantile life in literature. *Trotty's Wedding Tour and Story Book* followed in 1873.

Hedged In, 1870, whose motto is,

"Most like our Lord are they who bear,
Like him, long with the sinning,"

has to do with that sphynx-like problem of the age, the career of "one more unfortunate," who now, being found repentant, and more sinned against than sinning, has been rescued by a Christian lady from starvation in the streets, and trained in her family for a sphere of pious usefulness, in spite of the active and passive resistance of the social community.

The Silent Partner, a sad revelation of the hardships and evils which may result to operatives in the cotton mills, virtually reducing the hands to the level of serfs,—evils which the observant lady-heroine of the story, capitalist though she was therein, found it impossible to eradicate, with a picture of the social advantages she was able to furnish the tired workers after mill-hours, was issued in 1871.

Since writing the last work, the health of Miss Phelps has been entirely broken down. Even its closing chapters were completed under her physician's serious protests, and since its issue she has been unable to use her pen, excepting some writing for the magazines and newspapers, wherein her spirit conquered her prudence. She also prepared, in 1873, a little pamphlet on Dress Reform, entitled, *What to Wear*. Many of the earlier years of her life were largely devoted to Christian labors among the poor families in Andover, but latterly her half-invalid condition has kept her mostly within her study. Yet her heart and mind are ardently enlisted in the reformatory questions of the day, and she has humorously summed up her creed in these three terms: "Heaven,

Homœopathy and Woman's Rights." In the latter cause she is deeply interested, especially in the struggle to compass her political, rights and industrial advancement.

**TROTTY AT SCHOOL — FROM THE TROTTY BOOK.

One bright morning, as Trotty was calmly speculating over his griddle-cakes how he could manage to take from grandmother's work-basket that roll of blue silk cord, necessary to certain telegraphic ventures in which he had planned to embark that day, he was startled from his unsuspecting repose by the announcement that he was to call for Nat at nine o'clock, and spend two hours of the morning at Miss Pumpkin's school. And not that morning only, but all the mornings.

"For a whole long term!" said Lill, a bit triumphantly.

It had always been rather a trial to Lill, that Trotty could stay at home and play, while she must go to school.

"Besides," said she, "I go to school to a nice big man with whiskers, and Miss Pumpkin's nothing but an old maid."

"What's an old maid?" asked Trotty, looking frightened.

"It's a —" Max began to explain. But his mother interrupted in a tone of decision.

"A good, kind, generous old lady, who does not want to be married."

"O," said Trotty, with an air of relief, "I didn't know but it was sumfin that bites."

A little before nine they curled him and washed him and kissed him, and he started away, holding tightly to the tip of Lill's little finger with one hand, and hugging his box of blocks with the other. He passed the basket where the blue silk cord was lying with calmness. Poor little innocent! He really thought it was going to be as much fun to go to school as to play at telegraphing. Just after they had shut the front gate, he carelessly observed that he must go back again for a minute.

"What for?" asked Lill.

"Well,—I guess to get a drink of water. Or, may be, I didn't kiss grandma, you know."

"O, you don't want anything! Come! I'm in a hurry."

But Trotty tossed away her little finger, and ran in. He came out looking very wise, and diligently stuffing both hands into his pocket. As he trudged along, something slowly rose to sight, and stuck out over the edge of that pocket. It was one of Jerusalem's feet. But nobody saw it.

Lill's road turned off at Nat's. Trotty watched her walk away with just the least sinking at the heart. He began to wish that she were going with him.

"What do they make you do at school?" said he to Nat, as they ran along together.

"O, have recess, and play tag. Then if you stick pins into the next boy, you get a whipping. One time I stuck a needle into Johnny Beard. You ought to heard him squeal. Besides, you have to spell your lesson. I can spell Cat; can you?"

"Almost," said Trotty, feeling a little ashamed.

"I don't believe you know very much," grandly from Nat. "I can quite spell Cat. I nearly spelled Kitten last week, too. Besides, I can spell Puppy: P-o-p, pop, p-y, py, Puppy."

"I shouldn't wonder if I could spell Papa," said Trotty, hopefully. "P-a-r, pa—" he gave out at that point, and coughed thoughtfully. "At any rate," reviving a little, "my father's dead,

and hanging up in a beautiful gold frame in the parlor. I'm going to have his watch-chain when I'm a man."

"Well," said Nat, determined not to be outdone, "my father's *getting dead*, I guess. He's *going to be dead*, I heard him say so the other day. His watch-chain's all black silk, with a little golden key on it."

By that time they had come to the school-house. Miss Pumpkin kept school in one of the lower rooms of an old, deserted boarding-house. The building looked dreary enough from the outside, with the windows boarded up, and the blinds gone; but the school-room itself was pleasant. About a dozen little children sat at little desks, with little books before them. The windows were open, and the sweet spring air blew in. An English ivy wound about Miss Pumpkin's desk. Miss Pumpkin, sitting behind it, was a gentle-faced lady, very little, and not very young; she had gray hair, and she wore a black dress.

Nat pushed open the door, and dragged Trotty in by the jacket sleeve.

"He's come to school. He doesn't 'long with me. He doesn't know very much. He can't spell Cat. I can spell Cat: C-a-t, Cat."

Poor Trotty, thus introduced, blushed to his curls, and stood still in the middle of the room.

"That will do, Nat," said the teacher. "You can go to your seat. Well, Trotty, I am glad to see you; good morning."

"Good morning, Mrs. Punksins!" said Trotty, in a very high key. All the scholars laughed. Poor little Miss Pumpkin turned as red as Trotty was.

"I'm not a married lady," she replied, gently. "I'm not Mrs. Pumpkin, but Miss. Hush, children! There! come this way, Trotty; here is a seat all ready for you."

Trotty went, wondering what made the children laugh, and what made the teacher blush. Nobody could ever make him understand. I believe that he calls her Mrs. Punksins to this day.

The children supplied their own furniture at Miss Pumpkin's school; Max had already taken over a bit of a wooden rocking-chair and an atom of a table, for Trotty. The top of the table lifted like a desk-cover. It stood in a corner where a warm, yellow sunbeam fell softly.

Miss Pumpkin told Trotty to put his blocks into the table; then she gave him a spelling-book with pictures in it, and heard him say his letters, and taught him how to spell Cat; then she went away and left him to study by himself.

Now Trotty had just about as much of an idea how to study as Jerusalem. It struck him that two hours would be a long time to sit up at a little table in a little rocking-chair, with a little sunbeam dancing on his head, and he began to look about for something entertaining to do.

The pictures in the spelling-book looked promising, and he began to turn over the leaves very fast. By and by he came to a funny picture of a monkey running away with an old gentleman's hat, and what should he do but laugh right out.

"He! he! he! he!"—the prettiest little gurgle of a laugh that ever was.

"Hush, Trotty!" said the teacher. That frightened him, and for a few moments he turned over the leaves soberly and silently. Pretty soon it came again.

"He! he-e-e-e!"—that irresistible little laugh!

"Trotty!" said Miss Pumpkin, biting her lip.

"Here's—he! he! he!—a boy standing on his—he! he!—head!" rippled Trotty; and Jerusalem's feet, over the edge of his pocket, shook as he laughed.

By and by Nat saw those feet, and Nat laughed; then Trotty saw Nat laugh, and Trotty laughed; then Nat caught hold of one of Jerusalem's feet and tried to pull him away, and Trotty held on to the other and pulled him back, and between the two poor Jerusalem was nearly torn in twain.

"Trotty," said the teacher, suspiciously, "are you 'most ready to spell Dog?"

Thus silenced, Trotty opened his spelling-book again; gravely and with some difficulty set the doll down in front of it, and when the children looked up, he and Jerusalem were studying together.

Presently Jerusalem fell down on the floor, and Trotty picked him up by sticking his finger into the hole in his empty head; then he fell down again, and he spiked him up with Nat's jack-knife; then he fell down once more, and he speared him up with a lead-pencil. Poor Jerusalem was in such a state of mind and body that, as he has since told me, he really gave up in despair that morning all idea of completing his education.

By and by Trotty thought what fun it would be to wash Jerusalem's face in Nat's ink-bottle. So he washed it carefully with his own little white handkerchief, and wondered what made the handkerchief grow so ugly and black, and where all those little damp black spots on the table that he kept putting his elbows into came from.

There was a little girl with white hair sitting on the other side of him, and when he was tired of washing Jerusalem, he wondered how funny she would look if somebody poured the rest of that ink right in the middle of her head on top; whether her hair would always be black after it, or whether it would grow a little streaked like a black and white Kitty's, and how the little girl would like it. He leaned across to ask her, with the ink-bottle in one hand all ready to experiment; but Miss Pumpkin shook her head at him, which he thought was very inconsiderate in her.

After that Nat gave him an apple-core, and Trotty nibbled at it for a long time, giving Jerusalem little bites occasionally with a grave face. The way in which Jerusalem used to eat was by having the mouthfuls dropped into his head at the hole on top. Trotty stuffed them in with a jack-straw which he had in his pocket.

This tickled the little girl with white hair so that she laughed quite aloud, and Miss Pumpkin snapped her knuckles. They were soft little white knuckles, and the little girl cried. Trotty felt sorry.

He felt so sorry that he put Jerusalem away in his pocket again, and laid his head down in the sunbeam and kept still. He kept so very still that everybody forgot him, and when the alphabet class was called out to recite, Miss Pumpkin found that he was fast asleep, with his cheek on his hands and his curls in his eyes.

"It's almost too bad to wake him up," she said, "but I suppose I must. Come, Trotty! I want you to say a lesson now."

Trotty dug both fists into his eyes, and winked and blinked and nodded and yawned and coughed, and staggered sleepily out into the middle of the room where the alphabet class was standing.

Remembering that Jerusalem ought to have the benefit of the recitation, he pulled him out of his

pocket, and stuck him into his trousers-band where he could see the world.

It chanced that there stood next to him a little boy with a very loose calico apron on; the neck of the apron was twice as large as the neck of the boy, and it stood out stiffly behind, so that you could put your hand down nobody knows how far. Now, while this little boy was reciting, an idea came to Trotty. Jerusalem had not been behaving very well in the trousers-band; he flopped over and hung down the wrong way, and would pay no attention at all to the recitation. It occurred to Trotty what a nice place it would be for him under that stiff apron. So he slowly and softly began to push his head down the little boy's neck. The little boy did not notice. Trotty pushed a little harder. The little boy squirmed. Trotty pushed a little more. The little boy gasped;—a little more,—the little boy choked.

"Spell Dog, Trotty," said Miss Pumpkin.

"D," said Trotty,—push—"O"—push—"G"—another push. Jerusalem was fairly in now. Only his feet showed over the top of the little boy's apron. The little boy began to dance about and pull at the doll, who was caught somewhere on a button, and would n't come out.

"Johnny!" said Miss Pumpkin, "what is the matter? Come here!—Why, Trotty Tyrol! did you do this?"

"O yes," said Trotty, candidly. "Is n't he funny? I did n't s'pose he'd dance round. I wanted to find a place for Jerusalem. I guess I'll take him out now. I'm afraid he'll think it's a little dark."

"Trotty," said Miss Pumpkin, gravely, "you have made me a great deal of trouble this morning. You must learn that little boys cannot play in school. You may take your little rocking-chair and go and sit alone over there by the door, till I call you."

Trotty did as he was told. The children all looked at him. He felt ashamed. He began to think that it was a very bad thing to go to school. He remembered the blue silk telegraph wire, and home and grandma, and felt as if it were years and years since he had seen them. He tried to talk a little to Jerusalem, but Jerusalem hung his mortified head and would give him no comfort. Something began to feel damp in his eyes. Something choked him in his throat. Something rolled down his two cheeks and fell on Jerusalem's inky face.

He began to look carefully at Miss Pumpkin out of the corner of one eye. Then he looked carefully at the door. Then he looked carefully at the children.

He was so still that nobody noticed him.

"Why! where's Trotty?" said Miss Pumpkin all at once.

Where was he? The little rocking-chair was empty. The door stood wide open. Something shot past the window, and away down the dusty road. With curls flying, hat off, and Jerusalem hugged under one arm, there was Trotty running for home as fast as he could go.

Grandmother was calmly mending stockings on the porch, when the gate slammed and in walked Trotty.

"Why, Trotty! school can't be out yet. You have n't been gone an hour."

"O, I don't know's I care if I have n't," remarked my Lord, carelessly. "I don't like going to school. Mrs. Punks made me sit in a chair on the floor. I could n't spell Dog. I got a little inky. Jerusalem made me a great deal of

trouble. Now, if you'll let me have some of your blue silk string, I guess I b'lieve I'd rather grow up a dunce."

** LIFE IN A COTTON MILL — FROM THE SILENT PARTNER.

If you are one of "the hands" in the Hayle and Kelso Mills, you go to your work, as is well known, from the hour of half past six to seven, according to the turn of the season. Time has been when you went at half past four. The Senior forgot this the other day in a little talk which he had with his silent partner,—very naturally, the time having been so long past; but the time has been, is now, indeed, yet in places. Mr. Hayle can tell you of mills he saw in New Hampshire last vacation, where they ring them up, if you'll believe it, winter and summer, in and out, at half past four in the morning. Oh no, never let out before six, of course. Mr. Hayle disapproves of this. Mr. Hayle thinks it not humane. Mr. Hayle is confident that you would find no mission Sunday school connected with that concern.

If you are one of "the hands" in the Hayle and Kelso Mills—and again, in Hayle and Kelso,—you are so dully used to this classification, "the hands," that you were never known to cultivate an objection to it, are scarcely found to notice its use or disuse. Being surely neither head nor heart, what else remains? Conscious scarcely, from bell to bell, from sleep to sleep, from day to dark, of either head or heart, there seems even a singular appropriateness in the chance of the word with which you are dimly struck. Hayle and Kelso label you. There you are. The world thinks, aspires, creates, enjoys. There you are. You are the fingers of the world. You take your patient place. The world may have need of you, but only that it may think, aspire, create, enjoy. It needs your patience as well as your place. You take both, and you are used to both, and the world is used to both, and so, having put the label on for safety's sake, lest you be mistaken for a thinking, aspiring, creating, enjoying compound, and so some one be poisoned, shoves you into your place upon its shelf, and shuts its cupboard-door upon you.

If you are one of "the hands," then, in Hayle and Kelso, you have a breakfast of bread and molasses probably; you are apt to eat it while you dress; somebody is heating the kettle, but you cannot wait for it; somebody tells you that you have forgotten your shawl, you throw it over one shoulder, and step out, before it is fastened, into the sudden raw air; you left lamp-light indoors; you find moonlight without; the night seems to have overslept itself; you have a fancy for trying to wake it, would like to shout at it or cry through it, but feel very cold, and leave that for the bells to do by and by. You and the bells are the only waking things in life. The great brain of the world is in serene repose. The great heart of the world lies warm to the core with dreams. The great hands of the world, the patient, perplexed, one almost fancies at times, just for the fancy, seeing you here by the morning moon, the dangerous hands, alone are stirring in the dark.

You hang up your shawl and your crinoline, and understand, as you go shivering by gaslight to your looms, that you are chilled to the heart, and that you were careless about your shawl, but do not consider carelessness worth your while by nature or by habit; a little less shawl means a few less winters in which to require shawling.

You are a godless little creature, but you cherish a stolid leaning, in these morning moons, towards making an experiment of death and a wadded coffin.

By the time that gas is out, you cease, perhaps, though you cannot depend upon that, to shiver, and incline less and less to the wadded coffin, and more to a chat with your neighbor in the alley. Your neighbor is of either sex and any description, as the case may be. In any event, warming a little with the warming day, you incline more and more to chat. If you chance to be a cotton-weaver, you are presently warm enough. It is quite warm enough in the weaving-room. The engines respire into the weaving-room; with every throb of their huge lungs you swallow their breath. The weaving-room stifles with steam. The window-sills of this room are guttered to prevent the condensed steam from running in streams along the floor; sometimes they overflow, and water stands under the looms; the walls perspire profusely; on a damp day, drops will fall from the roof.

The windows of the weaving-room are closed; the windows must be closed; a stir in the air will break your threads. There is no air to stir. You inhale for a substitute motionless, hot moisture. If you chance to be a cotton-weaver, it is not in March that you think most about your coffin.

Being "a hand" in Hayle and Kelso, you are used to eating cold luncheon in the cold at noon, or you walk, for the sake of a cup of soup or coffee, half a mile, three quarters, a mile and a half, and back. You are allowed three quarters of an hour in which to do this. You come and go upon the jog-trot.

You grow moody, being "a hand" at Hayle and Kelso's, with the growing day; are inclined to quarrel or to confidence with your neighbor in the alley; find the overseer out of temper, and the cotton full of flaws; find pains in your feet, your back, your eyes, your arms; feel damp and sticky lint in your hair, your neck, your ears, your throat, your lungs; discover a monotony in the process of breathing hot moisture, lower your window at your risk; are bidden by somebody whose threads you have broken at the other end of the room to put it up, and put it up; are conscious that your head swims, your eyeballs burn, your breath quickens; yield your preference for a wadded coffin, and consider whether the river would not be the comfortable thing; cough a little, cough a great deal, lose your balance in a coughing fit, snap a thread, and take to swearing roundly.

From swearing you take to singing; both perhaps are equal relief, active and diverting. There is something curious about that singing of yours. The time, the place, the singers, characterize it sharply, — the waning light, the rival din, the girls with tired faces. You start some little thing with a refrain and a ring to it; a hymn, it is not unlikely; something of a River and of Waiting, and of Toil and Rest, or Sleep, or Crowns, or Harps, or Home, or Green Fields, or Flowers, or Sorrow, or Repose, or a dozen things, but always, it will be noticed, of simple, spotless things, such as will surprise the listener who caught you at your oath of five minutes past. You have other songs, neither simple nor spotless, it may be; but you never sing them at your work, when the waning day is crawling out from spots beneath your looms, and

the girls lift up their tired faces to catch and keep the chorus in the rival din.

You like to watch the contest between the chorus and the din; to see — you seem almost to see — the struggle of the melody from alley to alley, from loom to loom, from darkening wall to darkening wall, from lifted face to lifted face; to see — for you are very sure you see — the machinery fall into a fit of rage. That is a sight! You would never guess, unless you had watched it just as many times as you have, how that machinery will rage. How it throws its arms about, what fists it can clench, how it shakes at the elbows and knees, what teeth it knows how to gnash, how it writhes and roars, how it clutches at the leaky, strangling gas-lights, and how it bends its impotent black head, always, at last, without fail, and your song sweeps triumphant, like an angel over it! With this you are very much pleased, though only "a hand," to be sure, in Hayle and Kelso.

You are singing when the bell strikes, and singing still when you clatter down the stairs. Something of the simple spotlessness of the little song is on your face, when you dip into the wind and dusk. Perhaps you have only pinned your shawl, or pulled your hat over your face, or knocked against a stranger on the walk; but it passes; it passes and is gone. It is cold and you tremble, direct from the morbid heat in which you have stood all day; or you have been cold all day; and it is colder, and you shrink; or you are from the weaving-room, and the wind strikes you faint, or you stop to cough and the girls go on without you. The town is lighted, and people are out in their best clothes. You pull your dingy veil about your eyes. You are weak and heart-sick all at once. You don't care to go home to supper. The pretty song creeps, wounded, back for the engine in the deserted dark to crunch. You are a miserable little factory-girl with a dirty face.

** WILL CARLETON,

THE author of *Farm Ballads*, was born in Hudson, Lenawee county, Michigan, October 21, 1845. His ancestors were of English and Scotch origin, while his father (John H. Carleton) was a pioneer settler who came from New Hampshire. Will remained at home on the farm, tilling the soil during the summers, and attending district school in the winters, till sixteen years of age. In 1861, he became a teacher in a country school, whereby he was indoctrinated into "boarding around," and doubtless had the pickings of some rich experiences among his farmer-patrons, of which he has made use in his writings. For four years he divided his time between teaching, attending school, and assisting his father on the farm, contributing meanwhile, under various signatures, articles in prose and verse to the local and State papers. He entered Hillsdale College, Michigan, in 1865, and was graduated in 1869. Since then, he has been engaged in journalistic and literary work, and has lectured repeatedly throughout the West. His present residence is at Hillsdale.

Mr. Carleton printed a small volume of poems in 1871, for private circulation. In the following year, the most popular of his pieces, "Betsey and I are Out," appeared in the *Toledo Blade*, and was reprinted, with appropriate illustrations, in *Harper's Weekly*, wherein some other

popular narrative pictures of Western home life have since appeared. *Farm Ballads*, a collection including "Out of the Old House, Nancy," "Over the Hill to the Poor House," "Gone with a Handsomer Man," "Betsy and I Made Up," etc., was issued in 1873. In his prefatory



Will Carleton.

words, the author states: "These poems have been written under various, and, in some cases, difficult, conditions: in the open air 'with team afield'; in the student's den, with the ghosts of unfinished lessons hovering gloomily about; amid the rush and roar of railroad travel, which trains of thought are not prone to follow; and in the editor's sanctum, where the dainty feet of the Muses do not often deign to tread."

**** BETSEY AND I ARE OUT—FROM FARM BALLADS.**

Draw up the papers, lawyer, and make 'em good and stout;

For things at home are crossways, and Betsey and I are out.

We, who have worked together so long as man and wife,

Must pull in joint harness for the rest of our nat'ral life.

"What is the matter?" say you. I swan it's hard to tell!

Most of the years behind us we've passed by very well;

I have no other woman, she has no other man—Only we've lived together as long as we ever can.

So I have talked with Betsey, and Betsey has talked with me,

And so we've agreed together that we can't never agree;

Not that we've catched each other in any terrible crime;

We've been a-gathering this for years, a little at a time.

There was a stock of temper we both had for a start,

Although we never suspected 'twould take us two apart;

I had my various failings, bred in the flesh and bone;

And Betsey, like all good women, had a temper of her own.

The first thing I remember whereon we disagreed Was something concerning heaven—a difference in our creed;

We arg'd the thing at breakfast, we arg'd the thing at tea,

And the more we arg'd the question the more we didn't agree.

And the next that I remember was when we lost a cow;

She had kicked the bucket for certain, the question was only—How?

I held my own opinion, and Betsey another had; And when we were done a-talkin', we both of us was mad.

And the next that I remember, it started in a joke;

But full for a week it lasted, and neither of us spoke.

And the next was when I scolded because she broke a bowl;

And she said I was mean and stingy, and hadn't any soul.

And so that bowl kept pourin' dissensions in our cup;

And so that blamed cow-critter was always a-comin' up;

And so that heaven we arg'd no nearer to us got, But it gave us a taste of somethin' a thousand times as hot.

And so the thing kept workin', and all the self-same way;

Always somethin' to arg'e, and somethin' sharp to say;

And down on us came the neighbors, a couple dozen strong,

And lent their kindest service for to help the thing along.

And there has been days together—and many a weary week—

We was both of us cross and spunky, and both too proud to speak;

And I have been thinkin' and thinkin', the whole of the winter and fall,

If I can't live kind with a woman, why, then, I won't at all.

And so I have talked with Betsey, and Betsey has talked with me,

And we have agreed together that we can't never agree;

And what is hers shall be hers, and what is mine shall be mine;

And I'll put it in the agreement, and take it to her to sign.

Write on the paper, lawyer—the very first paragraph—

Of all the farm and live-stock that she shall have her half;

For she has helped to earn it, through many a weary day,

And it's nothing more than justice that Betsey has her pay.

Give her the house and homestead—a man can thrive and roam;

But women are skeery critters, unless they have a home;
And I have always determined, and never failed to say,
That Betsey never should want a home if I was taken away.

There is a little hard money that's drawin' tol'-rable pay;
A couple of hundred dollars laid by for a rainy day;
Safe in the hands of good men, and easy to get at;
Put in another clause there, and give her half of that.

Yes, I see you smile, Sir, at my givin' her so much;
Yes, divorce is cheap, Sir, but I take no stock in such!
True and fair I married her, when she was blithe and young;
And Betsey was al'ays good to me, exceptin' with her tongue.

Once, when I was young as you, and not so smart, perhaps,
For me she mitteden a lawyer, and several other chaps;
And all of them was flustered, and fairly taken down,
And I for a time was counted the luckiest man in town.

Once when I had a fever—I won't forget it soon—
I was hot as a basted turkey and crazy as a loon;
Never an hour went by me when she was out of sight—
She nursed me true and tender, and stuck to me day and night.

And if ever a house was tidy, and ever a kitchen clean,
Her house and kitchen was tidy as any I ever seen;
And I don't complain of Betsey, or any of her acts,
Exceptin' when we've quarreled, and told each other facts.

So draw up the paper, lawyer, and I'll go home to-night,
And read the agreement to her, and see if it's all right;
And then, in the mornin', I'll sell to a tradin' man I know,
And kiss the child that was left to us, and out in the world I'll go.

And one thing put in the paper, that first to me didn't occur:
That when I am dead at last she'll bring me back to her;
And lay me under the maples I planted years ago,
When she and I was happy before we quarreled so.

And when she dies I wish that she would be laid by me,
And lyin' together in silence, perhaps we will agree;
And, if ever we meet in heaven, I would n't think it queer
If we loved each other the better because we quarreled here.

** CELIA THAXTER,

Whose maiden name was Celia Lighton, was born at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, June 29, 1835. She was married at the age of sixteen. Since her fifth year, she has passed most of her life at Appledore, in the Isle of Shoals, a series of "low bleached rocks" in the Atlantic Ocean, nine miles off from the coast of New Hampshire. Appledore, the crest of whose four hundred acres is only seventy-five feet above high-water mark, contains a lighthouse, and her home was in the keeper's dwelling at its base.

Celia Thaxter

The charms and mysteries of the ever-rolling surges, through the calm and the storm, and the picturesque features of nature and life as they are affected by the changing seasons in this eyrie of the ocean, were first described by her in a series of glowing, keenly sympathetic papers in the *Atlantic Monthly*, in 1867-8. These were gathered into a small illustrated volume in 1873, entitled *Among the Isles of Shoals*.

In 1872 appeared a volume of poems.

** AMONG THE ISLES OF SHOALS.

Swept by every wind that blows, and beaten by the bitter brine for unknown ages, well may the Isles of Shoals be barren, bleak, and bare. At first sight nothing can be more rough and inhospitable than they appear. The incessant influences of wind and sun, rain, snow, frost, and spray, have so bleached the tops of the rocks, that they look hoary as if with age, though in the summer-time a gracious greenness of vegetation breaks here and there the stern outlines, and softens somewhat their rugged aspect. Yet so forbidding are their shores, it seems scarcely worth while to land upon them,—mere heaps of tumbling granite in the wide and lonely sea,—when all the smiling, "sapphire-spangled marriage-ring of the land" lies ready to woo the voyager back again, and welcome his returning prow with pleasant sights and sounds and scents that the wild wastes of water never know. But to the human creature who has eyes that will see and ears that will hear, nature appeals with such a novel charm, that the luxurious beauty of the land is half forgotten before one is aware. Its sweet gardens, full of color and perfume, its rich woods and softly swelling hills, its placid waters, and fields and flowery meadows, are no longer dear and desirable; for the wonderful sound of the sea dulls the memory of all past impressions, and seems to fulfil and satisfy all present needs. Landing for the first time, the stranger is struck only by the sadness of the place,—the vast loneliness; for there are not even trees to whisper with familiar voices,—nothing but sky and sea and rocks. But the very wilderness and desolation reveal a strange beauty to him. Let him wait till evening comes,

"With sunset purple soothing all the waste,"

and he will find himself slowly succumbing to the subtle charm of that sea atmosphere. He sleeps with all the waves of the Atlantic murmuring in his ears, and wakes to the freshness of a summer morning; and it seems as if morning were made for the first time. For the world is like a new-blown rose, and in the heart of it he stands, with only the caressing music of the water to break the utter silence, unless, perhaps, a song-sparrow pours out its blissful warble like an embodied joy. The sea is rosy, and the sky: the line of land is radiant; the scattered sails glow with the delicious color that touches so tenderly the bare, bleak rocks. These are lovelier than sky or sea or distant sails, or graceful gulls' wings reddened with the dawn; nothing takes color so beautifully as the bleached granite; the shadows are delicate, and the fine, hard outlines are glorified and softened beneath the fresh first blush of sunrise. All things are speckless and spotless; there is no dust, no noise, nothing but peace in the sweet air and on the quiet sea. The day goes on; the rose changes to mellow gold, the gold to clear, white daylight, and the sea is sparkling again. A breeze ripples the surface, and wherever it touches the color deepens. A seine-boat passes, with the tawny net heaped in the stern, and the scarlet shirts of the rowers brilliant against the blue. Pleasantly their voices come across the water, breaking the stillness. The fishing-boats steal to and fro, silent, with glittering sails; the gulls wheel lazily; the far-off coasters glide rapidly along the horizon; the mirage steals down the coast-line, and seems to remove it leagues away. And what if it were to slip down the slope of the world and disappear entirely? You think, in a half dream, you would not care. Many troubles, cares, perplexities, vexations, lurk behind that far, faint line for you. Why should you be bothered any more.

"Let us alone. Time driveth onward fast,
And in a little while our lips are dumb."

And so the waves, with their lulling murmur, do their work, and you are soothed into repose and transient forgetfulness?

** EMERSON BENNETT.

Emerson Bennett was born the son of a farmer, in the town of Monson, Hampden county, Massachusetts, March 16, 1822. As a country boy, who was much given to out-of-doors play and work, he acquired robust health, a passionate attachment for scenes of nature, a self-reliant spirit, and that vital force which, in his capacity as a novelist, imparts an intense interest in the plot as unfolded by successive incidents of his stories. He was also an earnest student in his boyhood. The study of mathematics was a delight, and he often solved for himself problems before they were reached by his classmates. At the age of thirteen, he lost his father. Three years more were spent on the farm, and then he began an academical course to qualify himself for college; but the second marriage of his mother soon led to the severance of his home ties.

At the age of seventeen, the stalwart Emerson left the old homestead, and began to gratify his strong desire to visit strange scenes, so that for many days each nightfall found him in a different

village or town. But in 1840, the city of New York became his home, and for three years he was a devotee alternately to art and to poetry. The printing of a poem in an *Odd Fellows'* journal, edited by George Hatch, and its reprinting in *The Tribune*, led him to write and publish a poem in two cantos, which the critics of the day gibbeted. It was called *The Brigand*, and many of his later novels were treated to titles of a similar character. The winter of 1843 he spent in Philadelphia, where he became a poetical contributor to the *Dollar Newspaper*. His first romance, *The Unknown Countess*, though it failed in a prize award, appeared in that journal a year later. In the spring of 1844, he set out for Baltimore, and then journeyed westward to Pittsburg and Cincinnati, arriving at the latter city quite destitute. As a hastily-written sketch, literally written for bread, failed to please the critical taste of the new *Western Literary Journal*—edited by E. Z. C. Judson, since "Ned Buntline"—the youthful writer became an agent for that magazine, and made a tour of several months in Ohio canvassing for subscribers.

Mr. Bennett on his return to Cincinnati found himself in favor with the *Daily Commercial* (L. G. Curtiss, editor), as a reprint of his story, *The Unknown Countess*, had increased the circulation of that struggling journal. An engagement followed to write a novel on a local subject, for which he received his first compensation as a writer; and a second appeared in 1846, entitled, *The League of the Miami*. A literary venture was tried by him in the *Casket*, with a partner in J. H. Green, the reformed gambler; but that journal expired in nine months. Among its contributors were the Cary sisters, Alice and Phoebe, then unknown to fame. Though dated at Cincinnati, the *Casket* was printed at Lawrenceburgh, Indiana, where Mr. Bennett lived during its span of life. Another engagement with Mr. Curtiss resulted in the *Bandits of the Osage*. This story proved a pecuniary success, adding some thousands to the circulation of the *Commercial*, while its author also succeeded in selling a book edition of five thousand copies to a Cincinnati firm of book-sellers—Robinson & Jones. This was, in all probability, the first novel published and sold west of the Alleghany Mountains. The task of making a market there and then was a herculean one, for the publisher had to be convinced, by arguments and figures, that a moderate outlay for fiction would be a profitable investment.

Since 1850, Mr. Bennett has been a resident of Philadelphia. He was married in 1847 to Miss E. G. Daly of that city, and has two children—a son, who is a member of its bar, and a daughter, who has printed occasional poems. Mr. Bennett has written some forty romances, and many hundred sketches, which are in the main carefully studied delineations of manners, characters, and adventures of American frontier life. These have chiefly appeared in the *New York Ledger* and *Weekly*, the *Philadelphia Evening Post* and *Saturday Night*, as well as in *Emerson Bennett's Dollar Monthly*, which latter, started in 1860, fell an early victim to the civil

war. The most popular of his books have been *Prairie Flower* and *Leni Leoti*, which have had a circulation of one hundred thousand copies. A uniform edition of his novels is now issuing from the press of Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, the first of which, *The Outlaw's Daughter*, was published near the close of 1873, and the second, *Villeta Linden, or The Artist's Bride*, in 1874.

****JOHN W. FORNEY.**

John Wein Forney, a journalist and politician of ability and high repute, was born at Lancaster, Pennsylvania, September 30, 1817. "In 1833 he became an apprentice in the printing-office of the *Lancaster Journal*, and in 1837 editor and joint proprietor of the *Lancaster Intelligencer*; and in 1840 he united that paper with the *Journal*. He removed in 1845 to Philadelphia, where he was long the editor of the *Pennsylvanian*, one of the most decided of the Democratic journals. In 1851 he was chosen clerk of the U. S. House of Representatives, and was re-elected in 1853. Meanwhile his connection with the *Pennsylvanian* had ceased, and he had become editor of the *Union*, a Democratic organ at Washington. He resigned this post in 1856, returned to Pennsylvania, and was chosen chairman of the Democratic State Committee. In January, 1857, he was Democratic candidate for the office of U. S. Senator, but was defeated by Mr. Cameron, and on August 1st following began, in Philadelphia, the publication of *The Press*, an independent journal. Although he had advocated the election of Mr. Buchanan to the presidency,

he became a determined opponent of his administration when the Lecompton constitution of Kansas became a topic of public debate; and was again chosen clerk of the House of Representatives in the 36th Congress by the Republicans. During the civil war he gave a constant support to the national government. In 1861 he began the publication, in addition to *The Press* in Philadelphia, of a weekly paper in the city of Washington, entitled *The Chronicle*; this also began to appear daily in October, 1862. From 1861 to 1868 Mr. Forney was secretary of the U. S. Senate.* Six years later he visited Europe a second time, in behalf of the interests of the Centennial Exhibition of 1876.

Mr. Forney has written two books, marked by powers of keen observation and an attractive diction. *Letters from Europe*, a reprint of a series of sketches contributed to *The Press* in 1867, picture the scenes and reflections of four months of wanderings, at the period of the Paris Exposition. *Anecdotes of Public Men* appeared in successive papers in *The Press* and *Sunday Chronicle*, and were collected into a volume in 1873. These anecdotes graphically describe the public men who swayed the political fortunes of the country from the administration of President Pierce to that of President Grant, outlining their individualities of intellect, their services, and personal idiosyncrasies. The writer's tone is catholic and generous, and he inculcates a tolerant, self-reliant, and patriotic spirit.

* Appleton's American Cyclopaedia (new edition). Vol. vii., pp. 322-3.

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